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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

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OF

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THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER I.—UP THE BECK.

It is in August, and in Westmoreland, that our story opens; and has, therefore, for Time and Place of its commencement the most charming month of the year, and the fairest county of England. The Scene is a tangled wilderness of underwood, which strives to climb a low green mountain, or 'How,' and fails before it has reached some quarter of the ascent, or so. A murmurous, sweet complaint pervades this wood, partly from its dreamy foliage, basking in the sunlight, and stirred by the summer breeze, and partly from a hundred unseen streams, which, robbed of their silvery wealth by the drought, cannot make way so swiftly as of yore down to the lake below.

The largest of these 'becks,' running through a ravine between high well-foliaged banks, is very broad and deep in the rain-time; but the huge stones that form its bed are now bare in places, and active legs may leap from one to another without more than wetting shoe-leather. A pair of such are now coming up the stream, belonging to a youth of sixteen or seventeen, of so resolute and even pugnacious an appearance, that we should hardly like to provoke him by calling him Boy. He is a young gentleman not far from six feet in height; dark featured, with such eyes as take fire easily, and with a bronzed complexion, healthy as the Morn as yet, although he is already trying it by the deleterious habit of smoking. He has a handsome meerschaum in his mouth, from which issues a perfume far from divine, but which he prefers, or affects to prefer, to the natural incense which, from a thousand flowery altars, salutes him on every side. It is easy to perceive, therefore, from the first, that this young Robert Marsden is our bad character. He is, however, at all events, not deficient in courage. Although he cannot swim, there is no pool however deep—and some of them are far enough out of his depth—which can turn him; but when he comes to a place more dangerous than common, he only takes a longer time about his spring, and alights upon the stone of safety with a more determined foot. Presently, however, the stream takes a rectangular sweep through a very deep chasm indeed, and where there is only one huge boulder in the middle, with a slippery foothold at the base, and a conical top beyond it. By the look he casts upon the banks on either side, he is evidently meditating the more prudent plan of climbing one of them, and re-entering the beck above the point of danger; but they are very high in that spot, and he is too lazy just now to use his hands, one of which is, besides, almost constantly engaged upon the meerschaum, which is long and ill adapted for violent exertion; so he settles his cap firmly upon his head, takes a long pull at the execrable tobacco, perhaps of Westmoreland growth, in order to keep it alight; sets his eye steadily upon the wet blue stone that rises above the smiling foam before him; and once, twice, thrice—he has taken his leap as resolutely as he who rode into the gulf at Rome. He reaches his aim with his toes only; from the treacherous substance glides the too well-nailed sole, and only by throwing himself upon his knees and clutching the pinnacle, does he save himself from a very serious ducking; and alas, at what an expense! The treasured meerschaum, deprived of its guardian hand, escapes from his teeth in the struggle, and—foam of the sea though it is said to be—sinks into the boiling flood for ever. It is not for us to chronicle the soliloquy which the young man indulged in after this occurrence; enough to say, that besides the vice of smoking, he had another evil habit of indulging in bad language; in favour of which wickednesses, the only thing that is to be said is, that one cannot well indulge in both at the same time.

Mr Robert Marsden stood in the centre of that beautiful stream, and surrounded by the most exquisite scenery, without their charms having, for several minutes, any softening influence upon his mind; nor, even after expressing the 'cursory remarks' we have alluded to, did he recover his former equanimity; for the rest of the way he was less careful than ever about what places he leaped at, and wetted his feet, and even his legs, with the most savage recklessness. However, he had a cigar-case in his pocket still, and he looked forward to a certain rock, which now became visible further up, as to a Mount Ararat whereon he might repose himself, and enjoy that deleterious weed, after his long pilgrimage over the waters. This rock with its surroundings would have satisfied the soul of Creswick for days; covered with heather and lichen, it lifted its lofty top far above the stream, whose tumbling falls and circling eddies it could mark down to the rectangular turn where the young man had met with his misfortune. Above this rock, the beck grew almost impregnable; a tremendous pool, with only a narrow shelving ledge around one side of it, divided it from the remainder of the stream, which soon afterwards got quit of the trees, and in time—supposing it to be going backwards—reached its mountain mother, and dark-grassed Tarn. From the rock's summit, through openings of the trees, were visible the silver sheen of the Lake, and the gray peaks of an amphitheatre of distant hills, while the

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blue expanse of heaven, flecked with white, over-canopied all.

Embosomed in the heather, and commanding all this scene, without being himself observed, lay a second young gentleman; he had a book in his hand, but instead of reading it, lay watching the approach of our agile friend, with a countenance unsmiling indeed, but by no means harsh or repulsive. He had not seen him lose his pipe or heard his violent soliloquies—the roar of the beck being sufficient to drown all the bad language that our troops ever used in Flanders—but he seemed to feel that the new-comer would not be an agreeable companion, and to wish to avoid him. He once even half rose up, as if to escape into the wood, by a sort of natural causeway that joined the rock and bank, but muttering to himself: 'Pooh, pooh; I came here first; 'tis for me to stay,' he settled himself in his comfortable hollow again, and awaited the other. Whatever were his apprehensions, Charles Ryder had little to fear from the result of a personal contest; although not so tall as Marsden, he was at least as old as his fellow-pupil—for such was their mutual relation—and far more powerfully made; and his blue eyes, though tender, were determined, and ready enough to reflect the fire which they might themselves be slow to originate. Robert Marsden's face grew a shade darker than common, when he saw his favourite lounging-place thus pre-occupied. Ryder looked up once from his volume with quiet undefiant eyes, and perceiving the other occupied in that intense admiration of nature peculiar to persons who are desirous of cutting their acquaintances, let them fall again upon its pages. It was evident that these young men were on the worst terms with one another; if they had been total strangers meeting upon the same lonely rock, half a mile deep in coppice, they could scarcely have done otherwise than speak to each other; whereas they were indeed dwellers in the same house, pupils of the same private tutor, nay, more—and which explains their antagonism somewhat—they were lovers of the same very pretty young woman.

There was plenty of room upon this rock for both of them. Robert Marsden might have found for himself several other heathery resting-places where he could have sat unseen to windward of his hated rival, and almost poisoned him with bad tobacco-smoke; but he chose to clamber down instead to the very brink of the upper pool. Unless he retraced his steps down the beck, which he was too proud to do, he would have had to step over Ryder's legs to get to the bank, and therefore he made up his haughty mind to go right on; to coast round this deep and dangerous spot, upon the shelving slippery ledge, rather than to let the enemy believe his plans were changed by this previous occupation of the territory. Just opposite to where he stood, and at the distance of some thirty feet, there leaped a lofty waterfall, churning the dark face of the pool into substantial foam, which eddied away to the sides and stuck there, or was carried out of sight by some Tartarean channel under the rock. The roar of this 'force' was deafening, and far from calculated to preserve that steadiness of hand, and foot, and eye, so essential to the passage in prospect; the penalty for failure in which, to one who, like Marsden, could not swim, would be nothing less than death. Reckless though he was at that moment, therefore, the young man hesitated; as he did so, a shadow fell across him and into the pool, whereby he knew that Ryder had risen to his feet, and was watching him from behind, with most probably a sneer upon his lip. The next instant, Marsden was upon the ledge, like a fly against a wall, and would have given one of his fingers—which, however, he could little spare just then, since they were all being employed, talon-wise, in clinging to the perpendicular wet bank—to have found himself safe upon the rock. Ryder, who had divined how matters stood, and only risen with the good-natured intention of departing, and relieving the other from his embarrassment, as soon as he perceived what had been done, and that for the young man to return was really impossible, threw off his coat and boots.

'If you can't get round, Marsden,' cried he, in a voice above the roar of the waters, 'throw yourself off right under the fall; there are hidden rocks everywhere else.'

The face of the imperiled young man grew sterner than even his danger had made it, and his lips closed together still more firmly; he was either one who did not easily believe in the generosity of a foe, or supposed that Ryder, underrating his hazard, was laughing at him. By efforts that could not have been put forth by a less active man, Marsden managed to traverse some three-quarters of the semicircle with scarcely any assistance from his feet at all; there, however, the ledge grew even narrower than before, and his strength was evidently ebbing fast. Again, with trumpet-voice, Ryder repeated his advice, with this addition: 'I shall be with you instantly, be sure, but do not cling to me if you can possibly help it!' This time, the other was fairly touched by his noble kindness. 'Thank you, Ryder; God bless you; but you would be killed yourself; I see a sharp stone beneath the water in front of you.'

'All right, Robert,' answered the other gaily; 'leave go while you have strength, if you feel you cannot hold on there.' Marsden was speechless, and growing white as the foam, when, 'Now then,' vociferated Ryder; 'once, twice, *thrice*.' A couple of splashes echoed round the pool at the same instant. Ryder rose to the surface badly bruised in the shoulder, but not incapacitated from swimming, and was horror-struck to see no trace of his unfortunate companion. Having slipped into the water, feet foremost, he could not very well have come to harm against a stone, and there were no weeds to hamper his legs. A blue cap was whirling among the eddies at the mouth of the Tartarean channel. He must therefore have been carried down into that unknown abyss beneath the rock. Without the slightest hesitation, Ryder *backed* himself into this dangerous spot, keeping his head up-stream; he was a splendid swimmer, or could never have maintained himself stationary in such a current and yet struck out his legs with the due caution: he knew well that if he should kick Robert Marsden in the face, that that companion of his early days would be a dead man. All this, which takes so long to write, was not a minute in action; at the second stroke, his leg was clutched by drowning fingers, and hampered as he was, he brought out the almost inanimate body of his friend into the light, as a prize is towed into harbour by its triumphant but hardly less crippled victor. Then he turned round, and seized the rescued youth by the hair, who thereupon, with rare and heroic self-possession, let go his own hold. In a few steady strokes, Charles Ryder reached the other side of the so nearly fatal pool, and dragged his man to land.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROMISE.

We do not know any person so endowed by nature with an aristocratic appearance that he can preserve it when dripping wet. No tailor can make garments to stand it, no hatter, hats; that 'pish-pash-posh' which one's boots give forth with every step, under those circumstances, is certainly a most inelegant sound; their limp unpolished appearance is as pitiable as, on the other hand, the gloss which water temporarily imparts to coats of broadcloth is unreal and pretentious. The two friends—for had not one saved the other's life?—were by no means the same brilliant specimens of Youth which they had appeared ten minutes before, as they now plashed homeward, down

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a winding path that led through the coppice almost at right angles from the beck.

'Well,' exclaimed Marsden, with one of those bursts of eloquent gratitude so peculiar to young British gentlemen, 'I'll be hanged if you are not a regular brick.'

'Pooh, pooh,' replied Ryder modestly, who knew exactly what was meant, and was far from criticising the extreme inaccuracy of the metaphorical allusion; 'there was no danger to *me*, you know; I can swim like any*thing*, I can;' and then, by way of precluding further thanks, he began to whistle.

'But I want to say a few words to you, I do indeed,' insisted the other; and he laid his hand upon Ryder's shoulder, as though to stop him. The young man shook it off with an expression of pain.

'Well, if I ever make an advance to be friends again with such a sulky fellow,' cried Marsden, mistaking the gesture, and roused by it to quite a paroxysm of passion, 'I'd rather be drowned ten times over first. I'll see you'——

'No, you won't,' interposed Ryder quietly. 'My shoulder is rather hurt, Robert, and that is why I shook you off; you told me of the stone yourself, so it was through my own stupidity that I came against it.'

'What an abominable wretch I am!' exclaimed the penitent Marsden, whose good impulses were at least as violent as his bad ones. 'I do believe my temper will be the death of me. I shall be choked with passion some day, and only just live long enough to hear that there was nothing to be angry about after all. Why, your shoulder 's as big as your thigh; it 's bigger: you must surely have put out your arm! Here, let me carry you.'

'I have not indeed,' replied Ryder, smiling, 'for I swam with it since; and as for your carrying me, my dear fellow, that is the business which my legs are set to do. I may be a beast, as you sometimes affirm, but I don't go on all-fours.'

'You look precious faint, though, old fellow,' insisted the other; 'do just take a pull at this.' As he spoke, he produced a pocket-flask half filled with brandy; and his friend, who was in great pain, was persuaded to put his lips to it, although, as it seemed, rather to please Marsden than for any other reason. 'Is there nothing I can do for you, Ryder?' inquired the young man earnestly: 'you have no idea how I feel your conduct to-day.'

'I *should* like to ask one favour of you,' said the other, hesitating; 'but I daresay I shall offend you in so doing, although I am sure I am right in the matter.'

A burning flush overspread Robert Marsden's features, and he turned his face aside, to break off a branch from a young tree as he inquired laughingly: 'Well, Charley, what is it?'

'It 's nothing selfish—it 's nothing to benefit me,' said Ryder carelessly, while his companion left the branch half broken to look up at him with undisguised wonder and satisfaction; 'it is only to entreat you, as a friend, not to take up with that fellow Luders so much; you know he *is* a blackguard, and can never be made anything else of, whatever the governor may say. That 's his brandy I 've just swallowed, I know'——

'Ungrateful wretch!' ejaculated Marsden.

'And that meerschaum of yours, which he sold you at about twice its original price, I 'll answer for it—a filthy imitation'——

'Stop!' cried the other, interrupting him with mock solemnity—'stop, and speak, I charge you, tenderly of the departed: that meerschaum lies at the bottom of Teesdale Beck, drowned and lost for ever.'

'It would be no great pity if Bartholomew Luders lay there also,' answered Ryder, angrily. 'Nobody but the governor would have the charity to keep such a wretch in the house with honest women in it, and, and'——

'And virtuous lads,' suggested Marsden. 'Very good, go on: I like to hear these sentiments.'

'You have not told me, however, if you will grant me this favour, Robert,' continued the other seriously; 'we are just clearing the wood, and I see the very man we speak of in the field beyond.'

'Grant it you! I 'll grant you anything, preserver of my life, and would-be guardian of my morals,' returned Marsden, in a tone half-bantering, half-serious. 'Welcome the root and the spring; begone the noxious weed and the ensnaring alcohol. I embrace Ryder and virtue; avaunt Bartholomew Luders and company. And, by the by, who *is* the company with Luders? I thought I saw the flutter of a petticoat by the rascal's side just now!'

'Yes, and I saw the pattern,' observed Ryder gloomily; 'it was red with yellow bars; that belongs to Phœbe, the miller's daughter.'

'Well,' laughed Marsden, 'for so admirably principled a young gentleman, you seem to possess a tolerably accurate acquaintance with female garments. How the deuce did you come to know that Phœbe Rosthwaite wore a red and yellow petticoat?'

'I was in the draper's shop at Kendal with Miss Ellen the day I drove her over in the pony carriage, and saw Phœbe choose it; her taste made us both laugh.'

'Oh,' replied Marsden, coldly, 'that explains it. Now, behold this innocent man of whom we speak, and confess yourself a calumniator. He looks like the central figure in any one of those pastoral sketches upon the governor's best china tea-service. Why has he not got a hook or a crook in his hand? He always gets everything he wants by their help, don't he?'

Mr Bartholomew Luders, the subject of all these remarks, was lying upon the green slope of the field that skirted the wood, with a small sketch-book in his hand, to which he was, with much dexterity, transferring the scene before him. He was in reality rather older than either of the pair who now approached him, but he had the appearance of being their senior by half-a-dozen years. Dark and swarthy as a West Indian—which indeed he was—there was scarce a trace of life-colour in his cheeks; his shoulders had a slight stoop in them, begotten of a habit of continuous down-looking; and his cold eyes, which never glowed with any sentiment, had a faculty of congealing, of becoming almost like stone in their intensity of expression, when he was angered. So engrossed did he appear to be in his present occupation, that he never turned his head until Marsden leaned over his sketch-book, and mockingly addressed him with: 'Well, Corydon, and where are your sheep?'

'I have only two just now,' returned Luders, looking up with a grim smile; 'and they are both melancholy objects. They have the appearance of having been very recently dipped. Why, where have you two been bathing with your clothes on?'

'We thought we saw one ewe-lamb in your neighbourhood, too,' observed Marsden drily.

Luder's impassive eyes scanned searchingly both countenances of his companions before he answered: 'Yes, Phœbe Rosthwaite stopped here a moment, as she went by, to tell me—and I was particularly to tell you, Marsden—that she hopes to be queen of the rushbearing at Greenside.'

'Is this her short-cut to the mill, then?' inquired Ryder, sardonically. 'One would as soon think of going to Grasmere over Kirkstone Pass.'

'You 'll go to the feast, of course?' said Luders, without reply, and directing his inquiry to Marsden only; 'it 'll be great fun, and we 'll take a gig together.'

'We 'll take a dog-cart rather, and then Ryder can go.'

'I have passed my word to the governor not to do so,' replied Ryder quietly; 'and indeed, I thought we all had.'

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'Oh, of course, if *you* say it's wrong, that settles it,' sneered Luders; 'you fill the chair of Moral Philosophy at Teesdale How, we know.'

'Most gentlemen keep their words,' observed Ryder contemptuously. 'Come, Marsden, we are wet through; do let us get home.'

'Then I'll order the gig,' cried Luders, as the two turned away.

'Well, I don't know,' answered Marsden hesitatingly. Ryder gave the arm that was linked in his a squeeze, and the young man, thus reminded of his recent promise, added briskly: 'No, not for me; thank you. I shan't go.'

'Yes, you will, you fool,' muttered Luders, as he looked after their retreating forms; 'but that adds another figure to the long score I have got chalked up against *you*, Master Morality.'

CHAPTER III.

THE BRUNETTE AND THE BLONDE.

Teesdale How, which was the name of the dwelling of which these three young gentlemen were inmates, might have been built under the personal superintendence of 'the Solitary' of Mr Wordsworth's *Excursion*. It was six miles from a market-town; and the by-way that led to it out of the high road was impassable for any more ambitious conveyance than the car of the Lake District—a species of vehicle which, in a narrow road, seems to possess the faculty of becoming as compressible as gutta percha; while, in all the great expanse of mountain-ground visible from its windows, there was but a single house, and even that was an empty one, and enjoyed the reputation of being haunted. This seclusion made Teesdale How admirably adapted for study, as well as rendered it, for a yearly tenant—it was dear enough to hire for 'the season'—remarkably cheap; and both these considerations, doubtless, had their weight with Mr Onslow Bateman, who eked out an income of L.150 a year of his own, by taking L.300 per annum from each of his pupils.

It would have puzzled one a good deal to give a categorical account of the qualifications which enabled this gentleman to set so high a value upon his educational services, and yet few who knew him would be found to deny that they were worth the money. He was not a clergyman; he had never written a treatise upon the Greek Particles; he had not distinguished himself at the universities, for he had never been to either of them; he was not connected, however indirectly, with the aristocracy; and his appearance was that of an intellectual captain of dragoons. Moreover, he was a widower, with no Mrs Onslow Bateman to superintend his household; and he possessed a couple of grown-up daughters, beautiful, and therefore dangerous for any young man of expectations to be associated with, at an age when views of 'the marriage question' are apt to be crude and unpractical, and the affections to possess an influence uncontrolled by the sense of Social Position, and what the Best Society is expecting of us.

On the other hand, Mr Onslow Bateman was a walking encyclopædia (always elegantly bound), full of very charming illustrations upon every branch of knowledge, and furnished with a most uncommon clasp, which shut up just at the right time, and never suffered too much of the contents to escape at once. He imparted the politest facts to the rudest capacities with the air of a man desiring information, and rubbed off so adroitly with the pumice-stone of his own perfect manners the nodosities of a clownish youth, that the rough diamond had no idea of the process, although he saw the result reflected in the eyes of his delighted friends when he returned for the holidays. The specialty of Mr Bateman was, in fact, to impart gentlemanly behaviour, or—to express it in a manner which he himself would have shuddered at—to make silk purses out of sows' ears. Thus it was that in those not quite exceptional cases where nature omits to dower the aristocracies of birth or wealth with her more elegant charms, this great artist undertook, upon the above terms, to supply them. By a not unusual confusion, his success in this particular department was considered to be proof of his fitness as a moral reformer also; and among those that came to his tutorial net—where all was fish—from the vexed waters of the public schools and fashionable seminaries, were found, occasionally, a very loose fish indeed. Of this class, among his present pupils, Mr Robert Marsden was a mitigated, and Mr Bartholomew Luders an aggravated specimen. They had both been expelled from their respective cradles of learning; the former for a persistence in pursuing his favourite pastime of card-playing, beyond its legitimate six days' limit, into the Sunday; and the latter, for an act of cruel brutality to a junior, which had fairly roused the ire of a school community, commonly jealous for the privileges of its seniors, and disposed rather to permit their powers to be strained to the utmost.

Marsden was the son of an extravagant country squire of good family; Luders, of a Jamaica planter, who had purchased depreciated property, but at a very depreciated price, and had thus procured for himself riches, accompanied by the desirable right of complaining about his poverty. Charles Ryder was the younger brother of a Yorkshire baronet, with little to be said against him, except that he was somewhat bashful and retiring in company, so as to make some people remark that it was a providential thing that he was not the eldest son, and had not succeeded to the title instead of Sir Harry, against whom those objections could not certainly with justice be urged. He *was* rather a modest and reserved person, it must be confessed—though with no constitutional want of confidence and determination—and this was especially apparent in the society of ladies, where he seldom opened his lips without a blush. If he had but known, as he now came across the lawn with his friend, that he was the subject of conversation between two young women sitting at one of the upper windows of the house, I am sure that, drenched and shivering as he was, there would have been quite a peony flush all over him.

'Well,' said Florence, who was the elder of the two Bateman girls, and the brunette—her sister being orthodoxly blonde, as the second Sister and the second Traveller, according to all novelists, is bound to be—'Well, all I can say is this, my dear Ellen, everybody to their own taste, as the old woman observed when she kissed her cow.'

'It is a pity, my dear Florence, that we did not begin our conversation with that sentiment,' returned the other, laughing, 'and save our breath to cool our porridge. Nay, if elegant saws and poetical illustrations are *all you can say* upon the matter, my love, I shall be more than a match for you.'

'Well, my dear, as long as you will not be a match for Robert Marsden,' responded Florence, sighing, 'you may be my everlasting conqueror, and welcome.'

'Nobody asks me, sir, she said, nobody asks me, my pretty maid,' caroled Ellen gaily, accompanying the baby-song with such a charmingly innocent expression upon her lovely face that one might have taken her up in one's arms, under the impression that she was a child out of the nursery, and kissed her; and without perhaps, even afterwards, being altogether sorry for the mistake.

'He *has* asked you,' returned Florence seriously, 'as plain as eyes can speak.'

'Madam,' observed Miss Ellen with mock solemnity, and imitating, as well as she could, the deep bass tones of Mr Charles Ryder, while she uttered his

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favourite piece of slang repartee—'Madam, you are another.'

'Yes,' replied Florence, impetuously, and understanding, with true womanly quickness, all that the other meant to suggest, 'I know that Charles Ryder is not a clever man, and that he makes use of dull stereotyped school-boy vulgarisms; but I would rather a thousand times have him for my brother-in-law, for my dear, dear sister Ellen's companion for life, than a young man without religion, without principle, without self-government of any description, and who does not know his own mind for two minutes together.'

'If his mind, if Mr Marsden's mind,' answered the younger girl, beginning to cry, 'is so peculiarly bad, it does seem exceedingly hard,' sobbing, 'that he shouldn't always *know* it, at least. I—I—I,' here she got rather hysterical, and could with difficulty articulate, 'I think I shall go and lie down in my own room for a little.' But Florence's arms were round her neck, and Florence's lips were pressed to hers before she could rise; and the two sisters, who dearly loved one another, forgot for a moment in that affectionate embrace that there was any such obstruction to a young woman's happiness in all the world as a young man.

'There, we won't talk about him any more, dear Nelly,' said Florence, soothingly; 'will we?'

'And we won't *think* about him any more, dear Florence,' returned Ellen, imploringly; 'will we?'

'Not if we can help it, we won't; not if we don't see naughty little flirtations going on, we won't—— Oh,' screamed Florence, interrupting herself, and suddenly pointing to the foot of the lawn—'oh, do look at the Pups!'

The Pups, it may be well to observe, was the abbreviated name by which the Misses Florence and Ellen Bateman were accustomed to designate their father's pupils, and the exclamation was drawn forth by the appearance of the two young gentlemen who had just come out of Teesdale Beck. 'Why, they look like a couple of water-dogs,' exclaimed the young lady, as she ran down stairs with her sister, and out on the lawn; 'they must surely both have tumbled into the lake! Don't shake yourselves, gentlemen, if you please,' continued she, in pretended alarm—'Carlo never does; he rolls himself over in the sun until he gets dry.'

At these words the young men immediately cast themselves upon the grass, and began to revolve slowly, amid shouts of laughter from all four. At his second revolution, however, Ryder was obliged to desist on account of his hurt shoulder, and the whole story of their accident had to be detailed.

Mrs Allwyne, the housekeeper, who was at once as wise as a physician and as skilful as a dresser, took charge of the wounded man, and carried him off to hospital.

'I wish, Mr Marsden,' observed Miss Florence, 'that you would choose some other place for your feats of derring-do than our favourite pool. If anything had happened to you, it would have entirely lost its present high character, and gone, perhaps, by the name of Dead Man's Hole for ever afterwards. How could we ever read aloud on Prospect Rock again, with the suspicion of having a spiritual critic such as your ghost to listen to us? Or how could we enjoy our little *al fresco* luncheons there, with the knowledge that you were present, but unable to partake of them?'

'I am sure I would have been very sorry to have spoiled the pool,' replied Marsden penitently; 'I would not have haunted it unless I had been obliged, indeed. I would have gone to Ladybank House yonder, where there is a ghost already, and kept company with *him*, notwithstanding his antecedents, rather than have interfered with your pleasure.'

'I should not have thought you were a person much influenced by people's antecedents,' remarked Miss Florence bitterly, who was older, by some two or three years, than her sister, and had reached the epoch, as she imagined, when young women are permitted to be 'severe.'

'That is the second time to-day,' said Marsden, blushing slightly, 'that that innocent creature, Luders, has been calumniated. Ryder had no sooner saved my life—at the very considerable risk of his own, I am bound to say, and, considering that we were not on very good terms before, it was the more magnanimous of him—than he demanded of me that I should drop Bartholomew; that I should be less intimate with that simple-minded Child of the Tropics.'

'Oh, I am so glad to hear it,' cried Ellen, clapping her hands. 'I do think he is a wicked creature; I know it was he who lamed our dear old Carlo with a stone.'

'And yet you know, Miss Ellen, your father has a high opinion of him,' said Marsden, casting his eyes to the ground, but unable to suppress a certain air of expectation for her reply.

'We know that papa never thinks ill of any one, sir, unless he is obliged,' interposed Florence angrily. 'Mr Ryder, who sees this gentleman when he is not upon his good-behaviour, when he has not got his company-manners on, must have better opportunities of judging him than papa can have; and,' added she, with a glance of more than reproof, 'he is by no means uncharitable in his friendships either.'

'Mr Ryder seems to be happy in possessing your very tender interest,' observed Marsden maliciously.

'I hope so, since he certainly has it,' replied Florence, laughing at the harmless barb; 'and so also, believe me, has Mr Robert Marsden. His standing out here any longer in those wet clothes will be absolutely dangerous, and I must insist upon his taking care of himself, and getting dry ones.'

'Well,' exclaimed Ellen pettishly, when the young man had withdrawn into the house, 'I do think you were rather hard upon Mr Marsden.'

'I was not half hard enough upon him, sister,' replied Florence, gravely. 'Why was it you did not answer him, Ellen, when he spoke of papa? It was to you he was addressing himself.'

'I didn't—it wasn't,' stammered the blushing girl.

'You didn't know how to answer him, because it was not a remark which should have been addressed to you,' said Florence decisively. 'No person with a really good heart would ever have spoken it.'

'Mr Ryder likes Mr Marsden very much,' urged Ellen, with some petulance.

'He does,' said Florence; 'but he likes him more than he respects him.'

'Or he would never,' continued Ellen, without noticing her sister's interruption, 'have been so solicitous about his giving up the society of an injurious companion.'

Florence looked searchingly into the blue eyes turned towards her, without finding anything in their liquid depths beyond the partisanship of love; then kissing her sister's forehead, and holding her soft white hand affectionately in her own, she said: 'Do you remember, Nelly, when we were in Sussex, and papa was not so well off as he is now, that you had to part with your beautiful pony Tomboy, and how it almost broke your little heart? Well, were you not very anxious, since you could not keep it yourself, that it should, at least, have a kind and humane mistress? And were you not sorry that it was sold to poor Mrs Turnbull, because her husband was a cruel man?'

'I was,' said Ellen, almost in a whisper, and trembling a little, although she did not yet see what was intended.

'So—as far as Tomboy was concerned, I mean—you would have been pleased—since she needs must have had him—if Farmer Turnbull could have been divorced from her, would you not?'

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'I suppose I should have been,' murmured the young girl.

'Therefore, you would have done all in your power—if the pony was to be alone considered—to have brought that result about; and for my part, I think that unselfish love ought to have been all the more acceptable to Tomboy. There's an allegory for you, Nelly. The half-hour bell has been rung this long time, and it's high time we were getting ready for dinner, so you may work it out while you are doing your back-hair.'

THE SCIENCE OF THE WEATHER.

In these restless inquisitive times, when the discoveries of science are multiplying so rapidly that simple folks are almost beginning to fear everything will soon be found out, and that the Humboldts and Faradays of coming generations will have to sit down and cry, as Alexander did of old, because nature has no more mysteries for them to unravel, it does seem strange that the very class of phenomena we take most interest in, and have the best opportunities of observing, should have been, until a very few years back, little better than a sealed book to us, and should be even now the one we are most ignorant of. Yet so it is. Of all subjects, the weather is the one about which there is the most universal interest, as well as we might almost say, the most universal ignorance. We are always thinking and talking about it—and no wonder, since our harvests, our commerce, our amusements and social life, our health and mortality, are all directly controlled by its changes. There are more proverbs about the weather than about anything else; and in our own and several other countries, a meteorological wish is the first greeting among friends, and a meteorological observation the starting-point of conversation among strangers. We are most of us instinctive barometers. As *Hudibras* says:

> Old sinners have all points
> O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
> Can by their pangs and aches find
> All turns and changes of the wind.

And yet, though there is nothing we are more eager to find out all about, we have only set to work to investigate the subject systematically within the last twenty or thirty years, and are now barely across the threshold of the science, and still woefully in the dark.

The great fault of the old school of meteorologists was their haste to begin reading the future before they had mastered the past, and their blind reliance on their own isolated and imperfect experience. After a few years' apprenticeship as observers, they generally started in business as prophets, with a limited capital of very doubtful facts to work upon; and ended either by becoming confirmed quacks, or retiring in disgust at the failure of their predictions. Gradually, however, the conviction dawned on the minds of those who paid attention to the matter, that they had begun by attempting too much, and that, after all, the apparent irregularity and caprice of the weather was due only to their own limited vision; so they became more humble in their views, put the prophet's robes on the shelf in the meantime, and resolved to begin at the beginning, in the hope that, by observing the fluctuations of the weather more closely and systematically, and over a wider area, they might find some method in its madness. Not without much nudging and memorialising, our own and various foreign governments were induced to give their aid to the enterprise; and about twenty years ago, a general system of meteorological observations was organised over a great part of the civilised world. The official impulse given to the study of this important science, enlisted many able and industrious volunteers in the work, and there are now thousands of keen eyes, all the world over, on land and sea, busy watching and recording the vagaries of the weather—which way the wind blows, and what sort of temper it is in, the amount of rain-fall, the moisture of the air, the height of the temperature, and so on. The new mode of studying the weather has been attended, so far as it has gone, with the most encouraging success. We have not advanced very far as yet, but at least we are not without a sign that we are on the right track at last, and every day we are advancing our lamp further into the obscurity which has so long enveloped the subject.

Although no fixed and definite method has been discovered in the variations of the weather, enough has been accomplished to enable us to have a short but very useful warning of any great atmospheric changes. A general law, for instance, has been traced, by means of the barometer, in the undulation of that shoreless, aërial ocean whose mighty waves roll unceasingly over our heads, and on the bed of which we walk about. As the crest or the trough of a wave passes on high, the glass rises or falls; and in the curve formed by these oscillations of the barometer, may be seen an exact miniature of the wave above. In certain cases, the same curve has been observed during the same period of successive years; and hence it is inferred that such waves are periodical in their appearance. One enormous wave pays us a visit once a year, in the month of November, which, according to Mr Birt, occupies fourteen days in its transit, and moves along at the rate of nineteen miles an hour, so that its whole breadth must be not less than 6000 miles! This gigantic wave is the one which did so much damage to the allied fleets in the Black Sea during the Crimean war. It began to play havoc with the ships at Balaklava just four days after it left London, so that had meteorology been more popular, by the aid of the electric telegraph and barometric observations, the allied navies might have had timely warning of the unwelcome visitor, and sought shelter from its fury.

Then, again, the two gales which wrecked so many vessels in November last were distinctly foretold, according to Admiral Fitzroy of the Meteorological Department of the Admiralty. On both occasions, the barometer was very low; but before the advent of the first gale, the thermometer was low, and high before that of the second. It was, therefore, inferred that there would be two gales, and that the first would come from the north, while the other would come from the south, which turned out to be the case. Indeed, it has now been ascertained that no gale of any consequence comes upon us without due 'note of preparation' being given by the barometer. The longer the duration of the storm, the longer is the warning of its approach, as if to give more time to prepare for it, while a sudden notice is never followed by more than a brief gale. In this way the thermometer indicates the quarter from which that storm is coming, which the barometer tells us is at hand; and the aspect of the sky, and the record of the past weather, help us to eke out the information thus derived.

By carefully collating the observations of the direction and intensity of the wind contained in the log-books of upwards of ten thousand vessels, Lieutenant Maury has succeeded in drawing out a complete chart of the various currents of the atmosphere in every part of the world at all times of the year. Of course, the currents indicated in these maps are subject to occasional aberrations from various causes; but they exhibit, at least, very clearly and definitely, the course of the main atmospheric tides. At a glance, the captain of a vessel can see whether he will have any very troublesome winds to deal with in the part of the ocean he is about to traverse at any particular time of the year, and can shape his course

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so as to avail himself of favourable winds, and steer clear of such as would impede his voyage or endanger his vessel. By this means, voyages to some parts of the world have already been shortened by a third, and even in a few cases by half of the usual time, while the risk and expense have been greatly reduced.

With the course of the winds, both rain and temperature are intimately connected. The extremes of our weather depend on the unequal prevalence of one or other of the two great currents of air, the polar and the equinoctial, whose ceaseless rivalry keeps the atmosphere in a state of wholesome agitation. The former, cold and dry, sends the barometer up, and the thermometer down; while the other, warm and moist, has just the opposite effect.

Compensation appears to be the great law of temperature, excess in one direction being atoned for by excess in another. The average temperature of a place, it has been found, remains nearly the same, an unusually hot summer being generally followed by an unusually cold winter, and the wider the area we take into consideration, the more exact is the equilibrium maintained. In this way, a mild European winter is made up of a very severe one in Asia or America, or *vice versâ*. From the fate of the other side of the world, we may therefore gain some idea of what we have to expect for ourselves.

The causes on which the fall of rain depends are still in dispute among meteorologists; some contending that air is capacitated to take up and hold water by its high temperature alone, and that the return of the water in the form of rain is due to the lowering of temperature; while others insist that the process is not complete without the agency of electricity. A few years ago, a gentleman, adopting the view that the drops of rain are kept aloft in the heavens by means of electricity, and that every spark of electricity drawn away will release so much water, published a little work with the somewhat startling title, *How to Produce Rain at Will*, in which he proposed to bring down a shower whenever it was wanted by means of kites with iron frames, or some other conductor equally light, to soar to the clouds; and there seems little doubt the thing can be done, though not to any useful extent, from the difficulty of getting any conductor near the clouds large enough to attract more than a very small quantity of electricity, and consequently to release more than a very small drizzle of rain. The tendency of thickly wooded districts to be very rainy would seem to support the electricity theory. Green trees are capital conductors, and high enough to bring down electricity under certain circumstances; and it is a notorious fact, that a general destruction of forests frequently leads to excessive droughts, and sometimes even destroys the fertility of a district. The general opinion appears to be, that both temperature and electricity have to do with rain, though it may be doubted which is the cause and which the consequence of its fall. As an illustration of precipitation from the mixture of warm with cold and moist air, the curious fact is put forward, that on the occasion of a crowded ball in Sweden, when the heat was so great that a lady fainted, a window was broken to admit air, and immediately it snowed in the room.

The study of such records of the weather as we have already obtained has tended to strengthen the belief, previously entertained among those most deeply versed in the science, that the weather is governed by a definite system of periodical rotation. What its cycle may be, we can, as yet, do no more than guess at; but many competent authorities cherish the hope, that the time will come when meteorologists may conscientiously add the office of prophet to that of historian, and predict the changes of the weather as surely and precisely as we now do the fluctuations of the ocean and the process of the suns. 'Had Hipparchus and Ptolemy,' says one writer, 'made hourly observations, and had they been made also by their contemporaries and successors in different parts of the world, we might now have been predicting the weather with as much certainty as we do the planetary motions.'

According to Mr Glaisher, there is a rotation in the character of the weather every fifteen years—the seasons growing warmer and warmer till they reach their warmest point; and then gradually colder, till they get to the coldest point, when they begin the round of temperature again. If this theory be correct, a new cycle commenced in 1853, when, the maximum of cold having been reached, warmth began again to predominate over cold, and will continue to ascend till 1861, when cold will once more mount the ladder. Mr Luke Howard gives ten years as the cycle of fluctuation; and various other weatherwise folk have their pet theories. It would be premature as yet to lay much stress on such calculations; but it is certainly a very suggestive fact, that the price of wheat—which of course is influenced by the weather—has exhibited in this country a regular and invariable oscillation of four years up and four years down, for the last thirty-two years.

To many, no doubt, the weather-tables of Mr Glaisher and others must appear very dull and uninteresting indeed; and yet it requires no magic spectacles to read in them the 'story of our lives from year to year;' rich harvests and expanding commerce, good health, plenty, and contentment; or perhaps the gloomier side of the picture—scanty crops and high prices, stagnant trade and social irritation, prevalent disease and busy death. But deeper still is the interest they derive from the prospect that, in the course of time, they will not only reflect for us the past, but may even forecast the future, and enable us, by timely foreshadowing of the coming weather, to avail ourselves of its bounties, while we guard against its ravages.

OUR PET.

THE way we became possessed of Our Pet was this. The uncle with whom I and my brother and sister lived, the kindest and gentlest of human beings, had a great fondness for animals, and brought us up in the same praiseworthy sentiments. He had some nice horses in his stable, five poodle-dogs, and a proportionate variety of cats; and we loved them all dearly; but a feeling had somehow arisen among us, and was not to be repressed, that the family happiness was incomplete without a monkey. How to get one was the difficulty, for my uncle would not hear of low barrel-organ monkeys, who wore kilts, and had no manners; and a gentlemanlike monkey, accustomed to good society, was not easily met with. At last, a lady living a few miles off, wrote to offer my uncle hers, as it had grown so intolerably mischievous, she could keep it no longer. Nothing daunted by the pleasing character awarded to it, my uncle cheerfully accepted the gift. Jacko arrived, was duly admired, petted, and put to bed in the stable, the warmth of which he seemed greatly to enjoy. Next morning, my maid came to dress me, looking very much as if she had just been on board a steam-boat, in very rough weather.

'What is the matter?' said I.

'The monkey, miss,' said she. 'He's a wulgar beast. I can't abear him.'

'What has he done?' said I.

'Done, miss?' said she. 'If you'll believe me, he's a settin' on the door-step, a eatin' a live snail for his breakfast. Ugh!'

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It didn't sound nice, certainly; but hunger brings us acquainted with strange mouth-fellows; and I supposed the poor darling hadn't been properly taken care of; so I hurried down stairs, and found him chained to the fender in the dining-room, and the servants just coming in to prayers. My uncle began to read a chapter. Jacko, finding it dull sitting there, with nobody noticing him, and nothing to do, gave a sly pull at the tail of the black poodle lying near him on the hearth-rug, just to see how he would take it—as a pleasant way of beginning an acquaintance.

'Gro-ow-owl!' said the poodle.

'Jacko, be quiet,' said my uncle.

'Haunk!' said Jacko. It was a peculiar sound, something like a groan, that he made; unlike the speech of any other monkey, or of any created being I ever heard, except once, when I strayed into a Ranters' meeting at Bristol, and observed that the orator, in the pathetic parts of his discourse, 'haunk'-ed exactly like Our Pet. My uncle went on with the chapter. Jacko gave another sly pull.

'Gro-ow-owl!' said the poodle.

'Jacko, be quiet,' said my uncle.

'Haunk!' said Jacko; but finding that, for some inexplicable reason, my uncle did not intend to send a book at his head, he amused himself during the remainder of prayers by pulling steadily at the dog's tail, hand-over-hand, just as a sailor pulls at a rope, eliciting melodious music from the unhappy dog, angry, but perfectly useless ejaculations from my uncle, and a series of choking fits from the assembled household, who could hardly be expected to view such an exhibition unmoved. After prayers, my uncle observed that he 'rather thought he would settle Master Jacko to-morrow;' and accordingly we all assembled the next morning to see him tied with a very short chain to the middle of the balusters of the hall staircase. It was done; my uncle, stepping back to look admiringly at his work, said: 'I'll trouble you to do any mischief now, Master Jacko;' and we went into the breakfast-room, leaving him gnashing his teeth in impotent malice. After prayers, just as my uncle had begun to hold forth on his own cleverness, a scream was heard from the hall; we rushed out, and found the servants gathered round the housemaid's closet under the staircase, which Jacko, with his long lean arms, had contrived to reach, open, and pilfer of half-a-dozen rushlights, two of which he had devoured, and scattered the mangled remains of the rest all over the new stair-carpet! From that time forward, during prayer-time, he was always chained, rain or sunshine, to the door-steps, where, when he had once beheaded every flower within his reach, he could do no more mischief beyond vulgarising himself hopelessly with live snails.

But to return to his first day among us. After breakfast, at which he got a great deal more cream than his fair share, he was turned loose into the garden, being evidently tame enough and wide-awake enough to his own interests, not to wander far from the house. Before luncheon, he was brought in and chained again to the fender. The table was already laid, and the servant went to fetch the meat. Crash—crash—crash! In ran my uncle, and found Jacko sitting on the fire-irons like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, surrounded by broken glass and china, knives and forks, brooks of water, and rills of wine, haunking merrily, and still holding in his hand the corner of the table-cloth, which he had pulled and pulled till down it came, with all its contents, on the floor. He got a tolerably sound thrashing for this exploit, but he did not seem cowed by it. The moment the table was relaid, he began to shout for his beer; and nobody could have any luncheon in peace till he got it. After luncheon, he was turned out again, to wander at his own sweet will in the garden, and I went to my music-lesson. Presently the cook put her face, purple with suppressed rage, in at the door, and asked me to come and speak to her in the passage. I went.

'If you please, miss,' said she with ominous politeness, 'what would you please to horder for dinner?'

Now, my uncle was fond of good living, and so much dreaded what he might have to go through, while we were performing our apprenticeship to the art of housekeeping, that he never would let us learn anything about it, so that I felt as thoroughly uncomfortable at this question as *Punch's* famous swan on a turnpike-road.

'Dinner?' said I, helplessly; 'didn't my uncle order dinner before he went out this morning?'

'Yes, miss,' said she, 'he *hordered* it; but 'ow am I to get it, or anythink else cumfertable, while that hanimal is a-roaring and a-rampaging about? He come into the kitchen ten minutes ago, and of course we runn'd away, along of being frightened; and when we come back, if he 'adn't been a-writin' of his name a hinch deep in the cold jelly for the soup; and he's heat up the pie, and a flask of oil, and a pot of pomatum, and a blister; and now, he's a hairing of hisself on the top of the 'ouse, with your music-master's hat.'

Little did I care for the original copy-book thus presented to my notice; little for poor Mr Mellon's hat; little, I'm ashamed to say, for my uncle's indignation looming unappeased in the distance: my only object was to save poor Jacko from the fate that evidently threatened him. 'O Kitty,' said I, clasping my hands, 'if your master hears all this, Jacko will have to go.'

'Like enuff, miss—him or I,' she answered grimly.

But being a good-natured woman at heart, and much attached to 'the fam'ly,' I at last prevailed upon her to bury the matter in eternal silence, and returned to my music-lesson. Having gained this important victory, I was at leisure for minor considerations, and was so much distracted by weighing probabilities as to whether it would occur to Jacko to bring the hat down again or not, that when Mr Mellon said: 'My dear young lady, you are playing all wrong. What is that large, open note?' I looked at it nervously, and said 'a monkey,' instead of 'a minim.'

Shall I ever forget that meek little man's face when, on going away, he asked for his hat, and was informed by our Jeames, with the utmost gravity, that 'the monkey had took'd it to the top of the 'ouse, sir; but they've sent for a chimbley-sweep to fetch it down.'

That functionary arrived in due time; but supposing him to be at the top of the house, how was he to get at the hat? None of our servants would have dared to take it away from the monkey, to save their places, and what right had we to suppose a chimney-sweep would have more courage? However, he seemed pretty stout at heart, said he didn't care for no sich warmint, not he—and began manfully to ascend. As usual, fortune favoured the brave, for when Jacko saw, emerging from the chimney-pots, a being so much bigger, blacker, and more diabolical-looking than himself, he uttered one screech of terror, flung away the hat, and scuttled off the roof of the house faster than he went up. Being anxious to get him safely chained up out of the way of doing more mischief, till my uncle came home, I was in waiting in the garden with a glass of sherry, his favourite refreshment; and while he was drinking it, being rather exhausted with the excitement he had gone through, he allowed me to put his chain on, and I led him quietly away. Indeed, I must do him the justice to say, that my constant blandishments did so far conciliate his affections, that he would sometimes do what I wished, if he had no positive objection to the thing in itself; whereas the slightest hint of

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a wish on the part of the other members of the family, to interfere with his liberty of action, was instantly met with loud vociferations—evidently accompanied by more imprecations than the nature of the subject seemed to demand—that he'd be dratted if he would.

Monkeys, certainly, have very strong likes and dislikes. There is a particular style of person they cannot endure. My sister Georgina is one of these Pariahs of monkey civilisation. No monkey who ever came across her could endure her for a moment, and least of all our own Jacko, though she is generally considered a pretty enough sight to look upon. However engrossing his occupation might be—whether he was eating his dinner, or going to sleep after it on my lap, or teasing the dogs, or peaceably engaged in a *chasse aux puces* among the tangled forests of their long curly hair—it was all the same—the moment she appeared, he was seized with a convulsive shudder all over, and made a frantic dash at her as far as his chain would allow; then, when he found he really could not get at her, to bite her nose off, he would retreat on the fender, and execute a war-dance among the fire-irons, gnashing his teeth, rolling his eyes, flinging wild yells of rage and defiance at her, and saying, as plain as monkey could speak, 'She makes me sick; do, do take her away.' She never provoked him in any way; on the contrary, she was studiously deferential and timidly polite to him; and I daresay that was partly the reason why he behaved so ill; for I think monkeys are rather like lovers—a little wholesome severity, not to say harshness, is good for them, and keeps them in their proper places. When my uncle came home, and heard a very softened account of the tenth part of Jacko's misdeeds, he sternly ordered that his liberty should be stopped; that henceforth he should never go out of the house, except attached to one of the dogs for exercise; and in the house should always be chained to the fender. Yet even in this state, so 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' it is incredible how much mischief he contrived to do. I really think his arms must have been made with extra joints, which he could throw out or curl in as it suited him, on the principle of those three-yard measures which shut up into a length of two or three inches; for however closely he might be chained, if you went away for two minutes, you were sure, on your return, to find him playing with, and probably smashing, something he had got from the other end of the room. One morning my uncle, coming down to breakfast, was greeted by Jacko with such excessive urbanity and overacted delight, that he guessed there must be something wrong; and looking sharply round the room, saw that there was no butter on the table, and that Jacko held one hand carefully behind his back. My uncle slowly advanced, eyeing him steadily; Jacko, loudly protesting how charmed he was to see him that particular day of all days in the year, still kept his hand behind his back. My uncle came close up, still eyeing him fixedly. Jacko, seeing there was no help for it, with a back-handed jerk threw the butter into the grate, crossed his hands in his lap, and sat smilingly serene, as a good man roused from peaceful slumber. 'Jacko, you shall be licked!' said my uncle. He understood perfectly, and in his terror made such a horrible clatter with his chain among the fire-irons, that my uncle began to unfasten him, that he might thrash him in peace and comfort. But Jacko was too quick for him; the moment he was free, he sprang up the chimney, and sat singing in the soot. His triumph was short. He forgot he had a *tail;* and my uncle, cautiously putting his hand up the chimney, caught the tip of that tail, and brought him down, squealing and yelling, to receive his deserved punishment. Another time, we found the breakfast-room so full of feathers, that we thought somebody must have been plucking a goose there; but it was only Jacko, who had contrived to reach one of the sofa-pillows, and had been unripping it for his amusement. It was a great satisfaction to our feelings when he nearly choked himself with two or three feathers that had got into his cream; and then he glared vindictively at us, as if we had done it! Another morning, we found him surrounded by the contents of the post-bag, torn into minute shreds, which was a serious misfortune, as one of the letters was to my brother from the lady of his love, together with a copy of the *Record;* the first time, I should think, that that respectable publication was made use of as a sentimental *gage d'amour*.

Once, another uncle came to pay us a visit who was regarded in the family with the deepest awe and reverence. It was supposed among us that there was no book he had not read, no subject he had not searched out. He was a man learned in all the wisdom of the modern British. He had been a chosen companion of Jeffrey, and the rest of the Northern lights, at the time when the *Edinburgh Review* blazed out in youthful splendour; nay, there was a family tradition that he himself had contributed to those glories. We knew for certain that he now wrote in the Thunderer, and that his articles were considered very clever. What a prodigy in a simple country family like ours! We appeared before him with 'bated breath, and cherished his words like oracles. I, in particular, never felt my soul was my own in his presence. Even now, at this distance of time, I shudder at the possibility of his recognising a niece so degenerate, in print, and am sore tempted to burn my manuscript. Well, this awful personage was to pay us a visit, and much I mused how Jacko would receive him. Would he feel instinctively that this man was not as other men? or would he treat him as irreverently as he did us? I had my misgivings, and they were more than realised. The moment Jacko saw my uncle, he ran up him as if he were a tree, sat on his shoulder, and pulled his whisker! My uncle smiled superior, as cloud-compelling Jove might smile at the frolics of a Cupid. But never again was he quite so great a man in my imagination.

Things went on in this way for some months—Jacko perpetually getting into scrapes, and perpetually being forgiven—when a change came o'er the spirit of the family dream. It was arranged that we should go and pay a visit to my brother, at his new living in Yorkshire. Jacko was to go too, for change of air, as well as a very fine bull-terrier, which had just been given to my uncle, with the character of being a thorough 'varmint dog,' whatever that may mean. I believe he was a first-rate hand at killing rats, but we merely used him as a pet—and he was as quiet and gentle as a lamb—never being allowed to run after his own tail, like a kitten, or a dancing dervish; a trick all bull-terriers are prone to, I am told, and which has the effect of working them up to such a pitch of savage excitement, that they are ready to fly at the throat of the nearest bystander. I privately disbelieved this rotatory theory; and many a time, when I have been alone with 'Venom,' have I spun round myself till I was giddy, in hopes he would follow my example, but he never took the hint.

Well, we went to see my brother. Never shall I forget that day's journey. We woke, and found ourselves famous. It seemed as though the intelligence of our approach with our queer retinue was telegraphed along the line before us; for whatever station we alighted at, we instantly became the centre of a double group of admirers—the dog's and the monkey's. Jacko's admirers consisted entirely of boys of every age and degree of respectability, from mamma's darling with blue eyes and curly hair, going home for the holidays, in his best jacket and trousers, to the seediest urchin who ever shouted '*Times, Morn'g Her'ld, Daily Tel'ph, Illus'd Lond'n Noos*,' along a railway platform. Big and little, they clustered round like bees, flattening their noses against the hamper

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that contained Jacko, though there was nothing to be seen but two eyes that glowed like burning coals. However, it seemed to afford them unlimited satisfaction; and I heard one say, in an awe-struck whisper, to a small confederate: 'Them 's the ladies as belongs to the monkey!' The dog's admirers were disreputable-looking men in large dirty white great-coats, most of them with a patch over one eye, and all with an indescribable look of having been bull-terriers themselves at one period. I did not object to the sensation the monkey excited; poor human nature loves to shine, even with reflected lustre; and the boys followed us with eyes of the utmost envy and admiration, seeming to think we must be half-monkeys ourselves, for so splendid a beast to condescend to travel with us. But the dog's admirers were very different and very disagreeable. In the first place, they would keep close to the dog, who naturally kept close to us; and for two ladies travelling alone with their maid, such an escort was not exactly desirable; but besides this, their admiration for the dog was so plainly mingled with anger and contempt towards ourselves, that it made us very uncomfortable. We could not ask them what harm we had done them, neither could we ask the policeman to tell them not to follow our dog, but it was unpleasant to be looked at as if we had robbed their families of bread. At last I heard one of them say, in a surly growl to his neighbour: 'I say, Bill, an't it a burning shame (only he made use of a *stronger* adjective) to see a warmint dawg like that 'ere belonging to them two young fools as don't know his value?' *Then* I understood and forgave him. What would have been *my* feelings if I had seen in his hands one of Ary Scheffer's master-pieces going to be sold for a pot of beer? I longed to tell him we were not the owners of the priceless treasure, but only its escort.

'The longest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away.' This trying day was over at last, and we arrived at my brother's village. Jacko was received in anything but a flattering manner. As he was being taken out of his hamper at the door, a parrot, swinging in its cage opposite, bristled up all its feathers at him, and screamed out: 'Get out, you snob!' Jacko, a true philosopher, was no more depressed by this undeserved contumely than he had been elated by the triumphs of the morning. 'Haunk!' said he, and devoured all the outdoor grapes he could reach, whilst waiting for a more substantial supper. Presently, my brother's dog, the most sagacious creature I ever saw, came out to meet us. It was curious to watch his astonishment at the sight of Jacko: he walked round and round him, sniffing; then gravely sat down on his haunches, to examine him at leisure; then gently bit the end of his tail, to see what he was made of, seeming to say: 'You are very odd; you are the oddest thing I ever saw; but I am monarch here, and as long as you don't bite, I will befriend you.' A touching friendship sprang up between them; the dog would hardly stir without the monkey; and it was quite pretty to see them playing together, like two kittens, Jacko putting his head quite fearlessly down the dog's enormous throat, and bullying him in every way, as if he were a human being.

Jacko soon signalised his arrival at the rectory by coming out in quite a new light—as a moral reformer. He prevailed upon an old woman to go to church, who had withstood every description of clerical battery for years. No amount of blankets, or pounds of tea, or persuasion, could induce her to set foot inside the church. Once, I went to her, armed with tea and sugar, and a convincing tract, and bored her to such a degree that at last she turned upon me: 'Don't tell me. Young uns goo to church fur to shew thur bunnets; old uns, fur to goo to sleep: I'se sleep varmer here.' And feeling secretly guilty of a certain new bonnet, trimmed with blush-roses, I slunk off. But fools rush in where angels fear to tread: Jacko succeeded where many a curate had failed. When Good-Friday came round, all the village went to church except this old woman and Jacko, who, prowling up the street, spied some hot-cross buns in her window for sale. They did not remain there long; and he settled himself comfortably on her pump-handle, to enjoy his feast. Presently, the old dame came out to get some water, and seeing Jacko, fell down in a fit. When restored to consciousness by her neighbours, she solemnly assured them that she had, with her own eyes, seen the devil sitting on her pump eating hot-cross buns. 'Naw, dame, naw,' said John Tarbut, pork-butcher and oracle to the village; ''t couldn't ha' been the devil thees't seen; t' devil would ha' been afeared to eat hot-cross buns: they'd burn his mouth, like. Thee must ha' seen a cretur very like the devil, what parson's sisters play wi'.' 'Eh, man,' returned the irritated dame, 'thee thinks a' the world's fools but thysen; dost think I doan't know the devil when I sees un?' And nothing would persuade her but that she *had* seen the old gentleman himself, and that he would certainly come again 'to fetch her,' unless she mended her ways. Accordingly, she came regularly to church from that day forth; and from that day forth Jacko was known in the village as the young ladies' devil.

Now, there is a confidence that I wish to make to an enlightened public. When I had brought my narrative to this point, I wound it up in a few neat sentences, and sent the manuscript to an experienced friend for his advice. He returned it, saying, that no editor alive would print my story unless I gave it a definite ending, and that that ending must not be a *melancholy* one. Now, I appeal to an enlightened public—nay, I appeal to able editors themselves in their merely human capacity—is it *possible* to give a definite ending to this biography? Everybody knows there are but two ways of finishing a story handsomely—either you marry your hero, or you kill him off. Now, even if I myself could forget that this is an 'ower *true* tale,' could I hope to make any one believe that my monkey married a lovely heiress, and settled down contentedly, with £5000 a year, and a seat in parliament? Yet, if I said he was overtaken by the usual fate of monkeys in England, and died of lock-jaw, brought on by perpetually biting the end of his tail, I suppose able editors would call that a melancholy ending, would knit their distinguished brows, and refuse to let me appear in print. Well, then, I will tell the truth, humiliating though it be to my hero. Jacko didn't marry, and he didn't die; he 'emigrated;' which is polite English, I believe, for describing the fate of people who 'leave their country for their country's good;' who are transported, in short. His tricks were so incessant, and so very unclerical, that he kept the village in a perpetual state of hot-water, besides earning for my brother an unenviable notoriety as the '"parson" what kept the devil.' So it was settled in family conclave that he must be parted with; and though I could then guess what the feeling of Brutus must have been when he sacrificed his sons, I was forced to submit. A regiment stationed a few miles off, was under orders for Jamaica, the nice warm climate of which would make it, we thought, a most eligible penal settlement; so we offered him to the drummer-boy, who came over to fetch him, his eyes shining with delight. With tears, and half a sovereign, I implored him to be kind to the poor animal.

'Ah, thin, miss,' said he, in the richest of brogues, 'shure 'tis kind I 'd be to such an iligant baste: shure he 'll be all as one as my own brother.'

Jacko seemed to take a great fancy to his new friend's smart uniform, and went away perched on his shoulder, grinning and chattering, in a high state of excitement. Next week, we were told that he was already the idol of the whole regiment, which sailed soon afterwards; and we have never heard of Jacko

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since, but I have often made even my brother confess that we could have better spared a better beast than Our Pet Jacko.

MASTERS AND WORKMEN IN FRANCE.

It is a sad pity that the true relations between masters and workmen still remain so little understood in this country. A few weeks ago,* we told how the weavers of Rochdale, by an exercise of good sense deserving of all commendation, have become capitalists; buying good food and clothing in the cheapest market, saving small sums which would otherwise have probably been squandered, and obtaining 5 per cent. interest for all the sums so economised. In the very week wherein that article appeared, another set of workmen, the building operatives of London, finally broke down in an attempt to enforce something which almost the whole body of thinking persons in this country have decided to be unreasonable and unjust. The attempt cost them four or five months' wages, besides impoverishing the fund on which they depended for resources in time of sickness or domestic bereavement. The London builders earn much more per man than the Rochdale weavers; and yet the former have brought themselves into a most unsatisfactory state by demanding what really does not belong to them, while the latter have improved their condition by a healthy application of that which is really their own. The London journeymen, as a body, do not place money in savings' banks, or banks of any kind; the books of the several banks clearly shew this; the instances of those who do so being so few as to afford proof of the rule to which they are the exceptions. The little money saved goes mostly to trade-societies or clubs of some kind. In so far as those clubs and societies are well managed as provident institutions, a good is wrought; and so far as they tend to make the members better workmen, or to aid in supporting those who may be out of work; but, unfortunately, under the influence of leaders ill informed on the subject, they strain at something beyond their reach, and of course fail. The whole amount of money received yearly by the building operatives of the metropolis would, if judiciously expended, not only support them and their families comfortably, but would provide something for the day of trouble—whether trouble came in the form of sickness, death, superannuation, or deficiency of employment. There are two phases of the question—the earning and the spending of wages. In the latter, it is beyond all question that the workmen might improve their position—if not by an adoption of the same plan as the Rochdale weavers, at least by the adoption of some system which shall have prudence and economy as its watchwords; less public-house, and more steady thinking. In the earning of wages, it is too often forgotten that there is and can be no authoritative determination of their amount; twist and turn the question how we may, we must at last arrive at this result—that the rate of wages is a matter of *mutual agreement;* and that any persistency or any change of rate must depend on two parties—those who give services for money, and those who give money for services. To regard masters as the 'natural enemies' of workmen, is the rankest nonsense. When, of two parties, neither one can live without the other, enmity can only arise through some temporary, partial, and removable causes.

There are many who think that masters and men might possibly be able to adopt some such plan in England as is practised in some trades in France and Belgium, for arranging amicably the rate of wages. That if employers would abate a little of their loftiness of demeanour towards workmen, and if workmen would place a little more frank confidence in their employers, the groundwork would be laid for something better. We are not certain that the *Conseils de Prud'hommes* would suit the atmosphere of England; but it is, at any-rate, worth while to understand what that system really is, and what it does. The Board of Trade has recently caused the system to be inquired into, and we shall not be misusing a page or two of this *Journal* in briefly stating the results.

These French courts of arbitration or mutual concession—for such they are—have existed since the year 1806, when Napoleon established a Conseil de Prud'hommes at Lyon. An imperial decree, issued in 1809, and amended in 1810, contained the regulations in detail under which such Conseils should be conducted. Rouen and Nîmes obtained Conseils in 1807, and several other towns in the two following years. Paris was without one until much later, chiefly on account of the practical difficulties arising from the great variety of manufactures there carried on; one, however, was established in 1844, and three more in 1847. In 1849, the whole number of such Conseils in France was seventy-four. During the revolution of 1848, the Socialistic reformers made several violent changes in the regulations applicable to them; but counteracting changes were made by an imperial decree in 1853, and since then, others have been established.

These Conseils de Prud'hommes (Councils of Experienced Men) are established by government decree on the advice of a Chamber of Commerce, or a Chamber of Arts and Manufactures. The number of members is determined by the decree, according to the requirements of the particular trade interested. They comprise masters and workmen in equal proportions, exclusive of the president and vice-president, who are appointed by the government, and who are not necessarily connected with the trade in question. A 'dead-lock,' resulting from all the master-members voting on one side, and all the working-members on the other, is obviated by giving the president a casting-vote. The members are elected at a meeting called and managed by the prefect of the department. The election-list has varied in its scope from time to time; but under the regulations of 1853, the electors comprise all masters in that particular trade and place who are twenty-five years old or upwards, who have been three years in the district, and have for five years held the licence called a *patente*, for which a small sum is paid to the government; and all the workmen of similar ages who have exercised their trade for five years, and have resided three years in the district. Such are the electors; the candidates must possess the qualifications for electors, be not less than thirty years of age, and be able to read and write. The mayor of the commune in which the town is situated, assisted by an assessor of masters and an assessor of workmen, keeps a register of electors, and sends a copy of it to the prefect when the electoral meeting is about to be summoned. The election is not in common; the masters separately elect their own representatives, and the workmen theirs. After three years of service, half the number retire by lot, and a new election takes place for the other half.

When properly organised, each Conseil holds two kinds of meetings—*Bureaux Généraux* and *Bureaux Particuliers;* one of these we will call the Weekly Committee, and the other the Daily Committee. The Weekly Committee consists of equal numbers of masters and workmen, not less than two of each. The Daily Committee consists of one master and one workman, sitting from eleven o'clock until one. All disputes in the particular trade to which the Conseil relates are in the first place brought before the Daily Committee; and if not adjusted there, they are carried to the next Weekly Committee, whose decision is binding, so far as the law permits. Where the sum or value at issue does not exceed 200 francs

* *Chambers's Journal*, November 12, 1859.

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(about L.8), there is no appeal from the decision of the Weekly Committee; but beyond that amount, an appeal is open to the regular courts of justice. It may fairly be regarded as evidence of the usefulness of these tribunals, that appeals and re-hearings are very rare. Some years ago, when the whole number of cases in France had accumulated to 184,574, it was found that the Daily Committees had settled no less than 174,547 of them, leaving only 10,027 to be re-heard by the Weekly or General Committees; of this residue, 4849 were withdrawn before the day of hearing, and only 5178 actually re-heard; and lastly, of these 5178, only 190 were carried by appeal to courts of justice. Therefore, of 184,574 trade-disputes, 184,384 were settled without the aid of lawyers or law-courts, or nearly 999 out of every 1000.

The interesting question now is—What are the kinds of trade-disputes which engage the attention of these amicable tribunals? Napoleon's first decree laid down that 'the Conseil de Prud'hommes is established for the purpose of terminating, by way of conciliation, the minor difficulties which daily arise between masters (*fabricants*) and workmen (*ouvriers*), or between foremen (*chefs d'ateliers*) and the ordinary workmen (*compagnons*) or apprentices (*apprentis*).' It is only manufacturers and their work-people, not merchants, dealers, or shopkeepers, who are concerned in the matter. The causes of dispute are many and varied. A master-manufacturer may complain against one of his workmen for having inflicted upon him some injury by contravening a law or regulation; for refusing to fulfil a contract, either actually entered into between them, or implied by the custom of trade, relating to work, time, or price; or for having stolen or injured raw materials given him to work upon. A workman may complain against his master for injuring him by contravening a law or regulation; for dismissing him at an improper time, contrary either to actual agreement or to established usage; for keeping back either the whole or a part of his wages; or for refusing to give him a *congé d'acquit*, or to return him his *livret*. The *congé d'acquit* is a certificate signed by the master that a workman has duly fulfilled his engagements; and the *livret* is a book which every French workman is obliged to carry, shewing his name, age, birthplace, trade, &c., and which he must deliver to a new master on first entering his service. One workman may complain against another in relation to the division of wages for some joint piece of work; to the practical details in the execution of such work; or to the alleged misuse of materials or tools belonging to the employer. There are many other sources of dispute, but these are the principal. One fertile cause of difference relates to apprentices, who—or their parents—are involved in some dispute with the master, the foreman, or the workmen, concerning the details of the apprenticeship indenture. The Conseils are not empowered to determine the actual rate of wages in any one trade; but they are frequently appealed to by the masters and men when the rate is in dispute; their decisions are in some cases accepted at once, while in others their advice tends to modify unreasonable demands on either side.

The mode of proceeding of the Conseils de Prud'hommes is as follows: Every person is bound to appear before the Conseil when summoned, on the day and hour named, certain penalties being enforced for disobedience. The two persons at issue in each particular case are heard in each other's presence, before the Daily Committee; and a decision is given according to the merits. If one party does not appear, judgment is at once given against him; but a certain time is then allowed him to obtain a proper hearing. Every judgment is signed by the president and vice-president; and all the judgments are registered and kept by the secretary. The appeal from the Daily Committee to the Weekly Committee must be made within three months. Every Committee, whether Daily or Weekly, has power of summoning witnesses, whose evidence is received on oath; and it decides on the validity or admissibility of any evidence that may be objected to on either side. When an appeal is made from a Daily to a Weekly Committee, the former supplies the latter with a procès-verbal of the names, &c., of the witnesses, and of the evidence which they have given.

The financial part of the system is soon described. The members of the Conseil serve gratuitously. The secretary and the *huissier*, or messenger, have salaries. Those salaries, and the expenses of the office, are defrayed out of fees paid by the disputants. There is so much paid for every *lettre d'invitation*, every citation, every judgment enrolled, every judgment communicated, every procès-verbal, every copy of a judgment, every deposit of an inventor's design or of a manufacturer's mark. These fees vary from 30 cents to 3 francs (three-pence to half-a-crown). Where both parties voluntarily appear, and the case is easily decided and readily agreed to without witnesses, no fees are paid. Where witnesses are summoned, they are paid either a day's wages or two francs, according as they are in or out of work.

The Conseils de Prud'hommes of Belgium are very much like those just described. They began at Ghent in 1810, by decree from Napoleon, who was at that time paramount in Belgium. A second was established at Bruges in 1813. No others were founded for many years. In 1838, several towns petitioned for such Conseils; but it having been found that the existing state of the law did not admit of such an extension, a new statute was passed in 1842, since which year many additional Conseils de Prud'hommes have been established. The experience of seventeen years seems to shew that a sort of imperial tone, which pervades the French system, when grafted upon the more constitutional tendencies of the Belgians, has produced a result not quite so satisfactory. The Belgians resort to their Conseils de Prud'hommes less readily than their French neighbours.

Germany also has its Conseils de Prud'hommes. When the French empire was at its greatest, Napoleon established these institutions at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Crevelt, Duren, Gladbach, Kaldenkirchen, Leyde, Montjoie, and Stolberg; and after the re-settlement of affairs in 1815, Prussia established several others in her Rhenish provinces, under the title of Tribunals of Industry.

Such, then, are the Conseils de Prud'hommes. It is pretty certain, from a careful perusal of the regulations, that some of them would not suit England; there is too much indication of a central power, against which we as a nation entertain much distrust. There is, moreover, a more rigorous demarcation between masters, foremen, workmen, and apprentices, with their *congés d'acquit*, *livrets*, &c., and a more decided power of official interference in the personal affairs of men and families, than we should like. Nevertheless, there are good elements in the system which might possibly be worked up with some or other of our trade-usages. Of 'strikes' and 'lock-outs' we will not discourse here; the daily newspapers tell us enough of the animosity and distress to which they lead; and the leading quarterly reviewers have brought before the world ample evidence of the vastness of the organisation now prevailing among English workmen, each in his own trade. If it comes to a determined struggle, most persons think that the victory would remain with the employers of labour; some believe that it would favour the other side; but all must agree that a woeful amount of hatred, estrangement, suffering, and demoralisation would follow in the train of any such contest. Better, infinitely better, would it be if masters and men, knowing well that they cannot do without each other, would calmly consider whether friendly discussion and arbitration

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might not take the place of intimidation and criminal prosecution.

That such attempts have been made in particular instances, within the last few years, is known to those who have attended to these subjects; but there is reason to believe that the public generally are not much acquainted with them. Two or three years ago, a committee of the House of Commons collected evidence bearing on this point, of which a few examples may be here cited. The *carpet-weavers* of Yorkshire and Durham, after many years of bitter quarrelling between masters and men, agreed upon a plan of conciliation in 1839. A kind of parliament was occasionally summoned, attended by delegates from masters and from men, sitting in different rooms; the masters agreed upon a rate of wages to which all would conform; the men agreed upon such a rate as they would accept; the chairmen of the two bodies met, authorised to discuss any points of difference, and to report thereon to the delegates; the masters explained the state of trade, and offered reasons why the wages should not be above such or such a rate; the men stated what were the current demands upon them in relation to the important matters of the price of food, &c.; and it rarely happened but that such mutual concessions were made as rendered an amicable agreement possible. The parliament came to comprise as many as thirty firms and two thousand workmen; and so well did it succeed, that when the cotton-spinners at Preston were on strike in 1855, the carpet-parliament sent to entreat them to conciliate instead of quarrelling. It is said that only once in fifteen years did the two bodies of delegates separate without agreeing; that the workmen on that occasion begged the masters to reconsider their decision; that they did so, and that an amicable settlement followed. On five different occasions, the union, by friendly offices, settled differences among masters and men in the carpet-trade in other counties of England. The *potters* of Staffordshire, at the suggestion of the masters, established a trade-tribunal in 1851. Under general circumstances, the rate of wages in that trade is fixed for twelve months at a time; but if any new articles or new patterns are introduced, not yet entered in the regular tariff, the matter is submitted to a sort of board of arbitration, as is likewise the interpretation of disputed points in existing agreements. It is agreed that, when any such dispute arises, the man remains at work notwithstanding the inquiry, and is debited or credited with his due amount without wasting time by withdrawal or dismissal. Nearly all the principal master-potters form a Chamber of Commerce, and this chamber agrees that its members shall abide by the decisions of courts of arbitration. These courts are not permanent: when a dispute arises, the master appoints three persons, and the workman three; these six choose an umpire; and though the decision of such a court cannot be legally binding, the masters and men who take part in the system agree to obey it. The *printers* of London have a certain schedule of wages for work, which, as long as it is observed, defines and settles all the main transactions between masters and men; but in 1856 they established a peculiar tribunal for minor matters, consisting of arbitrators chosen on the two sides, and a barrister chosen to act as chairman of all such boards as might be appointed. We need not, however, dwell upon the details here, seeing that these courts, boards, or parliaments of printers are not entitled to interfere with or to alter the general rate of wages in the trade; there is a higher law, or conventional agreement, as to wages, to which these special tribunals are quite subservient, and which they must not touch. In many instances—such as those of the *bobbin-turners* of Todmorden in 1854, the *boot and shoe makers* of London in 1852, the *lace-makers* of Nottingham in 1829, the *salt-carriers* of Cheshire in 1853, the *silk-weavers* of Macclesfield in 1850, the *wire-workers* of Birmingham in or about 1854—disputes between masters and men concerning wages have been settled by the friendly intervention of third parties. Such intervention, however, is special and temporary, and is seldom accepted until both parties have smarted severely by the quarrel. What is wanted, is something more permanent in each trade. There must be some system to which the masters and the men both assent, for discussing matters relating to wages. If the masters hold aloof, and haughtily refuse to belong to a court, board, tribunal, or trade-parliament to which their workmen belong, the affair is nearly hopeless; and so would it be if workmen continue to regard their employers as enemies whom it is a glory to defeat, a fallacy to conciliate, a disgrace to obey. If the Conseils de Prud'hommes are not fitted for English soil, does it follow that a well-digested system of arbitration is therefore unattainable?

A CLERICAL CRICHTON.

Although that Intellectual Titan still exists of whom it was first written, that 'Science was his forte, and Omniscience his weakness,' he is now not without rivals in versatility. We think it nothing surprising, in these days, to see a sentimental novel-writer and a Chancellor of the Exchequer in one—a melancholy and delicate gentleman in his youth—*mulier formosa superne*—terminating at last in scales, figures, and red tape; or to behold another who has made us weep over the fictitious woes of an interesting felon, become the guardian of all the felons, fast and loose, in her Majesty's colonies. We have not seen any politician perform that surgical operation at which Lord John Russell was said to be capable of trying his hand at short notice, it is true; but we have beheld a clergyman of the Church of England attempting things apparently quite as much out of his own line, and, moreover, with decided success.

If we are not mistaken, it is only some twelve years ago, at most, that the Rev. Charles Kingsley astonished what then remained of the world of magazine-readers by his problem of *Yeast* in *Fraser;* and now there are no less than fourteen of his works extant, four of which are in their second edition, six in their third, two in their fourth, and one in its fifth; and scarcely any of these are of at all similar character.

> He talks of politics or prayers,
> Of Ruskin's prose on Shakspeare's sonnets,
> Of daggers or of dancing-bears,
> Of battles or the last new bonnets,

with equal familiarity—and (now and then) contempt. His very poems are dramatic, sentimental, social, lyrical, and occasionally even revolutionary. Pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, and poem unlimited. We remember, when his great medieval drama came out, to have seen on the notice-board of the Union Debating Society at Oxford, as a subject for debate, 'that the author of the *Saint's Tragedy* is the greatest poet of modern times.' He always took with young gentlemen like wild-fire, and has a very great influence for good at both the English universities. He is one of the writers who makes his readers—if they like him *at all*, that is—his personal friends. They openly swear fealty to him, and have their lances couched against all evil-speakers against him; and that heathen host, to say truth, is somewhat numerous. Mr Maurice, Mr Carlyle, the Poet Laureate, and (pre-eminently) Mr Dickens, are perhaps the only modern authors who possess this rare and dangerous faculty of attraction—dangerous, because it often sets a man

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at the head of a movement which he does not himself, perhaps, wish to accompany any great distance, and yet which he can hardly desert. Out of *Yeast*, *Hypatia*, *Westward Ho*, *Ten Years Ago*, and the like church-militant efforts of our author, comes the modern school of Muscular Christianity, whose scholars must be by this time getting rather unmanageable. *Tom Brown*, who, by no means indirectly, advocates black eyes and thrashing as an excellent introduction to a religious life, is Mr Kingaley's literary godchild, and has, we fancy, just a little alarmed his sponsor, who, to do him justice, is not easily frightened either. It is the Monitors of a school who are always prepared to go to greater lengths in discipline than the Master himself. Besides his poems, and his drama, and his muscular novels, and his Christian Socialist problems, there are, of course, our author's sermons; for is he not a divine, and bound to write *them* at anyrate? Very unlike that Lord Chancellor who, 'if he had but known a little law, would have been just the man for the place,' Mr Kingaley, who does so many other things well, understands his own business thoroughly. There are few, indeed, of his clerical brethren who can produce *Twenty-five Village Sermons* such as those of the Rector of Eversley and Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty—our Crichton being a courtier, as it seems, in addition to his other occupations. He is also, in the summer-time, a collector for *vivariums* and muscle-gatherer (dreadful trade!), and really understands the art of making a scientific subject clear, poetical, and beautiful, better than any man in England. He refrains, with a greatness of mind unknown to other naturalists, from using the word 'mollusk,' when he simply means an oyster; and does not leave that jaded impression which most writers of the *Glaucus* class produce, of one's having been shut up for days in some marine dungeon, with nothing but periwinkles and a pin.

Mr Kingaley has just now gratified mankind—and especially womankind—by the publication of a couple of volumes of *Miscellanies*,* whose range extends over history, natural history, æsthetics, geology, politics, poetry, and sanitary and social reform, with some very particular accounts of Paraguay and the coast of North Devon. In any one of these papers, too—all of which are good, and some of them charming—you are never sure but that you will find a greater pennyworth of information than the title of the essay warranted, or, indeed, than you had any wish to be the recipient of. Our author's knowledge-supply is always laid on at high-pressure, like that of the new water-companies. You may go with Mr Kingaley a-hunting—a pastime of which he is particularly fond, and which he describes most admirably—with the intention of taking a quiet clerical 'cobby' gallop by the side of him, without much fencing, when, lo and behold! he takes you over a hurdle of statistics into a sheepfold of facts connected with population, or perhaps guano; or he 'pounds' you in a field of speculation hedged round with regular 'bullfinches' of archæology, where there is no practicable way out, as it seems, except through the gate of Romance at which you entered, till suddenly he points out a gap—mixed up, somehow, with the Period of Upheaval—and so you rejoin the hounds again. He does it all with great dexterity, but still we object to imbibing so much learning under false pretences—the whole contrivance has such a very strong flavour about it of *Sandford and Merton*.

'I will say boldly,' says he, 'that a frolicsome habit of mind is rather a token of deep, genial, and superabundant vitality, than of a shallow and narrow nature, which can only be earnest and attentive by conscious and serious efforts.' An excellent truth, but one which scarcely excuses a man for taking us out coursing or fly-fishing with the covert design of discussing the question of Future Punishment.

Notwithstanding his catholicism, Mr Kingaley especially prides himself on being 'a minute philosopher.' He holds that the best knowledge lieth nearest to us, if we only had eyes to recognise it, and sees 'the whole miracle of nature in every tuft of grass.' About his own little village, he finds almost all that is worth studying, and truly he investigates the neighbourhood attentively. In the fifteen miles of moorland that lies around his house, he discovers the materials of all physical science, and wishes that he had only time to work out one smallest segment of that great sphere. He calls this moorland his *Winter-Garden*, and under that title gives us perhaps the most delightful essay in these volumes.

'I call the said garden mine, not because I own it in any legal sense (for only in a few acres have I a life-interest), but in that higher sense in which ten thousand people can own the same thing, and yet no man's right interfere with another's. To whom does the Apollo Belvidere belong, but to all who have eyes to see its beauty? So does my winter-garden, and therefore to me among the rest. And then (which is a gain to a poor man) my pleasure in it is a very cheap one. So are all those of a minute philosopher, except his microscope. But my winter-garden, which is far larger, at all events, than that famous one at Chatsworth, costs me not one penny in keeping it up. Poor, did I call myself? Is it not true wealth to have all I want without paying for it? Is it not true wealth, royal wealth, to have some twenty gentlemen and noblemen, nay, even royal personages, planting and improving for me? Is it not more than royal wealth to have sun and frost, gulf-stream and sou'-westers, laws of geology, phytology, physiology, and other ologies—in a word, the whole universe and the powers thereof, day and night, paving, planting, roofing, lighting, colouring my winter-garden for me, without my even having the trouble to rub a magic ring, and tell the genie to go to work? . . . .

'Even men of boundless knowledge, like Humboldt, must have had once their specialty, their pet subject, or they would have, strictly speaking, no knowledge at all. The volcanoes of Mexico, patiently and laboriously investigated in his youth, were to Humboldt possibly the key of the whole Cosmos. I learn more, studying over and over again the same Bagshot sand and gravel heaps, than I should by roaming all Europe in search of geological wonders. Fifteen years have I been puzzling at the same questions, and have only guessed at a few of the answers. What sawed out the edges of the moors into long narrow banks of gravel? What cut them off all flat atop? What makes *Erica ciliaris* grow in one soil, and the bracken in another? How did three species of club-moss—one of them quite an alpine one—get down here, all the way from Wales perhaps, upon this isolated patch of gravel? Why did that one patch of *Carex arenaria* settle in the only square yard for miles and miles which bore sufficient resemblance to its native sand-hill by the sea-shore, to make it comfortable? Why did *Myosurus minimus*, which I had hunted for in vain for fourteen years, appear by dozens in the fifteenth, upon a new-made bank, which had been for two hundred years at least a farm-yard gateway? Why does it generally rain here from the south-west, not when the barometer falls, but when it begins to rise again? Why—why is everything which lies at my feet all day long? I don't know; and you can't tell me. And till I have found out, I cannot complain of monotony, with still undiscovered puzzles waiting to be explained, and so to create novelty at every turn. Besides, monotony is pleasant in itself, and morally useful. Marriage is monotonous; but there is much, I trust, to be said in favour of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. Locomotion is regarded as an evil by

* John W. Parker, London: 1859.

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our Litany—"those who travel by land and sea" are to be the objects of our pity and our prayers, it says—and the Litany, as usual, is right.'

Although Mr Kingsley is a high churchman, under cover of which character he gains access to a number of minds that without him would never know what liberality and charity of opinion mean—he has less of 'the Priest' about him (that is to say, in its popular, or rather unpopular sense) than almost any clerical writer with whom we are acquainted. He not only changes places with his heterodox adversaries with dexterity, and regards his own position from their point of view with singular clearness where he is writing controversially (for *that* is also one of his lines), but through all he writes there blows a healthy and unconventional air of natural piety.

'The March breeze is chilly; but I can be always warm in my winter-garden if I like. I turn my horse's head to the red wall of fir-stems, and leap over the furze-grown bank into my cathedral (wherein, if there be no saints, there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols), but endless vistas of smooth red, green-veined shafts holding up the warm dark roof, lessening away into endless gloom—paved with rich brown fir-needle—a carpet at which Nature has been at work for forty years. Red shafts, green roof, and here and there a pane of blue sky—neither Owen Jones nor Villement can improve upon that ecclesiastical ornamentation—while for incense I have the fresh healthy turpentine fragrance, far sweeter to my nostrils than the stifling narcotic odour which fills a Roman Catholic cathedral.'

Since the modern school of word-painters arose, there has been no such pen for describing natural scenery as Charles Kingsley's. Whether his foot is on that native heath of which we have just been hearing; or sails Westward Ho by 'summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea;' or dips in fancy, along with his dredging-machine, far down into the ocean-gardens—the pictures all stand out as if seen through a stereoscope. They have the faithfulness and minuteness of the daguerreotype without its disagreeable effect. He never loses a beauty, however fleeting, or makes a shadow a blur. Who that has sailed from Lynmouth Harbour to sweet-sounding Clovelly, but recognises this mosaic from the North Devon coast-line?

'What a sea-wall they are, these Exmoor hills! sheer upward from the sea a thousand feet rise the mountains; and as we slide and stagger lazily along before the dying breeze, through the deep water which never leaves the cliff, the eye ranges, almost dizzy, up some five hundred feet of rock, dappled with every hue, from the intense dark of the tide-line; through the warm, green, and brown rock shadows, out of which the horizontal cracks of the strata loom black, and the breeding gulls shew like delicate snow-flakes; up to the middle cliff, where delicate gray fades into pink, pink into red, red into glaring purple; up to where the purple is streaked with glossy ivy wreaths and black green yews; up to where all the chain of colours vanishes abruptly on the midhill, to give place to one yellowish-gray sheet of upward down, sweeping aloft, smooth and unbroken, except by a lonely stone, or clambering sheep, and stopped by one great rounded waving line, sharp cut against the brilliant blue. The sheep hang like white daisies upon the steep; and a solitary falcon rides a speck in air, yet far below the crest of that tall hill. Now he sinks to the cliff-edge, and hangs quivering, supported, like a kite, by the pressure of his breast and long curved wings, against the breeze.'

And yet with such a home-scene before his eyes, our ubiquitous author must needs remember that in the very water which laps against the bows of his Clovelly trawler, glossy limbed negro-girls may have hunted the purblind shark in West Indian harbours; and that on those Devonshire sands yonder, are washed up, year by year, cassia-beans, and foreign canes, and tropic seeds; and that the tropic ocean snails, with fragile shells of amethystine blue, are floating in there from the West, out of the passing Gulf-stream. Extreme profusion of material is indeed a weakness of our author, although he cannot by any means be accused of a too great variety of ideas. Let it never be forgotten, he is eternally saying, that every man should be six feet high, and broad in proportion; let him learn to swim, if he would be saved from a worse thing than drowning; and to box, if he wishes to end like a good churchman. And whatever he does, let him be assured that Heaven and Earth are looking at him, to see he does it right; and if his trade be but the folding of napkins to decorate public dining-tables, let him beware and fold them well, for the devil, as well as the spectators aforesaid, is most certainly watching for him.

But let us extract one more scene from this charming sketch-book; a drawing, in water-colours, of what happens every year on that iron-bound Devon coast, and upon those very waves we have just seen dancing in the sunlight under the rainbow-tinted cliffs.

'One morning, in December, I remember now well, how we watched from the Hartland Cliffs a great bark that came drifting and rolling in before the western gale, while we followed her up the coast—parsons and sportsmen, farmers and Preventive-men, with the Manby's mortar lumbering behind us in a cart, through stone-gapes and trackways, from headland to headland. The maddening excitement of expectation as she ran wildly towards the cliffs at our feet, and then sheered off again inexplicably; her foremast and bowsprit, I recollect, were gone short off by the deck; a few rags of sail fluttered from her mast and mizzen. But with all straining of eyes and glasses, we could discern no sign of man on board. Well I recollect the mingled disappointment and admiration of the Preventive-men as a fresh set of salvers appeared in view, in the form of a boat's crew of Clovelly fishermen; how we watched breathlessly the little black speck, crawling and struggling up in the teeth of the gale, under the shelter of the land, till, when the ship had rounded a point into smoother water, she seized on her, like some tiny spider on a huge unwieldy fly; and then how one still smaller black speck shewed aloft on the mainyard, and another—and then the desperate efforts to get the topsail set—and how we saw it tear out of their hands again, and again, and again, and almost fancied we could hear the thunder of its flappings above the roar of the gale and the mountains of surf which made the rocks ring beneath our feet; and how we stood silent, shuddering, expecting every moment to see whirled into the sea, from the plunging yards, one of those same tiny black specks, in each one of which was a living human soul, with wild women praying for it at home. . . . .

'How she broke loose from them at the last moment, and rushed frantically in upon these huge rocks below us; leaping great banks of slate at the blow of each breaker, tearing off masses of ironstone which lie there to this day to tell the tale, till she drove up high and dry against the cliff, and lay, the huge brute, like an enormous stranded whale, grinding and crashing itself to pieces against the walls of its adamantine cage. And well I recollect the sad records of the log-book that was left on board the deserted ship; how she had been water-logged for weeks and weeks, buoyed up by her timber-cargo, the crew clinging in the tops, and crawling down, when they dared, for putrid biscuit-dust and drops of water, till the water was washed overboard and gone; and then, notice after notice—"On this day such a one died;" "On this day such a one was washed away"—the log kept up to the last, even when there was only that to tell, by the stern business-like merchant-skipper, whoever he was; and how, at last when

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there was neither food nor water, the strong man's heart seemed to have quailed, or perhaps risen, into a prayer, jotted down on the log—"The Lord have mercy upon us!"—and then a blank of several pages, and scribbled with a famine-shaken hand, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" and so the log and the ship were left to the rats, which covered the deck when our men boarded her.'

We had little but good to say of Mr Kingsley, and we have said it honestly; but the fact is, that it is not safe to meddle with him except in a friendly fashion. Not only has he that large body-guard of faithful youth to fight his battles for him, of whom we have already spoken, but he has a 'big brother' to redress his wrongs, in the Rev. F. D. Maurice. He has taken up the cudgels, we see, against some writer in the *Saturday Review* who has ventured to ride his customary muck through these same *Miscellanies*. We wonder much what sort of success the eloquent divine will meet with. If our versatile author should, by any means, however indirect, convert or extract an apology out of a *Saturday Reviewer*, he may certainly lay claim, with even greater reason than before, to the title of a Clerical Crichton.

THE CROOK OF ST FILLAN.

In a late number of the *Canadian Journal of Industry, Science, and Art*, there is a paper by Professor Daniel Wilson of the University College, Toronto, on a matter of antiquarian interest. An account is given of the discovery in Canada of the crook, or head of the crosier of St Fillan, an eminent Scottish saint who died in 649, and from whom is derived St Fillans, the name of a village and spring in the western part of Perthshire.

> Harp of the North, that mouldering long has hung
> On the witch-elm that shades St Fillan's spring.

Thus has Scott alluded to St Fillans in the opening lines of the *Lady of the Lake*, and the spot, situated in a picturesque valley, has furnished legends to numerous writers in prose and verse. How anything that had belonged to a Highland recluse twelve hundred years ago, should have found its way to Canada, seems not a little remarkable; and yet the story of the relic is very simple.

St Fillan being a personage of extraordinary sanctity, all things that had pertained to him were, of course, believed to possess miraculous qualities. When Robert Bruce was about to encounter the English invading army on the field of Bannockburn, 1314, he commanded that the relics of St Fillan should be present on the occasion, and the duty of exhibiting them and invoking their powers was imposed on the abbot of Inchaffray. According to tradition, the abbot acted somewhat disingenuously. Fearing that the most valued of the relics—the arm of the saint—might be lost in the tumult of battle, he shewed only the silver case in which the arm was usually contained; he, however, exhibited the saint's crosier, and that, when judged by the result, was presumed to have done wonders. Displeased with the abbot for having played what we must think to have been a rather shabby trick, the king is said to have confided the future care of St Fillan's crosier to a family named Doire, modernised into Dewar, in Strathfillan. By this family, generation after generation, the crosier was carefully preserved; and at length it was taken across the Atlantic by a lineal descendant of the original custodier, on his emigrating to Canada in 1818—a fact referred to in an account of the relic in the third volume of the *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society*.

The present custodier of the crook of St Fillan is Alexander Dewar, son of the emigrant, and he communicates some particulars on the subject to Professor Wilson. The family, it appears, on going up the Ottawa, lent some old documents concerning the crosier to a Mr M'Donald, whose house was burned soon after, and the papers unfortunately destroyed. But we are told that 'Mr Dewar retains in his possession a copy of the royal instrument granted to Malise Doire, one of his ancestors, by James III. in 1487, in confirmation of more ancient royal deeds by Robert Bruce, and registered by the Lords of Council and Session at Edinburgh in 1734.' In this document, the crosier is called the *Quigrich*—a Celtic term signifying the 'crook of the king.'

A lithographic print in the *Canadian Journal* accompanies the account of the quigrich, which is represented as a richly carved crook, or head of a staff. It is composed of silver, gilt, on a hollow cone of copper, and is adorned in front with a large oval crystal. It measures 'nine and a quarter inches in height, and nearly seven and a half inches across, from the point of the crook. It is of an exceedingly simple form, suggestive of a primitive age of art, and yet adorned with such rich and tasteful skill, as to constitute, apart from its singularly interesting historical associations, a valuable example of the workmanship of the early age to which it must be assigned, and of the primitive civilisation which followed in the wake of that Christianity taught by St Fillan and other Christian missionaries, to the first converts from among the Pagan Celts of North Britain.' Mr Wilson, in conclusion, properly suggests that the quigrich should be placed within the safe-keeping of one of our great national collections, lest it should perish in one of those chance conflagrations which yearly consume hundreds of the frail wooden houses of Canadian settlers.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The reign of the Year is drawing to a close!
Dejected and alone
The Monarch quits his throne
For the region of a passionless repose.
He has dropped from his hand
His globe of silver sand,
To whiten our tresses as he goes;
His pall has been spread
With holly-berries red,
And his shroud has been woven from the snows.

Who o'er the hills of the morning advances,
Hope in his footstep, and joy in his eyes—
Lord of the future, Disposer of chances,
Prophet of pleasure, and Soother of sighs?
This is the son and the heir of the Dead—
This is the king who shall reign in his stead.

Ho! Brothers, let us sing
Merry welcome to our king,
And crown him with a garland of the vine;
Let the old strife end,
And the new love blend
With the hopes that are sparkling in our wine.
Full loyally responding to his call,
Before the revels close,
And we vanish at the touches of the Morn like the elves,
Hand in hand let us stand one and all,
To pledge the coming Monarch, who will grant a crown to those
Whom he proves to be Monarchs o'er themselves.

R. R.

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HOW THE FRENCH FARED AT FISHGUARD, 1797 A.D.

BY A NATIVE.

DOUBTLESS, there is no small advantage gained by living in an age of steam and electric telegrams. The town of Fishguard, in the harbour of which the French landed, is but 249 miles from London. *Seven days* afterwards, one daily newspaper published a paragraph commencing thus: 'We shall not attempt to describe the terror and alarm into which the metropolis has been thrown by news *just* arrived, that a number of French frigates had appeared off the coast of South Wales, and succeeded in landing there a large body of troops, &c., &c.' The consternation was extreme. Government, apprehensive of a general invasion, authorised the Bank of England to suspend cash-payments, and in consequence, a score or two of town and provincial banks ceased to exist. The speedy and unconditional surrender of the banditti who had originated these disasters, restored for a time the public tranquillity, and the journals that had at first fomented the panic grew witty at the expense of their craven foes, whom they truly represented to be galley-slaves, the sweepings of the *forçats* of Brest. 'The English,' said the *Times*, 'send their convicts to New South Wales, the French land theirs in old South Wales.' The motives which influenced the French Directory to make this most futile attempt at landing some 1400 men upon a wild, remote portion of the island, unprovisioned, and unprovided with a single piece of artillery, was much canvassed at the time. By many, it was thought to be intended as a piece of insolent bravado, shewing us that, in spite of the boasted vigilance of our mighty Channel Fleet, a body of armed men might at any time be thrown upon the island. They were also supposed to have in view the compelling us to support a number of desperadoes as war-prisoners, who, by breaking from confinement, and roaming through the country, in the event of serious invasion, would add to the general dismay. The following passage from instructions found on the person of their leader, and also on his coadjutor, the notorious 'Governor Wall,' leaves us no longer in doubt:

'Entering the Bristol Channel, you are to sail up the Avon, and land upon its right bank; and the troops being furnished with combustibles, you are cautiously to approach that side of Bristol to windward, and set fire to that quarter. If the enterprise be conducted dexterously, it cannot fail to produce the total ruin of the town, its port, docks, and shipping, and to strike terror and amazement into the very heart of the capital of England. The expedition under your command has in view three distinct objects: to raise an insurrection; to interrupt and embarrass the enemy's commerce; and, by distracting the attention of the English government, to prepare the way, and facilitate a grand descent upon the coast of Essex. The internal trade of the enemy is to be annihilated by breaking down bridges, cutting dikes, tearing up causeways, plundering all convoys of food, public stages, and wagons, cutting off supplies of provisions for the great towns, burning vessels and boats in rivers and canals, destroying magazines, setting fire to docks, coal-yards, rope-walks, great manufactories, &c. In order to spread the panic as widely as possible, the legion is to be divided into columns of 300 men each, having settled a general rendezvous, where they may all assemble every four, six, or eight days. The inhabitants must be compelled to serve as guides, and any refusing, are to be punished upon the spot by having their hair and eyebrows shaved off, that they may be recognised, if afterwards taken in arms. Wherever the legion or any of its columns are posted, if the adjacent parishes omit to give instant notice of an enemy approaching—whether by not ringing the church-bells, or otherwise—they and their villages are to be given up to fire and sword.' Such were the tender mercies in store for the England of 1797. The contemplated design upon Bristol—then the second city of the empire—being unexpectedly frustrated by the presence of several English men-of-war off Ilfracombe, this marauding expedition stood over to the opposite coast, and eventually ran into Fishguard Bay, where their disembarkation forms the subject of my narrative.

Contrary to the usual character of spring on the western coast, the month of February had been unusually calm and serene; and our oat-sowing—a kind of grain much consumed in Pembrokeshire—had not, in the memory of man, been ever completed so early. On Tuesday—the memorable 20th—the sun shone out brilliantly; the sky was blue and cloudless, and every one being engaged in field-labour, had left their white cottages, dotted here and there upon the rocky heights, as well as the whole village of Llanwnda, perfectly tenantless. I happened to be working by myself, cutting gorse, which there grows very tall and strong, and is our only summer fuel, for the westerly gales allow of no timber flourishing on our coast. While employed in this occupation, and pausing to whet my bill-hook, I looked out seawards. Three or four fishing-barks lay anchored at the harbour's mouth, and I was surprised to observe that they suddenly unmoored, and instead of making for the landing-place, hoisted all sail, and stood off

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to sea. Presently the great foresail of a strange vessel glided into view at the rocky entrance near Llanwnda, then her mainsail, and in a moment after, the entire black hull of a huge ship rounded the point, and stood directly into the bay. Another and another followed in her wake; and lastly, a lugger of very considerable size. Now, it was not at all unusual for Liverpool traders bound southwards, when becalmed, and waiting the returning tide or a brisker gale, to look into Fishguard. On came the strangers, whatever they were, approaching the land much nearer than is usually deemed safe for ships of such heavy burden. Pausing in my work, I watched their manœuvres. With the naked eye I could perceive great bustle on decks. Sails were lowered. To the hoarse murmur of the waves that broke upon the beach was now added the harsh grating of cables and the sound of falling anchors. The vessels swung round, and veering out, lay within half a mile of the land.

Scarcely ten minutes could have passed, ere, as if by preconcerted signal, half-a-dozen boats dropped from the sides of each ship. Their number, so unusual for merchantmen, and the act itself, caused me to feel somewhat alarmed. No inhabitant of the place, except myself, was in view; so, bursting through the gorse, I ran towards the village with all speed, when who should I see approaching but the very man I was going to seek—an old naval quartermaster, a pensioner, and native of Llanwnda—the only one among us who possessed a glass, which he now carried in his hand. Without one word of reply to my hurried tidings, he strode to the edge of the cliff, threw himself prone on the turf, and poised his telescope—'Red, white, blue!' suddenly broke from his lips. 'French men-o'-war, sink me! I see their sentry at the gangways; and now I look again, the decks are black with soldiers.' Of this truth we were immediately convinced. Men, like swarms of ants, lowered themselves into the boats, their bright polished muskets, and the brass ornaments of their cross-belts, gleaming in the setting sun-light. Then they pushed off, one boat having a huge cresset fire blazing red, and keeping in the centre, as a guide to the rest. The dull grinding sound of the oars in the rowlocks was distinctly audible; and soon the ringing echo of their boat-hooks upon the rocky platform beneath us told of the spot they had selected for disembarkation. It was well chosen; no other landing-place exists; and a steep, rugged, winding path leads to the summit. Then came the crash and uprooting of the bushes, and execrations from many voices, as they stumbled and struggled up the path, rendered doubly slippery and dangerous by a long-continued drought. Their approach warned us to be off, and that something better might be done than lying there in ambush, whilst an army of foreigners was in the act of landing upon our shores. The town of Fishguard, entirely shut out from a view of this portion of the harbour, knew as yet nothing of the fate that awaited it. The neap-tide had left there upwards of eighty fishing-craft high and dry upon Goodwick Sands; and the owners, absent with their families, little dreamed that the whole fleet might in an instant be wrapped in flames.

My companion, the old man-of-war's man, from his professional training, was the first to suggest how we should act. 'You are a huntsman,' he said, 'and can run all day over these rocks after a yelping cry of beagles. Shew us your mettle now that there is worse afoot. Over with you to Mordaunt Hall, and let the colonel know what we've seen. I'll into Fishguard, and rouse them there. They will be startled to learn how fair a chance there is that the whole of them will this night be burned in their beds.'

I flew across the moors as the crow flies, dashing through many a foaming rivulet, nor took breath until I stood on the eminence above the house. The squire had been hunting, for, as I leaped the boundary-wall, the sound of a horn, a yell of dogs, and the still louder screech of human voices, combined into a view halloo, came through the hall-windows. In that family, and in some others in remote districts of Wales, there exists a venerable traditionary custom, as soon as dinner is over, of casting all the fragments—the remains of every dish—upon the floor, and letting in the dogs to feed, cheered by the master's voice and horn.

There was no time for ceremony. Bursting open the hall-door, I stumbled in, trampling on the canine guests. My strange aspect—coatless, hatless, reeking with perspiration, and drenched to the waist, with the bill-hook still held in my unconscious hand—was regarded with silent amazement, for it indicated some errand more serious than a request for the hounds to visit Llanwnda, and rid the goodwives of some vagrant varmint, depopulating their hen-roosts. I told my tale. A never-to-be-forgotten change came over their countenances and demeanour on learning that the Gaul, 'the Corsican Usurper,' as Bonaparte was then popularly designated, was at their gates, his fleet at anchor in the bay, and soldiers landing by thousands; for fear had done its usual work upon my excited imagination. Dashing the untasted glass from his lips, up sprang the jolly hunter of the hills. He seized his huge cavalry-sword suspended over the mantel-piece, and throwing open windows and doors, shouted: 'Ho! Jenkin, Davies, Gwatkin! all of ye—clap the military housings on Glendower, holsters, pistols, and all. Call the keeper; let him rouse the village, get home the men, distribute every gun, and every charge of powder and shot in the house and parish, and meet me in the town. And thou, Owen, lad,' addressing his son, a swart, blithesome, brawny-shouldered stripling—'thou art a noted good one across country. Jump upon thy mare; ply whip and spur as though the foul fiend hunted thee; carry the news to the lord-lieutenant. Thou wilt doubtless be the foremost. Ride, I tell thee, as thou hast never ridden yet.'

The latter part of this hurried ejaculation scarcely reached the ears intended for it, as already in the saddle, and topping the stone-wall like a deer, the young man disappeared from our sight. My mission followed. I was to mount and ride to the pitmen, and to the miners of Prescelly Hills, and let them know how these accursed Frenchmen were on shore, to plunder and burn their homes, and murder wives and children. 'Tell them,' cried the impassioned old man, 'to shoulder scythes, mattocks, spades, and pitchforks, and remembering they are Welshmen, shew that the ancient spirit of the Cymri has not died out.' Something very like, if not exactly those words, he spoke; then striking the rowels into Glendower's flank, the deputy lord-lieutenant of Pembrokeshire galloped towards the shore, to reconnoitre the Frenchmen's proceedings. How effectually I performed my commission, will appear in the sequel.

It was near midnight ere I got back into my own neighbourhood, and as I turned in the saddle to take a backward glance, with joy unutterable I saw every beacon of the great Prescelly mountain-chain in a blaze of light. The alarm had now spread far and wide. The steep road leading from Goodwick beach was completely blocked up by vehicles, piled high with household stuff, all seeking refuge in Fishguard. The sound of hurried, anxious voices, the blows and execrations bestowed upon the slow or stubborn cattle, and the moaning voices of women, old men, and children, sounded sad and solemn in the gloom of that cloudy starless night.

Without exchanging a word with any one, I dragged my jaded horse up the first pitch of the ascent; and from thence a sight was visible which no Welshman who witnessed it will ever forget. A huge fire had been kindled in the centre of the road, fed with gates

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torn from the fields, and the rafters, lintels, doors, and other wood-work of houses reduced to ruins; and the red flame, as it shot high into the air at each copious supply of fuel, flashed brightly upon the polished arms of hundreds of ruffians basking in its heat, and on the tricolor flag, waving above their almost inaccessible position—a precipice 300 yards in circumference, defended on three sides by the sea, and in front by a deep glen. Its rugged head—more impregnable than the Malakoff and Redan of modern wars—commanded a most extensive prospect, including Fishguard and all the country round. Hunger alone could dislodge those who stoutly defended it. Yet this stronghold Lord Cawdor had resolved to storm on the Friday after the descent: it being impossible to restrain the fury of the peasantry. Luckily, circumstances to which I shall presently allude, led to an unconditional surrender, and averted the slaughter which must inevitably have ensued.

I again approached the cliff, and lay down to look over. The boats and their cresset fire still moved backwards and forwards on the face of the sea. As to the rock, great fires blazed there, and men stood around holding a hundred torches, while others appeared at intervals all up the ascent, to light those who pushed up the heavy ammunition-casks, without even a rope to assist them. On a great stone above, still called by the name of 'The Frenchman's Chair,' sat an officer, as I judged by the white plumes of his hat, watching their operations, and wrapped in a cloak, who afterwards proved to be General Tate. He never changed his position during the whole night, and was surrounded by scores of ammunition and brandy casks; some of the latter having burst, so burned a large space of the turf, that nothing green flourished there for seasons afterwards, which the people regard as a special curse, and they still point out the place as having never been clothed with wholesome herbage since it was profaned by the Frenchman's tread.

In the fields, long lines of cooking-fires were glowing. They had plundered every pigsty and fowl-house within six miles of the spot, besides slaughtering a bullock and more than thirty sheep. Pembrokeshire is a dairy county, and every farmer has by him a greater or less store of butter for export, which he keeps in large brass pans. These the Frenchmen converted into camp-kettles, boiling the geese, fowls, and pork literally in butter! The sickening effect of this gross food on wretches who had been restricted to the daily allowance of a couple of biscuits and half-a-pint of water during the whole voyage from Brest, will be easily surmised. But, in the opinion of the Welsh, a kind Providence worked an almost miraculous interference on their behalf. Shipwrecks are not uncommon on that iron-bound coast. The people are inveterate wreckers, and a Spanish wine-ship had been cast away on Llanwnda rocks about three weeks previously. Almost every farmhouse and cottage had a cask of it, which the robbers, wandering from homestead to homestead, with national instinct, soon discovered. They rolled off the barrels, and stove them in at their firesides, or carried away the contents in milk-pails and buckets, and the result was not long in manifesting itself. Sick, drunk, and helpless, they lay sprawling in hundreds before their fires; or in endeavouring to wander off in search of fresh plunder, tumbled into ditches and plough-furrows, where they passed the night. Numbers were fated never to witness another sunrise. The villagers, who, at the first alarm, had concealed themselves in rocks and furze-brakes, rallied their native courage, and armed with every ready weapon, tracked their foes with the persistence and fierceness of blood-hounds. Events occurred during that night which roused their passions to madness. A farmer, pressed into service, to assist in rolling up their stores, had the temerity to attempt an escape. The subaltern-officer in command instantly drew a pistol, and shot him through the head. Two women in the same house, the one ill in bed, the other decrepit through years, were brutally assailed by a party, who afterwards plundered and set fire to the cottage. The husband, frantic with grief and horror, snatched up his scythe, and rushed out for vengeance. Near the cliffs he encountered a single Frenchman, and cleaving him to the chin with one blow of his deadly weapon, hurled his carcass into the sea. It fell to the shore, and lodging in a crevice of the rock, remained visible at low water for a twelvemonth afterwards. In Llanwnda village, the owner of a farm approaching stealthily towards his threshold, saw a single enemy seated before a blazing fire, formed of his tables and benches, coolly regaling himself with bread, cheese, and wine. In sprang the farmer, and the Frenchman as nimbly clapping hands upon his musket, made a bayonet-thrust at his host. The latter received it between the prongs of his hay-fork, and with a return-blow, transfixed the soldier, and then shook him off into the fire. Five Welshmen encountered a similar number of the enemy dragging off a calf; they had a hand-to-hand fight, in which two Frenchmen were killed, and the calf rescued, the rest taking to their heels.

When the morning of Wednesday broke upon the scene, it shewed Lord Cawdor crossing Goodwick Sands at the head of his little troop of yeomanry, and about 300 of the Cardigan and Pembrokeshire militia. Upwards of 2000 pitmen, miners, and peasants, with all the resident gentry of nearly three counties, welcomed their arrival with a shout that must have been heard in the enemy's camp. They had assembled from every hill and valley, and were armed in the most primitive style—scythe-blades, fixed upright at the end of stakes, mattocks, spades, hay-forks, axes, and reaping-hooks; very few had guns. A ferocious spirit animated them: the scythemen, brandishing aloft their terrific weapons, made the air re-echo with impatient cries to be at once led to the attack. 'We 'll mawe 'em down,' they cried, 'as we 'd mawe a swaythe o' grass!' Not the least remarkable of the new-comers was a dissenting clergyman named Jones, armed with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, at the head of his entire male congregation. The news reached Haverfordwest at seven of the preceding evening, whilst this scion of the church-militant preached to a crowded chapel. It was soon whispered in the pulpit. With great presence of mind, he exhorted his hearers to remain firm, nor turn their backs in the day of battle, &c., concluding with an offer to be himself their leader. Then the whole congregation rose *en masse*, and assented with acclamations. Seizing every ready weapon, they forthwith commenced their march. Such, indeed, is the force of example, that lads were seen following their fathers' footsteps, armed like them with forks and reaping-hooks.

Preparatory to his contemplated attack on the Frenchman's stronghold, Lord Cawdor rode out, at the head of his yeomanry, to within half a mile of their camp. Had the enemy been furnished with artillery, as their lofty rock commanded the road, they need not have left alive one single horseman to carry back the news of his comrades' fate. As it was, after a careful survey, the party coolly trotted off homewards. This visit, curiously enough, led to most important results. The French officers, deceived by the splendid chargers and handsome uniform of these forty yeomen, mistook them for the English general and staff; and presuming that so large a military suite must belong to a proportionably large body of troops, it was resolved to treat for a surrender. Drunk and mutinous as were their followers, no chance of successful operations could be anticipated; and to add to their despair, the ships had early that morning weighed anchor, and left them to their fate. Another misconception, still more ludicrous, which, even to the present hour, is a subject of merriment with the Welsh, gave an additional impulse

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to their resolve. Several hundred women, young and old, had followed their husbands from the hills, dressed in the national costume—red mantles and men's beaver-hats. No sooner had Lord Cawdor started with his troopers, than they, with the natural curiosity of their sex, ran up a hill commanding a view of the French camp, and there stood in a dense body watching the result. One of the gentlemen present, struck by their resemblance at a distance to a body of soldiers, rode after them, requesting they would descend the front of the slope in close order, and disappearing at the bottom, reascend in the same manner, and shew themselves on the summit. This manœuvre they repeated for a couple of hours, until the jolly Welsh wives were fairly dead-beat. But the stratagem had all the success anticipated. General Tate and his staff, knowing that scarlet was the British uniform, but unable to discriminate whether it was worn by men or women, concluded that large reinforcements had reached Fishguard, of which his late visitors were the officers. Late on Wednesday night, therefore, a French officer, furnished with a flag of truce, presented himself at Lord Cawdor's head-quarters, as the bearer of the following letter:

'CARDIGAN BAY,
5th Ventose, 5th Year of the Republic.

'SIR—The circumstances under which the body of troops under my command were landed at this place, renders it unnecessary to attempt any military operations, as they would tend only to bloodshed and pillage. The officers of the whole corps have therefore intimated their desire of entering into a negotiation, upon principles of humanity, for a surrender. If you are influenced by similar considerations, you may signify the same to the bearer; and, in the meantime, hostilities shall cease.—Health and respect.

TATE, *Chef de Brigade.*'

If, by a sort of miracle, the French officer escaped being massacred as he passed through the streets of Fishguard, a strong escort alone preserved him from that fate in returning. A storm of execrations—'Diawlddyn' (man-devil), &c.—and sticks and stones, pursued him across the sands.

At daylight, on Thursday morning, Major Ackland carried the following ultimatum up to the enemy's camp:

'FISHGUARD, *February* 23.

'SIR—The superiority* of the force under my command, which is hourly increasing, must prevent my treating upon any other terms short of your surrendering your whole force prisoners of war. I enter fully into your wish of preventing an unnecessary effusion of blood, which your speedy surrender can alone prevent, and which will entitle you to that consideration it is ever the wish of British troops to shew an enemy whose numbers are inferior. My major will deliver you this letter, and I shall expect your determination by ten o'clock by your officer, whom I have furnished with an escort that will conduct him to me without molestation.—I am, &c.,

CAWDOR.

To the Officer commanding the French troops.'

In the meantime, stragglers, four or five together, continued to be brought in by the peasantry, bound hand and foot with haybands. Many, too inebriated to walk, had been put on horseback, with their arms pinioned, and their legs tied beneath the horse's belly, while the captors, on either hand, waving their scythes, were only watching for the slightest movement at escape to strike off their prisoners' heads.

On reading Lord Cawdor's letter, the French commander endeavoured to parley about time and conditions, which Major Ackland cut short by replying: 'No, not for an hour!—instant and unconditional surrender can alone save you from being cut to pieces. It is impossible to restrain the troops.' And turning his horse, he galloped back to head-quarters.

In expectation of their immediate submission, Lord Cawdor drew up his force so as to present as imposing a front as possible, for the Frenchmen numbered full 1400, completely armed, and provided with ample supplies of ammunition. The Cardigan and Pembroke volunteers he placed in the distance, so as to conceal the paucity of their number; the populace, furious and impatient for a collision, planted themselves upon the fern-clad slopes at the back of Goodwick Sands; the cavalry, with the general and his *real* staff, took up a central position on the shore; the crimson-cloaked damsels occupied their accustomed hill. A deep silence reigned unbroken, except by the dash of the flood-tide upon the beach, and every eye was turned towards the steep white road by which our invaders would make their inglorious descent. Exactly at two o'clock, the head of the column came in sight. Starting to their feet, and brandishing their uncouth weapons, the vast multitude received them with a yell so terrific, that the panic-stricken French halted, and began to load and screw on their bayonets, believing they had been only decoyed to their destruction. And without the smallest doubt, the scene of their surrender had been one of bloody massacre, but for the precaution of stationing guards at every avenue to the shore. By these, and the energetic appeal of his lordship, who galloped with his horsemen along the line of peasantry, addressing them in Welsh, the catastrophe was averted, and the Frenchmen continued their march, until arrived at the centre of Goodwick Sands. There Lord Cawdor approached the officer, and after a brief colloquy, the whole band threw down their arms, and passed onwards. The military now advanced, and while a portion secured their enemy's muskets, the rest then mounted guard over them. And now the Welsh women, unable longer to restrain their curiosity, ran down the hill, and crowding round their crest-fallen invaders, assailed them with shouts of laughter, and that volubility of vituperation of which their native tongue has a fitting supply. Maddened with useless regret at having lost, by their excesses, an undoubted opportunity of devastating three counties by fire and pillage, and by the discovery that the formidable force of British troops which terrified them into surrender was merely a bevy of old Welsh women, theirs was the climax of despair. The soldiery, indeed, gave no very audible indications of the fury that agitated them; but some women who had come ashore with them, with less self-control, rushed at the laughing 'red cloaks,' uttering cries of 'Sang, sang!' and significantly rubbing their hands together, to intimate how pleased they should feel had fortune permitted them to wash their hands in their blood. One woman, superior to the rest in dress and personal appearance, the wife or mistress of General Tate, losing all self-control, sprang at him like a tigress, and tore the white hair in handfuls from his head.

Here closed the last scene of this memorable tragi-comedy. The prisoners were marched to Haverfordwest, and confined in the castle and the church. The interior of the latter they utterly destroyed, tearing down the altar, defacing the tombs, and burning the seats and pews under their camp-kettles. Soon afterwards, the government having resolved to ship them back to the coast of France, several neutral vessels were engaged in that service, the public voice, however, being strongly expressed that they should previously be branded as 'rogues and vagabonds.' Of the few officers admitted to their parole, one proved unworthy of the trust, and was detected in attempting to raise money for his escape by a rather singular circumstance. Entering the only silversmith's shop in Haverfordwest, he offered for sale an antique silver vessel, on the front of which a single word, nearly

* In reality, not half their number.

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effaced, had been traced in rude characters. The letters 'Lla,' however, being deciphered, the shopkeeper inquired their meaning, to which his customer, with ready assurance, replied: 'La Vendée—La Vendée, the name of my province, from whence I brought over the cup.' A more careful examination, however, substituted Llanwnda for La Vendée. The stolen chalice was sent back to the church, and the vender exchanged his comfortable quarters at the 'Castle Hotel' for a cell in the castle jail. To complete the total discomfiture of this piratical expedition, all the ships engaged in it shortly after fell into the hands of an English squadron under Admiral Lord Bridport, whilst cruising off Ushant. Government liberally reimbursed the sufferers; and Mary Williams—the victim of peculiar atrocity—received a pension of L.50 per annum, which she was alive to enjoy when I last visited the principality. But nothing could tranquillise the general mind. For years afterwards, the sight of a strange sail revived the former panic; and a cry of 'The French! the French!'—sometimes in earnest, oftener in sport—uttered in the porch of church or chapel, was sufficient to interrupt the service, and bring the whole congregation pell-mell into the road.

BAD SPELLING AND BAD WORDS.

I AM the man who used to run after the Dover coaches of long ago, shaking my angry fist at them whenever they passed me with the name of their destination misspelled DOVOR on their panels; for it never was and never could be DOVOR. *Portus Dubris*, the Romans named the town; Dofre, said the Saxons; even Edrisi, the Arabian traveller of the twelfth century, knew better, stranger as he was, than to put two *o*s into the word. 'The river of London falls into the sea between *Djartmouda* (Yarmouth) and *Dobres*,' says he.

From this introduction of myself, it will be gathered that I am somewhat of a purist in orthography, and rather irritable at violations of it; and the object of this present writing is simply to work off the irritation which one or two modern instances of cacography have for a time been causing me. I scarcely look to effecting any change for the better, though certainly I shall not say in concluding, as Mr Bailey, in his *Festus*, makes Lucifer say when he has finished his sermon, 'I hope I have done no good;' but I shall, at all events, secure the self-satisfaction which indignant people usually feel when their indignation has fairly found a voice.

The first misspelling I have jotted down for exposure is *sanitary* for *sanatory*. 'Sanitary reform,' say our newspapers of the day, almost without exception; but can anything be more atrocious? What if I were to tell the offenders, without any other prefitary remarks, either of a hortitary kind or a declamitary, a lauditary or a derogitary, that I will listen to nothing exculpitary which they may offer, and can afford them only this congratulitary word that they do not also use laboritary, lavitary, and reformitary? But even while I write, an etymological friend—if that man can be called one's friend who has always an abstruse argument in favour of a bad cause—comes in and combats me. He says the whole question has been argued in the *Times* newspaper long ago, and given against me. A fico for the *Times* newspaper, say I. We must look to analogies, forsooth must we, and write *sanitary* because of *sanity*? Just as well might we write *amitary*, because of *amity*.

The second breach of orthography I have to denounce proceeds from the same ignorant following of a supposed analogy. We read of *wharves;* we may read of them in acts of parliament. *Wharves*, forsooth, must be the plural of *wharf*, because *leaves* is the plural of *leaf*, *calves* of *calf*, *wives* of *wife*, and so on; and I shall be told that the grammars tell us that 'words ending in *f* and *fe* change *f* or *fe* into *ves* to form the plural.' As if there were no exceptions to the rule! as if we spoke of the *chieves* of clans, and the *rooves* of houses; as if ladies carry *muſves* to keep their dear little hands warm; or, to take a word exactly corresponding to the one in question, as if Tom Thumb is to be spoken of as being among the *dwarves*. Go back again to your grammars, ye superficial, and instead of stopping short at the general rule they give you on the point, see the exceptional rule they go on to give you, and also the exceptions to that exceptional rule, such as *thieves* and *staves!*

Let those who are thus sent back to their studies take the opportunity also to master the use of our indefinite article, so as no more to exasperate men like me with such combinations as *an* university, *an* unicorn, and the like. Let them learn that the canon '*a* becomes *an* before a vowel or *h* mute'—we should, by the way, rather say, '*an* becomes *a* before a consonant or *h* aspirated'—is by no means a canon of universal application. Let them learn, for instance, that though we say '*a* history,' we say '*an* historian,' because, in the latter word, though the *h* is sounded, the accent is on the second syllable; and as to the vowel *u*, let them learn that when, as the initial of a word, it is pronounced as if it were preceded by a *y*, not *an*, but *a*, must be used before it, so that they shall not write *an* union, unless, indeed, they pronounce *union* like *onion;* and let them learn, too, that the same thing is to be observed in the similar cases of the words *ewe* and *ewer*, so that they should no more write *an* ewe-lamb than they would, I hope, write *an* yew-tree.

And here I am reminded of those other superficial persons who write *honor*, *favor*, and the like, instead of *honour*, *favour*, and the like, because the Latin words are *honor*, *favor*, and the like. As if, truly, the words in question came directly from the Latin, and had not been introduced into our language through the medium of the Norman-French, and as if we should also write *docil*, *nobil*, *calamitos*, *circul* (for circle), and so forth.

* * * * *

These asteriaks are intended to indicate that I could, if I would, say much more on the subject of spelling, but that I decline to do so. As I have already declared, my primary object here is my own relief, not the improvement of my fellow-spellers; and even so far as they are concerned, a mere hint will probably be enough, if anything will. Besides, I am impatient to get at the second grievance I have to protest against—the far more intolerable one of bad words.

And, first, do thou come up for judgment, thou wretched adjective, *reliable*. Long hast thou tormented me by 'electric telegraph,' long poisoned my breakfast-cup; long have I suffered from the quotidian shudder caused by thy regular appearance in the daily press. As, '*reliable* information has reached us that' —— Now, it is to be observed with regard to this caitiff word, that it is not a case which depends merely upon taste, but that the sheer impossibility of its being English at all can be shewn; for the verb 'rely,' from which the illiterate originator of 'reliable,'

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whoever he was, supposed that he could form such a word, is not, properly speaking, a word in itself at all, but only part of a compound word; that is to say, it cannot in any case be employed without its complemental, 'upon.' You cannot 'rely' a person or a thing; so that the 'upon' being indispensable, the only adjective of the kind which 'rely' could furnish would be *rely-upon-able*—a beauty indeed! And if more need be said on the point, just take any other verb in a similar predicament, and see how such an adjective, so formed from it, would look and sound. There is 'depend upon,' almost synonymous with 'rely upon.' How would you like to read that 'dependible' information had reached us? Or take the verb 'put,' which also, for the most part, is not used alone. What, pray, would a 'putable' thing be? Could you speak of a putable coat, meaning a coat that you could put on; or of a putable appointment, meaning an appointment that you could put off? Would a putable fire be putable because you could put it out, or a claim because you could put it in? Could putable be applied indifferently to what might be put round, and to what might be put square?—to what might be put before, and to what might be put after?—back and forward?—over and under?—up and down? Yet 'putable' would be every whit as legitimate a word as is the odious 'reliable' of the present day. And it is to be observed that there is not the excuse for the word, that it was needed, since we have 'authentic' and 'trustworthy,' one or other of which ought always to convey the idea, to express which this base word has been coined.

So much for a word which is bad in itself; now for one which is bad only when it is improperly used; I mean the word 'female,' when it is employed instead of 'woman.' 'Yesterday, a respectable female' —— How would you like, you paragraph-monger, if writing of yourself, I were to begin: 'Yesterday, a respectable male?' Even you might be shocked at such a substitution as—

> O female! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—

or,

> Frailty! thy name is female!

And if you mutter that you never substituted 'female' for 'woman,' in an extended sense, take what would be your amended reading of Wordsworth's well-known lines:

> I saw her upon nearer view,
> A spirit, yet a female too!
> * * * * *
> A perfect female, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit, still and bright,
> With something of an angel light.

How does that sound, you sinner? 'A spirit, yet a female too!'

* * * * *

These asterisks, again, signify that several bad words I had intended to stigmatise are now left unnoticed, as being comparatively innocent by the side of 'female' put for 'woman.' I may, however, say that among them was 'old-established'—a bad word, chiefly used by advertisers, yet not by them alone, for but the other day I stumbled upon it to the breaking of my shins in an article of no little pretension. There was 'navvy,' with its plural 'navvies'—a very ugly word, into which no one had a right to curtail 'navigator.' There was 'party,' when used with reference, not to a number of persons, but to one: 'I saw the *party* mount a horse.' There was 'ventilate,' in the sense of 'discuss,' as, to ventilate a subject; a very foul word in that sense, and a very impudent one too, since it has forced its way from the French not only into English but into German—into bad German, that is to say, as into bad English. And there was 'donkey-engine,' which, nevertheless, I sometimes feel inclined to pardon, for the sake of the fun that lurks in it: 'As to the large and powerful engine is a small and auxiliary one, so to horse-power shall be donkey-power,' was probably the form in which the inventor of the term facetiously stated his proportion. But for the present the rest may go. A few general observations, however, I may make relative to the introduction of new words into the language, almost all the bad words I have in view being of very recent introduction.

Firstly, then, a new word, before being introduced, should be needed. Thus, 'steamer,' 'railway,' and 'gas' in its popular sense, are all very good; and I may remark that, though all three are of Saxon origin, so good are they that all three have been adopted into the Latin-descended French—the first and second partially, and the third as the only word for the thing. So also 'photography' and 'telegram,' and the words in general (usually taken from the Greek) which science has required as she made new discoveries. 'Omnibus,' too, may pass. So also the word is legitimate, because natural, when the thing signified is foreign to us—as 'bowie-knife,' 'cow-hide,' 'boomerang,' 'knout,' the names of instruments all of which, happily, are unknown in this civilised country. But there is no occasion for us to say, with the Americans, that a man is well 'posted up' on a subject, while we can say that he is well informed on it; nor, translating from the German, that he looks at it from a certain 'stand-point,' while we can say that he does so from a certain point of view; nor, importing from the French, to call an artist's master-piece his *chef-d'œuvre*, or a comedian's part his *rôle*. And I may take this opportunity to tell the writers who thus so foolishly import from the French, that if their object, where they in this way defile our English, is to prove their intimate acquaintance with a language of which almost every one of us in the present day has a smattering, they are pretty sure to fail in the attempt most signally, either from their misspelling of the words they foist in, or from their blunders in the accents, or from ludicrous misapplication of the terms.

Secondly, new words should not be uncouth.

* * * * *

The intelligent reader will by this time have learned what my asterisks mean. Here, indeed, the signs should, perhaps, rather have been those which printers, I believe, call 'daggers,' so as to have indicated what I should have spoken, had I gone on to speak. But let that pass. My 'thirdly,' 'fourthly,' 'fifthly,' and all the rest, must be left unsaid; and I come to my conclusion.

Which is, that——

But a horrid doubt here arises before me. Is it not possible that I, even I, and even here, may myself have been employing bad words? Alas, it is but too probable! Or, if hitherto I have kept clear of them, there is no saying how long I shall be able to do so, if I continue writing. Such words have this additional iniquity about them, that they will insinuate themselves into every house; so that even the most honest and guarded speaker or writer may now and then, unwittingly, take them into his service. It will be best, then, for my own sake, that I stop at once; yet, that I may close with something impressive, let me call attention to the undoubted fact, one of terrible significance, as it seems to me, that in the progressive corruption of its language, a nation has always exhibited a symptom of its general decay. All history tells us so. What, then, it will perhaps be sneered, shall we save the state, by picking our words? No, truly; not any more than you will secure fair weather by fastening the index of your wheel-barometer. But bad words and phrases are as pimples on the face of the body politic; and when we see the recent eruption of them diminish and disappear,

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as I hope we speedily shall see, we may at least regard the sign as being one, however small, of returning health, and trust that the disease which produced them has been only temporary, and not deep-seated.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RUSHBEARING.

THE pretty Westmoreland custom of Rushbearing, since the picturesque has come into fashion, and the Lake District become a lounge for the 'Upper Ten Thousand,' is now so well known to even the Southern public as scarcely to need description. Enough to say, that this rustic ceremony was performed at Greendale, at the period we are speaking of, with particular success. The devices into which the garlands of mingled flowers and rushes were weaved, were unusually graceful; and it was hard for the Committee of Taste to perform their functions, as blossoming cross and gleaming crown were carried past them through the pretty churchyard which was the scene of their decision. We, of course, never enjoyed the advantage of being personally present on the occasion of a Mayday or other summer feast, in the times when Merry England *was* Merry England, and Commerce—in the vulgar form of Manufactories and Hands at least—and the Radicals were not; but we cannot think their beauties could have much exceeded those of the Greendale festival. Imagine a valley, to all appearance without an inlet, surrounded by green mountains, and approached only by a single rocky pass, itself appearing impracticable at any distance, but out of whose jaws a stream of gaily dressed holiday-makers came trooping into the village; trooping too, at rarer intervals, down the Fells on either hand, and from the invisible passes far away, out of their secluded villages, which, at an earlier period of the year, had each a Rushbearing of its own. A band of musicians, contributed from far and near, played enlivening airs, which the surrounding hills repeated one to another in solemn approbation, delaying upon the tunes long after they were dropped by their mortal performers; while, when there was silence, save for the cheering and the laughter, which were ceaseless, the song of the rocky stream, whose cradle was the valley, was heard repeating its own dreamy lullaby. We suppose, with humility, that the beauty of the young girls who carried the garlands was not what it used to be in those same olden times; but they were, many of them, nevertheless, undeniably pretty, or it was providentially permitted to the spectators to be satisfied with an inferior article, and to think them so.

A long thin cross of green rushes, intertwined with yellow lilies from the mill-stream that ran by her father's house, was Phœbe Rosthwaite's offering, and it was pronounced the pride of the Rushbearing, and she, by consequence, its queen. If she felt at her heart a little flutter of gratified vanity, as the simple circlet of feathery reeds was placed upon her brow; if her bosom rose and fell with a pleasant sense of superiority to her play-fellows, now become her subjects for the day; if she looked round with unaccustomed hauteur upon the swains who tendered their mock-homage to her new position—it may perhaps be forgiven her, as being a state of things not unknown among ladies who have obtained more genuine coronets; moreover, it was the more excusable in her, inasmuch as she had all the glory to herself, and reigned without a consort. Nevertheless, the excitement and elevation which poor Phœbe certainly exhibited were remarkable, and were afterwards set down to more important causes. Her coronation having been performed, the dancing commenced, and continued until one would have thought that even Westmoreland legs must have grown weary. But, O the capacity for dancing in those north-country girls! O the never-ceasing twinkle of their ultra-Columbine feet! Dancing Dervishes *do* reel and falter after a certain amount of saltatory exercise, but Phœbe reeled (and waltzed, and Sir-Roger-de-Coverlied), and never faltered; and when two young strangers, who were, however, not unknown to many present, joined the throng towards evening, she was ready to dance them down.

'They be a pretty couple, sure*ly*,' observed Dick Dirlton, a young dalesman, to his partner, as the queen and Mr Robert Marsden finished a *pas de deux* of by no means drawing-room tranquillity.

'Ay,' answered she, with a not imperceptible toss of her head, 'Phœbe likes the gentlefolks. When she danced with *you*, Dick (bitterly), she was not one half so lissome-like and clever.'

'Will you dance with me, my pretty girl?' inquired a hoarse voice close beside the speaker. 'It is quite clear that they make their queen here for her garland, and not for her looks, or we should have had somebody else crowned instead of you.'

The female inveigher against 'the gentlefolks' blushed as she withdrew her arm from her late partner, and dropping a courtesy to Mr Bartholomew Luders, replied: 'Thahk you, sir; I shall be very glad.'

Nevertheless, as the young gentleman's eyes unquestionably dwelt upon Phœbe rather than herself as the dance proceeded, she soon began to regret her change of swains, and to feel, if not conscience-stricken, at least disappointed.

'My friend there,' remarked her new companion, when a pause of the figure permitted him to address his somewhat less breathless partner, 'seems to be getting on with her majesty pretty fast; he has danced three times with her already, which isn't quite fair of him, is it?'

'Why should he not dance with her, if he likes, and she likes too?' inquired the young woman—Lucy Hadden—with affected carelessness.

'Oh, certainly,' rejoined Luders, 'if they both like, there can be no objection; but Mr Marsden is rather a dangerous young man.'

'*I* see nothing dangerous in him,' quoth Lucy, pettishly; 'and I suppose Phœbe is old enough to take care of herself, if he be.'

'Tut, tut,' replied he, contemptuously; 'why, what a young tigress! Now, what would *you* do if a young gentleman, like me, for instance, put his arm round your waist and kissed you?'

'Do!' said she, looking up into the sombre countenance, which did not care to conceal its native air of gibing mockery; 'well, I think I'd smack his face for him; so don't try it.'

Although the young man laughed loud and boisterously at this retort, he did not remain with the dancers beyond the conclusion of that set, and his defection was of course attributed by his late partner to the force of her virtuous reproof; the circumstances of which she narrated, by way of peace-offering, to the once more accepted 'Dick,' who repeated them, with triumph, to those about him.

Luders himself, however, wore no very humbled look, as he made his way through the throng to the wrestling ring, which was, as usual, at the back of the village inn. There, the pastoral character of the scene, was, it must be owned, a good deal marred by general intoxication; the landlord of the house, in addition to a small prize provided by him for the winner, was standing treat to all competitors, and dispensing gin *ad libitum;* a little watered, perhaps, from benevolent or economical motives, beforehand, but still sufficient in connection with what had been already imbibed and paid for, within doors, to make the jolly uproarious, the stolid speechless, and the quarrelsome unbearable. Michael Rosthwaite, the father of pretty Phœbe, was considerably past the

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zenith of his wrestling-days; and while retaining much of the vigour of the oak, had lost altogether the litheness of the sapling; but upon this occasion, the competitors being limited to his own neighbours and acquaintances, the old man, with others of his contemporaries, was ready enough to renew the delight of his youth. Although he possessed a mill, there did not come much grist to it; and perhaps the chance of the twenty-shilling prize was an inducement to him which was worth a fall; or perhaps the gratuitous liquor, so dear to every Briton, tempted him; but at all events, there was Michael, the noisiest in the ring, his muddled head not being improved by a couple of severe 'fellings,' and his naturally suspicious disposition being brought into excessive prominence by numerous 'nips.' He seemed inclined, when Luders first joined the company, to resent his doing so, first, under the false but deeply rooted impression that that gentleman was a disguised policeman come to interfere with the proceedings; and secondly, that he was an exciseman about to make capture of the liquid under the very groundless pretext of its being above proof. After a little conversation, however, and a couple of glasses shared with the object of these hallucinations, Michael's opinions veered round with the velocity peculiar to his condition; he began to understand that Mr Bartholomew Luders was his own offspring, or nearly so, and that everything each possessed in the world was common to both. Mr Rosthwaite's observations were mostly husky in tone, and not very apposite in character; while his words, tumbling one over the other, like a railway train going over an embankment, were hard to catch, and when caught, had to be rearranged before their meaning could be elicited. It was surprising to see the care with which his companion watched for these, as if they had been the most suggestive and valuable utterances; and the more so since he always replied to them in but low tones, and evidently desired no witnesses to his amiable good-nature.

'You *are* a genleman,' observed Michael dogmatically, *apropos* to nothing, but with a dim sense, perhaps, and in acknowledgment of this attention; 'some genlemen—some I know—are *not* genlemen; and that 's where it is.'

'And yet,' replied Luders, treating this lucid statement with every outward respect, 'I don't find I get on with people as others do; there 's'——

'Stop,' interrupted Michael, with ludicrous gravity, 'stop, if you please; don't mention those people: they are not worth mentioning, let them be who they will. Look here, sir.' Michael patted himself on his brawny chest, and seemed to demand a tribute of admiration which the other was prompt to pay. 'Look here, sir; what 's my name? You know Michael Rosthwaite?' (and it was fortunate he did so, for he would not else have easily detected the name in question in the pronunciation accorded to it by its owner). 'Let 'em come into Greendale Ring here, and ask for me; one down, t'other come on, and I shall be ready for them.'

The offer of this feasible plan for bringing Mr Luders into popularity, seemed to strike that gentleman with mingled feelings of wonder and gratitude. 'Thank you,' replied he, fervently; 'I am sure you would do anything for me, Michael; but there 's that fellow Marsden—Mr Marsden, you know,' repeated Luders, with emphasis, as his companion's face assumed an expression of total blankness, a dead-wall vacancy such as would have tempted a billsticker; 'Mr Marsden that lives at the How; now the girls like him, I find, a great deal better than they do me.'

'Ah,' ejaculated the other, with unexpected and undesired frankness, 'they always likes the good-looking chaps the best. They was once,' continued the miller, with a leer that did not add to the personal beauties at which he was so delicately hinting, 'once upon a time, extremely fond of *me*. Young men will be young men you know, and young girls young girls, and there isn't any harm in that.'

'Well,' rejoined Luders, 'everybody to their taste; that is to say, with regard to this fellow Marsden, you know; but I do wonder at your daughter—— But there, that 's not my business. Come, let 's have another nip.'

'My daughter!' cried the old man, clutching his companion's arm so fiercely that he began to regret having introduced so excitable a subject with such abruptness; '*what 's* not your business? And what do you mean about this man Marsden and my daughter? Tell me what you mean, or I 'll shake it out of you!'

'Nothing at all, my good man,' said Luders soothingly; 'just nothing at all. They 're a good deal together, I hear; people will talk, you know; and it *is* said that they meet one another alone, but that I don't believe, for my part. I suppose, like you, she thinks him rather good-looking. They 've been dancing together yonder all the evening, but, as you were just saying, of course there isn't any harm in that.'

With a great oath, and tearing himself away from his companion's attempted hold, Michael left the wrestling-ring, and strode with rapid strides towards the dancing-field. The distance was luckily considerable, and on his way through the cool evening air, he passed his hand twice or thrice across his brow, as if to clear away the mist that hung within, not altogether without success; once he even stopped, as if to endeavour to recall some previous circumstance connected with the subject of his present wrath, but with a curse upon his own incapacity, presently resumed his road. It is probable that if he had come from his late interview more immediately upon the scene which now presented itself, the consequences would have been much more serious. The dancing proper was over; the couples were seated in a large circle with a fiddler in their midst, playing the lively air of *Whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad!* In their midst was Phœbe Rosthwaite, dancing by herself with a handkerchief in her hand; suddenly stopping opposite a certain young man, she cast this at his feet, whereupon he jumped up rapturously, and, kneeling with her upon 'a cushion' of turf, administered a rather prolonged salute under the very eyes of her parent.

'Phœbe,' thundered the miller, 'put on thy shawl, and come away home. Young man,' cried he to Marsden, 'look to thyself, if thou wouldst keep a whole skin and unbroken bones.'

'Why, bless us, neighbour Rosthwaite,' cried the young girl who was 'Dick's' partner still, and whose turn had not yet come to throw the handkerchief, 'you wouldn't break up our game, when it 's only just begun, for such nonsense as this, sure*ly*. It 's only the Cushion Dance, and where 's the harm in that, I should like to know?'

'Come away home,' repeated the miller, 'if thou meanest to come home at all, wench.'

'My good fellow,' argued Marsden, deprecatingly, 'why should you interfere with us in this ridiculous manner?'

'Do not thou "good fellow" me,' responded Michael, savagely; 'and never let me see thee near our mill, or it will be the worse for thee.'

'I am quite ready, father,' said pretty Phœbe, resignedly, who had already substituted her bonnet for her wreath of rushes. 'Good-night, Mr Marsden; and good-night, friends. You had better make Lucy Hadden—here 's the crown, Dick—queen for the rest of the evening.'

And with that she walked away with the old man, unresistingly, and with a good temper that won the praise of all beholders. Most of them knew that she led no pleasant life with drunken Michael since her mother had died, and left her in her lonely home without a female companion; and even Lucy, her

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rival in chief, mollified by her last bequest, expressed her indignation loudly, and her pity for poor Phœbe.

Mr Bartholomew Luders, presently strolling into the field, as if with the intention of joining in the 'cushion-dance,' was above measure distressed at what had happened.

'Surely, Marsden, you must have been playing the fool with the girl,' said he pettishly, 'or the old fellow would never have got into such a rage.'

The half-moralising, half-rebuking tone in which he spoke roused the other's already ruffled temper.

'That 's false,' replied he sharply; 'and besides,' added he, while his loud speaking attracted the notice of the people about him, 'I shall play the fool with whom I like, without asking your permission.'

'Come, old chap,' answered Luders, who had the power of affixing banderillos to the sides of angry bulls to perfection, 'you 're excited just now, and don't know what you 're talking of: I am sure you don't mean to quarrel. It 's near ten o'clock, and we 've got fourteen miles to drive; had we not better order the dog-cart?'

'You may order the dog-cart, and go in it too, for all I care,' rejoined the young man furiously, 'but you will certainly not get me to go with you for these three hours.'

It was four o'clock in the beautiful August morning before Robert Marsden arrived on foot at Teesdale How: he was haggard and tired, and out of temper; and instead of approaching cautiously, as a truant should have done, he let the back-gate swing with a slam against its post. The noise seemed to shiver the calm repose of morning to fragments; and he could not forbear looking up at his tutor's open window to see whether it had disturbed him. To his great disquiet, he there encountered the eyes of Mr Onslow Bateman; and a voice came down to him of almost feminine softness, saying: 'Why, surely, Marsden, it must be very early for you to be taking a walk?'

'Good-morning, sir; I am sorry I disturbed you with the gate,' replied the young man evasively.

The interview here terminated; very luckily, as Marsden imagined, whose next proceeding was of necessity to climb several feet up a slanting water-spout, and so to obtain access through a certain passage-window into the house. But, indeed, the whole manœuvre was watched by Mr Onslow Bateman through a chink in the window-curtain, and afforded that rigid censor of the morals of youth some minutes of unchecked and exuberant mirth.

Mr Bartholomew Luders had reached home with greater success, as regarded secrecy, about one hour before.

CHAPTER V.

THE ACCUSATION.

The whole of the Teesdale How party were seated at the breakfast-table at their usual early hour that same morning, when the servant entered with the words—so pregnant with direful meaning to every Paterfamilias—'You are wanted, please, sir.'

'Wanted!' observed Mr Onslow Bateman, when she had withdrawn. 'Florence, why does Mrs Allwyne suffer that girl to use such language? "Wanted,"' continued he, buttering his toast with exceeding slowness, and addressing his pupils with such an air as Socrates might have worn when conversing with the more favoured of his disciples, 'is an expression used with reference to the criminal classes by the police of this country. I am not aware,' continued he, brushing an infinitesimal crumb off an irreproachable waistcoat, 'that I have laid myself open'——

'You are wanted immediately, if you please, sir,' said the handmaiden, reappearing. 'Michael Rosthwaite is here from the mill, and must, he says, see you instantly.'

'Shall I go out, sir?' exclaimed Ryder. 'I have done breakfast; I daresay he is only come about the fishing.'

'Thank you, my dear sir—no,' replied Mr Bateman decisively. 'It would ill become me, in the situation with regard to you gentlemen which I have the honour to hold, if I should set you a bad example in this matter. In after-life, as Landlords or Employers of Labour, you will do well to make a rule that your meal-times shall not be broken in upon. Be always willing to hear what your tenants or others have to communicate, but let it be at convenient seasons. Elizabeth, inform Mr Rosthwaite that I will be with him presently; but,' he concluded, addressing the pupils with a smile, as if to mitigate the effects of the serious advice which he had been compelled by the occasion to administer, 'if he sees me during my breakfast-time, I will forgive him.'

As Mr Onslow Bateman uttered this charitable sentiment, the maid was pushed aside with not much ceremony, and Michael Rosthwaite himself appeared in the apartment. His eyes were bloodshot, the veins on his forehead swollen, and as he stretched forth his arm to point to Marsden, it absolutely shook with passion. 'You, you,' cried he, 'it 's you I want; you thief, you child-robber; give me back my daughter, or mind you—Mr Bateman, and all of you—there will be murder done!'

'One moment, Rosthwaite,' said Mr Bateman with dignity and tenderness. 'Elizabeth, leave the room; my dear girls, you will oblige me by retiring; there is some mistake, my poor fellow, I am sure; is it not so, Marsden?'

'Sir,' replied the young man firmly, but with a crimson countenance, 'I give you my word of honour that I know nothing of this matter at all. The last time I saw Phœbe'——

'Phœbe!' ejaculated Mr Bateman.

'O yes, Phœbe; that's her name,' cried Michael bitterly: 'even now that he is lying, and pretending that he knows nothing of her, he calls her Phœbe.'

'I am not lying, old man,' retorted Marsden impetuously; 'I never set eyes but three times on your daughter. Sir, I was at the Rushbearing at Greendale last night, I own, in opposition to your wishes, and I danced with Phœbe Rosthwaite until ten o'clock. She left at that hour with her father there, and of course I have never seen her since.'

'Were you all at the Rushbearing last night?' asked Mr Bateman gravely.

'I regret to say, sir, that I *was* there,' answered Luders in a penitent tone.

'And you, Ryder?'

'No, sir; I was not.'

'Why do you suspect Mr Marsden of this abominable conduct, Rosthwaite, more than any other?'

'Why?' cried Michael furiously; 'he knows why well enough, as you can see who look at him. I've been warned of him before. His goings on have been the talk of the whole country-side this long time. I saw him kiss her this last evening with my own eyes. I told him if he came near to Wapshot Mill again, it would be the worse for him; and it will. He came there in the dead of night—last night; and now she is gone'—the old man's voice grew hoarse and wavering as he ended—'she 's gone, she 's gone!'

'Luders, did you come home with Marsden from the Rushbearing?' inquired Mr Bateman.

The young gentleman addressed cast across the table an apologetic look towards his fellow-pupil, but the other replied only by a look of angry scorn. 'No,' answered Luders reluctantly; 'no, not exactly'——

'Not at all,' cried Marsden emphatically—'not at all: Luders drove, and I walked.'

'And at what hour did you arrive at home, Luders?'

That astute young man regarded his tutor for a moment or two, in order, doubtless, to make his reply as accurate as calculation could make it, before

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he answered: 'Between twelve o'clock, sir, I should say, and a quarter past.'

'And you, Marsden,' observed Mr Bateman, 'as I saw with my own eyes, did not return till four.'

'That is quite true, sir,' returned the young gentleman haughtily.

'Mr Rosthwaite,' said the tutor, 'may I beg of you, before proceeding further in this business, to give me a private interview for a few minutes?'

'I am not going to let that villain out of my sight,' responded the miller with determination. 'I know you mean me fair, sir; but the lad is in your keeping, and, of course, you cannot but be upon his side.'

'I am on no man's side, Michael, I assure you, who runs away with an honest man's daughter; but I am bound to see justice done to my pupil. Marsden, you must pass your word to remain here while I am in the library with Mr Rosthwaite. Gentlemen,' continued he, turning to the two others, 'be so good, if you have quite finished breakfast, to retire to your studies.'

A determined will, when assisted by an air of politeness, can make almost any proceeding appear a matter of course; and the miller, whom opposition alone would have stiffened into stone, and upon whom good-manners alone would have made no impression, found himself with his back turned upon his intended victim, and doing that which is abhorrent even to the best of men whose minds are set on anything—listening to reason. Nevertheless, he was conscious of being beaten for the present, and that knowledge by no means inclined him to be conciliatory.

'Michael,' observed Mr Onslow Bateman, as soon as they were alone together, 'you are now suffering such a cruel wrong, you have had so much at stake of which you have been infamously cheated, that it is impossible you should approach this subject with the calmness necessary for its due investigation. Now, you will give me credit, I think, for some shrewdness as a man of the world—will you not?'

The miller smacked his lips, not by any means in an appreciatory manner, but rather with the intention of conveying a doubt about this postulate, and muttered something about himself, Michael Rosthwaite, having rather a reputation for shrewdness too.

'And you *are* shrewd,' replied Mr Onslow Bateman smoothly; 'you are as shrewd as any man in Westmoreland; but you have not got my experience. You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth—you were.'

Mr Rosthwaite had never happened to have heard that proverbial expression before, and he opened his mouth to its very fullest extent, as if to convince his companion that he had not been gifted by nature with the thing imputed.

'I mean,' continued the tutor, 'that you had a mill over your head which would be yours at your father's death; that you were a sort of landed proprietor, in short.'

Nothing made poor drunken Michael so pleased as any allusion to his mill, which had, indeed, at one time been a valuable property, but which, through his own profligacy and intemperance, had become greatly depreciated in value. He almost forgot his immediate trouble in hearing what a fortunate person he had always been.

'Now, *I* was not so lucky,' said Mr Bateman; 'I had to make my own way in the world from the first; not only in England, but in almost every other country in Europe, I have had to keep my own head above water much as Carlo here'—the dog was in his usual place under the library table—'has to do when my pupils throw him overboard in the lake, not with the measured stroke of an easy swimmer, but paddling with his forepaws, one above the other, for the bare life. I have been a very poor man in my time, Michael, with nothing but my brain to live by; of necessity, therefore, I have used it a good deal, and know, perhaps even better than you do, what a man's character is almost at first sight.'

Much propitiated by the confession that he, Michael, had been born a 'better' man than Mr Onslow Bateman, of whom he knew so many persons to have a great opinion, the miller readily gave in his adhesion.

'Therefore,' continued the tutor, 'you may well imagine that when a person is beneath my own roof, and under my immediate supervision, I am not very liable to be mistaken as to *his* disposition.'

'Ah, ah, ah, ah!' replied Mr Rosthwaite in distinct syllables, and in a tone like the bleat of a lamb, in order to express contempt, for he was getting alarmed for the result to which the last observation evidently tended; 'you tutors think you know a great deal, but you know nothing at all. Why, I could tell you "goings on" of your own pupils as would make your hairs stand on end.'

A violent desire to take the miller and kick him incontinently out of the house passed momentarily over Mr Onslow Bateman's mind, but no reflection of it was suffered to appear upon his ingenuous countenance, as he replied: 'Pooh, pooh, Michael; you little know the man you are talking to. Do you suppose I don't know about the whisky-drinking of at least one of them up at your mill? Of your poaching with them all three upon the lake by moonlight? Of your hiring out your horse, without a licence, to Mr Luders, that he might ride at Ulverston races?'

'You 're just the verra deevil!' cried Michael with the most unfeigned admiration, and in the north country dialect, into which that mental emotion always drove him.

Mr Onslow Bateman acknowledged the involuntary compliment by a courteous smile, as he proceeded: 'Then you do acknowledge me to be a tolerable judge of the characters of my pupils.'

'You just ken everything,' returned the miller, whose discomfiture was so complete as to be almost collapse.

'Well, then, I ken *this*,' said Mr Onslow Bateman decisively; 'with whomsoever your daughter has run away, or whosoever knows whither she has fled, it is not my pupil, Robert Marsden.'

'Not Mr Marsden?' echoed poor Michael, who had still some astonishment left for such an announcement.

'No, sir; upon that I will stake the good opinion which you have been good enough to express of my penetration.'

'Then who, in the name of the Enemy of Mankind, has done it?' cried the miller, drumming upon the table with his fingers with the air of a man who has placed himself in a false position.

'*That*, Michael—you will excuse me for saying so—is a matter for careful investigation, and must not be taken up in hurry or passion on insufficient grounds. Is there any other of my pupils whom you are determined not to let out of your sight until you have taken vengeance on him for a suspected wrong?'

'You must not be hard, sir, upon a man who has lost his daughter by a villain,' returned Michael with some dignity. 'I believe I have been wrong: no, no, sir, this has not been the work of any pupil of yours. Mr Ryder I know little of; but Mr Luders, I will say for him, is a kind and prudent young gentleman; and indeed he gave me a bit of advice about poor Phœbe only last evening.'

'That was very good of him,' remarked Mr Onslow Bateman blandly; 'do you happen to remember what he said?'

'Well, he did say as he thought this young Marsden was rather too much with her—but there, I suppose, he was mistaken like myself. I will go back home, sir. My wits are none the better for the liquor I drank last evening, and with this trouble coming upon me, on a sudden, I feel quite dazed.'

Michael Rosthwaite leaned his head upon the table for a minute or two in silence, and when he looked up again, there were traces on his face of mental

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agony. 'I was a bad husband, sir, and I have been a bad father—I cannot say but I have deserved even as great a blow as this—but it 's sair hard to bear, sir, it 's sair hard to bear.'

The old man felt for his hat, which he could not see for tears, and made his way, shaking and trembling, towards the door. While he had thought he had his enemy within view, his vital energy was strong enough, but now that his anger had no certain fuel, it seemed to turn its flame upon himself, and to be withering his heart-strings. Mr Bateman accompanied him tenderly to the yard-gate, where he shook his hand; then he turned back thoughtfully, and with no air of triumph at his diplomatic success, towards his own house.

'Papa,' said a gentle voice, as a hand was laid lightly but affectionately upon his arm—'papa, what is this dreadful news about poor Phœbe Rosthwaite?'

'You have heard all that I know about the matter, Florence, already,' replied her father coldly, who was not wont to be confidential, even with his daughter, and whom nothing but very peculiar circumstances would have induced to speak so frankly as he had just been doing with Michael. 'This giddy young girl seems to have wickedly run away from her father; and the foolish, fuddled old man took it into his head that the boy Marsden was at the bottom of it.'

'Then he is *not?*' said Florence, with real pleasure in her somewhat melancholy eyes; 'you are satisfied of that?' She had her finger on the door-latch, and was evidently about to fly somewhere with the joyful tidings, when her father stopped her for a moment to say: 'Of course he is not, my dear; it is not a part of my system that any pupil of mine should run away with other people's daughters, or should marry any of my own.' These last words, pronounced with great distinctness, considerably mitigated the glad tone of the speech with which the young lady entered her sister's chamber: 'He is innocent, dear Ellen; papa says it's all a mistake about Mr Marsden, as far as this poor girl is concerned.'

A little form, huddled up on a couch in a storm of grief, ceased its sobbings as these words were uttered, and stretched out its arms in mute gratitude, to be embraced by her who spoke them.

'Poor Phœbe!' said Ellen, presently, in a tone pitiful indeed, but such as one is wont to use whose own overwhelming woe has ebbed away; 'poor wretched Phœbe! what did you hear of *her?*'

'From papa, nothing; her distracted father must have been unable, I suppose, to give any details. I saw the old man go down the avenue as if ten years had fallen upon him since yesterday; but Mrs Allwyne has heard half-a-dozen accounts. All the country is ringing with the poor girl's shame already; but nothing seems for certain except this: she came home with Michael from Greendale Rushbearing, after some unpleasant scene there, concerning which, by his own confession, he seems to have reviled, and even struck her. He had, as usual, taken too much to drink, and fell, as soon as he reached home, into a drunken slumber. On awaking in the morning, he found himself alone in the house, and just two lines in Phœbe's handwriting, to say that she had fled with one who really loved her, for that she was miserable at home, and could not stay there longer to be so sworn at and beaten. She begged him to forgive her, and not to try to follow her, for that would be of no use. Her flight must have been planned some time before, since she took two large boxes of clothes with her, and indeed almost everything she possessed.'

'And might she not have gone to be really married?' asked Ellen earnestly.

'No, my child,' returned Florence sighing; 'if she had had the slightest expectation of marriage, poor Phœbe would have been sure to have mentioned it. What is the strangest feature of this heart-rending business is, that nobody seems to be missing from the neighbourhood: that was—I hope the only one—no doubt one reason why Michael Rosthwaite came to the How.'

'But nobody is missing *here*,' urged Ellen. 'Robert—Mr Marsden, I mean—stood before the man's very eyes when he so wrongfully accused him.'

'The pupils go away for the vacation in two days,' observed Florence thoughtfully.

'Yes,' replied Ellen, with a sigh, 'they do; that is, all except that horrid Mr Luders.'

'Yes, except Mr Luders,' repeated the elder sister to herself; 'that is what puzzles me most.'

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SAILOR.*

The Earl of Dundonald—better known as Lord Cochrane—now in his eighty-fifth year, has at length given the first portion of his autobiography to the world, and his narrative, referring as it does to events which occurred more than half a century ago, sounds almost like a voice from the dead to the living. Not less as a candid memoir of a young man of title struggling with poverty and misfortune, than from the light it throws on the history of naval affairs at a critical period, is the work to be peculiarly prized. Unfortunately, Lord Cochrane has to tell throughout of his being an ill-used man—a species of character not ordinarily in high esteem. If anything, however, could abate this prejudice, it would be the memoir before us; for there are set down incontestable proofs that the writer was subjected to a degree of official tyranny, of which the nation has just cause to be ashamed.

Lord Cochrane was born in 1775, at Annsfield in Lanarkshire; his father being Archibald, the ninth Earl of Dundonald, the representative of an ancient Scottish family, which had suffered heavy alienations of property from political and other causes, and was now ruined outright by the earl's scientific and manufacturing projects. Heir to a peerage, the young lord had therefore no other expectations than those arising from his own exertions. To aggravate this misfortune, his education, like that of his younger brothers, was of a most imperfect kind, and he had to depend in no small degree on an irregular course of self-tuition. His father destined him for the army, and he actually got a commission; but speedily disgusted with what he calls 'the degradation of floured heads, pigtail, and yellow breeches,' he begged to give up the military profession, and be allowed to go to sea, for which he always had entertained a fancy. This change being agreed to, the young lord was equipped as a midshipman, by means of an advance of L.100 from the Earl of Hopetoun; and with his father's gold watch as a keepsake—the only patrimony he ever inherited—he went on board the *Hind* at Sheerness, in June 1793.

Now begin Lord Cochrane's sea-adventures. His title of *lord* seems rather to have been against him at first than otherwise; but manfully doing his duty, he shewed that he was made of the right stuff, and his commander, Jack Larmour, a rough old seaman, was absolutely at a loss to find any fault with him. At last, the slight offence of quitting the deck for a few minutes was greedily seized hold of; on his return, he heard the ominous 'Mast-head, youngster!' 'There was no alternative but to obey—certainly not cheerfully, for the day was bitterly cold, with the thermometer below zero. Once caught, I knew my punishment would be severe, as indeed it was, for my sojourn at the mast-head was protracted almost to the limit of human endurance, my tormentor being evidently engaged in calculating this to a nicety. He never mast-headed me again.'

* *Autobiography of a Sailor.* By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, Admiral of the Red. Bentley, London, 8vo, vol. I.

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After a cruise in the North Sea, Cochrane was removed to the *Thetis*, a more powerful frigate—its entire weight of metal, however, being only twenty-eight 9-pounder guns, and its main reliance the cutlass and boarding-pike. In this vessel, which was commanded by his uncle, the Hon. John Cochrane, our hero was somewhat more comfortable. He had now a better chance of seeing service. Proceeding in the *Thetis* to the North American station, he was soon made acting third lieutenant; and redoubling his zeal, he was, in April 1796, raised to the rank of lieutenant of the *Africa;* but immediately afterwards rejoined the *Thetis*. Lord Keith, being appointed to relieve Lord St Vincent in command of the Mediterranean fleet in 1798, kindly offered to take Cochrane along with him as a supernumerary. This offer being gladly accepted, the scene of the narrative is transferred to the Mediterranean, where, on board the *Barfleur*, he excites some petty jealousy, and begins to discover that if he would keep free from blame, he must never appear to see any jobbery or misconduct in his superiors—a moral blindness quite inconsistent with his nature, and he suffered accordingly. At this part of his history, Cochrane laments that he had not the honour of serving under Lord Nelson, but had opportunities of conversing with him; adding, that 'from one of his frequent injunctions, "Never mind manœuvres; always go at them," I subsequently had reason to consider myself indebted for successful attacks under apparently difficult circumstances.' Having given satisfaction while in temporary command of the *Généreux*, Cochrane was recommended for promotion, and appointed to command the *Speedy*, then lying at Port Mahon. This was in 1800, when a hot war was carried on against France.

The *Speedy*, in which, properly speaking, Lord Cochrane commenced his gallant career, was a paltry small vessel of war, 'about the size of an average coasting brig, her burden being only 158 tons.' She was crowded with a crew of 84 men and 6 officers, and her armament consisted of fourteen 4-pounders, 'a species of gun little larger than a blunderbuss.' Insignificant as was this vessel, her young commander was very proud of her, and cared nothing for her want of accommodation, which is amusingly described. 'The cabin had not so much as room for a chair; the floor being entirely occupied by a small table surrounded with lockers, answering the double purpose of store-chests and seats. The most singular discomfort, however, was that my only practicable mode of shaving consisted in removing the skylight, and putting my head through to make a toilet-table of the quarter-deck.'

Cruising along the coasts of Italy, Lord Cochrane observed a strange sail take possession of a Danish brig under his escort. He rescued the brig and captured the assailant, a French privateer of six guns and forty-eight men—his 'first piece of luck.' Some similar prizes were afterwards made on the coast of Spain, where the *Speedy* became a marked object for capture. One day, this retributive justice would certainly have been effected but for a timely *ruse*. Having chased a ship which appeared a well-laden merchantman, that vessel suddenly shewed its guns, for which the *Speedy* was quite unequal. On discovering the real character of his neighbour, Lord Cochrane hoisted Danish colours, and that not satisfying the Spaniard, which sent a boat to reconnoitre, his lordship bethought him of a fresh device. There happened to be a Danish quarter-master on board the *Speedy*, and this officer in his national uniform was brought into play; 'and to add force to his explanations, we ran the quarantine flag up at the fore, calculating on the Spanish horror of the plague, then prevalent on the Barbary coast. On the boat arriving within hail—for the yellow flag effectually repressed the enemy's desire to board us—our mock-officer informed the Spaniards that we were two days from Algiers, where at the time the plague was violently raging. This was enough. The boat returned to the frigate, which, wishing us a good voyage, filled, and made sail, while we did the same.' His lordship says that the insufficiency of his small vessel constantly drove him to expedients of this kind; his tricks to cheat the enemy forming, we should think, capital material for spinning forecastle-yarns.

Falling in with a Spanish frigate off Barcelona, it was resolved at all hazards to fight her; and the only ruse resorted to on this occasion consisted in at first hoisting American colours, in order to puzzle the enemy until the *Speedy* 'got on the other tack, when we immediately afterwards encountered her broadside without damage.' The *Speedy* now ran close in, locked its yards amongst the Spaniard's rigging, and fired its guns double-shotted, 'which told admirably upon her main deck; the first discharge, as was subsequently ascertained, killing the Spanish captain and the boatswain.' Cochrane's reason for getting close alongside was to be below the range of the enemy's shot, which accordingly passed overhead. Perceiving their disadvantage, the Spaniards gave orders to board; but the *Speedy* dexterously moved a little way off, then ran close again to deliver another broadside, and repeated that manœuvre in a very harassing way. But this kind of combat, observes his lordship, could not last. 'Our rigging being cut up, and the *Speedy's* sails riddled with shot, I told the men that they must either take the frigate, or be themselves taken, in which case the Spaniards would give no quarter—whilst a few minutes energetically employed on their part would decide the matter in their favour. The doctor, Mr Guthrie, who, I am happy to say, is still living to peruse this record of his gallantry, volunteered to take the helm; leaving him, therefore, for the time both commander and crew of the *Speedy*, the order was given to board, and in a few seconds every man was on the enemy's deck—a feat rendered the more easy, as the doctor placed the *Speedy* close alongside with admirable skill. For a moment, the Spaniards seemed taken by surprise, as though unwilling to believe that so small a crew would have the audacity to board them; but soon recovering themselves, they made a rush to the waist of the frigate, where the fight was for some minutes gallantly carried on. Observing the enemy's colours still flying, I directed one of our men immediately to haul them down, when the Spanish crew, without pausing to consider by whose orders the colours had been struck, and naturally believing it the act of their own officers, gave in, and we were in possession of the *Gamo* frigate, of 32 heavy guns and 319 men, who an hour and a half before had looked upon us as a certain if not an easy prey. Our loss in boarding was Lieutenant Parker, severely wounded in several places, one seaman killed and three wounded, which with those previously killed and wounded, gave a total of three seamen killed, and one officer and seventeen men wounded. The *Gamo's* loss was Captain de Torres, the boatswain, and thirteen seamen killed, together with forty-one wounded; her casualties thus exceeding the whole number of officers and crew on board the *Speedy*.'

For this brilliant exploit, which received the approbation of the admiral on the station, Lord Cochrane should at once have been posted captain; but pretences were used to delay the promotion three months—every effort being made by the naval authorities at home to keep back a man known to be independent in principle, and who laboured under the disqualification of being connected with the Whig party. Another source of annoyance was the ill-concealed jealousy of officers, senior to himself in the service. It was intolerable that a youth of five-and-twenty should be gaining prize-money, with his single pitiful vessel, while they who were in command of squadrons were making little or nothing. Yet, after all,

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the amount of his lordship's prize-money, at this period and subsequently, was often illusory. We are told that the Admiralty courts at Malta and other places, where prizes were adjudged, were sinks of corruption. Frequently, the whole value of a prize was consumed in expenses; and but for this infamous practice, which was winked at by the Lords of the Admiralty, 'the cruise of the *Speedy* ought to have sent home its commander, officers, and crew with a competence.' He states it as a fact defying contradiction, that to such an extent was peculation carried, 'that a ship captured without a cargo never yielded a penny to the captors, the whole proceeds being swallowed up by the Admiralty court. With cargo, some trifling surplus might remain, but what between pilfering and official fees, the award was hardly worth the trouble of capture.' As the least remonstrance against these or any other abuses only made enemies, few had the courage to speak out. As has been said, Lord Cochrane could not keep silence, and, accordingly, at every step in his course he incurred antipathies against which it was impossible to bear up. The sad disclosures of the volume before us do not leave even the memory of Lord St Vincent without a stain. With a meanness of which no one could have imagined him to be guilty, he, like others, took offence on hearing some remarks of Cochrane reported, and became his bitter enemy, 'and his successors thought it incumbent on them to perpetuate his lordship's displeasure.'

On bringing the *Gamo* into port, Lord Cochrane would have been glad to have got the command of the captured vessel; instead of this piece of good-fortune, the prize was sold to the Algerines, and 'I,' says he, 'was condemned to continue in the pigmy and now battered craft by which she had been taken. To have gained command of the *Gamo*, even as a means of deception on the enemy's coast, I would scarcely have changed place with an admiral.' It would almost appear as if at this period there was a disposition to deprive him even of the *Speedy*, and that in a way which would tend to lower him in general esteem. He was at all events ordered off in this miserably insufficient vessel to 'convoy a tub of a packet to Gibraltar,' and return. While on this tiresome and perilous expedition, he was overtaken by three French line-of-battle ships, from which, by all his manœuvres, he could not escape; and, finally, he hauled down his colours. Thus ended, as he says, 'the thirteen months' cruise of the *Speedy*, during which we had taken and retaken upwards of 50 vessels, 122 guns, and 534 prisoners.' On board the *Dessaix*, one of the French vessels which captured him, he was treated with marked respect, and was requested to keep his sword, with the complimentary remark that he deserved to wear it for having for so many hours struggled against impossibility. His captivity was of no long duration. In a few days, he was exchanged for the captain of the *St Antonio*.

Lord Cochrane now returned to England, and during the short peace, he betook himself to the College of Edinburgh, to improve his defective education. 'It was, perhaps,' he says, 'an unusual spectacle for a post-captain, fresh from the quarter-deck, to enter himself as a student among boys. For my self-imposed position I cared nothing, and was only anxious to employ myself to the best advantage.' He stuck close to his classes, which were attended at the same time by Lord Palmerston; but he made few acquaintances while at Edinburgh, 'preferring secluded lodgings and study without interruption, to the gaiety of my contemporaries.'

On the renewal of war with France, in 1803, Lord Cochrane applied for a ship, but it soon became clear that he was not wanted. At last, however, by pressing Lord St Vincent pretty hard, he was sent to Plymouth to take command of the *Arab*, which proved to be a wretched collier-looking craft, not capable of working to windward. The thing was a burlesque, and more particularly so, as he was ordered to watch the enemy in Boulogne, a service which he represented could result only in loss by shipwreck on the French coast. Moved at length by his letter on the subject, the Admiralty despatched him to cruise in the North Sea, north-east of the Orkneys, to protect the fisheries—where, as was well known, 'no vessel fished, and where, consequently, there were no fisheries to protect. The Board had fairly caught me. It was literally naval exile in a tub, regardless of expense to the nation.' He spent the time from October 1803 to December 1804 in this degrading service. Fortunately, on returning to England, Lord St Vincent had been compelled to retire from the Admiralty, and was succeeded by Lord Melville, who, at the instance of the Duke of Hamilton, gave him the command of the *Pallas*, a new frigate of 32 guns.

Now comes a curious revelation. He was appointed to cruise for a month off the Azores under Admiralty orders, so that he might try his luck single-handed, independent of superior command. At Plymouth, these orders were embargoed by the port-admiral, Sir W. Young, who had taken upon himself to recopy them, and thus to convert them into orders issued under his authority. The effect was, to enable him to lay claim to the admiral's share of any prize-money that the young post-captain might make. Nothing was left but to submit.

The cruise of the *Pallas* was a series of brilliant successes. Vessels were captured one after the other, some of them laden with 'ingots of gold and silver;' and Cochrane returned to Plymouth a much richer man. Of the entire proceeds, Sir William Young, on the strength of his recopied orders, claimed and received half the commander's share of the captures. His lordship now tried to get into parliament as member for Honiton, but lost his election on account of declining to bribe. An 'independent elector,' during his canvass, informed him: 'You need not ask me, my lord, who I votes for; I always votes for Mister Most.' Intensely disgusted, Lord Cochrane, after the election, gave ten guineas to each person who, rejecting the bribes of his opponent, had voted for him.

Again at sea in the *Pallas*, he sailed in charge of a convoy for Quebec. On this expedition he noticed, that, for want of proper lights, the merchantmen did not keep together; and to remedy the defect, he invented a lamp, which was offered to the Navy Board. Coming from him, the lamp was, of course, rejected; but afterwards, at his request, the same lamp was offered by his agent, Mr Brooks, in his own name, and a prize was adjudged for it; but the fact of it being Lord Cochrane's lamp becoming known, not one was ordered. To pique him, 'the merchantmen were left to the mercy of privateers.' For some dashing operations with the *Pallas* on the French coast, we must refer to the work itself. Terminating his cruise, his lordship again tried to be elected for Honiton; and this time, on the expectations raised by his former liberality, he was returned. It was not, however, a cheap return. Having consented to give a supper to his supporters, they cleverly ran him up a bill for some £1200.

By taking his seat in the House of Commons, the Admiralty became a little alarmed that he might make unpleasant explanations, and now some attention was paid to his oft-repeated application for promoting certain officers who had aided him in his enterprises. His lordship also was appointed to the command of the *Impérieuse* frigate, with which he set out on a short cruise in November 1806. Returning home in the succeeding spring, he, on the occasion of a general election, became one of the members for Westminster, which placed him in a commanding political position. A stinging motion that he had

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the temerity to make on the corrupt state of the naval administration, while evaded by the ministry, produced much ill-feeling among all parties connected with the government, but at the same time rendered him immensely popular, and had the feelings of his admirers been consulted, he would have been despatched as admiral with a squadron under his command. He never, however, in these days of his energy and usefulness, rose above the rank of post-captain, and as such sailed in the *Impérieuse* in September 1807, as part of Lord Collingwood's fleet.

What adventures succeeded, while cruising on the French coast, occupy a considerable portion of the volume before us. Passing over this part of Lord Cochrane's history, our limited space enables us only to glance at the famous and important attack on the French fleet in the Basque Roads. On arriving at Plymouth with the *Impérieuse*, in April 1809, his lordship was sent for by the Admiralty to be consulted as to a projected method of destroying the whole of the enemy's fleet, by means of explosive fire-ships to be sent in amongst them while in the bay where they had sought refuge. Surprised at being deemed worthy to be consulted, he waited on Lord Mulgrave, who entered into an explanation of details; stating that he wished to hear what plan Lord Cochrane could suggest to carry out what was considered to be a hazardous and desperate method of procedure. Unwilling to interfere, he nevertheless was persuaded to disclose a plan certain of success, but shrank from undertaking to put it in execution, in dread of giving offence to senior officers under whom he was to serve. From his objections on this score, Lord Cochrane, as we think injudiciously, allowed himself to be driven. The truth was, that at this critical juncture the ministry stood in need of a grand naval success to insure their stability, and clung to any chance of accomplishing their object. If they could get this long ill-used officer to help them, and yet keep him from a high command, a dexterous stroke of policy would be achieved. Looking at all the particulars of this extraordinary negotiation, we cannot but think that Lord Cochrane committed an act of injustice to himself in accepting a position of responsibility while acting under the orders of a superior—a man who turned out to be totally unfit for conducting a manœuvre depending on courage and promptitude of action. This, in fact, was a crisis in the life of our hero, whose future career might have been entirely different, had he acted on his own sense of duty, and taken his seat in the House of Commons, where his services were especially required. The result of accepting the subordinate place of adviser and assistant to Lord Gambier, in the Basque Roads affair, was soon grievously apparent. The time came for Cochrane, on board the *Impérieuse*, to press the attack (April 10, 1809), but, notwithstanding that the weather was favourable, Lord Gambier saw fit to refuse. As far as we can understand, this personage was alarmed on account of the dangerous character of the fire-ships. Nor was there little cause for uneasiness. One of them, containing 1500 barrels of gunpowder, besides other combustibles, was fired and sent adrift by Lord Cochrane, who had barely time to escape after igniting the fuse. In their attempt to escape from these fearful engines of destruction, the French ships ran ashore, and for a few hours lay an easy prey. Keeping just beyond the range of the batteries of Aix, and seemingly enjoying the hazard of the exploit, his lordship dashed about hither and thither, as a kind of scout for the British fleet, which hung off at the distance of twelve or fourteen miles. In vain, when the time for capture arrived, did he signal for orders to attack. A second time he signalled: 'All the enemy's ships, except two, are on shore.' 'This signal,' says he, 'as well as the former one, being merely acknowledged by the answering pennant; but, to our surprise, no movement was visible in any part of the fleet indicating an intention to take the advantage gained.' His third signal, 'The enemy's ships can be destroyed,' was likewise neglected. A fourth signal, 'Half the fleet can destroy the enemy;' and a fifth, 'The frigates alone can destroy the enemy,' were, to his astonishment, replied to with equal indifference. Meanwhile, the French vessels began to heave off, and, impatient and mortified, Cochrane proceeded to intercept them, by allowing the *Impérieuse* to drift towards the enemy; for he did not without orders dare to make sail. It was only when he gallantly went into action against the heavy odds of two line-of-battle-ships, and signalled that he was in distress, that some British vessels were detached to his assistance; one ship, however, he captured before they came up. Subsequently, several French vessels were taken; but it seems evident that, had Lord Gambier gone cordially into the attack, the whole of the enemy's ships would have been sunk or captured. Returning in disgust to England, Lord Cochrane threatened to bring the subject before parliament—a step which so greatly annoyed the Admiralty, that Lord Mulgrave offered to put him in command of three frigates, with *carte blanche* to do whatever he pleased on the enemy's coasts of the Mediterranean, if he would desist from his proposed parliamentary attack. This time, Cochrane was not to be cajoled; and the consequence was, that Lord Gambier sought to be tried by a court-martial. With a variety of particulars on this subject, the volume, we are sorry to say, closes.

Bringing his memoirs up only to about 1810, Lord Cochrane has still to tell the story of his trial for an alleged connection with stock-jobbing transactions in 1814, and the indignities which he was made to suffer on the occasion; he has also to narrate his services in the cause of freedom on the coasts of South America and Greece; likewise, there remains an account of the tardy restoration of his honours in comparatively recent times. In 1831, he succeeded, by the death of his father, to the earldom of Dundonald. Although now advanced in life, it is to be hoped that his lordship will employ the precious years that may be left to him, in completing what remains of his very interesting autobiography. So far as it goes, the work can scarcely be expected to escape the detraction of those who, from party instincts and traditions, habitually vindicate official corruption and malevolence; but for all such persons our author—supported by his own sense of rectitude, as well as by that generous public opinion which has never deserted him in all his troubles—will doubtless entertain a due degree of indifference.

WHY I DON'T LEAVE MY LODGINGS.

WHEN I tell you that I live in a large manufacturing town—that I lodge in one of the dreariest streets of that town—that the window of my sitting-room is so constructed that any passer-by can look into it at his leisure—that whenever I look out there is right before my eyes, in the middle of the road, a huge cavity, which, in rainy weather, is filled with black water, and in fine weather is a mass of black mud—that the door of my bedroom opens spontaneously at every whisper of the vagrant wind—that the ambient air can come and go as it pleases through a convenient chink in the window, which refuses to shut quite down, charm I never so wisely—and that the consequence is, I have a continual cold in the head, which interferes unpleasantly with my pronunciation of certain consonants—that my landlady has what is called 'a very peculiar temper,' though not more peculiar than is to be expected from a woman with one leg shorter than the other—and that lodgings

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are easily procured at a reasonable rate, you will think me a great fool for not 'flitting.' You are welcome to your opinion, but first hear my reasons. First of all, my landlady is evidently very poor, and shews considerable anxiety to retain me, so I try to convince myself that I stay partly on that account, and not because I have an inexpressible horror of new places; secondly, I reflect that you may have worse things than air in your bedroom, and I prefer a cold in the head to certain white lumps with a little red spot in the middle all over my precious body; thirdly, there's not an inch of child's flesh ever seen in the house; and lastly, on the other side of the way, exactly opposite my window, there's a register-office for servants. From this office I derive so much amusement and so much food for thought, that I am not at all certain I am justified in enjoying it all gratis. As I never learned the useful art of looking through a brick wall, I can't say exactly what the internal economy of the establishment may be; I have only, by diligent staring, convinced myself that it is kept by a middle-aged woman, who, from her appearance, I should say had once herself belonged to the 'domestic' sisterhood, and, peradventure, filled the responsible office of cook or housekeeper, before she discovered that it was more lucrative, as well as independent, to find places for others than to fill them one's self. She is married, too, I fancy, if the apparition of a male head at a bedroom window of the house in the early part of the morning may be taken as presumptive evidence of the state of holy matrimony; and there is a damsel of about nineteen or twenty years of age, who stands to the proprietress in the relation of a niece of all-work. I don't think she is a daughter, because she goes out on Sundays alone; and I don't think she is a serving-maid, because she wears kid-gloves to clean the door-handle; though, to be sure, that, in these days, is but slender proof. She is very comely to look upon; and when she issues forth on Sunday in a black silk dress, and long brown cloak, with an enticing little hood with a tassel on it, upon my word, she looks very nice. I feel inclined to ask if they have a situation for a promising young man; but I'm afraid I look too shabby. I've an Inverness cape, and a silk umbrella with a white handle—which doesn't come off unless you pull it—certainly; but, alack for my hat and trousers! No—no; she has many a smarter young man to walk to and from church (?) with her, I know; so I won't expose myself to ridicule. It is very pretty to see her on week-days let in the applicants for situations with a smile, a frown, a stolid air, or an expression of nothing in particular, according to the general appearance of the young woman who 'wants a place.'

Very various are these appearances; the genius of Hogarth alone could do them justice. See, there is a timid little thing dressed in mourning; poor girl! she has just lost her mother, who would not hear of her going from home whilst there was a home to shelter her; but now her mother is dead and gone, and she must go out to service. Look how shyly she walks up to the door, her little heart beating with fear and hope, for even the poor are fearful of a repulse, my lady; and ten pounds a year, and tea and sugar, are a matter of hope to the penniless orphan. Now she gives a little tap at the door, so soft, poor thing, that a watchful lover would scarcely hear it; then she gives a little cough, and rubs her hands nervously, and looks up and down the street as furtively as though she were committing a burglary. Courage, good girl; they are used to knocking at that house, you must rap as though you would awaken the seven sleepers. At last she ventures upon another small tap, a little louder than before, and as luck ordains that some one should be in the neighbourhood of the door at that identical moment, it is opened at once, and the dear little niece lets her in with a smile of encouragement—God bless her! Meanwhile, I ponder on her chance of engagement. Will she get a kind mistress, who herself is a mother, and who knows what the loss of a mother is? Or will she fall into pitiless hands, and go through the inevitable course of damp kitchens, rheumatism, the hospital, and the workhouse? Ah! there she comes out with a smile on her face—Heaven grant it may be a good omen!

Here is another applicant, quite a different sort of person. See how she minces as she steps up to the knocker! She has purple kid-gloves on, and a chip-bonnet off her head; variegated ribbons, and a party-coloured dress, with a considerable notion of crinoline beneath it; kid-boots, too, with high heels, by all that is military! and she has quite the air of fashionable ladies, as she lifts her dress and displays her ankle—not a bad ankle either; and she is well favoured to boot. She wants a situation as lady's-maid, of course; but it is a dangerous place for a good-looking girl, so dressy, so vain, and so silly!

But who is this who knocks at the door with a bold, unhesitating hand? She looks like Jezebel in reduced circumstances; she turns round and stares with unabashed face at every casual passer-by. A strong constitution has carried her through every phase of domestic servitude; she must be thirty years old, if she is a day, and probably began service at fifteen: she has been scolded and bullied into hatred of all mistresses, and 'won't stand no nonsense from nobody.' She wants a place in a lodging-house, where wages are high, if the work is hard; where the landlady will share the kitchen with her; where she will have the Sunday to do what she likes in, and where it will not be put down as a sin if she comes home late, and not quite sober.—She is succeeded by a sunny-looking lass, who is ready to do anything in the world for next to nothing; but she can never stay more than six months in one place, for she anticipates her wages by indiscriminate breakage; in fact, she is Irish.—It is not difficult to guess what the next comer wants; her ruddy cheeks, good-natured smile, and general buxomness, proclaim her a cook. There'll be good times for the policeman on her beat, but I fear that all her attentions to the preserver of the peace will not result in matrimony, for, as Constable J. sentimentally observed: 'It don't pay to marry the best of cooks. Why, if I was to marry all the 'ospitable gals on my beat, I should have enough to do, and perhaps be transported for bigamy; and if I was to marry one, I shouldn't be sweet with the others, and that 'ud be a pretty penny out o' my pocket in the way o' cold meat and porter.'

But the visits to the office are by no means confined to servants; there is a considerable conflux of 'missuses' of all ranks, from the 'missus' who rides in a carriage and pair, to the 'missus' who uses her own stout legs. These, one and all, I contemplate with aversion; for I have a notion that any lady who deserves a good servant, and behaves as she should in making herself acquainted with her poorer neighbours, can never be at a loss to 'get herself suited' without having recourse to advertisement or the register-office. However, I am sure I ought not to grumble, seeing how they involuntarily contribute to beguile my time. It is great fun to observe the proceedings when a lady in a carriage and a lady on foot arrive at their destination at the same time; the lady on foot has, you see, just knocked at the door as the imposing equipage drives up and my lady descends from her carriage. The door is opened, and the lady on foot, who 'hopes she knows how to do her duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to place her,' draws back, and permits her of the carriage to enter first, scowling at her all the while in a very

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unenvious and Christian manner. When they are seated in the waiting-room, I have been given to understand that the 'grand' lady, appeased by the deference paid by the other to her horses and footman, graciously condescends to enter into conversation, in the course of which she lets it be known how many servants she keeps, and how troublesome they are, and what airs they give themselves, and how her late maid actually went so far as to tell her that she didn't know her own mind: all which information the lady on foot receives with becoming attention, with nods of assent, and simpers of sympathetic astonishment, and then goes home and complains to her virtuous family of the disagreeable patronisation exercised by some people.

But here comes the real scourge of the race of servant-maids—the sort of woman who advertises that 'a housemaid is wanted in a Christian family, at L.10 a year, without tea and sugar,' leading one to imagine that most families in this country are Jews, Turks, infidels, or heretics, and that the fact of living in an orthodox family is a clear equivalent for the aforesaid groceries. She drives up to the door in a 'one-horse shay,' with a sour-looking man in a brown great-coat and silver-plated buttons as jehu. She takes the opportunity, as she passes from the vehicle to the door, of extracting from her reticule and handing to the man in the shabby coat a tract entitled the *Dying Drunkard;* for she saw him emerge from the public-house at the corner, whither, as he has no house of his own, poor man, he went for a slice of bread and cheese, and a half-pint of porter, and she trembles to think of his future destiny. O Mary, Mary, it will be a sad day for you, when you engage yourself to that respectable old lady! No followers are allowed there, you may depend upon it: she would rather be burned at the stake than have it said of her that she encouraged a virtuous attachment between you and the baker's young man. *She'll* have no young man about the house, if she knows it: so you will have to exercise all kinds of deceit, Mary, for the sake of hiding those little flirtations which Nature extorts from woman; and if you do not become, in course of time, an artful, cunning, hypocritical minx, it will not be the fault of your mistress, Mary.

Sometimes one sees such nice-looking, placid, ladylike old dames besieging the door of this slave-bazaar, that one cannot help wondering what business they can have there; they look so benevolent, that it must be quite a pleasure to serve them in the very meanest capacity; they surely can have no difficulty in finding the requisite Abigail. But, O dear! there's no judging, as people say, by outward appearances, especially in the case of a well-bred woman; she has been so very properly educated, that she has no spontaneous feeling whatsoever; she goes to the register-office just as she goes to the Tractarian church, because her neighbours do it; and she would go to the Temple of Juggernaut with the same sweet, pliant, unquestioning piety, if she found that was the custom of the gentry of her neighbourhood. Not unfrequently I observe that the proprietress of the office herself accompanies the 'missuses' to the door, and from her parting salutation, one can determine approximately the number of servants that the excellent lady keeps; for the proprietress is mistress of every kind of valedictory gesture, from the deep courtesy for the family 'where a butler is kept,' to the smile of protection and encouragement for the widow 'in want of a general servant.' Was it thus, I wonder, in the days of Noah? They ate, and drank, and married, and were given in marriage, we know, as they eat, and drink, and marry, and are given in marriage in our day; but did they have register-offices for servants? How many shekels a year did Mrs Noah give? And was it with or without what answered to 'tea and sugar?' Did Mrs Shem allow 'followers,' or did she agree with Mesdames Ham and Japhet that she 'never heard of such a thing?' And in those days, were there any such things as register-offices? Those establishments save a great deal of trouble, I have no doubt; but if people will not take trouble in matters relating to their household, it serves them quite right if they very frequently get imposed upon. There can be but little doubt that register-offices, by the very ease with which they enable engagements between 'missuses' and servants to be transacted, work incalculable mischief: they lessen that anxiety to keep their servants on the part of housewives, which is the best guarantee for good treatment; and they encourage, on the part of servants, a propensity to change, one of the worst consequences of which is a pre-disposition to non-attachment towards their employers, whereas attachment is one of the surest incentives to the discharge of their duties 'not with eye-service, as men-pleasers;' they simply take care that they will so behave themselves that 'missus' shall not be able to refuse them a 'character,' whenever it may please them to seek a new abode for any of the thousand-and-one causes which so often astonish a 'missus;' and the most favourite one is *ennui*, or 'the having been long enough in one place.' However, as long as that register-office remains over the way, I don't mean to leave my lodgings, for I like to see the many faces, and speculate upon their many fates; and I like to see—and I don't care who knows it—the little niece cleaning the door-handle.

GOD'S-ACRE.

THIS is God's-acre! Mark ye well the word;
Sound it wherever His great name is heard:
'Tis common land, no man its gates shall keep,
Life's wearied labourer herein may sleep.
As one wide field, it gathers in its bound
The strayed and steadfast soul—the lost and found.

Within, stand various Temples, rude or fair—
Stone-shelters, guarding from sin's ruthless air
The shorn lamb cast upon earth's wintry wold—
Some, meek as saints are, some with finger bold
Pointing to heaven. All alike lead here;
Through each fane-portal enter corse and bier.

Who in God's-acre drops the seed to ground,
In patient faith should match the shepherd hound;
A watcher he—no teacher, but one taught,
Reverent, to catch his Guide's unspoken thought;
The pastor-servant, quick to point our place
A-fold—straight looking to his Master's face!

Silent and soft, the dews of heaven fall
Where sin and sorrow fling aside their pall:
There, gathered pools deep in each graven stone
Refresh the wandering bird that wings alone
Across God's-acre; till it lifts its head,
As men give blessing for some bounty shed.

So, even as birds do, let us drink our fill
Of peace where all creeds ripen—thankful still:
Content, the grave our halting-place to count,
Till, fresh once more, our spirit-wings may mount
Therefrom with joy to join that peaceful band
Which swells God's-acre in a loftier land.

G. L. H.

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PANORAMAS.

THE word Panorama was originated within the memory of many who are still living—in the year 1787. By its Greek derivation, it signifies an entire or universal view—that is, a view all round; and is one of the many terms which necessarily accrue to the languages of civilised nations by the constant progress of scientific invention. The achievements of art which it designates appear to have been first suggested by an accident. A Mr Barker, an ingenious artist, and a man of singular energy and enterprise, was, in the year we have mentioned, residing at Edinburgh. One day, while sitting on Arthur's Seat, and engaged in taking a sketch of the city, a thick, drizzling mist came on, which obliged him to raise his umbrella. In spite of it, however, he continued his sketch, and had not long been so engaged before he observed some novel effects, which suggested to him the possibility of painting a circular picture which should present the entire scene around him to the very horizon. Resolved to make the experiment, he addressed himself to the work, and continually shifting his position, made a series of sketches embracing the whole circle within his view. He then communicated his idea to Sir Joshua Reynolds. This great and philosophic artist saw, or thought he saw, certain theoretical objections to the scheme, and deliberately pronounced it impracticable, adding, that he would cheerfully leave his bed at any time in the night to inspect such a work of art, if it could be produced. Mr Barker at once addressed himself to the difficulties which had been pronounced by so high an authority to be insuperable. He found them so numerous and embarrassing as fully to justify the discouraging advice of Sir Joshua, that he should abandon his project altogether. The greatest difficulty of all has been thus described:

'The drawings being made on flat surfaces, when placed together in a circle, the horizontal lines appeared curved instead of straight, unless on the exact level of the eye; and to meet this difficulty, Mr Barker had to invent a system of curved lines peculiarly adapted to the concave surface of his picture, which should appear straight when viewed from a platform at a certain level in the centre.'

This, and a variety of other obstacles, were successively overcome by the ardour and ingenuity of the artist, until at length he had the satisfaction of seeing a panorama of the view from Arthur's Seat ready for exhibition within the walls of the house, No. 28 Castle Street, Leicester Square. The house is still standing, and occupied as a printing-office. Sir Joshua Reynolds was at this time residing in Leicester Square; and although he was not subjected to the penalty which he volunteered to endure of being dragged from his bed in the night to witness a result which he regarded as impossible, he actually left his breakfast-table for that purpose, walked to Castle Street in his dressing-gown and slippers, and on seeing the first panorama that was ever produced, frankly admitted his error, and warmly congratulated the artist on the success of his laborious experiment. 'I find,' said the great painter, 'I was in error in supposing your invention could never succeed, for the present exhibition proves it is capable of producing effects and representing nature in a manner far superior to the limited scale of pictures in general.'

The circumstances under which this first panorama was produced are thus described by the son of the artist: 'The circle on which my father painted the first view of Edinburgh was twenty-five feet in diameter. Canvas, with paper pasted on it, formed the surface; and the picture was painted in water-colours in the guard-room of the palace of Holyrood; and being at last finished, was opened to the public in the Archers' Hall, from whence it was removed to a lower apartment in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, New Town, and was subsequently exhibited at Glasgow.'

The second panorama which Mr Barker produced was that of London, taken from the top of the Albion Mills, near the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, on the Surrey side, the scene on the Thames being the annual Lord Mayor's procession by water to Westminster. One peculiarity connected with these two pictures was, that they were executed in distemper, while all subsequent panoramas have been painted in oil. After the exhibition of the panorama in London, the large building in Leicester Square was erected, in which all subsequent exhibitions have taken place from the year 1793 to the present time. This edifice contains three circular apartments on successive stories, but of different dimensions, the lowest being the largest, and they are generally occupied by different views. As the principle of construction and arrangement is the same in all, it will suffice to describe it as developed in the lowest and largest room. The circular picture here is ninety feet in diameter, and is about ten thousand square feet in area. The circular stage from which it is viewed is thirty feet in diameter, so that the painting is on all sides at a distance of thirty feet from the eye of a spectator standing at the circumference of the stage. The light is admitted from a skylight, which is concealed from view by a canopy which overhangs the stage. The vast area of canvas is suspended from a

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hoop at the top of the apartment, about two hundred and eighty-three feet in circumference. Over this hoop it is tightly strained, the lower extremity of the canvas being attached to a similar hoop below, and heavily weighted. This arrangement has two disadvantages; and the skill required to overcome these may best be estimated by the completeness of that optical illusion of which every person who has seen a panorama must be conscious. These difficulties may be very easily made apparent. The canvas, when strained in the manner described, owing to its elasticity, necessarily bulges, assuming in some degree the form of a sail distended with the wind. The consequence of this is, that the horizon of the picture, which is level with the eye of the spectator, is in fact the point nearest to him; while the objects in the foreground—that is, at the lower part of the picture—are at the greatest distance from his eye. The tendency of this defect is obviously to diminish the illusion, which would manifestly be greater if the foreground were nearer to the eye, and the distance more remote. But this disadvantage is greatly augmented by a second; for the light, being admitted from above, falls most strongly on the horizon and the distance, and more feebly on the foreground, where, for the perfection of the effect, it should be the strongest. Mr Burford, who was a pupil of Barker, and who has been engaged for no less than fifty-seven years in the production and arrangement of these curious works of art, contemplated at one time an improvement which should supersede these defects, of which the public have never been conscious. His plan was to illuminate his pictures by gas-light admitted from below. The effect of this would obviously have been to throw the strongest light upon the objects in the foreground, while a much smaller share of it would fall upon the distance and the horizon. Although the beautiful illusion of a first-rate panorama might appear scarcely to admit of augmentation and improvement, yet it is curious to imagine what that effect would be, if this arrangement had been carried into effect. That, however, was never done, in consequence of difficulties, and possibly of dangers arising out of the structure of the building.

The first step in the production of a panorama is, of course, the taking of sketches of the region to be represented on the spot; and when the great variety of places which have thus been depicted is considered, it will be evident that this must have been a matter of no small toil and difficulty; indeed, on some occasions, the enterprise has been attended with results which were by no means agreeable. As an example of these, we may mention that Mr Burford sketched his panorama of Vienna from the belfry of Saint Carlo in that city; and while prosecuting his labour beyond the hour at which the church was closed, was locked in, with no more pleasant prospect before him than that of spending the night amidst such comforts and accommodations as belfries usually afford. An autumnal night, however, spent at such a distance from the 'warm precincts' of his hotel, stimulated his energies, and at length the waving of his pocket-handkerchief from the apertures of his lofty prison attracted the attention of the people below, and led to his restoration to the lower world. On another occasion, while sketching for his panorama of the Bernese Alps, he had the misfortune to be snowed up in a little mountain *châlet* for forty-eight hours, without the possibility of egress, and without books or any other sources of amusement. His minor difficulties, of course, were numerous. On one occasion, while taking the panorama of Salzburg from the grounds of the castle, to which he was admitted by the municipal authorities, he unwittingly strayed into some adjoining private domains. Here he was speedily interrupted in his pursuits as a trespasser; but on learning the interesting nature of his occupation, the proprietor at once presented him with keys, by which he could at all times admit himself, and pursue his task on any part of the estate.

The sketches thus taken have differed in number according to circumstances, but we believe that Mr Burford's plan has generally been to divide the circle of the horizon into eight sections; from these he painted his panoramas in a building erected for the purpose in the neighbourhood of Kentish Town, which, before that district became a populous suburb, formed a conspicuous object from the high ground in the vicinity; and here, on elevated stages, the hand of the painter has produced those effects which have been enjoyed by so many hundreds of thousands in Leicester Square. It might be supposed that these pictures, placed as they are for exhibition at a distance of thirty or forty feet from the spectator, have been somewhat roughly and coarsely painted. The fact, however, is just the reverse of this. The canvas used for the purpose is of the very finest description that is manufactured. The broad brushes with which the sky is painted are of the finest French hair; and even with these delicate implements, the direction, horizontal or perpendicular, in which the brush might be used would be distinctly visible, owing to the fineness of the canvas and the strength of the light, were it not softened down with the utmost elaboration. Indeed, the escape of a single hair from the brush, if it were suffered to remain on the surface, would be a distinctly perceptible blemish. The more important parts of the panorama are painted with pencils of the finest sable, so delicate as to make lines as fine as a hair, each of which, however, is perceptible by the eye of the spectator. Zinc-white is used instead of lead, and the oils employed are of the purest quality that can be manufactured.

It is by such pains and ingenuity that difficulties, pronounced by the highest authorities to be insuperable, have been surmounted, and the panorama has been brought to so near an approach to perfection as almost to obliterate for the spectator the distinction between nature and art. Many instances have occurred during the continuous exhibitions of these remarkable pictures in which the illusion has been most amusingly complete, and one or two of these may be appropriately introduced in this place. The third panorama which was exhibited in London, and the first exhibited in Leicester Square, was a view of Spithead. One feature in this picture was the capsizing of a ship's boat, with sailors struggling in the waves. It happened that a gentleman who visited the exhibition of this picture was accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, and the animal, on seeing this part of the painting, sprang over the hand-rail, to rescue the drowning men. In the year 1853 the panorama of Granada was exhibited, with a view of the Alhambra, near which the oleander was represented flowering in great luxuriance. A royal lady who was visiting the exhibition, and who was attended by a gentleman connected with the establishment, requested him to oblige her with a branch of the oleander, to take away with her, so complete was the deception produced in her mind, for a time, by the scene she was witnessing.

The late Duke of Wellington was particularly interested in panoramas, and frequently visited them. When the picture of the battle of Sobraon was exhibited in 1846, his Grace came to see it. The stage on which he stood might well be supposed to be a height from which the commander-in-chief was surveying and controlling the fluctuations of the

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conflict. Contrary to the usual impassiveness of temperament which the Duke exhibited, he became intensely excited, and seemed to chafe against the barriers which restrained him from the field he so distinctly realised. His behaviour excited so much interest, that a gentleman who was present wrote a description of the scene, which appeared in one of the newspapers on the following day, and, with considerable felicity, illustrated the excitement of the great soldier by the lines of Sir Walter Scott:

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground;
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines.

Photography has been adopted, with considerable effect, in the case of those panoramas which exhibit scenes taken from the more distant regions of the globe. This art was made use of in the view of Hong-kong, of Canton, and of the interior, and probably the exterior, of Sebastopol. The effect of this additional appliance has been, as far as the nearer objects are concerned, most remarkable. Some trees in the foreground of Canton are perhaps the most singular representations that have ever been made—indeed, the illusion is as complete as it is possible to imagine. In the case of the picture of Hong-kong, a very curious circumstance occurred. Captain Hall of the *Nemesis*, who, from his exploits, has been popularly designated 'Nemesis Hall,' brought from that island a young and poor Chinaman in the capacity of a servant. He took this young man with him to visit the panorama. The effect upon the youth was to deprive him for a time of all intelligible consciousness of his condition. The scenes of his life were exhibited before him with a reality which utterly deranged his thoughts. He burst into an agony of tears, and besought that he might not be landed; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was recalled to the consciousness that he was in England, under the protection of his master, and that what he was viewing was only the picture of the scenes of his boyhood. The art of photography, however, in its application to panoramas has some defects, which, judging from its past adaptation, might seem to be irremediable, if our faith in the progress of science were not altogether implicit. For the objects in the foreground, its operation is perfect; but it is found that the distance cannot be accurately represented with the same focus. Another difficulty which the painter finds very embarrassing, is the depth of its shadows, which perplex the relations of objects in respect to distance. Thus the painter of the panorama of the Forum at Rome informed the writer, that when he compared certain photographic representations with the sketches which he had made himself on the spot, he found such essential differences between them as to render the former to a great extent inapplicable to his purpose.

Panoramas seem to have met with but little success in any other country than our own. One of Rome was exhibited, we believe, in Paris, in that part which is now known as the Passage des Panoramas; and three or four more, including one of Moscow in a building in the Champs Elysées, which formed a part of the edifice prepared for the great exhibition of Paris. So small, however, was the attendance, that Mr Burford, the painter of our chief modern panoramas, informed the writer that when he visited the exhibition of the picture of Moscow with a friend, they found themselves the only spectators.

The panorama of Jerusalem was sent to New York, but the building in which it was exhibited being struck by lightning, the picture was unfortunately destroyed. The panorama of Athens was sent to Connecticut, but this, too, shared the fate of the former one, and was destroyed by fire. The university of Oxford desired to possess the panorama of Athens, but no suitable building for its exhibition could be found, and the project was abandoned. Some other panoramas have been purchased, and exhibited in the provinces, while not a few have been obliterated, and new views painted on the same canvas. The whole number of panoramas exhibited from the year 1788 to the present time is one hundred and twenty-four.

Some idea may be formed of the profitableness of these exhibitions in London, from the fact, that when the building in Leicester Square was first projected, a joint-stock company was formed to enable Mr Barker to carry out his scheme, and in this enterprise Lord Elcho took a prominent part. The profits of the exhibition, however, soon enabled Mr Barker to purchase all the shares, and thus make the property his own. Of all the panoramas ever exhibited, that of the battle of Waterloo was the most popular and lucrative. The doors were thronged from morning till night; and for the benefit of the more aristocratic visitors, the establishment was even opened on Sundays. By the exhibition of his picture, the proprietor realised no less than ten thousand pounds.

On the whole, the panorama has been as eminently a vehicle for instruction as an illusion to the senses and a new luxury in æsthetical art. These exhibitions have been designated as Animated Illustrations of Geography; and when it is considered that the view from the summit of the Righi, now on exhibition, represents the diameter of a circle of 160 miles, this designation can hardly be regarded as exaggerated.

A LETTER FROM MY GODMOTHER.

In your last letter, my dear Carry, you tell me an imperial edict has gone forth for the cutting off of crinoline. Is that all? Has nothing been said about the bag-wigs? You know very well what I mean. Just place the looking-glass at the back of your head. Upon my word, my dear, I thought at first you had got the woolly head of a little black child concealed under your hair! As to the crinoline, of course I am glad enough to find that *that* monomania is on the decrease. But I look upon the matter only in the light of a respite. As sure as you are standing there in your rolling, jostling, oscillating tub, Carry, you are doomed to live and move an animated Guy in some other ludicrous shape, before you are much older. I am really almost out of patience to think that so many of my sister-women, with all their fine powers and capacities, their noble and endearing qualities, should in small things prove themselves such arrant fools. What is Eugénie to us, or we to Eugénie? If, as Albert Smith has told us, in his *China*, the empress had some fancied good reason for adopting this costume, which 'he would not for the world report to his audience,' is that any good reason why you should wish to be as empresses wish to be who love the empire?

Dear, dear Carry, I really blush for you! You ask me to be plain, and plain I must be—or what am I to say? There now, go to your dressing-room; take off your steel-hoops; but what on earth are you to do with them? Throw them away! Why, where can they be put? Just fancy to yourself, for one moment, a collection of these incongruous helps at deformity deposited in some lonely spot of English ground; and fancy Macaulay's well-known aborigine standing and gazing, years hence, upon the mysterious pile, and exclaiming to himself with uplifted eyes: 'In these charmed circles, built up as a monument over the departed grace of the human species—in

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these mysterious giant rings once moved, danced, loved, and flirted, the maidens and matrons of Great Britain!' How, before this sublime idea, the tattooing of his forefathers would sink into the shade! Really, joking apart, there is to me something very humiliating in all this. Why do not we English women take our own line in matters of dress? Or, since it seems we *must* follow the imperial lead in all such matters, why not form ourselves into a body-representative, and address a letter to head-quarters, after the manner of the four wise and highly patriotic gentlemen of Liverpool? Since we are all, to a woman, just now entering heart and soul into the arming of our lovers and brothers, why not suggest that it would be particularly grateful to our feelings at the present juncture, if her Imperial Majesty would adopt the tunic and cuirass of Jeanne d'Arc? It is my belief, my dear, that we should not look half such idiots as we do now in our steel-ribbed balloons. The thing would, at anyrate, have a purpose defensive, if not offensive—as the present fashion is—and would be a world more becoming. Instead of the sword—which should be kept at home for extraordinary occasions—let the ordinary adjunct be a long branch of the flowering olive, worn gracefully on one side, to neutralise the harshness of outline presented by the cuirass. What say you? Now, do think seriously of what I have said.

While on the subject of this outward sign of an inward folly, I must touch on one or two points which have filled me with no little surprise. Can you tell me for what conceivable purpose really good-looking women besprinkle themselves over head, neck, and breast with little sham gold coins? There is a ballad somewhere of an Indian warrior who carried his ransom concealed in his hair, in the shape of real, pure, available gold. Which, do you think, may be considered the greater savage—you or he? Then, again, there are those boots of yours. I watched you last summer tripping through a smart shower, your feet encased in what appeared to me to be soiled white stockings. The boots had, I believe, a sole of some sort to them, but for any protection they afforded you against the wet, why, my dear, you might just as well have walked à la Jane Shore! When next you adopt that style of foot-clothing, pray, lay in a good stock of chloride of lime, for, depend on it, typhus is not far off. When you are married and have a family—if fashion ever permits you to arrive at that goal—I suppose you will half-clothe your children, in spite of common sense and Erasmus Wilson. Poor little things! they are all inevitably doomed to become 'little Highlanders,' and without even the counteracting influence of mountain air, oatmeal-porridge, or the being 'to the manner born.' The upper man—or rather boy or girl—will be loaded with 'wraps,' while the lower limbs are left bare; not to '*kick and fling* as nature pleases'—that were something—but, hear it, O ye mothers! as *consumption* pleases. Then, while their bodies are perishing, you will cram their brains—for there is a fashion in that too. There was a little child I knew—the mismanaged child of a silly, idle, overdressed mother—who was taught numbers before he could speak. His nurse contrived to drum them into his poor little head by pointing out and calling the numbers on the doors all down the streets. One day, the little fellow was put on a donkey; no sooner did he catch sight of the animal's two ears standing up side by side, than he cried out, 'Eleven!' This was the first word he ever spoke; and the child could never afterwards, to his dying day, be persuaded that a donkey had not eleven ears!

Oh, my dear god-daughter, never forget the beautiful compact between 'soul and sense mysteriously allied;' and deal as honestly and worthily with the goodly frame in which a goodly mind is set, as with the precious jewel itself. A little while, and then of all the loveliness and grace with which you have made such wild work, there will be no more savour than of the lost beauty of Woodstock:

> Hic jacet in tumbâ, Rosa Munda;
> Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet!

CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK'S NARRATIVE.*

THE deeply interesting work of Captain M'Clintock, narrating his discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, will already have been perused by so many of our readers, that we need only attempt to offer an outline of the leading events, along with such remarks as the subject naturally suggests.

It will be remembered that Franklin sailed from England with the *Erebus* and *Terror* in May 1845, in order, if possible, to discover the long-looked-for North-west Passage—that is, a navigable channel round the northern extremity of America, from the eastern to the western seas. It is now ascertained, that, in prosecution of his arctic explorations, he actually was the first to make this discovery; but before this important fact was known, a north-west passage had been discovered by another courageous but more fortunate explorer, Captain Maclure. To relieve the painful public suspense on the subject, various expeditions were undertaken at the cost of the nation to learn the fate of Franklin, all of which, including an American expedition, failed in the main object of their search. These explorations, however, respecting the long-lost voyager and his companions, made it seem probable that they had perished somewhere on the west coast of King William's Land—a dreary stretch of land lying on the left of the party as they had travelled along the frozen borders of a channel which leads westwards to the Arctic Ocean. Keeping this notion in view, Lady Franklin, on understanding that nothing more could be done at public expense, resolved that the search for her husband should be prosecuted on her own account. For this purpose, she purchased the screw-yacht *Fox*, a vessel of 177 tons, which was strengthened, and equipped, and placed by her under the command of Captain M'Clintock, whose acquaintance with the arctic seas, in former expeditions, eminently qualified him for this adventurous undertaking. Besides himself, the list of officers and crew comprehended Lieutenant W. R. Hobson, R.N.; Captain Allen Young, of the Mercantile Marine; David Walker, M.D.; George Brand, engineer; Carl Petersen, a Dane, who was to act as interpreter; and twenty others, including two Esquimaux. As many as seventeen of the entire crew had previously served in arctic expeditions. Although not despatched by government, the Admiralty was favourable to the objects of the voyage, and gave no little assistance in the way of provisions, apparatus, and instruments. The food thus furnished consisted of 6682 pounds of pemmican, prepared at the Clarence Victualling Yard, Gosport. Pemmican is 'composed of prime beef cut into thin slices and dried over a wood-fire; then pounded up, and mixed with about an equal weight of melted beef-fat. The pemmican is then pressed into cases capable of containing forty-two pounds each.' Among the medical preparations, pure lime-juice, to counteract scurvy, was not forgotten.

All being ready for sea, after a farewell visit from Lady Franklin, the *Fox* departed from Aberdeen on the 1st of July 1857, passed through the Pentland Firth on the night of the 2d, and came in sight of the southern extremity of Greenland on the 12th. Buffeting with fogs and floating ice, the *Fox* proceeded along the coast of this icy continent till it arrived at Godhab, or Godhaven, a Danish settlement, on the 31st. Here, a young Esquimaux, named Christian, volunteered his services as a dog-driver, and was accepted.

* *Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin.* By Captain M'Clintock, R.N. Murray, London. 1859.

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Ten dogs to draw the sledges were also taken on board. On the 6th of August, the vessel reached Upernivik, where the last trace of civilisation was to be met with —lat. 72¾° N. 'Here the last letters for home were landed, fourteen dogs and a quantity of seals-flesh for them embarked, and the ship's head was turned seaward.' Now was to come a perilous struggle with the arctic ice, which, floating in quantities, or what is termed 'pack,' had an appalling aspect. It should be added that, even at the hottest time in summer, the temperature in this region varies from 32 to 40°—always off and on about freezing.

The object was now to cross Baffin's Bay, and enter Lancaster Sound; but after steaming some way among the ice, it was obvious that a passage could not be forced, and in the hopes of finding a more open sea to the north, the *Fox* made for Melville Bay. Here the view of the mighty glacier, extending unbroken for forty or fifty miles, excited intense admiration. 'Its sea-cliffs, about five or six miles from us, appear comparatively low, yet the icebergs detached from it are of the loftiest description. Here, on the spot, it does not seem incorrect to compare the icebergs to mere chippings of its edge, and the floe-ice to its thinnest shavings. The glacier serves to remind one at once of Time and of Eternity—of time, since we see portions of it break off to drift and melt away; and of eternity, since its downward march is so extremely slow, and its augmentations behind so regular, that no change in its appearance is perceptible from age to age.'

The little headway made by the vessel began to infuse a dread of 'wintering in the pack.' The temperature fell, and it was only by slow degrees, and with danger on all sides, that the ship forced its way through lanes of water amidst the ice. September passes away in anxious hopes and fears, some amusement being derived from shooting birds and seals. A small barrel-organ, turned by the hand, which had been presented to a former expedition by the Prince Consort, is taken out of its case, and now about to pass its third winter in the frozen regions, furnishes entertainment to the sailors. There are occasional encounters with bears, for these animals migrate great distances on floating masses of ice. On the 4th of December, the body of Scott, the engine-driver, who had been accidentally killed, was buried in the sea, a hole in the ice being cut for the purpose. A representation of this affecting solemnity is given as one of the pictorial embellishments. It is now quite clear that the vessel must remain frozen up for the winter and spring. The cold is intense—20 to 30 degrees below zero; yet Christmas Day is passed pleasantly, and cheering views are entertained of future prospects.

The party needed all the hope they could muster, for, fixed in ice, the *Fox* was gradually drifting southward. They were getting into the region of daylight. On the 28th of January, 'the upper edge of the sun appeared above the horizon, after an absence of eighty-nine days; it was a gladdening sight. I sent for the ship's steward, and asked what was the custom on such occasions. "To hoist the colours, and serve out an extra half-gill, sir," was the ready reply. Accordingly, the Harwich lion soon fluttered in a breeze cool enough to stiffen the limbs of ordinary lions, and in the evening the grog was issued.' Drifting at length as far south as the 63d degree of north latitude, the chance of being crushed amidst the broken and turbulent masses of ice became daily more imminent. From this catastrophe the *Fox* was fortunately saved, and at last, after having drifted 1385 miles, the vessel was in the open sea, and able to apply both sails and steam. On the 28th of April, it anchored safely at Holsteinborg, on the coast of Greenland.

From this point, we have now to follow this well-tried little ship back to its former situation at Upernivik, touching at Disco and Godhab, in its northerly course. While at Godhab, on the 14th of May 1858, Captain M'Clintock writes as follows in his diary: 'Summer has suddenly burst upon us—thermometer up to 40°; moreover, we are enjoying English newspapers, and have dined off roast beef and vegetables.' Here some useful information is obtained from the captains of whalers; one of them, Captain Deuchars, tells how he lost his ship, the *Princess Charlotte*, in Melville Bay, a few years previously—a very agonising incident. 'It was a beautiful morning; they had almost reached the North Water, and were anticipating a very successful voyage; the steward had just reported breakfast ready, when Captain Deuchars, seeing the floes closing together ahead of the ship, remained on deck to see her pass safely between them, but they closed too quickly; the vessel was *almost* through, when the points of ice caught her sides, abreast of the mizzen-mast, and passing through, held the wreck up for a few minutes, barely long enough for the crew to escape and save their boats! Poor Deuchars thus suddenly lost his breakfast and his ship; within *ten minutes* her royal yards disappeared beneath the surface.' Such is one of the dangers which beset the arctic voyager. Masses of ice, barely visible above the surface of the water, may in a few minutes penetrate and sink the strongest vessel.

Passing over an account of the many difficulties which beset the voyagers in getting through Lancaster Sound, and partly through Barrow Strait, it is sufficient to say that the *Fox* at length proceeded down Prince Regent's Inlet, and became fixed near the mouth of Bellot Strait. This is a very narrow channel between Somerset Land on the north and Boothia Felix on the south. When approached, it was full of pack-ice, and quite impenetrable. Frozen up in a creek, the *Fox* was now dismantled, and doomed to pass a second winter in a state of inaction. At the same time, preparations were made for lengthened journeys with sledges and dogs; and it was by these aids, along with the information furnished by Esquimaux, that the great discovery respecting the fate of Sir John Franklin was ultimately effected.

The scheme of sledging comprehended three separate routes and parties of four men. 'To each party,' says our author, 'a dog-sledge and driver will be attached; Hobson, Young, and I will lead them. My journey will be to the Great Fish River, examining the shores of King William's Land in going and returning; Petersen will be with me. Hobson will explore Boothia as far as the magnetic pole, this autumn, I hope, and from Gateshead Island, westward, next spring. Young will trace the shore of Prince of Wales' Land. Our probable absence will be sixty to seventy days, commencing from about the 20th March.' Until the proper time of starting on these excursions, journeys were made with the sledges and dogs, in order to form depôts of provisions at certain points. In November, Brand the engineer died—a great misfortune, for now the ship was without any one who knew anything of the engines. With all drawbacks, Christmas 1858 was 'spent with a degree of loyalty to the good old English custom, at once inspiriting and refreshing.' However, 'whilst all was order and merriment within the ship, the scene without was widely different. A fierce north-wester howled loudly through the rigging, the snow-drift rustled swiftly past, no star appeared through the oppressive gloom, and the thermometer varied between 76 and 80 degrees below the freezing-point.' The New Year 1859 came in so cold and stormy as scarcely to admit of walks on shore.

We must refer to the book itself for any account of the preliminary sledge-journey of Captain M'Clintock, whose narrative, being in the form of a diary, does not well admit of generalisation. From his minute details, we hear of the severe cold which had to be endured, the difficulty of driving the dogs, the building of

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snow-huts for shelter during the night, and the unpleasant sensations experienced in again putting on the half-frozen moccasins when about to proceed in the morning; all which discomforts were patiently endured. One good result of the journey was, the picking up of some valuable knowledge as to the lost ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, from a party of Esquimaux, from whom also were obtained several articles which had belonged to the vessels. Silver forks and spoons, readily procured for a few needles or a knife, were the chief articles found—the wandering crews of the vessels having apparently taken the more valuable utensils along with them, leaving those of a commoner kind in the deserted ships. 'During this journey,' says Captain M'Clintock, 'I acquired the arctic accomplishment of eating frozen blubber, in delicate little slices, and vastly preferred it to frozen pork. At this present moment, I do not think I could even taste it; but the same privation and hunger which induced me to eat of such food, would doubtless enable me to partake of it very kindly.'

M'Clintock's and Hobson's extended searching-journeys commenced on the 2d of April. Each party had a sledge drawn by four men, besides a dog-sledge and dog-driver. Petersen volunteered to drive the captain's dogs, an offer too valuable to be declined. The equipment for each party included a tent, waterproof blanket, floor-cloth, two sleeping-robes, and six blanket sleeping-bags; also cooking utensils, shovel, saw, gun and ammunition, magnetic and astronomical instruments, six knapsacks with spare clothing; provisions, articles for barter, &c.; the total weight, including that of the two sledges, being 1400 pounds. The load for each man to drag was 200 pounds, and for each dog, 100 pounds. The plan adopted in the journeys consisted mainly in following the icy border of the sea. The line of route to be pursued led first across to the western opening of Bellot Strait; it then took a southerly direction along the shore of Boothia, as far as Cape Victoria. Here the two parties separated. Crossing Ross's Strait, Hobson took the western shore of King William's Land, while M'Clintock followed the eastern side of that island, and did not return northward till he had explored the islets at the mouth of the Fish River—a stretch extending from the 72d to the 68th degree of north latitude, and embracing a variety of detours to points which offered any prospect of yielding the much-desired information to the travellers. To all other difficulties of travel, was added that of managing the dogs, which, attached to the sledges by traces composed of strips of canvas, were continually getting into disorder. 'None of them had ever been yoked before, and the amount of cunning and perversity they displayed, to avoid both the whip and the work, was quite astonishing. They bit through their traces, and hid away under the sledge, or leaped over one another's backs, so as to get into the middle of the team, out of the way of my whip, until the traces became plaited up, and the dogs were almost knotted together; the consequence was, I had to halt every few minutes, pull off my mits, and, at the risk of frozen fingers, disengage the lines. I persevered, however, and without breaking any of their bones, succeeded in getting a surprising amount of work out of them.'

On the night of the 25th May, when walking along the beach of King William's Land, the captain came upon the skeleton of a young man in a naval uniform; it was 'partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow. This poor man seems to have selected the bare ridge top, as affording the least tiresome walking, and to have fallen on his face in the position in which we found him.' It was a melancholy truth that an old Esquimaux woman spoke when she had referred to Franklin's party, that 'they fell down and died as they walked along.'

The route pursued by Hobson down the west shore of King William's Land, proved the most fortunate. At Point Victory he made the grand discovery, which had been the object of the expedition. A record was found in a cairn at that place, and information of the event was conveyed to M'Clintock, by leaving intelligence in a cairn built on purpose, near Cape Herschel, which the captain would have occasion to reach. He did arrive at this spot shortly after coming upon the skeleton, as above related. 'We were,' says our author, 'approaching a spot where a revelation of intense interest was awaiting me. About twelve miles from Cape Herschel, I found a small cairn, built by Hobson's party, and containing a note for me. He had reached this, his extreme point, six days previously, without having seen anything of the wreck, or of the natives, but he had found a record—the record so ardently sought for of the Franklin expedition—at Point Victory, on the north-west coast of King William's Land. That record is indeed a sad and touching relic of our lost friends, and to simplify its contents, I will point out separately the double story it so briefly tells. In the first place, the record-paper was one of the printed-forms usually supplied to discovery-ships for the purpose of being enclosed in bottles and thrown overboard at sea, in order to ascertain the set of the currents.' On the top, and along the blank edges of this piece of paper, was written as follows: '28th of May 1847. H. M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered in the ice in lat. 70° 05′ N., long. 98° 23′ W. Having wintered in 1846–7 at Beechey Island, in lat. 74° 43′ 28″ N., long. 91° 39′ 15″ W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition. All well. Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847. Gm. Gore, Lieutenant; Chas. F. des Vœux, Mate.'

As remarked by Captain M'Clintock, the date '1846—7,' in the above record, is a mistake; the proper date should have been 1845—6, that being the first season passed by the *Erebus* and *Terror* in the arctic regions. The statement, that at the period of writing, all were well, had evidently been deposited by Lieutenant Gore, who had departed with a party on some special mission. The paper, however, contained another inscription, subsequently executed; it had, in fact, been taken from the case which contained it, by a second party, and again placed in the cairn, where it remained till seen by Hobson. The second writing was as follows: 'April 25, 1848. H. M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22d April, 5 leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since September 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here, in lat. 69° 37′ 42″ N., long. 98° 41′ W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been, to this date, 9 officers and 15 men.—F. R. M. Crozier, captain and senior officer; James Fitzjames, captain H. M. S. *Erebus*—(afterwards added) and start to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River.'

How mournful are these particulars! It was now authoritatively known that the ships had been deserted, after having been inextricably fixed in the ice or stranded; that Sir John Franklin was dead—though under what circumstances, not mentioned; and that the officers and crews of the vessels had wandered southward along this dreary shore, on which at least some of them had died. We gather, however, in the brief postscript, that the surviving party were to start for Back's Fish River on the 27th of April 1848. Now, what became of this party, upwards of a hundred in number? On this point, Captain M'Clintock offers no conjecture. It does not appear to be in the least degree likely, that after a lapse of nearly twelve years, there can be any survivors. Yet, a mystery may be said to hang over their

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fate. Did any of them reach the Fish River, and find succour among the obscure tribes of Esquimaux on the mainland, or did they all drop down and die, one after another, till not a soul remained? It is possible that some did actually reach the mainland, as the only available method of escape which presented itself; but there can be little doubt that had any come within the knowledge of the Esquimaux, who are by no means unfriendly, we should long since have heard of them.

Continuing his way northward, Captain M'Clintock came upon a large boat, half-buried among the snow: there was reason to believe that it had been equipped with the utmost care for the ascent of the Fish River, but had been abandoned, probably, for want of power to draw it over a hundred miles of frozen sea. Besides portions of two skeletons, there were found in the boat a large variety of articles, which were brought away, and are now shewn among other relics of the ill-fated expedition.

The searching-parties arrived at their ship at the beginning of July; the health of Hobson having alone suffered materially by the excessive fatigue and exposure. The improving weather in August allowed the *Fox* to be prepared for returning home, as soon as the ice broke up. At length, taking the advantage of a clear channel, the vessel moved off; the captain being obliged to add, to his other duties, that of taking charge of the engines. On the evening of Sunday, August 29th, the *Fox* reached Godhab, where some anxiously longed-for letters and newspapers were obtained. Sailing and steaming down Baffin's Bay, the last iceberg was seen on 10th September; and bounding merrily forward in the open sea, the trim and hardy little vessel arrived in the English Channel ten days later. Having landed at Portsmouth, Captain M'Clintock reached London on the 21st, having been absent about two years and two months.

No one who carefully peruses the work before us, can fail to acknowledge its great value as a simple and satisfactory narrative of the many deeply-touching circumstances to which public attention has been called. It is very gratifying to know that the Lords of the Admiralty, with a promptitude to reward merit not very common, as has been seen, half a century ago, at once enabled Captain M'Clintock to present the Arctic Medal to such of his companions as had not received it for previous service; 'and also to inform Lieutenant Hobson, that his promotion to the rank of commander would speedily take place.' Honours to our author himself, we believe, he declined. 'I will not,' adds he in conclusion—'I will not intrude upon the reader, who has followed me through the pages of this simple narrative, any description of my feelings on finding the enthusiasm with which we were all received on landing upon our native shores. The blessing of Providence had attended our efforts, and more than a full measure of approval from our friends and countrymen has been our reward. For myself, the testimonial given me by the officers and crew of the *Fox* has touched me perhaps more than all. The purchase of a gold chronometer, for presentation to me, was the first use the men made of their earnings; and as long as I live, it will remind me of that perfect harmony, that mutual esteem and good-will, which made our ship's company a happy little community, and contributed materially to the success of the expedition.'

Now that the fate of the gallant and unfortunate Franklin has been ascertained, it is to be trusted that neither at the public cost, nor at the expense of private parties, will any further effort be made to explore those extreme arctic regions which have been visited by a series of explorers during the past forty years. The North-west Passage, which is alleged to have been discovered by Franklin and Maclure, to whom we should now add M'Clintock, practically amounts to nothing. If science derives any benefit from these painful and hazardous expeditions, it is of little more avail than the scratching of a few outlines on a map. The so-called North-west Passages are impracticable, even when found. As is learned from the work before us, these intricate passages are for years together frozen over; and, except under particularly favourable circumstances, are impervious to the navigator. Sea and land—sounds and straits—islands and continent—are alike shrouded in ice and snow, and are scarcely distinguishable one from another. Surely, no good can come from the exploration of these hyperborean climes; and it is not a little lamentable to think of the waste of human life and of money which has taken place in prosecuting researches so utterly worthless. As a nation, Britain may indeed enjoy some glory from the indomitable perseverance of her Parrys, Franklins, M'Clintocks, and other arctic navigators; but do we require to remind our readers how much more praiseworthy it would have been had these great names been associated with enterprises designed for the permanent benefit of mankind? We need only look to the painstaking and valuable researches of Livingstone, for an undertaking worthy of every proper encouragement; or to that great *terra incognita*, the interior of Australia, as an object on which the energies of explorers may, both to the honour and substantial advantage of the country, be more usefully expended than in laying down charts of everlasting snow-heaps and glaciers.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER VI.—MR ONSLOW BATEMAN.

It is not our purpose to follow the practice of some novelists in climbing the genealogical-trees of each of our *dramatis personæ*, and plucking the fruit thereof; in insisting that the reader shall not only be interested in the hero, but in the hero's great-great-grandfather and intermediate ancestors; not in the heroine only, but in the long line of heroines who preceded, and culminated in, that charming individual; but still we will venture to cull some extracts from the life of Mr Onslow Bateman, previous to the time when 'the action' of this our story commences. One insuperable bar to our going very far into ancestral details concerning this gentleman, and which will at once remove all reasonable ground for apprehension upon that score, is, that we possess no source whatever from which to draw them. He himself never knew who his father was; for his mother, who was the sole repository of that not very important secret, never, as will be seen, confided it to him. Moreover, we will at once declare that there is not going to be any disclosure of this mystery further on; and that the reader, and Mr Bateman, and ourselves, are all upon an equality as regards any knowledge of the matter. Let it suffice for us to deal with the present generation. Mr Onslow Bateman, then, the Preceptor of Youth, the Inculcator of correct manners to the Aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland, was born at no particular place, but in a not uncomfortable travelling-caravan, on the road between Wiesbaden and Frankfort, in the territory of the Grand Duke of Nassau. We believe—although, of course, her vocation had been suspended for some little time preceding this incident—that his mamma, an Englishwoman, was an accomplished dancer upon the tight and slack ropes; could stand on stilts with a far greater ease than many persons on their own dignity; and had a light and graceful touch upon the tambourine. These arts, however, like those more ambitious ones of which the poet speaks, were quite unable to delay the inevitable hour; and the young professor of them expired of exhaustion, with her baby clutched to her breast, as though, instead of the

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offspring of poverty and guilt, it had been the long-looked-for heir of all sorts of titles and landed properties. Signor Smittini and his lady, who, when Mr and Mrs Smith, had won poor Bessie Bateman's affections, and enticed her to leave England in their establishment, were good-hearted, steadfast people, and having no children of their own, adopted the boy, who in their Company saw many men and cities, and before he was ten years of age, might have been called a cosmopolitan. By that time, the handsome, clever lad had become as their own son to them; and as their experience had shewn them that there were serious drawbacks even to the sovereignty of a travelling-company, they determined to give him an education other than that of the circle or 'arena.' He was, therefore, put to school at what they persisted in calling his birthplace, Frankfort, where he remained for several years, improving his mind with the greatest diligence. He was about fourteen years of age when he first made acquaintance with the neighbouring salons of Homburg—not as a player, indeed, but as a rapt spectator of the varying fortunes and behaviour of the players. The young student here first discovered his own aptitude for that art in which he afterwards became such a proficient—the study of human nature. The calm Professional, the suspicious Tyro, the wary Cheat, the passionate Dupe, the Habitué, and the casual Player, he could detect at almost the first glance; and his boyish prophecies concerning them, although seldom uttered, gave to himself, in their frequent fulfilments, a rare and exquisite pleasure.

One afternoon, when he was spending, as usual, his holiday-hours in this scene, so uncongenial, as might well have been thought, to one of his tender years, a middle-aged gentleman entered, and took his seat at the *rouge-et-noir* table. Although he soon lost very heavily, his ill-luck did not seem to afflict him, and the lad drew near to mark this philosophic stranger, who could part with his *rouleaux* so continuously, and yet have an eye for the gay company around him, and even for the beautiful garden and pleasant champaign upon which the huge windows of the salon opened.

'You are young, my lad,' observed this indifferent gambler, 'to be in such a place as this. See, there's another roulean gone after the rest. I hope you have better luck with your florins than I have!'

'I have but few florins, sir,' returned the boy, respectfully, 'and those I cannot afford to risk; but I have luck, I think, for I often tell to myself who will win, and who will lose, beforehand.'

'Then sit here in my seat, my good lad, and try to save for me this remnant of my treasury, or, at least, to delay its loss: it cannot possibly go faster out of your hands than mine. Now, then, *rouge* or *noir*? Which is it to be?'

'Stay a minute,' returned the boy in a whisper, his face flushing with excitement at the charge intrusted to him. 'How much am I to put on?'

'Whatever you like,' replied the gentleman. 'But see, the ball is beginning to roll slowly; you must make haste.'

Master Bateman, who was at least as well aware of what he was about as his full-grown adviser, took up in his hand a considerable sum of money, and placed it upon the red colour.

'*Rouge gagne, noir perd!*' shouted the croupier; and the firm, which consisted of the Man and the Boy, became at once in a position to declare a dividend.

'You're a bold lad,' cried the gentleman, with genuine admiration. 'But we are surely not going to risk all that upon the red again?'

'*Rouge gagne, noir perd!*' repeated the croupier, and quite a little gold-mine was once more emptied into the coffers of the recently started company.

After several more lucky ventures, and when the gentleman had not only retrieved his fortunes, but found himself heavily on the winning-side, young Bateman suddenly observed: 'I can play no longer, sir; my luck is entirely gone.'

'Let us come into the garden, then, and have an ice,' returned his companion, gathering up quite a little mountain of coin. 'And now,' continued he, when they were seated under a large lime-tree, and only reminded of the neighbourhood of the gambling-room by a pleasant music of gold and silver, which was almost rill-like and pastoral, 'where on earth did your luck and your good-looks come from? You never can belong to any of that tribe of knaves and simpletons yonder?'

'Sir,' said the boy in English, 'I am, as I believe, half a fellow-countryman of your own, and as you say, have no relations hereabouts, nor indeed elsewhere. As to my luck, that was simply a matter of observation. I never staked till I saw Durchen stake, who is a professional gamester—sharper, perhaps you would call him—whom I have seen to win here when no one else did. If he staked not, I put down only a very small sum, which we generally lost, you remember. When he went away, which he did as soon as he observed our method of play, my luck, as you call it, would, I knew, go also.'

'Well,' returned the other, 'that was better than luck, for it was judgment. I begin to have a great opinion of you. I am Sir Gilbert Onslow, a rich man, who feels inclined to assist you. I was about to divide our gains, and so to part company, but perhaps we may do better than dissolve partnership so speedily. I have some cheroots here which I will smoke, while you, if you please, will confide to me your history.'

William Bateman—for Signor Smittini had dowered him with his own Christian name—had never met among his life-studies any specimen such as was now addressing him in so singular a manner; but his ready acuteness at once sanctioned the unreserved confession to which his really affectionate nature had been moved by the baronet's kindly manner.

When he had concluded, Sir Gilbert Onslow announced himself as his future patron; obtained the most probable address of the peripatetic Signor Smittini; and filling the lad's pocket with silver, promised to call at his Frankfort school on the ensuing day.

To cut this retrospective story as short as possible, let us merely say that, after no great lapse of time, Master William became Master William Onslow Bateman at the baronet's own request, and exchanged for that gentleman's patronage the affectionate but humble aid of the Smittinis; that he was sent to Bonn, where he carried off all sorts of honours, fought several duels with successful grace, and acquired a code of morals and religion, the easiest fitting perhaps that was ever worn by any preceptor of youth before or since. At eighteen years of age, this young man had no contemporary superior to himself in beauty, accomplishments, and that peculiar charm of manner which it is not in the power of either birth or education to bestow, but which polite learning grafts upon some kindly stock to delight all degrees of men—and women.

About this period, Sir Gilbert sent for him to his own mansion in England, where, had he pleased, he might doubtless have easily found himself one of the family. The far-sighted lad, however, declined this elevation, and contented himself, as the humble guest of the baronet, with gaining golden opinions from all the high-born visitors who frequented Broadalope Park, or the house in Grosvenor Street, in their seasons. And not from the visitors only. Lucy Onslow, the heiress of these vast possessions, a young lady of seventeen, and yet under the tutelage of a governess, was soon quite of the same mind as the rest of the world regarding the extraordinary merits of young Bateman. In vain did Margaret Brand, the

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preceptress in question, herself not insensible to the young man's merits, make use of her more matured (by three years) experience to expatiate upon 'those dangerous guides, the feelings,' and depict in the darkest colours the miseries of a *mésalliance*. Miss Lucy would marry Onslow Bateman, or else nobody; and when reasoned with, would add, that she would go into a nunnery, or even die first, rather than give him up. Under these circumstances, which were really getting rather serious, and—which was almost worse—were becoming public, Sir Gilbert held a private interview with his protégé. What actually took place thereat, we are not in a position to disclose; but certain it is that all intercourse of a really friendly character ceased between them from that hour, and that in spite of the young man's noble renunciation of the girl, and acceptance of Miss Brand in her stead; which dispelled all absurd reports, and was an immense relief to several good families in the neighbourhood with marriageable sons. It was said, indeed, by Mr Onslow Bateman's detractors, that the price at which this sacrifice was purchased by the baronet was an excessively high one, and took the very tangible shape of dowry for the governess; and that neither the feelings of the lady who was given up, nor those of the lady who was taken, were at all consulted by the extremely agreeable young gentleman in question. However, there was no open breach between him and Sir Gilbert. As soon as Mr Bateman was married, and known to be in want of pupils, he had more offers of them from the very highest quarters than he could accept; so that, if he had been of a saving disposition, or could have looked to anything beyond present luxury, he might soon have been in easy circumstances; even when his wife died—a loss which he felt deeply, not only because she had been an excellent manager of his household, but because she had loved him with a devotion that had astonished himself—and one of his two daughters had grown to beautiful womanhood, his early conduct in the matter of Miss Lucy Onslow stood him in good stead. It was agreed among his aristocratic patrons, that a man who, out of a strict sense of duty, had given up a most tempting match for himself, would never permit his daughters to be less scrupulous; and hitherto, experience had proved them right.

Mr Onslow Bateman had been a great wanderer over the face of Great Britain since his marriage, but his peregrinations were no longer made in a caravan. He always took a good-sized house, and one, if possible, situated in a picturesque county; for, in addition to his other accomplishments, he was a very tolerable painter, and had a genuine taste for nature as seen through the medium of the fine arts. He had been at Teesdale How for some two years, and enjoyed in that neighbourhood, as wherever else he had temporarily settled, the reputation of being as great a gentleman as the squire, and as great a scholar as the parson. Nevertheless, and in spite of this dangerous eminence, with neither squire nor parson had Mr Onslow Bateman the slightest difficulty in 'getting on.' To have called him 'a man of the world,' would have been greatly to underrate his delicate acuteness; he was a man of both worlds, and possessed the marvellous faculty of convincing spiritual pastors of his humility and orthodoxy without very regularly listening to their sermons. His daughters went to church unfailingly; so did his pupils; so did Mrs Allwyne; nay, not a servant at Teesdale How was permitted to miss hearing the Rev. Allen Brooklet's morning-discourse, although the place wherein he ministered was more than two miles distant; but Mr Onslow Bateman himself—comforted, doubtless, by the sense of his own self-denial in such a matter—was content to keep house alone on Sunday mornings, and forego the inestimable privilege.

CHAPTER VII.

MASTER AND PUPIL.

Robert Marsden had not long been 'white-washing'—as the process of regeneration under Mr Onslow Bateman was called by that young prodigal—but he flattered himself he knew his master well. In this he doubtless erred, but not entirely; for it is exceeding hard for the most worldly wise to conceal his weaknesses from those of his own household, and, least of all, from clever and unscrupulous lads, to whom the gift of charity is seldom accorded. Mr Bateman was aware that there had never entered into his fold an inmate so dangerously quick-sighted as Robert Marsden, and would, so far as his peace of mind was concerned, have preferred to live with a dozen wolves, such as Bartholomew Luders, with scarcely a rag of sheep's-clothing among them. On the eve of a discussion with most persons, he was wont to determine his own line of argument beforehand, and to force them by mental strength and dexterity into the wished-for channel; but when he had seriously to do with Robert Marsden, he stripped himself of all preconcerted plan, and entered the lists a naked athlete, only lubricated with that sweet oil of insinuation which belonged to him as properly and naturally as turpentine to a pine-tree.

'Well, Marsden,' said he, re-entering the breakfast-room with the most ingenuous of smiles, 'I've managed to pack that troublesome fellow off, and, I hope, have cleared your character.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied the young man warmly. 'I am extremely sorry to have been even the innocent cause of such an unpleasant scene; that *you* should have been so inconvenienced, is bad enough, but that the young ladies should have been compelled to listen to such a charge from that vulgar fellow'—

'As far as that goes,' interrupted Mr Bateman carelessly, 'there is no great harm done, my good sir; my daughters are not fine ladies, and will never have the opportunity of becoming so; between ourselves, they will probably be one day governesses—indeed, they would *certainly* be so, did anything happen to me—and it would be, therefore, an act of cruelty to bring them up like hot-house plants, unaccustomed to the least rude breath of vulgarity.' He hesitated for a moment, during which the young man examined with foot and eye the anatomy of a rose on the pattern of a carpet, and then continued: 'But, unfortunately, this sad business itself remains pretty much where it was, Marsden; the girl is gone, and although Michael Rosthwaite has acquitted *you* of abducting her, we know there must be some one guilty.'

'Sir,' said Marsden hastily, and answering to the tone rather than the words of his interlocutor, 'I have already given you my word of honour that I have had nothing whatever to do with this matter; I now have to add, upon my word of honour, that neither do I know who has had to do with it.'

Mr Onslow Bateman commenced a game of play with his watch-chain, which occupied him for some seconds, and bestowed a tolerably long look upon the landscape before he remarked, quietly: 'During some conversation which we had some six weeks ago, Marsden, upon an occasion to which it is not now worth while to refer, was not some sort of promise entered into with regard to your attendance at these village-feasts at night?'

'There was, sir.'

'Did you not promise, in particular, that you would not go to Greendale?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Upon your word of honour?'

'Yes, sir.'

'So I understood, Marsden. Well, we all have our temptations and our falls, nor am I one of those—and the fact of your being in this house, Marsden, you

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must forgive me for saying so, proves it—who believes that he who errs and regrets his error, is more likely to err again than before his first mistake: a man is not like a horse in this respect, which once broken-kneed, becomes a stumbler.'

Robert Marsden had really begun to be ashamed of himself, when this affectation of forbearance, as he considered it, on the part of his tutor, restored his mind to tranquillity. 'You have three hundred pounds per annum, my good sir, in return for this charitable forgiveness,' thought the practical youth.

'You will answer me truly and without reservation, I am sure,' continued the tutor, 'when I ask you to tell me what occurred at the Rushbearing.'

Marsden described in accurate detail all that took place upon the preceding evening, as regarded himself, including his quarrel with Luders, and that gentleman's departure at ten o'clock, and finishing with his own lonely return at a far later hour, on foot, across the Fells.

'Thank you, Marsden,' said Mr Bateman, when the narrative was concluded. 'I hope by the time you return at the end of the vacation, all this will be satisfactorily cleared up, and the unfortunate girl restored to her parent. And now,' continued he with warmth and the air of one who has finally got rid of an unpleasant subject, 'where are you going, Marsden, when you leave us next Tuesday? Do you take a gun to your father's moor, as you did last year, and which we had such good cause to remember in those great boxes of grouse, or do you stay in the south?'

'I think I shall stay in the south, sir; but I am not sure: my plans are rather unsettled at present, but I hope soon to write and let you know.'

The Tutor and Pupil parted with a hearty shake of the hand—the latter with a curious twitching of the lips, which became a smile as he left the room for the study-chamber shared by himself and his two companions; the former to make the following memorandum in his note-book: *To write privately to Mr Marsden, senior, next week, and discover what the young man is doing with himself.* 'He is as cunning as a gray fox,' mused the Tutor, 'and I don't know at this moment, for certain, whether he is the real culprit or not.' From which soliloquy we must infer that this gentleman had not quite that confidence in the matter on hand, himself, with which he had so dexterously inspired Michael Rosthwaite.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

Nearly three months passed away before Teesdale How again received its complement of inmates; for Messrs Ryder and Marsden had found their holidays agreeable, and Mr Onslow Bateman was not the man to shorten the pleasure of his pupils in that respect. The intervening time had passed with the two sisters very pleasantly; for although Mr Bartholomew Luders had remained, as was threatened, at the How, he had not inflicted his society upon them unnecessarily. He seldom came in before dinner-time, and often not until very late at night; and had, in short, made himself, by the negative process, as agreeable to them as lay in his power. The beautiful tints of Autumn had faded utterly from the surrounding landscape, and snow had already fallen thickly upon the higher Fells; the mountain dells had become dreary solitudes; the laughing becks wore Winter's freezing sneer; and all the land, late full of troops of visitors, was silent and deserted. Nor were the minds of men less changed than the face of Nature. Phœbe Rosthwaite was still missing, nor had anything further been heard of her disappearance; but she was no longer the constant topic of conversation in the neighbourhood, and guesses concerning the object of her unhappy attachment had ceased without being resolved. Her father was not a popular person; and now that his vicarious notoriety was on the wane, was obliged to content himself with that never-failing companion, the Bottle, to whose consolation he became so largely indebted, that there were not a few who asserted that Michael's short-lived indignation had been feigned, and that he himself knew where Phœbe was gone, and was not altogether dissatisfied with her departure. This, indeed, was not the fact; but, by a just retribution, a base and selfish motive is never wanting, in the opinion of his slighted fellow-creatures, for the behaviour of a base and selfish man. Ryder and Marsden resumed the intimacy they had recommenced at the beginning of the vacation, and the former was well inclined, as young men generally are, to forget his old dislike of Luders, now that some time had intervened since their last meeting; but the West Indian seemed to prefer his own company, and left them to pursue their various country-pleasures without him.

It was late in November when the two friends received news of a certain Hunting of the Sweetmart, to be held some eight miles off, among the Fells, on the ensuing day; and they good-naturedly determined to ask Luders to join them in partaking of the sport. They went up to his room for that purpose, but, as was usual, he was not within, but had departed on some expedition of his own: not a sketching one, evidently—although he did draw, even in that winter weather—for his sketch-book lay upon the table, with the chalks beside it. It was full of drawings very nicely executed; and they thought it no harm to take it down with them when they went to tea, to amuse the young ladies with its contents. Many a solemn crag and solitary mere were therein depicted with that free, bold touch which is the autograph of a master-hand, so that even those of the spectators who most disliked the artist, could not but forget their antipathy in admiration of his skill.

'What strange, weird subjects Mr Luders chooses,' remarked Florence Bateman; 'mere beauty seems to have but little charm for him.'

'Has it not?' cried Ryder, laughing, and holding up a portrait in his hand. 'I think this a very charming young woman, at all events, and admire his taste exceedingly.'

'Well, as far as her back-hair goes—and it goes a good way'—observed Marsden, 'I agree with you; but I should like him to have drawn her face.'

'Even in the figure, however, there is despondency,' urged Florence. 'She is leaning over a table with her forehead resting on her hand, like one who reads; but there is no book before her' ——

'Oh, how delicious!' interrupted Ellen, clapping her hands; 'see what *I* have found! Here is the Haunted House, and all that belongs to it!'

'What! the ghost?' inquired Marsden with a start of pretended alarm.

'No; but all *but* the ghost,' returned she; 'the north side and the south side, the east side and the west side'——

'Ay, and the inside too, by all that's gloomy!' continued Marsden. 'Here are the two rooms that have still a roof left on them above stairs; and here is the little flight of steps that leads up to the ruined attics, Ryder, which you used to ascend, at the peril of your neck, last summer. I should have supposed that by this time the whole fabric had come down together.'

'What would the poor ghost do then?' laughed Ellen merrily.

'It would come to the How,' returned Florence in sepulchral tones.

'Who is that who is about to honour us with his presence?' inquired Mr Bateman, putting away his book, and rising from his customary arm-chair by the fire to approach the group.

'Only the ghost from Ladybank, sir,' replied

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Marsden; 'he will call to request you will be so good as to lay him in the Red Sea.'

'We lay our telegraphs instead of our ghosts there now-a-days,' replied the Tutor with that sort of smile which betokens more incredulity than a whole encyclopædia of materialism. 'What taste is this which leads Luders to depict ruined tenements and haunted houses? I am quite sure he did not derive it from any too great application to the dead languages. Here's Michael Rosthwaite's mill, I see, which is itself almost dropping to pieces by this time; and here is'—— Mr Onslow Bateman paused in his researches among the drawings, and lowered his voice pathetically—'here is a poor human ruin that was at one time doubtless fair and goodly to behold. What a melancholy in the girl's large eyes, what weight upon her brow, what piteous eloquence in even the folded and despairing hands! Why, Luders must have been a poet to have imagined such a picture, as well as an artist to have painted it!'

'Thank you, sir,' exclaimed a sudden voice close to Mr Bateman's elbow, so deep and hoarse with passion that Ellen uttered quite a little shriek of terror. 'I am obliged to you for your good opinion, but that sketch-book is private, and my property.' Bartholomew Luders stood in the midst of that startled company with eyes as cold and staring as those of the Sphynx; his hands, trembling with fury, were employed in gathering together the drawings upon the table, but his looks wandered the while from Ryder to Marsden, and back again, like a tiger in doubt as to which of two victims he should spring at and rend asunder first. 'May I ask,' cried he, 'to which of you two *gentlemen* I am indebted for this public exhibition of my sketches? Did you bring my private letters down here also? They were in my room with these, and the desk—as I daresay you know—was left unlocked.'

It was horrible to see the satanic rage of this man, so self-contained and cold by nature: it seemed as if one of the demons of old time possessed him, so ungovernable was his fury; all the more terrible, too, by contrast with the pleasant home-look of the room, the peaceful occupation of the company, and especially with the polished calmness, which even this outbreak failed to ruffle, of Mr Onslow Bateman.

'When you have taken your drawings, which are really remarkably beautiful, upstairs,' remarked that gentleman, quietly, 'I am quite sure, Luders, you will come down again, and apologise to all of us for this singular behaviour. We have been very much pleased with the treat your art has afforded us, and were quite unaware that we were doing any harm in admiring it.'

'Really, sir,' stammered Luders, who was becoming conscious by degrees of what was happening, 'I did not mean'——

'I think you had better go upstairs, Luders,' reiterated his Tutor with overwhelming suavity; 'I think you will collect yourself better upstairs.'

The wild beast, still dreadfully glaring, but somewhat cowed by the eyes which had themselves begun to wear an expression very foreign to their usual placidity, withdrew from the apartment, and retired growling to his den.

'This peculiarity in West Indian natures,' began Mr Onslow Bateman in explanation, 'of being excited by trivial—— Marsden, you will oblige me by staying in the room for the present. My dears, you look a little tired, as well as frightened; I think you are right to be thinking of retiring.'

Nothing was really further from the young ladies' minds than the idea of going to rest without hearing the debate upon this domestic fracas; but with their customary docility, they at once lit their candles, and went up, if not to bed, at all events to their sleeping-apartment.

'It was very unmanly as well as ungentlemanlike in Luders, sir, to behave in that manner before the ladies,' remarked Marsden impatiently; 'I hope they will not consider that I, that we'——

'They will not, of course, see blame where no blame is,' interrupted—nay, 'slid in' (he never 'interrupted')—Mr Onslow Bateman; 'but it would not have mended matters for you to have had a personal quarrel with him upon the subject. I beg your pardon for having laid any check upon your movements, but I feared that you were leaving the room just now, Marsden, with some such purpose in your mind.'

'I was going to inquire,' hesitated that young gentleman, 'what the dickens he meant by it, that was all.'

'You will oblige me by not doing so, Marsden; do you understand me?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the other laughing, 'I do, and I will.'

'Ryder,' continued the Tutor, 'what book is that on which you are so deeply engaged?'

'Bacon's Essays,' returned the young student, blushing furiously.

'An excellent volume,' observed Mr Bateman, 'but none the better for being read upside down, which is, I perceive, the system you have adopted with it. You have heard what Marsden and I have been saying, I think. I wish you to promise me'——

'Please, sir, I can't,' exclaimed the young man with ludicrous volubility, 'or at least I had much rather not. I really must have some explanation from Mr Luders. In point of fact,' stuttered Ryder, 'and begging your pardon, sir, I mean to punch his head. I don't care about what he said to *me* tuppence—two pence,' repeated he emphatically, as he warmed with his subject; 'but to have put himself into such a fury before the young ladies, sir—to go and frighten women in that manner—it's a precious shame: nobody but a' (here Mr Bateman coughed, and purposely lost a word) 'bully like himself would have done such a thing. If it had not been for their presence, and for yours, sir,' added the indignant young fellow rather parenthetically, 'upon my honour, I would have taken him by the scruff of the neck, and ducked him in the lake.'

Never before, in his Tutor's presence, had the young man indulged in so prolonged a speech, and it was in admiration of his progress in that respect, perhaps, which caused that gentleman to forget its somewhat rebellious character; but, at all events, his features wore a benevolent, not to say a genial expression, which presently blossomed into a smile; finally, he laughed a ringing laugh, and stirring the silver money gently in his pockets—that 'simmering' of wealth which is so grateful to the temporarily prosperous—he ejaculated: 'Well, I suppose when I was your age—you lucky fellows—*I* should have ducked him too; at least, as you were saying, if my Tutor had not been in the room. But it must not be,' added Mr Onslow Bateman sadly; 'it would be no sort of satisfaction to anybody after all.'

'Oh, wouldn't it, though, by Jove!' cried Ryder; 'I beg your pardon, sir, but it really would be a very great satisfaction.'

'Not, at all events, to *me*,' returned the Tutor gravely, 'and not to my daughters, Ryder, we may be sure, who would be thus, by your own confession, made the partial cause of such an outrage. I am sure, when you think of this, you will promise to let the matter drop.'

'Very well, sir,' replied the reluctant Ryder, 'I will do as you please.'

'You are a couple of good boys,' returned the Tutor, laughing; 'and now, go you to bed, and bring down no more sketch-books that don't belong to you.'

When Mr Onslow Bateman was left alone, he threw off, at once, that mask which was none the less stifling because it fitted him with such apparent ease.

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His face exhibited all the scorn and indignation of one insulted by a lower creature, whom he was yet unable to spurn. 'Fool that I was to take the fellow at any price,' soliloquised he; 'of such a stock, and with such a character as he had already earned for himself, what chance of amendment—pshaw—what cant one learns! What hope for such a ruffian but the gallows? and even from that benefit he is precluded by his social position. And yet I did not think he would have dared to shew his cloven hoof to *me*. It must have been either drunkenness or madness that got the better of him; but neither drunkard nor madman shall behave in that manner to me in my own house. It's the last half-year, at all events,' mused he, after a little pause; 'and yet,' after another, 'it would be giving up one's West Indian connection too.'

NIGHT-PUNTING.

We wonder why it is that barristers who write books are so fond of writing apologetic prefaces. Surgeons who exchange their scalpel for that more formidable weapon the steel-pen, do not, if they compose at all, take pains to let us know that it is only 'during the intervals of business.' They do not 'consume a few idle hours' in setting what they have to say before the public, or at least they have not the bad manners to tell it so. Men of the sword who are writers are not superfluous enough to inform us beforehand that they were 'on leave' when they did it, or had executed every duty which their country was expecting of them before they commenced the frivolous occupation of book-writing.

Why, then, should barristers alone be always seeking (somewhat suspiciously) to impress us with the idea of *their* untiring diligence and application to their profession? Is it that in doing this they in reality address themselves not to the Public, but to the Attorneys? Goodness gracious! do they, then, imagine that an attorney is to be conciliated by a preface, to be appeased by a foot-note? We should have supposed that the flattery implied by any such attempt would have been of too open and gross a nature to be practised by any man. Yet Henry Coleman Folkard, Esq., Barrister-at-law, in giving us this excellent volume upon Wild-fowling,* must needs introduce it with the excuse, that though it be a book, it is 'not a book of fiction, but one gathered from the experiences of early life.' Messrs Vellum and Tape, in handing their next brief across our author to a more fortunate brother of the wig, may respond, with some reason: 'We are sorry to hear it, sir; for you might have dreamed your fiction, but your facts have been derived, by your own shewing, from a misspent youth.' Our author also expresses a hope that he may not, in writing this volume, be 'doing anything derogatory to himself or his profession.' We can set the gentleman's mind at ease upon the latter point, at all events. If the members of his profession do not practise worse things than the writing of books upon wild-fowling, they have good grounds for an action for libel against the General Opinion of Mankind.

The earliest system of wild-fowling practised in the valley of the Nile by the ancient Egyptians, was principally pursued by means of 'throwsticks,' similar to those with which the now ducal pastime of 'Aunt Sally' is carried on upon our race-courses; but the sticks were slightly curved, after the fashion of the Australian boomerang. From the plates of Egyptian bird-catching, it appears that the aim was always directed to the neck; and that the art was, therefore, especially adapted for wild ducks, geese, heron, and the more elongated of the feathered kind. An expert fowler was able to discharge three or four of these missiles in rapid succession, and with unerring effect; and an attendant stood behind him to supply him with more weapons, exactly as the modern proprietor of 'throwsticks' stands behind his customer, and presses upon him another pennyworth, under the euphuistic title of 'three more lucky throws at the pincushions.'

But there was another and much more charming feature about the Egyptian amusement. In all the representations, a young girl also 'stands close behind the fowler during his performances, and has her right hand firmly grasping his waist, evidently for the purpose of supporting and steadying him in his critical position as he stands in the boat, and so preventing any overbalance caused by extraordinary exertion in throwing the stick; and whereby, but for the temporary fulcrum of the attendant's hand, the fowler might fall overboard.' This is precisely the system of Wild-fowling which we should like, only we fear that Charmian or Iras (or whatever the dear creature's name might have been) would have filled our mind a little to the exclusion of the business on hand. 'A third attendant (and this we should not like so much) holds his leg, to prevent his falling over the gunwale of the boat in which these operations are conducted; while the boat itself is held, as if by a temporary anchor, by the hand of one of the crew grasping a bunch of growing lotus or papyrus. The fowler is also represented as being attended by a cat (!) in the act of retrieving the struck birds; but this feline assistant was probably employed to recover those only which fell on land, or among sedges growing on a soil too rotten to bear the weight of the human foot.' What a remarkable spectacle would a 'gentleman-sportsman' now present to the public eye, who should take with him upon expeditions in the fowling-punt his parlour-maid and the domestic tabby of his establishment!

Wild-fowl must certainly have been more plentiful in those times on the Delta than in this country now-a-days, and since the drainage of the great Bedford Level; but even of late years, the shooter in our fens has had abundant sport. In the severe winters of 1846–7, wild-ducks were sold in London at two shillings a pair, and snipes at fourpence each; while in Devonshire, the latter were so numerous as to fetch only a half-penny apiece; nor in the great frosts of 1854–5, were they much less cheap or plentiful. In old times, Lincolnshire decoymen would have been glad to contract for years to deliver their ducks at Boston at tenpence the couple; and the quantity of birds taken in their cunning and complicated snares was almost incredible. A clear profit of from L.200 to L.500 in a season used to be the average return for a complete decoy; and many instances are narrated of L.600, and even L.800, being cleared from them in a single season. No less than ten thousand head of widgeon, teal, and wild-ducks were caught during one year in the Decoy of the Rev. Bate Dudley in Essex. There are still several excellent Decoys both in England and Ireland, but they are, of course, very much less numerous than in the pre-draining-tile epoch. Mr Folkard gives us a clear and comprehensive account of the curious strategies employed for snaring wild-fowl in such establishments, but the subject has been already treated of at some length in this periodical.*

Like a thorough sportsman, our author—having first shaken himself well free from his professional scruples

* *The Wild-fowler*. Piper, Stephenson, and Spence, London. 1859.

* *Chambers's Journal*, No. 182.

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—is entirely devoted to his *spécialité* of wild-fowling, and actually asserts that 'punting is the art of pursuing wild-fowl in a small boat termed a gunning-punt;' whereas punting is generally held to mean the science of sitting in a huge flat-bottomed vessel, in company with two or three other old gentlemen who bob for gudgeon. The boat of the wild-fowler, in reality, is built in proportion to the size of the punt-gun it is meant to accommodate—a formidable weapon, carrying half a pound of shot at a charge, and fired from the head of the boat, not from the shoulder, but like a piece of ordnance. There are some beautiful pictures in this volume illustrative of sporting in this fashion by night; but notwithstanding these, we cannot say that the diversion looks altogether attractive. You have to lie upon your stomach, it seems, at the bottom of the boat, and propel it, *face foremost*, with a pair of small sculls—an exertion tremendous indeed, but yet quite insufficient to keep you warm in a winter's midnight upon an exposed tidal river. When the tide is low, you must get out and push your boat before you upon the mud; and if you have not got 'splashers' on (thin boards about eighteen inches square lashed to the soles of your boots), you had better be particular where you tread, since, if you fall, the great probability is, that you will never get up again. The same precaution has, of course, to be observed in pursuing wounded birds upon the treacherous ooze.

'The only practicable method of getting up from a fall on the ooze, is by rolling over, on the back, so as to draw the arms out of the mud, and then by placing one foot, with the splasher, firmly and flatly on the ooze, at the same time pressing both hands on the knee of the leg so raised, and giving a cautious but determined spring, a man may succeed in bringing himself again to his legs. But it is useless to attempt getting up by resting the hands on the mud, as one would do on hard ground: the arms only sink deeper and deeper; and if the mud be very rotten, the fallen individual finds it impossible to rise in that manner; and by kneeling, it would be just as difficult.'

What very much enhances the unpleasantness of a position of this kind, is the knowledge that the tide must sooner or later come up and drown you.

This miserable fate of death by inches attends the incautious night wild-fowler who, under any circumstances, wanders too far from his punt, and is unable to regain it; and with a flowing tide it is almost impossible to recognise its position, however carefully marked beforehand. Nevertheless, we do not doubt that our author's evident enthusiasm for this pursuit is well warranted by the exciting expectations and triumphant fulfilments which it not seldom affords to the real sportsman. Conceive him leaving his home in the winter evening, well victualled (that is, within, for a gunning-punt is not quite the place for taking supper in), and rigged out with such garments as you see in tubs before the doors of the great London water-proof clothing-shops; by no means careless of wind and weather (since it is useless to go on such an excursion in a wind, because the birds cannot be seen for the ripples), but well provided against cold and wet. Placing himself at full length in his small flat-bottomed vessel, he directs his movements according to the position of light and shadow; keeping his punt on the dark side of the moon, and cautiously approaching the spot to which, by the different notes and calls of the aquatic birds, his attention is courteously invited. He moves quite noiselessly, for he knows that wild-fowl, whether sleeping or feeding, have always sentinels watching, so that the slightest indication of his approach will be at once communicated to the whole body. If he hears birds on the outer or wrong side of the moon (as he frequently will), he must not be tempted to set towards them, but must row in a contrary direction, and work his course so as to bring them into a proper light between the punt and the moon, although he may have to spend an hour in the tedious toil. The tide is coming in with a slight breeze, and the ripple darkens the deep water; such of the oozes, too, as remain uncovered look pitchy dark enough, but the shallows shew a silvery whiteness; on these, to the very last, the water-fowl will delay, crowding perhaps on one small mound, from which they will not budge till fairly lifted by the tide; thus 'on their last legs'—as it is technically expressed—they stand visibly exposed upon the white water, although before the tide had reached them they were in complete obscurity. The sportsman has now only to wait in the dark water until there is sufficient depth on the white surface to enable his punt to approach within range of the birds, when very large numbers—upwards of fifty at a shot—may be killed by a well-aimed discharge. These, of course, are very favourable conditions; at other times, and when there is no moon, the punter must let fly the instant that he distinguishes the birds; or, as it sometimes happens, as soon as he gets within shooting-distance of the inexperienced sporting-curate in his punt, whom he mistakes for the birds. Our author himself, in company with two other punters, once bore down upon a young clerical gentleman for several minutes, with three miniature cannon, in the shape of punt-guns, primed, capped, and cocked, and carrying about two pounds of shot in all, and absolutely covered him at less than sixty yards—under the impression that he was Widgeon.

'A good ear,' observes our author, 'for ornithological sounds is as necessary to the midnight sportsman as the natural musical ear is to the most accomplished harpist. Every wild-fowler, from the practised sportsman to the decoy-man's Wring-neck, is more or less familiar with the *ordinary* notes of the species duck, widgeon, geese, and such like. He knows the trumpet-like noise of a gaggle of wild-geese, resembling at a distance the rich tone of a pack of foxhounds in full cry; the sonorous and saucy "Quack! quack!" of the wild-duck; the soft but attractive "Wheow! wheow!" of the widgeon; the sharp and wailing whistle of the plover; the shrill but mournful cry of the curlew; the simple "Pee-wit!" of the lapwing; and the "Frank!" warning of the majestic heron. With these and many others, the wild-fowler becomes so easily acquainted that a mistake of species cannot well be made. . . . .

'When free from all suspicion, and unconscious of danger, the note of the solan-goose is "Grog! grog!" and so long as the fowler of St Kilda hears no other note, he is assured the birds are not suspecting him; but if he hears their watchword—"Birr! birr!"—he instantly deaists, and remains as quiet and motionless as possible, because he knows it is the warning-note of the sentinel, which, in that one sound, informs all its companions of the suspected approach of an enemy. Generally, after lying still a few minutes, the words of assurance, "Grog! grog!" are repeated; and then the fowler resumes his movements. The warning given by a sentry wild-fowl, of whatever species, seems to strike through every ear of the assemblage with electrical precision, and this though numbering many hundreds: in an instant, heads are up, ears searching, eyes piercing, and all from the effects of the sentry's single note; then, if the suspicions are confirmed by further noise or movement of the enemy, the whole flight simultaneously takes wing, and the bungling fowler's chance is gone. An experienced decoyer can always tell, by the talk of his fowl, when they are thinking of leaving the pond for an excursion out to sea, or to feed on the savannas. Just before twilight, the debate is opened by wild-ducks, the clamour of the female being loudest and most incessant; this is continued some ten or twenty minutes, as if they were arranging a rendezvous at some distant fen; and when all is decided, they quietly leave the decoy, in small and separate teams of from ten to twenty or more, according to the extent of their numbers.' Mr Folkard, indeed, seems to

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entertain an idea that his own species might go to the gannet, or learn a lesson of the lapwing, with advantage, as to speaking intelligibly. He laments that the character of the English sportsman has so degenerated as to permit him to apply indiscriminately such a word as 'flock' to every description of wild-fowl; whereas every company of each has its own proper designation, such as 'a gaggle' of geese when in the water, and a 'skein' when on the wing; a suit of mallards, a walk of snipes, and a hill of ruffs. But these matters are far too technical for *us*. We can only thank our author for a most interesting description of how our water-fowl are procured for the poulterers, and less directly for ourselves; and the next time we take the lemon and the cayenne in hand for our wild-duck, we shall think of him gratefully.

OLD REES.

I LEFT Leyden in a diligence, one fine summer morning, in order to spend the vacation at my uncle's country-seat. When we stopped at the town which was my destination, I heard a weak shrill voice ask the first passenger who got down whether he was Mr Wilbraham.

A rough reply in the negative was returned.

'Can he be in this coach?' rejoined the voice.

'Yes, here I am!' said I, springing out, and confronting the speaker.

He was a little man, with high shoulders and stiff knees, and wore the livery of the deacon-house,* a long frieze coat, with the badge of the charity on the sleeve. He carried in his hand a worn-out portfolio, containing two or three volumes belonging to some circulating library.

'The master sent me a message,' he said, 'and desired me to call on my way, and see if your honour had come by the diligence. You will not take it ill, sir, that I did not know you?'

Now, inasmuch as the worst-tempered tyrant on the face of the earth could hardly take it ill that a man who had never seen him in his life should not recognise him at first sight, I generously pardoned the poor little man; and directing my luggage to be kept in the office till called for, I requested him to shew me the way to my uncle's house.

A few days after my arrival, I strolled one morning after breakfast, with a book in my hand, through the courtyard, into the pleasant garden which lay beyond. Entering a cool leafy arbour, I seated myself on the bench, and was contemplating, in a dreamy sort of mood, the rich profusion of flowers that lay beyond, when the door into the court opened, and Old Rees appeared. As he walked slowly towards me, with the weight of nearly seventy years on his shoulders, I had time enough to perceive that something ailed him. He stumbled against the edge of the flower-border, without seeming conscious of its existence, although during many years he had been accustomed, every morning at half-past ten, to bring his master's clothes to be brushed on a tree near the arbour; he allowed my uncle's Sunday coat, which he carried over his arm, to trail on the gravel; and before he reached the apple-tree, one of whose boughs served as a clothes-stand, he had let his brush fall twice. As he came nearer, I perceived that his cheeks were very pale, his eyes dim, and that his whole bearing betokened sadness. As he passed by the arbour, instead of his usual cheerful, 'A fine morning, sir,' he silently took off his hat, and stumbled against the threshold. With a deep sigh, he then took off his coat, and I thought that, in his tight black vest, he looked thinner and more bent than one would even have expected from his face. The red tin snuff-box, which peeped out of the only pocket in his waistcoat, remained untouched; and with another deep sigh, he hung my uncle's coat across the bough. Then taking the brush, he stood for some moments musing and rubbing the hairs against the grain, and finally began to brush the coat, commencing with the skirts.

'How goes it, Rees? Is anything the matter with you?' I asked.

Old Rees brushed on. He was rather deaf. Whenever a person has occasion to repeat a sentence, which he has uttered in a somewhat compassionate tone, it is quite impossible for him to do so in the same words. I stood up, stepped forward, and said more loudly: 'What ails you, Rees?'

The old man started, looked at me, and continued to look at me for a few moments with a fixed stare; then he seized a sleeve of my uncle's coat, and recommenced his brushing. A tear rolled down his cheek.

'Come, Rees,' I said, 'this mustn't be. Are you crying?'

He wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his vest, and said: 'There's a sharp wind, Master Hildebrand.'

'Nonsense, Rees; there is no wind at all to-day. But something troubles you. Have you lost a newspaper?'

He shook his head, and went on brushing harder than ever.

'Rees,' said I, 'you are too old to be in such trouble. Can I do anything for you, my friend?'

The old man looked up, astonished at the sound of that word 'friend;' perhaps now, in his sixty-ninth year, he heard it applied to himself for the first time. A convulsive smile passed over his thin features; his gray eyes first lighted up, and then grew dim with tears. His whole countenance said: 'I will trust you;' but his lips uttered only these words: 'Hearken, sir. Do you know little Rotas?'

I answered that I had not that honour.

'Did not Mr Peter ever shew him to you? The whole town knows little Rotas. He collects plenty of cents, I can tell you.'

'But what about this man?' I asked.

'He's not a man at all; he's a dwarf, a regular dwarf, sir; you might shew him at a fair; but he's a wicked little wretch: I know him well.'

I heartily wished that Rees would observe more order in his narration.

'He lives in the asylum,' resumed the old man, after a short pause; 'but he runs about the streets like a madman. He makes a great deal of money by his hump. When the children are coming home from school, they subscribe their cents, and little Rotas dances for them. He jumps about a stick like a monkey, and makes his hump look enormous. I have no hump, sir,' he added with a sigh. I perceived that Rees was less jealous of the hump in itself than of the cents which it brought.

'I wish,' he continued in a melancholy tone, brushing the coat too roughly for cloth which had cost nine guilders a yard—'I wish I had a hump. I should then have nothing to do; I could get plenty of cents by making the people in the streets laugh. But I would not drink,' he said, changing his tone, as he took down the coat, and folded it up with much care—'no, I would not drink.'

'Rees,' said I, 'when you came into the garden, and when I spoke to you first, you looked sad; and I would rather see you look so still, than see you shew such ill-temper.'

His old eyes filled with tears, and he stretched out

* An alms-house for the reception of old men or women.

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his withered hands towards me. I took them in mine at the moment when he, ashamed of his familiarity, was drawing them back. I pressed them kindly before I let them go.

'Ah,' said he—'ah, sir, you do not know it, but I am much more sad than angry. Little Rotas has done me a great injury; little Rotas is very spiteful. People,' he continued, as he stooped to pick up a shoe-brush—'people think him mad, but he is only wicked.'

'Come, Rees,' said I, raising up the leaf of a low folding garden-table, 'sit down there, and tell me plainly what little Rotas has done to you.'

'It will do no good,' replied Rees; 'but I'll tell you, if you will promise to keep it to yourself. Does your honour know the *house?*'

'What house?'

'The asylum.'

'I have seen it outside in passing by.'

'Well, it is an ugly house, is it not? A melancholy-looking place, with red doors and windows, and everything inside painted either red or black. Now, sir, you know that in that house we are all poor people—as poor as those in the churchyard. I and a few others earn a little money, but it does us no good; we are obliged to bring it all to the *father*, and every week he gives us a trifle for pocket-money. Now, that is all quite right, sir; for when I shall become old, and no longer able to earn a cent, I shall still get my little allowance. Look at these,' he continued, drawing out a coloured pocket-handkerchief, and tapping the cover of his snuff-box; 'I bought them with my pocket-money.'

It was touching to hear a man of sixty-nine say, 'When I shall become old.'

'Rotas,' he went on, 'receives his allowance also. But what does he do for it? Rotas does nothing but now and then pull up a few weeds in the street. He pretends to be a half-idiot; and when he gets a few cents from the children for dancing, he goes outside the town. Does your honour know the "Greasy Dish-cloth?"'

'No indeed, Rees.'

'It is an ale-house in Hare Lane. There Rotas drinks his dram, and, mayhap, two, or even three.'

'And then when he returns to the asylum?'

'Oh, he has all sorts of tricks. He chews a quid of tobacco; he begs an orange-peel at the druggist's. Sometimes the father observes it, and then he has a log fastened to his leg; for he is too old to be brought to the whipping-block, and besides, they could not beat him on the hump. But what harm does it do him to dance with a log? The children pity him all the more. St John, but Rotas has become wicked! The other day, he took a dram, and the father took away all his cents. You understand, sir, that he only got the more afterwards on that account.'

I understood it perfectly.

'But that was *his* affair,' continued Rees, taking up a shoe of my uncle's, which he had to brush, and laying it down immediately; 'and why need he have ruined me? You don't know what he did: I'll tell you, sir. I had money, a great deal of money—I had twelve guilders.'

'And how did you get them, Rees?'

'Honestly, Master Hildebrand. I saved them up while I was messenger to an apothecary. Sometimes when I carried a bottle of medicine to some country-house in the neighbourhood of the town, the master or the mistress would say: "Give the poor man a ten-cent piece; 'tis bad weather." And so by degrees I scraped together my twelve guilders. It was against the rules of the house; but I hid them next my heart.'

'And wherefore? Had you really need of the money, or was it only for the pleasure of keeping it?'

'Ah, sir,' said the old man, shaking his head, 'if I may make bold to say so, rich idlers can't understand it; the members of the council can't understand it, for they have no care about such things. Living and dying, everything goes well with them. But listen to me. We are well-off in the house; the council are kind to us. On fast-days, we get buttered rolls; and every three weeks, an ox is provided by the will of some great nobleman who died long ago. We always get the meat chopped up into small pieces; and the managers of the asylum have a party, and eat the neat's tongue. We are very well-off; but a man, sir, can't help thinking of his death.'

'I trust you will be well-off also after your death, Rees,' I replied.

'I hope so, sir: in heaven there is nothing but happiness. But that was not what I meant. I want to have my body provided for—do you perceive?'

'How do you mean, Rees?'

'I'll tell you, sir. As soon as we are dead, they lay us on straw, and dress us in the linen of the house, just as when we were alive. Then they carry us to the churchyard, and bury us in the common grave. That is what I do not like. I want, when I am dead, not to have any charity-clothes about me.'

He paused for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears. 'I long,' he resumed, 'to lie in my own coffin—I can't well explain it—as I saw my father lie in his with his own clothes. I have never had a shirt which belonged to me—I would fain have a winding-sheet of my own.'

I was greatly moved. Speak not of prejudices! The rich of this world have them by hundreds. This poor man could cheerfully endure everything—meagre food, a hard bed, and, for his age, hard labour. He had no home; he was to have no special grave; all he desired was the assurance that his last vesture should belong to him.

'You see, then, sir,' he continued in a somewhat hoarse voice, 'what the twelve guilders were for. It was a large sum; but I wanted something besides—I wished to be interred decently. I don't well understand these things, but I calculated four guilders for the linen, two guilders for the men who should bury me, and half a guilder each for the twelve men who should bear me to the grave. Was not that all well arranged? The apothecary's apprentice had written down all the directions for me on a piece of paper. I wrapped the twelve guilders up in it, and sewed the whole in a little leathern bag, which for the last thirty years I have worn next my heart. And now it is all gone!'

'Did Rotas steal it?' I inquired.

'No,' replied Rees, rousing himself from the painful reverie in which his own last words had plunged him; 'but he discovered I had it. His bed is next mine; so perhaps he saw it when I was dressing or undressing; or perhaps, during an illness that I had, I may have talked of it in my sleep, for it was always in my thoughts. Last Tuesday, you may remember, sir, it rained all day, and Rotas did not get a single cent. The weather was so bad that the children could not stop in the street to look at him. All his pocket-money was spent; but he had a raging desire to go to the "Greasy Dishcloth." "Rees," said he to me after dinner, "lend me six cents." "Rotas," I replied, "I won't lend you money to spend in drinking." "Rees," said he, "I must have them." "Not from me," said I. "Rees," said he, "if you don't give me the money, I'll tell the father what you have hidden under your clothes." I felt that I grew as pale as a sheet, and I handed him the six cents. But I could not help saying, "Rotas, you're a rascal!" Whether that vexed him or not, I can't tell; but yesterday he got drunk; and while they were fastening the log to his leg, he shouted like a madman: "Rees has money—Rees has money! inside his shirt he hides it!" My comrades told me this when I came in. It was bedtime, and we all undressed in the men's dormitory. Rotas was already in bed, snoring like a pig.

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As soon as the others were asleep, I slipped the little bag from off my neck, and was going to hide it in the straw of my bolster; but before I had time to do so, the door opened, and in came the father, with a lantern in his hand. I fell back on my pillow, with the little bag in my hand, and stared at the light, like an idiot. I felt every one of the father's footsteps fall on my heart. "Rees," said he, bending over me, "you have money, and you know very well it is quite against the rules of the house to keep it concealed." And he took the little bag out of my hand. "It is only for a shroud!" I cried, and I fell on my knees in the bed; but it was no use. "We will take care of it for you," said the father; and he opened the bag, and counted over the money carefully. My own dear burial-money! I had not laid my own eyes on it since the day, thirty years before, when I sewed it up. "I swear to you," cried I again, "that I will spend it on nothing but a decent burial." "We will take care of that for you," said the father, and went away with the money and the lantern. "Rotas," I called out after him, "told you that!" But what good would it have done if I had told that Rotas was a drunkard, that he went every day to the "Greasy Dishcloth?" It would not have got my money back for me again. I scarcely closed my eyes all night. That's all, sir, I have to tell.'

'Why do you not address a petition to the council?' I asked.

'No, no!' sobbed he, fumbling with his hand inside his vest, as though still searching for his money; 'they will never return me my guilders: that law is as old as the house, and the house is as old—as old as the world.'

'That's going a little too far, Rees; and if'——

He interrupted me.

'Going too far! no indeed. Have there not always been poor creatures like me lodged and fed by charity, and who, when they die, are buried by charity? But I wanted to be respectably buried at my own expense; and it was my greatest comfort to think that I should be so. Ah! if Rotas only knew that he will be the cause of my death.'

'Come, Rees,' said I, 'you must, and shall recover your money. I will speak to my uncle about it: he knows the gentlemen of the council; and we will see whether the rule cannot for once be evaded in favour of an honest, respectable, old man like you. Cheer up, Rees! you *shall* get your guilders again.'

'Shall I?' said the poor man, encouraged by my confident tone—'shall I really?' And drying his eyes, with a happy smile he offered me his hand. Then, in his desire to say something agreeable to me, he added: 'Do I polish your boots to your satisfaction, sir?'

'Quite so,' I answered.

'And is your coat always well brushed? Because, if not, I hope your honour will tell me.'

I promised to do so, and went into the house. It was not difficult to persuade my kind uncle to make the requisite application. The president sent for the father, and despatched him to convoke a meeting of the council. It was a most formal and solemn affair. First of all, Rees was summoned into the board-room, and then desired to withdraw; then the father was called in, and in like manner dismissed. Immediately ensued a grave deliberation, which lasted for an hour, and of which the result was, that the president referred the decision to the wisdom of the council; and the councillors, not to be outdone in politeness, professed themselves ready to be guided entirely by the opinion of the president.

However, as the matter could not rest there, the president at length delivered the decision in these words:

'That, in one point of view, it is right to restore the sum of money in question to Rees, on account of his exemplary conduct, and with the understanding that he will keep this money till his death, as safely as our excellent and indefatigable honorary treasurer'—here the honorary treasurer bowed—'but, on the other hand, it would not be well to encourage Rees in the idea that his money could possibly be safer in his own custody than in that of the before-named excellent treasurer.'

Such was the categorical sentence of the president. The secretary, with some show of justice, ventured to observe, that the decision was hardly sufficiently decisive, and demanded that the question 'to restore or not to restore,' should be put to the vote. Whereupon the treasurer had the magnanimity voluntarily to cede his right to the administration of the sum in question, and it was unanimously resolved that Rees should receive back his twelve guilders, wrapped up, as before, in their little leathern bag.

Two years longer Old Rees wore his money next his heart. Last year, I visited the churchyard of D——, and it was sweet to me to know that there, in the common grave, slept a man who, through my means, had been decently borne to his last home by twelve comrades of his choice, and who had breathed his last in the cherished certainty of wearing his 'own shroud.'

Perhaps Old Rees, in his dying hour, had a kindly thought of me.

HOME'S HARMONY.

The lark may sing her sweetest song,
As rising from the waving corn,
On soaring wings, she skims along
To welcome in the rising morn:
Her sweetest song is nought to me,
Compared to home's sweet harmony.

Deep in the woods, the nightingale,
At midnight hour, may tune her lay,
May pour upon the list'ning vale
Her loveliest streams of melody:
Lovely her midnight lay may be,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

Sweet are the songsters of the spring,
And of the summer's sunny days,
And autumn's feathered warblers sing
In rapturous strains their sweetest lays:
Lovely the songs of bower and tree,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

But oh, what cheers the winter-night,
When all around is dark and gloom,
When feathered songsters take their flight,
Or fill a gloomy little tomb?
'Tis at such hours as these that we
Prize most our home's sweet harmony.

Oh, when dark clouds above us lower,
And life's drear winter o'er us comes,
'Tis then we feel your magic power,
Ye songsters of our hearts and homes;
For soon the lowering clouds do flee
From our dear home's sweet harmony.

T. C. R.

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THE MAUSOLEUM MARBLES.

ENGLAND seems destined to become the depository of the relics of the grandeur of the departed empires of the world. Already exceedingly rich in the possession of the artistic glories of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, Xanthus, and Carthage, our national museum could boast a finer collection of antiquities than the rest of Europe combined. The labours of Elgin, Fellowes, Davis, and Layard have now been crowned by Mr Newton, who has succeeded in bringing safe to London the invaluable remains of that famous wonder of the world which lived but in a name, that celebrated embodiment of a wife's love and a queen's pride, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, which, after an existence of centuries, had succumbed to some unknown power, and apparently 'left not a rack behind.'

Before entering upon a rehearsal of the results of the successful excavations at Budrum, by which these treasures of ancient art have been acquired, a brief history of the circumstances in which the Mausoleum originated may not prove uninteresting.

Caria, a Dorian colony on the south coast of Asia Minor, after succumbing to Crœsus the Lydian, became, on his defeat by Cyrus the Great, a dependency of the Persian empire, although still governed by its own laws, and ruled by its native princes. When Mausolus, the eldest son of Hecatomnus, ascended the throne, Sparta, Athens, and Thebes were contending for predominance in Greece, and preparing the way for Macedonian supremacy; Persia was struggling with revolted Egypt, and youthful Rome resisting the assaults of Volscians, Etruscans, and Gauls. Comparatively free from the disturbing influences of war, the kingdoms and republics of Asia Minor grew in wealth and importance. The new monarch of Caria was ambitious of founding a powerful maritime state. In person, tall and handsome, Mausolus was as daring in battle as he was astute in his policy, and unscrupulous in carrying it out. He forced the Lydians to pay him tribute, conquered a portion of Ionia, and compelled Rhodes to acknowledge his superior power. He took part in the conspiracy of the satraps against Artaxerxes, and assisted the enemies of Athens in the Social War with equal impunity.

Mylasa, an inland city, was the capital of the kingdom; but struck with the natural advantages possessed by the birthplace of Herodotus, Mausolus transferred the seat of government to Halicarnassus, and concentrated all his energies upon making it worthy its destiny. He rebuilt the half-ruined city, crowned the surrounding heights with defences, and rendered the harbour safe and commodious. The latter was in the shape of a horseshoe; from the water's edge, the town rose in terraces, presenting the appearance of a vast amphitheatre flanked by volcanic hills, from which the walls descended to the sea. Upon a rocky eminence stood the magnificent palace of the king, commanding a view of the forum, haven, and the entire circuit of fortifications.

In this palace, in the year 353, after a prosperous reign of twenty-four years, Mausolus died, and Artemisia, his sister-wife, reigned in his stead. Her first care was to celebrate the obsequies of her husband with great ceremonies and solemnities. Poetical and rhetorical contests took place, in which Theodectes obtained the crown for his tragedy of *Mausolus*, and Theopompus carried off the oratorical prize from his great master Isocrates. Having buried Mausolus, Artemisia resolved to honour his memory by the erection of a monument such as the world had never seen.

Pythius—probably the architect of the Temple of Minerva at Priene—seems to have been the artist selected to carry out the queen's design, assisted by Scopas—the reputed sculptor of the Venus of Milo—Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, whose colossal statue of Mars stood in the Halicarnassian temple of that deity. Artemisia did not see the completion of her husband's monument, for she survived him but two years. Her successor, apparently, did not care to proceed with it, as we are assured that the artists finished their stupendous work out of love, looking upon its completion as necessary for their own fame and the honour of their art.

Nearly four hundred years afterwards, Pliny saw it in all its glory. According to him, the circumference of the building was about 411 feet; its breadth from north to south, 63 feet; its height, 25 cubits. It was ornamented with six-and-thirty columns. Above the pteron (colonnade) stood a pyramid equal in height to the lower building, and formed of twenty-four steps, gradually tapering towards the summit, which was crowned by a chariot and four horses, executed by Pythius, making the total height of the work no less than 140 feet. This gigantic monumental tomb was so solidly constructed, as to defy for centuries the destroying hand of time. Vitruvius speaks of it as one of the marvels of the world; Martial alludes to its peculiar construction; Lucian extols the beauty of the marble, and the life with which the sculptors had endued it. In the second century, Pausanias declares how greatly the Romans admired it; in the fourth, it is mentioned by Gregory, bishop of Nazianzus; in the tenth, Constantinus Porphyrogennetus speaks of it as still exciting wonder and laudation;

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and in the twelfth century, Eustathius declares emphatically, 'It was and *is* a marvel.' The precise period at which the Mausoleum fell into ruin is uncertain. The probability is, that some time in the two hundred years after Eustathius, it was overthrown by one of those violent earthquakes prevalent in Asia Minor, although the Halicarnassian peninsula had for two thousand years enjoyed an immunity from the dreadful visitations which made such havoc among its neighbours.

After the downfall of the Roman empire, misfortune after misfortune befell the once proud city of the waters, until its very name was forgotten, and its site occupied by a small village called Mesy, depending on the mercy of the pirates roving the neighbouring sea. When the Knights of St John of Jerusalem retreated to Rhodes in the year 1404, they were struck with the military advantages of the place, and took possession of it, and, under the directions of their Great Bailli, Henry Schlegelholt, they constructed a citadel or castle out of the ruins around them. In 1472, the Dalmatian Cepio who accompanied the Venetian expedition under Pietro Mocenigo, discerned the remains of the tomb of the Carian king. Eight years afterwards, the castle was repaired at their expense; but the threatened attack of Sultan Solyman in 1522 on the stronghold of the order, was the signal for the utter destruction of the Mausoleum. Sensible that it was a struggle for life or death, and well aware of the importance of the position, a detachment of knights repaired to Mesy to place it in a state of defence. Finding no better stones for burning lime than some marble steps rising in a field near the harbour, they broke them up. In searching for more, they discovered that the building extended wider and deeper, and drew from it not only stones for the kiln, but sufficient for building their fortifications. Having uncovered the greater portion of the edifice, they one afternoon hit upon an opening, down which they scrambled till they found themselves in a beautiful hall, decorated with marble columns, with capitals, bases, architraves, cornices, and friezes in bas-relief. The interstices between the columns were cased with veneers of various-coloured marbles—a Carian invention during the reign of Mausolus—ornamented in harmony with the other parts of the hall, the walls being covered with historical sculptures. After these artistic treasures had been duly admired, they shared the fate of the marble steps. Another entrance was then discovered leading through an ante-chamber into a noble apartment, in which stood a sarcophagus, with its white marble vase. For want of time, they did not stay to uncover it, but returned for that purpose next morning, when they found the place strewed with pieces of golden cloth and fragments of ornaments. Some of the corsairs ever hovering round the place had been before them, and carried off everything of value. Thus the shrine immortalised by the love and pride of Artemisia was desecrated by the petty robbers of the isles, and the regal relics of the Carian dynasty scattered to the winds, after remaining undisturbed for eighteen centuries.

Solyman expelled the Knights of St John from Rhodes, and finally from Asia altogether. The Turks built Budrum on the remains of the Carian city; the sea cast its sands on the shore; and the rain washed down the earth from the hills, obliterating one by one the ancient landmarks, till the very site of the Mausoleum was a subject of mystery and dispute.

Thevenot, who visited Budrum in the middle of the seventeenth century, noticed some lions' heads and sculptured marble slabs inserted in the walls of the citadel, of which Dalton, a hundred years later, made drawings. They also attracted the attention of Gouffier, Moult, Beaufort, Von Osten, and Hamilton, but the jealous fears of the Turks seldom allowed any traveller to enter the interior of the castle. The Prussian professor, Ross, after seeing them in 1844, solicited his government to obtain possession of the slabs, as undoubted relics of the tomb of Mausolus; but our own archæologists had anticipated him, and by their representations, induced Lord Palmerston to forward such instructions to Sir Stratford Canning, that that ambassador procured a firman from the Porte authorising the removal of the bas-reliefs, which were accordingly deposited in the British Museum in 1846, together with a cast from a similar slab discovered by Madame Schaffhausen in the pavilion of the Villa Negroni, Genoa. The interest excited by these marbles revived the question as to the position of the Mausoleum. Ross was of opinion that it stood on a platform just north of the harbour, between the two hills once crowned by the ancient citadels; while Captain Spratt, after a careful examination of the neighbourhood, decided in favour of a lower position, due north from the castle, and east of the harbour. Neither of these sites was exactly reconcilable with the accounts of Pliny and Vitruvius; and Mr Charles Newton—who had never visited Budrum—clinging to their veracity, rejected the decisions both of Ross and Spratt, and in a paper in the *Classical Museum* for 1848, fixed upon a spot the surroundings of which had been so filled up by alluvial deposits that no traces of a terrace or platform were discernible. So the matter rested until 1856, when Mr Newton was appointed vice-consul at Mitylene, and authorised to carry out excavations on a large scale at Budrum, three of her Majesty's ships being placed at his service, and every facility afforded him for bringing his labours to a successful issue.

The first results of Mr Newton's operations were interesting, although not bearing upon their grand object: they consisted of an immense number of terra-cotta figures and red unglazed Roman lamps, apparently assorted as for sale, a block of stone with a dedicatory inscription to Demeter and Persephone, a nearly perfect mosaic pavement of Roman and Grecian tiles, and the torso of a life-size statue of a dancing-girl in rapid motion, more remarkable for boldness than grace, resembling the figures on the Harpagian monument among the Xanthian marbles. Prevented by the covetousness of the Turkish proprietors from proceeding with the excavation of Ross's platform, Mr Newton turned his attention to another quarter, and after two days' digging discovered, on the very spot pointed out by him ten years before, portions of a frieze, a number of architectural ornaments, the fore-part of a horse, and part of a colossal lion, exactly like those taken from the castle walls. There could be little doubt that the long-lost site was found, and proceeding with the work, he came upon pieces of Ionic columns, and the body of a colossal sitting figure. Close to this lay the remains of an equestrian statue, a noble specimen of Greek colossal sculpture. The horse is rearing. Its treatment exhibits great anatomical knowledge; the lower portion only of the rider's body is preserved; he is clad in Persian trousers; the hand with which he pulls back the animal is coarse, distinct, and bony, with every vein marked. The body of a dog in high relief, and various fragments of lions, were the next acquisitions; some of the latter have, after a severance of four hundred years, been reunited to the bodies which had done duty in the citadel.

The foundations of the building were soon reached, and the area discovered to be a parallelogram measuring 100 by 126 feet, cut out of the natural rock; the interstices occasioned by the deficiencies in the rock being filled with oblong blocks of stone fixed with iron clamps, and the whole quadrangle paved with greenstone. Under an accumulation of soil on the western side was found a staircase of twelve steps, cut out of the rock, leading from the Theatre hill to the Mausoleum. Between these stairs and the side of the quadrangle, among terra-cotta fragments and

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the bones of sacrificial oxen, lay several large and beautiful alabaster ointment jars, the finest bearing two inscriptions, one in the cuneiform character, the other in hieroglyphics, rendered by Sir H. Rawlinson into 'Xerxes the Great King'—a memorial, maybe, of Artemisia's having saved that monarch's children after the disaster of Salamis. In front of the spot on which this vase lay, the tomb was closed by a large stone weighing at least ten tons, grooved at the sides, and fixed into its place by bronze bolts inserted in sockets of the same metal, let into marble slabs. It must have been into this apartment that the knights penetrated in 1522.

On the eastern side were dug up the torso of a seated female, a portion of another colossal female, and four slabs of a frieze delineating Greeks and Amazons in conflict, but much superior in style and execution to those previously discovered, which, combined with the situation in which they lay, supplies reason for attributing them to Scopas. The figures have not the slimness noticeable in the better known slabs, while the action is less theatrical, and the subjects treated with great boldness and originality. There is one splendid group. A Greek is attacking an Amazon, who bends backward, preparatory to dealing a tremendous blow with her battle-axe; her tunic has slipped, and leaves bosom, neck, and thighs uncovered. Indeed, the clever management of the drapery is a characteristic of all the Mausoleum sculptures.

These treasures, valuable as they are, sink into insignificance by the side of the wonders brought to light in excavating to the north of the Mausoleum. Beyond the apparent boundary of the building, a wall of white marble ran parallel to it; beyond this wall, under a mass of broken marble, was discovered a colossal horse in two pieces (since, however, ascertained to be portions of two separate animals), exceeding in size any Greek sculpture known. The bronze bit is still between the teeth. These are two of the four horses belonging to the chariot, the work of Pythius, and worthy of the best period of Grecian art, the treatment being broad, natural, and masterly. Beside the horses lay a colossal lion, with the tongue chiselled to represent the prickly surface. Mr Newton was now on rich ground: within a space of fifty feet by twenty, lay piled upon one another, as they had fallen centuries ago, the finest sculptures of this wonder of the world. The two most important among them were mere fragments of marble; but every splinter was carefully collected, and by the skill of Mr Westmacott and his assistants, they have been reconstructed—the statue of Mausolus himself from no less than seventy-two pieces! This now only wants the back of the head, the arms, and one foot. The whole conception is simple, yet grand. The Carian king stands in a dignified attitude; he wears a tunic and cloak, the former falling in continuous folds to the right hip; the heavy cloak descending from the left shoulder, down the back, to the right hip, crosses the chest, and is gathered under the left arm, forming a study in drapery from which the greatest living artists may learn something. The face is handsome and intelligent; the hair rises from the middle of the low forehead, falling in long curls over the ears; the moustache is full, and the beard short. This, the oldest Greek portrait-statue extant, exhibits a skilful combination of the real and ideal, and is indeed a most noble work. Its female companion is worthy of it; unfortunately, the head is missing. She is represented standing completely draped, with the exception of the arms and right foot; her right arm bends down towards her thigh, the raised left supporting her cloak, which covers the greater portion of the figure, the under-dress being visible over the bosom and round the ankles. More than 150 feet distant from the chariot-horse, Mr Newton discovered half the nave, a piece of a spoke, and part of the outer circle of one of the chariot-wheels, from which the force with which the *quadriga* was thrown from its proud pre-eminence may be judged. Among the treasures found near the statue of Mausolus were a colossal leopard, evidently originally joined to some other figure, a beautiful colossal female head, a male head, and some more lions. Here also lay the squared marble blocks forming the steps of the pyramid on which the chariot stood. They are of a uniform depth of 11¾ inches, 2 and 3 feet in breadth, and of various lengths, but averaging four feet. One part of the upper side is polished, that which would be covered by the step above, only rough cut; the upper side of each block has one flange about six inches broad at the back, running the whole length of the stone, and two smaller ones at right angles to it along the ends; each of the latter has one side cut flush with the end of the stone, presenting a section similar to half of a Gothic arch, forming a sort of roof to protect the joints from rain. The large flange fitted into a longitudinal groove on the under side of the step above, a smaller transverse groove receiving the lesser flanges, so placed that one joint never fell above another: the stones were fastened together with strong copper clamps.

We have enumerated all the more important results of these interesting researches. Of the thirty-six Ionic columns mentioned by Pliny, the capitals of three only have been recovered in a perfect state; but fragments of every member of the order of the Mausoleum have come to light, by which their dimensions have been fixed, and the veracity of the ancient writers, as usual, vindicated. As bearing on the much-debated question respecting colouring statues, we may mention that all the architectural and sculptural decorations of the Mausoleum were painted; but the action of the atmosphere soon removed the evidences of the Greek practice of marble colouring. Beyond certain initials on some of the lions, not a solitary inscription was found on any remains belonging to the monument.

Lieutenant Smith, who accompanied Mr Newton, has made elaborate calculations, from which the dimensions of the various parts of the building may be pretty accurately deduced. The statue of Mausolus is 9 feet 9 inches in height; from the tread of the chariot—allowing for the marble block on which the chariot stood—to the summit of the supporting pyramid was 41 feet; the total height of the colossal group being, therefore, 141 feet; while the platform on which it stood could not have measured less than 24 feet by 18. The length of the pyramid would be 106, its width, 86, and its height, 23½ feet—making just 3 inches in excess of the elevation given by Pliny for the quadriga and pyramid united. He states that the pteron or colonnade was of the same height; the remains of its columns corroborate him, so that but 65 feet of his total of 140 remain unappropriated. There can be little question, from the example of the Mylasa monument, that the pteron stood upon a high and solid marble basement, that of the Mausoleum being decorated with one, and in all likelihood two rows of bas-reliefs. The spaces between the thirty-six columns would supply appropriate positions for the various colossal figures; but by what means the enormous dead-weight of the novel pyramid was safely upheld on the pteron must ever remain a mystery—an unsolvable riddle for sculptors and architects, who have rejected Lieutenant Smith's idea of a pointed supporting vault as untenable.

The effect of this splendid monumental mass, with its solid basement, its superb friezes, its graceful columns, its wondrous statues, with its white marble pyramid crowned with the majestic charioteer, rising from the rock-built terrace, and towering over the beautiful city, with the blue sky overhead, and the volcanic hills for a background, must have been something approaching the sublime: even now we cannot

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but regret that she, to whose affection it owed its birth, was denied the sight of its completed beauty.

It is much to be desired that these priceless relics of antiquity were more fittingly housed than in the ugly glass-sheds which at present shelter them. Scarcely ten years have elapsed since the British Museum was completed, and already there is not a single department, save Mr Panizzi's, that is not cribbed, cabined, and confined. The Natural History collection is too crowded to be examined with any profit; the prints are, to all practical intents and purposes, buried; mineralogical specimens hidden away in drawers, while the cellars are overflowing with antiquities. Unless it is to degenerate into a gigantic curiosity-shop, it is high time something was done to remedy the evil, and we rejoice to hear that the trustees are about to bestir themselves energetically in the matter, and trust they may be enabled before long to render justice to the treasures of our national museum.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER IX.—THE CHAT.

THERE is nothing in this world in the way of conversation that young ladies delight in more than in that mystic matter 'a chat;' by which is meant not a mere *tête-à-tête* affair that may take place between acquaintances in a drawing-room, but a cozy talk between two bosom school-friends—eternal friends, as they seem to one another—with their 'back-hairs' let down, their pretty little feet resting upon the fender of the bedroom fireplace, and nothing but the dreamy noise of the brushes upon their silken tresses to intercept their very considerable flow of words. In after-life, when married, and each with a newly-arrived baby of her own, their conversation may be, under the like circumstances, as mutually interesting; but there will then be a suspicion of the other's affecting a superiority—not as regards herself, but with respect to the size, colour, or natural intelligence of her own infant, which will detract from their otherwise perfect happiness. There may, therefore, be said to be *nothing*, in all the diversified bliss of female colloquy, equal to the chat held by two young virgins in *déshabillé*, previous to their retirement to their common couch. If one of them is engaged to be married, and the other not, the latter will often not only be no less friendly in her manner, but will interest herself in the appearance, virtues, and future prospects of the Intended in a way that would certainly put the friendship of man and man to the blush. Jonathan never could have borne with David in his tremendous narrations of the charms of his numerous beloved objects, and far less have helped him in the description of them. Damon would have cursed Pythias in his heart if he had enlarged to him confidentially upon the merits of the future Mrs P. But women are differently constituted in this respect, and are either in reality more unselfish, while they applaud their beloved Lucy's Mr Jones, or picture to themselves the coming man, and dilate, in reality, all the time, upon the ideal qualities of some Mr Jones of their own. There is no doubt, indeed, that such praising of other people's property must, even to their angelic natures, be a little trying; and therefore—since, if they are *both* engaged, the same rivalry occurs as when they have babies—the 'chat,' proper and perfect, may be defined as a midnight conversation under cozy circumstances between two affectionate young ladies who are unengaged: of course, there is one of them, at least, 'in love,' but that only gives a fillip to the 'chat,' as affording the ground for a little agreeable raillery.

Imagine, then, the satisfaction of the sisters, Florence and Ellen Bateman, in their warm and pretty dressing-gowns, before a comfortable bedroom fire, some thirty minutes or so after they have been 'hinted' out of the drawing-room at Teesdale How. The younger betrays in her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes the delight she feels, for is there not, in addition to the usual elements of 'a chat,' a regular domestic 'row' to talk about? Her hair is lying where no pupil—and, indeed, no *eye*, save her sister's—ever saw it, namely, on her lap; hiding her delicate ears in its cloven fall, and rippling all about her 'loose jacket' in a manner enchanting to behold, but such as this pen is far too bashful to describe. The brush—that hideous object in the hands of Man, endeavouring with two huge specimens of it to effect a parting at the back of his head—is as charming and appropriate in her lily fingers as ever was looking-glass in mermaiden's; and now she draws the rough side slowly through the golden threads, and now she rubs, nay, scratches thoughtfully, the tip of her nose with the smooth side.

'Come, Florry,' cried she pathetically, 'when *will* you have done with that dressing-table? I haven't said a word yet, according to my promise, although I'm dying to hear what you think about it all. How grave you look! You don't think Mr Luders will murder anybody, do you? *You hope not!* Goodness gracious, of course you do; but if you *think* so, don't you think that we ought to tell papa?'

Florence shook her head sorrowfully as she replied: 'Papa will know all that is to be known soon enough. Oh, Nelly dear, we are going to hear dreadful news!'

'Florence,' exclaimed the younger sister, changing colour, 'what do you mean? What is going to happen? and why are you standing there as if nothing can be done?'

'Nothing *can* be done, alas, or at least not now, my love,' returned the other; 'nor do I apprehend further harm; but oh, sister, sister!'—she took the chair beside Ellen's, and sat down, looking into the fire with an expression wonderfully foreign to any that is proper to 'a chat'—'I wish that dreadful man had never come to Teesdale How.'

'That Mr Luders, you mean! Yes, horrid Pup! I wish papa would let us choose his pupils for him. We would keep Mr Ryder, though; would we not?' added she roguishly; 'we would keep our pattern young man, Florry.'

Florence smiled but feebly, and shook her head so deprecatingly, that the long black tresses waved like some Danish raven-banner over a beautiful but not unthreatened champaign. 'I cannot think of any one just now,' said she, 'save Mr Luders, and—and'——

'Oh, there's another agreeable young person also in the matter, is there?' exclaimed Ellen, 'and we can't get his name out, can't we? Dear me, we must be very far gone;' and the thoughtless, charming young creature laughed as merry a laugh as though she had not been close upon tears ten minutes before. 'Now, look you,' continued she, holding up a dainty finger in her sister's smileless countenance, 'I won't be frightened again, so don't you try it. Mr Luders was in a very bad temper to-night, and I think he had just a little too much to drink, besides; but that was all.'

'That was not all,' returned her sister slowly. 'He had a very good cause—or a very strong one, at least—for the anger which he exhibited.'

'Good cause! strong cause? What, for putting himself into such a dreadful passion that he made me scream! My dear Florry, what *do* you mean?'

'If you had done something very, very wicked, Ellen, for the consequences of which no reparation could be made, even if you wished to make it, which, however, you did not wish, and if nobody knew or even suspected you to have done it, and if the blame

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was laid upon innocent shoulders instead of yours, would you not be angry, think you, with the person who was, at last, even the unwitting cause of your criminality being discovered?'

'Bless me, Florence, what dreadful things you do say sometimes! The idea of supposing one's self all that just for the sake of argument! No, I don't think I should have been angry in such a case. I think I should have been glad to have got the horrid secret told, and to be no more living a life of hypocrisy as well as of crime. But, thanking you all the same, Florence, love, I don't flatter myself with the notion of being capable of any such very tremendous crime as you seem to have in your mind.'

Florence embraced her sister affectionately, by way of assuring her that she did not think that either, and then continued: 'A bad and godless man thinks differently, Ellen. I may be wrong, and if so, Heaven pardon me, but I do believe as surely as that you and I are now sitting here, that Mr Luders is the wretch who has lured away poor Phœbe Rosthwaite.'

'Impossible!' ejaculated Ellen. 'I have often thought him wicked enough; but he has never left us, even for a day, all through the holidays. It is quite impossible.'

'I thought so, too,' replied Florence gravely, 'until to-night; but now I feel confident that it was he, and no other. Did you see any likeness in that first picture which Mr Marsden admired so?'

'Why, there was no face at all,' said Ellen; 'the figure had its back to the artist.'

'True, sister; but I recognised that little head, though not on the instant. Do you not recollect how that poor girl wore her beautiful chestnut hair?'

'I see what you mean now,' replied Ellen thoughtfully; 'but such a fancy is not to be trusted; still less, surely, Florence ought it to form the foundation of a charge so serious, so terrible: nay, even if it was poor Phœbe'——

'It *was* she,' returned Florence firmly; 'there is not the slightest doubt of that. I caught a glimpse of the other sketch papa held up, and which Mr Luders snatched from him so furiously. It was Phœbe's portrait: as like as any photograph, and yet so changed, so changed! I should have known it anywhere, and shuddered to have known it, as I do now.'

The dark eyes were riveted on the flame, without a tear, but not unpityingly; there was woman's tenderness, but something of man's endeavour, too, in their still depths. 'O Heaven! that I knew what we ought to do, Ellen; I mean what God would have us to do; perhaps we might save her yet.'

'Poor Phœbe! poor young Phœbe!' sobbed the younger sister; 'I don't see what is to be done, I'm sure. Poor thing! But why—why, Florence, should not Mr—should not that dreadful man have drawn the picture from recollection of her, from imagination?'

'No artist—not the best in Britain—could have done it, as that face was done, except from life.'

'Why, then, did not papa recognise it as well as yourself?'

'He never chanced to see her, I suppose; he never could have seen her, and yet failed to recognise that likeness.'

'But even then,' persisted Ellen, clinging with the pertinacity of weakness to every straw of hope, 'even then, why should not Mr Luders have taken the picture long ago?'

'No, Ellen, no; it is impossible. Even if that deceived, heart-broken Human Ruin, as papa truly called it, could have been taken from so fair a structure as poor Phœbe was—if the artist had striven ever so perversely to make decay of glory—there is testimony still more terrible and sure. There was a date! I saw it as the man held the drawing in his passionate hand; November 28. *That picture, Ellen, was drawn yesterday!*'

CHAPTER X.

LOST ON THE FELLS.

On the next morning, except in the more thoughtful looks of the two young ladies—who, however, concealed, as only women can, their indignation and distress—no traces of the overnight disturbance could be read in any countenance at the breakfast-table at Teesdale How. Ryder and Marsden, having quietly slept upon the matter, and been prevented from active hostilities with Luders, were rather inclined to ascribe some of his violence to the cause their tutor had suggested—the West Indian nature of the man; and they became also tardily conscious that it really had been injudicious of them to exhibit to others the private drawings of one who was certainly not their friend.

Mr Onslow Bateman, who had business at Carlisle that day, and could not return till the next evening, was especially desirous to leave his household in mutual amity, and outdid himself in agreeable affability to promote that end. So well did he succeed, that Ryder found himself telling his foe that it was with the intention of asking him to join the Hunt that day, that they had invaded his apartment the preceding evening. A savage scowl settled for an instant upon Luder's face, but his reply was courteous and conciliatory. He would accompany them with pleasure, he said, although he had intended to go elsewhere. Where was the Hunt to be held?

'On the Weirdale Fells,' replied Ryder. 'The running will be stiffish work after the last week's snow. I hope there will be plenty of sweetmarts.'

'And what may a sweetmart be?' inquired Mr Onslow Bateman, who knew as perfectly well as though he had been a professed vermin-killer, but the first law of whose nature was that conversation must by all means be kept up. 'Is it a bird, or a beast, or a butterfly?'

'The sweetmart is a vermin,' replied Marsden, imitating sporting old Michael Rosthwaite's pronunciation to the life, 'that is found three times in four in a broken crag, but noo and than in a bield, like a tod; and who generally has to be smoked out with bracken. I never saw one, but I believe the word is euphuistic for a polecat.'

'It is a polecat that doesn't smell, however,' explained the more accurate Ryder: 'the other is the foulmart or foomart.'

'This one is therefore elegantly called "sweet" on account of his negative virtues,' observed Mr Onslow Bateman; 'and upon the same principle, there are a considerable number of human sweetmarts. Well, I hope you'll have good sport. But Weirdale is a very long way off, surely; and if more snow comes down, which is now threatening us, you will scarcely find your way.'

'We know every inch of those Fells by this time, sir,' answered Marsden; 'besides, we can see Ladybank from here, which is almost half-way to Weirdale, so that we have really only about four miles of trackless walking.'

'Well,' remarked the Tutor, rising, 'you are not children that you will let the dusk overtake you in such a country. You have promised to return to-night, you know, and if you intend to see much of the sport, you had better be off as soon as possible.'

In an hour from that time, and when it was still early in the morning—for they had risen betimes, on account of Mr Bateman's departure—the three young men and the dog Carlo, who seemed to scent the sport, and would not be denied, were passing the crumbling walls of Ladybank.

'What a dismal-looking ruin it is,' exclaimed Marsden, looking up at it, 'and what an out-of-the-way spot for a human being to build a house in! He must have had the preconcerted purpose of committing

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a murder in it, and in that case it must have been convenient enough. I suppose, scarce anybody now sets foot in it from year's end to year's end. The glass is not broken in these two upper windows yet, I see, though the big door has become rather superfluous with those vast gaps on either side of it.'

'I should like to go over the old place,' said Ryder, stopping; 'it would not take us long.'

'I don't think we have any time to lose,' returned Luders; 'it is nearly nine o'clock already.'

'Is it indeed so late?' cried Marsden. 'Then we certainly must push on at once, or we shall miss half the fun. We'll look at the place as we come home again, when it will be getting dusk, and then—though it seems "a bull" to say so—we shall have a much better chance of seeing the ghost.

'And what *is* the ghost?' asked Luders carelessly, as he moved on with Marsden, while Ryder reluctantly followed them.

'It is the perturbed spirit,' replied the other with mock solemnity, 'of a departed gentleman—one "limping Lorimer," as he was called from the fact of his having a wooden leg—who committed a murder in that attic yonder, on a certain November night—and if I remember right, it was the 30th, and this very day. Nothing is seen of him, but he brings with him, unlike the sweetmart, a strong odour of highly concentrated sulphur; while his invisible steps are heard going slowly and heavily from that front door to that front attic. Good Heavens!' ejaculated the speaker suddenly, 'did you hear that? Look, the window over the door to the right there has burst open!'

The three young men were standing on the hillside, with the haunted house immediately beneath them; the still glazed lattice of the first-floor window, which had been closed as they passed it, was indeed now open, and swung upon its rusty hinges in the morning air with an eerie sound.

'I'll see to that at once!' cried Ryder, bounding downwards.

'Stop, stop,' ejaculated Luders in a voice whose passionate entreaty arrested the astonished young man at once; 'I entreat you, stop. If you wish that we should be friends henceforward, and not foes, I beg that you will not enter that dreadful house to-day!'

The stony eyes of the speaker seemed to express the extremity of despair; his teeth were clenched, his dark face paled with that pallor which is only born of rage or fear. 'I beg of you both, as a favour,' he resumed, after a little pause, during which his two companions stared at him with a wonder that mingled largely with contempt, 'to go on now to Weirdale, and not hereafter to speak of my foolish conduct. I was born thus; I inherit—— Curse that dog,' he cried with sudden impetuosity; 'call him back, call him back, I say, or I'll cut his throat!'

Poor Carlo, who was upon the eve of making a ghost-hunt upon his private account, came back at once, obedient to the voice of Ryder, for he never paid the least attention to that of Luders, who tormented him not seldom; and the latter continued: 'I inherit this terror of ghosts from my dead mother. Pray, excuse me.'

'Of course,' said Marsden pityingly, for constitutionally courageous himself, he knew how to make allowance for others who were not so favoured by nature; 'let us go on at once.'

'Oh, by all means,' assented Ryder coolly, who, it must be confessed, possessed a less charitable disposition in this respect. 'But what a nervous fellow you must be, Luders! afraid of a ghost at nine o'clock in the morning! Why, what precious unpleasant nights you must sometimes pass!'

'I own my weakness in the matter of ghosts,' returned Luders, his tone growing, as it seemed, more defiant as the snow-tracks between them and Ladybank grew longer; 'but I am not afraid of any mortal man, I trust.'

'I daresay not,' returned Ryder dryly, with an undisguised curl of his lip.

'Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!' quoted Marsden gravely; 'let dogs delight to bark and bite. Harry and Tommy, who were so fond of quarrelling, were at last eaten by sweetmarts.'

Laughter is the death of strife; and a merry word from a third person is often a better suppressor of broils than the smoothest speech, since both combatants can afford to laugh at that which suggests compromise to neither.

It was more than an hour before the three descried far off the men and dogs they were in search of—mere black specks upon the shining mountain-side—and it took them then a weary time to come up with them. The sport was not good, and it was long before they found the particular object of their search, which once started, however, afforded a more literal 'run' than did ever fox in the south country. Riding among the snowy Fells is, of course, out of the question, and each man has to trust to his own legs. Sometimes, even thus mounted, the hunter finds himself as completely 'pounded' as his brother of Leicestershire, unable to advance over chasm, or precipice, or treacherous snow-drift, and with nothing for it but to retrace his footsteps—a matter not always very easy. The fatigue is considerable to one who does not shirk his work, and confine himself to some pinnacle loftier than common (and the keen breeze rather discountenances such laziness), wherefrom the whole chase—which is generally of a circular character—can often be observed; but still there is much to repay exertion or endurance. On a clear day—and no others will suffice for fell-hunting—the views in all directions are sublime, which in summer were only gloriously beautiful; while the moving throng immediately around, and the thousand echoes awakened on all sides by dogs and men, give animation to a scene which would else be almost forbidding in its too solitary grandeur.

The Weirdale Fells, on which the hunt was held, although of immense extent, are of no great altitude, and the young men were well acquainted with them under their summer aspect. Then, where they now stood upon the frozen snow, the grass grew green and plentifully enough, gemmed with the glittering sun-dew, and plumed in the marshy hollows with the silver bog-cotton; the July breezes did but lift the hair there and tenderly touch the cheek, making out of the juniper-bushes—now in their little snow-shrouds—Æolian harps, and setting the delicate harebells dancing to the airy tune; then, from the purple heather in the clefts and upon the crag-tops came the monotonous murmur of the bee; from all sides, both above and beneath, the short, quick crop of the browsing sheep; and perhaps from far away in the blue depths of the summer sky the shrill complaint of the buzzard. Then each beck sang merrily in its rocky cradle, after every summer shower, and raced with a hundred kindred streams down to Weirdale beneath, binding with crowns of pearl the brows of the mountain, and glistening like chains of silver from its top to its base. Three tranquil valleys—two, rich with farms and fields—in summer-time reposed beneath these Fells: one, a crescent of pasture-land with one blue tarn, set like a turquoise in an emerald; another, long and winding, with a shining river running through it into an extensive lake at its southern end—the white sails of its fairy fleet might be seen bending low before the wind upon its surface, and even the white furrow that their keels left in the cloven wave; the third valley, Weirdale itself, lay immediately beneath, the most secluded, if not the most fair of all—shut in by hills on all sides, peaceful, green, with here and there a cottage, and one farm. Very different, however, were the scenes which now presented

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themselves from this same eminence; and although they had at present but exchanged one kind of beauty for another, there were signs in the air of coming snow and tempest, which threatened soon to make all a chaos of wrath and desolation.

'I think we shall have a ducking before we get home,' remarked Ryder, as the three young men stood together on a hillock with panting chests, while, not altogether to their sorrow, the hounds came to a temporary check: 'the weather looks very dirty, and the day is getting on.'

'*I* shall not go back, for one,' returned Marsden vehemently, 'until I have had something to eat. Dick Dirleton says he'll give us all dinner in Weirdale, and there will be sure to be some fun going on there afterwards.'

'Afterwards!' cried Ryder; 'why, how are we to get back in the dark?'

'There's a full moon,' said Marsden confidently; although, for all he knew, it might have been a new one: 'besides, I know my way blindfold.'

'You can see Teesdale How from the fourth fell yonder,' remarked Luders, 'and you could surely get as far as there.'

'Who can see in the dark, man?' replied Ryder angrily. 'I should have thought you would have been more prudent than to back Marsden in such a mad scheme as this.'

'For myself,' observed Luders dryly, 'I don't care what can be seen, or what can not, for I mean to return home almost immediately. I've had enough of this icy work; but I was going to say that if you two wish it, and mean to stop, I would put the drawing-room lamp, when we go to bed, in the north passage-window, which looks out this way, in case of your being late, and you would see that, however dark it was, and the darker the better.'

'That's capital!' cried Marsden gaily; as delighted, perhaps, with the notion of thus getting rid of his benefactor, as with the proposed benefit itself—'that's capital, and you're a capital fellow. That'll do—will it not, Ryder?'

'Well, it of course makes the thing more feasible,' replied the young man, still hesitatingly; 'but I am rather afraid of your forgetting to put the lamp in the window, Luders.'

'Afraid! are *you*, then, afraid of something?' sneered the West Indian. 'I thought you were like Nelson, and did not know what fear was.'

Ryder uttered some retort which had more in it of contempt than of wit and elegance, and left the conversation to be concluded by his friend.

'Well,' said Marsden, 'as you are going home at once, and will not much want it, will you lend us your brandy-flask? That has better stuff in it than any we can get in Weirdale.'

'Yes; I let you fellow have it for a drink just now; but I'll get it from him directly.'

Luders did so, and made over the flask to Marsden; a large and handsome silver one, apparently almost full. 'And now,' said he, 'I'm off, so good-bye to you.'

'You'll be sure not to forget the light as soon as it gets late, please?'

'Of course not,' cried Luders, turning round—for he was already upon his homeward way. 'Tell Ryder not to fear.'

'What a last look that villain did give us!' observed Marsden. 'I do believe he has a drop of the Fiend's blood in his veins!'

A mocking laugh, which seemed to go some way to confirm this assertion, rang through the frosty air from the retreating Luders.

'He had better try no devil's tricks on me, however,' quoth Ryder savagely. 'I wish I had never passed my word to the governor not to give him what he deserves.'

'Pooh,' returned Marsden; 'the creature is not worth a thought. See, the hounds have found again!'

It was near nine o'clock that winter's night when Ryder and Marsden started homewards from the comfortable farmhouse at Weirdale. The heaped-up fire and jovial company were by no means willingly exchanged for the dim uncertain moonlight and howling north wind; but Ryder, one good part of whose stubborn character it was never to break his word, was determined to reach Teesdale How before morning, and Marsden did not wish to receive a second forgiveness at the hands of his tutor.

'Take my advice, young gentlemen, and wait for good honest daylight,' had been Dick Dirleton's parting words as they left his door; but their reply was given in all the spirit of the hero of *Excelsior*, albeit it was by no means couched in such poetical language.

The long steep pass that led immediately up from the valley to the Fells was so sheltered by the surrounding precipices, that until they reached its summit, they did not feel the full force of their elemental foes; that once attained, however, the north wind swept down upon them like a charge of cavalry, as though it had been an outpost set there by the Spirits of the air to guard their mountain solitude from human intrusion. Doubtless some mystic rites were being celebrated by the powers of Evil upon Weirdale Fell that night; such screams were on the wind, such wailings as of tortured infants, such rush of vehement pursuit, such passionate threats. No human beings, perhaps, save self-willed, dauntless young Englishmen, would have striven, without a positive necessity to compel them, to force a four-mile passage over the hill-tops against so furious a foe. Nothing, however, was further from the mind of the two travellers than a thought of going back again.

'We shall have no hill-fog to-night, at all events,' cried Marsden laughing, and speaking through a trumpet made of his two hands, and brought close to his companion's ear.

'No, but we shall have something worse,' bawled Ryder, taking a similar precaution; 'we shall have snow: a big flake lit on my nose just now, and there's another.'

'I hope your nose may get the whole of it,' returned Marsden; 'but I am afraid the fall will be more general. By Jove, let us push on; it's coming down like the open-work of one of Mrs Allwyne's strawberry-tarts!'

While he made use of that homely metaphor, the windows of heaven were indeed being set wide, and snowed down, as it seemed, in sharpest diagonals the very diamond reticulations of their casements. In a few seconds, the dull midnight landscape had closed in upon them on all sides; and the travellers, as they shielded their eyes from the driving sleet, could discover—and those but faintly—only each other's whitening forms.

'Keep together, and push on,' roared Ryder in a voice of thunder; 'we know where we are at present, at all events.'

'Yes,' returned Marsden gaily, whose spirits, although rising with the situation, were not quite able to escape from the grim sense of it, 'I remember it well. This is where Rosthwaite's uncle was lost in the snow last winter; he was "smoored," as Mr Burns expresses it, in this identical spot. How Burns, by the by, would have enjoyed a scene like this!'

'I wish with all my heart, then, he was here instead of me,' retorted Ryder. '*I* don't enjoy it, I can tell you. It's getting darker and darker, and with this snow falling, we shall not be able to see the light, even if Luders puts it where he said he would.'

'*If* he does? Why, good Heavens, you don't imagine he would risk our lives by not doing so?' cried Marsden in a tone of some alarm.

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'I trust the man in nothing,' answered Ryder gloomily; 'and I believe him capable of anything vicious. What a leer was that he wore upon his face at parting! For my part, I felt convinced that he meant to play us false; but I was not going to be called a coward twice by that dog.'

'But it would be murder—an attempt to murder us—nothing less!' argued Marsden gravely. 'If we do not see the light, we shall not know where to steer.'

'Just so,' remarked the other dryly; '"push on" is my motto, as it is Carlo's: good dog, good dog!'

The animal had remained with the two young men in preference to returning with Luders, though he had evidently thought at the time of his departure—and expressed as much by appealing eyes and expostulatory tail—that the latter was the wisest of the three; but now, like a good dog as he was, he was making the best he could of a bad business, and leading the way for his human friends, with nose to ground, in a very diligent manner.

'I can't make out that Luders one bit,' observed Marsden after a long pause; 'though I did not, I confess, dislike him as you did, until quite lately. He knows a lot of things, and is really very agreeable in his way. He is not a pattern in morals or religion, I am aware, but I don't know that I have much right to complain in that respect.'

'He's a bully and a coward,' roared Ryder savagely; 'that's what he is.'

'I am not sure of the last part of that,' returned Marsden; 'that's the very thing I'm puzzled about.'

'What! not a coward, and afraid of ghosts in the broad daylight?'

'I don't believe he *was* afraid,' returned the other gravely; 'I believe he was only shamming to be afraid.'

'Why? What for? For what earthly reason?' demanded the incredulous Ryder.

'I can't tell you that, I am sure,' said Marsden; 'but I am sure it is so. Could he have taken all these drawings of Ladybank, inside and outside, think you, which we found in that sketch-book, if he had been afraid of ghosts there?'

'That *is* strange, certainly,' remarked Ryder, after a pause. 'I noticed, by my own watch, that he was lying, when he said it was so late this morning, and urged us not to explore Ladybank. I can't understand it: there must be some devilry in connection with that empty house and Luders. The snow is ceasing, but the rest of the night will be quite dark. We must be nearing the last of the Fells by this time, if Carlo has led us right; and we ought to be able to see the lamp, if lamp there really be.'

A sharp cry of intense agony here pierced through the thunder of the wind, and Ryder suddenly missed his companion. Even sooner than he, Carlo had recognised the voice through its disguise of pain, and bounded back. So dark was it, that though Ryder had been only a few steps in advance of his friend, he could scarcely have discovered him but for his canine assistant. Marsden lay groaning on the snow with a twisted ankle. It was no more possible for him to put that foot to the ground, than to use his arms as wings. The other, bending over him, perceived at once the extent of the calamity, and the whole peril of their position, and could not help revealing it in his face.

'Look here, Ryder,' cried Marsden, as he read it written there; 'you leave me where I am. I am plucky now, and bid you go; presently, perhaps, as I grow cold, I shall lose my courage, and want you to commit suicide, because I must die myself. Leave me the dog, if he will stay with me'—Carlo began to whine, and press his cold nose to his friend's cheek, to prove that he would do so—'and as soon as you can get help, send it to me.'

'My dear Marsden, you are confounding me with Luders,' returned the other quietly; 'I shall stay here till I see the light, and then I 'll carry'——

'Brandy, brandy!' interrupted Marsden faintly; 'the flask is in my pocket.'

Ryder took the flask from its almost inanimate possessor, and poured the liquid down the throat of his friend, but it did not suffice to revive him. For a few minutes, while Marsden lay speechless in his arms, and the poor dog trembling by his side, it seemed even to this brave young fellow that the thunderous rolling of the wind above them was the Requiem of them all. But presently staring out into the night, he uttered a joyful cry: 'The light, Marsden, I see the light in the window; you shall yet be saved.'

'No light,' murmured the other in a hoarse low voice—'no light, or else he has set it in another place, to mislead us. He is a murderer: he has emptied the strong spirit out, and put snow-water into the bottle in its place.'

Ryder thought the speaker wandered in his wits, until he had tasted the vile contents himself; then, hurling the costly flask away with his utmost strength, he exclaimed: 'Put your arms round my neck, old fellow; we will live yet to pay the villain off; that 's well; now, steady; why you 're light as any feather. Now, Carlo, off again!'

It really seemed as if the young man's just indignation had given to him the strength of two. Following the dog's sagacious leadership, and yet finding the light straight before them, he took heart, feeling persuaded the lamp must have been set in the place agreed upon. Thus through the ever-darkening night the cavalcade moved on more slowly than any funeral procession; the snow had altogether ceased, and the mighty wind—since their route was now almost at right angles to its first direction—no more blew directly in their teeth; nevertheless, Ryder's strength began to fail under the unusual burden, and his legs to totter like those of a drunken man.

'Let me down,' entreated Marsden; 'you good fellow, please to set me down. We are off the Fells now, and I shall not perish of cold, as I should have done up there.'

'I will take you home,' cried Ryder firmly; but while he spoke, the sweat stood thickly on his forehead, and his failing limbs denied what his tongue asserted.

'Then I speak for myself,' returned Marsden with decision. 'I am suffering tortures, torments, with this motion; I *must* be set down, I say; we are now—for I think I have seen it since this hideous darkness lessened—almost close to Ladybank. There, there is the east wall and entrance as Luders drew them. Let me down here.'

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

Who first suggested that our walls should be the universal medium of mysterious and important announcements to the general public, we must leave it to the honourable guild of Billstickers to tell; but our private impression is, that the idea was plagiarised at a very early period of the world's history from the incident at Belshazzar's feast. Something of the original intention, say Dryasdust and the antiquaries, is, whether designedly or not, retained in all our adaptations, and hence it is, perhaps, that there has always been a certain Babylonic obscurity about all mural inscriptions. The Runic writing was a little hard to read. The Egyptian hieroglyphics puzzle everybody except Sir Henry Rawlinson and some half-dozen other gentlemen, who themselves entertain diversities of opinion about them, and sometimes get a little warm over the interpretations. We

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are not etymologists by profession, but we have a shrewd suspicion that the term 'wall-eyed' may have arisen from the tenebrosities connected with this subject.

There is (for advertisers) a magnificent piece of churchyard-wall which we have to pass every day of our lives, save one, and on which we rarely fail to find inscribed some food for thought—if not for headache. A gigantic piece of information was placarded there only last week, which might have vied for enigmatical abstruseness with the Nineveh marbles. It consisted of merely three words, but they were printed in red, and white, and blue, and occupied an area of exactly fourteen feet by twenty—TRAPPSKY IS HERE! It is, of course, impossible to offer, in this *Journal*, anything like the prominence which was accorded to this mysterious fact upon the wall; but suppose the above statement to be magnified by five thousand times, and you will get some approximate idea of its colossal character. Any man might run and read it, indeed, but twenty men might take camp-stools and sit opposite to it half the day, without understanding it. The late Mr Edgar Poe, who had a genius for the discovery of intricate problems—which, however, he himself first constructed to that end—might have got at it by one of his famous analytical methods, but not you, Reader, by the modest light of nature, nor even We. Yet the whole embarrassment consisted, it will be observed, in the first word. The IS HERE did not need the eight feet four inches of aggregate altitude, and the proportionable stoutness, to render its meaning obvious; the entire difficulty lay in the mysterious TRAPPSKY.

Who *was* Trappsky? Was he male, female, or epicene? Was he, she, it, to be fled from, or to be welcomed? Was the announcement a warning, or an invitation? From the sound and the disposition of the letters—which were curiously distorted and crook-backed—it certainly gave, upon the whole, rather a threatening, and, if we may say so, a Cossacky impression; it had a lancer look, a Polish appearance, which we did not like; and the worst of it was, that he was HERE already, and there was no time to be lost in preparations for escape. We had wives! (We speak editorially, possessing in sober truth, and in obedience to the public prejudice, only one wife.) Goodness gracious! was Trappsky come hither from the far-distant Bosphorus, with a thousand purses of sequins, to tempt us into selling him those beautiful and accomplished females? We had children! Good Heavens! was Trappsky—and he sounded rather like it—some infantine and infanticidal disease? The mural announcements of religious sects are remarkable for their typical occultness, and it struck us that Trappsky might possibly be some obscure emanation of theirs. Was he parabolic for somebody else?—hyperbole, perhaps, for Lucifer himself, so frequent a topic with the fervid *littérateurs* of our walls? No. The religious element was already too fully represented upon that wall, to admit of such a supposition. COME OUT OF ROME was printed in appropriate scarlet upon the right hand—a warning, huge as it was, which could scarcely have met the eye of many denizens of that city; on the left hand, the Pope himself, in bilious yellow type, was pretty severely handled; and above and beneath, there were more sermons in bricks of the same denunciatory species. All these, however, were, as usual, of a prophetic and prospective character, and besides, our vision was used to them, while Trappsky spoke fearfully of the present, and we had never seen his singularly constituted name before.

But a few days, however, and Trappsky disappeared—whether having accomplished his mysterious object or not, we know not to this hour—and his place upon the wall knew him no more than we did. THE BLACKS ARE COMING! in letters of appropriately sable hue, was now stuck over him, and again aroused in us new feelings of trepidation and uncertainty. Were the natives of Marocco, intoxicated with their triumphs over the Spaniards, about to invade our beloved country, and in contempt of us infidel dogs, did they send us notice beforehand? Was Allah! Allah! to sound discordantly in our streets, instead of the melodies adapted by Mr Henry Russell to the national voice? Was the Jereed to scatter our gallant volunteers, unaccustomed to encounter that disagreeable weapon, or to be attacked by horsemen riding indifferently upon the backs, or under the bellies, of their Arab steeds? Or was it possible that the newspapers had been deceiving us as regarded the Indian rebellion, and that the victorious sepoys were, in truth, in full march upon us, about to impose the Brahmin yoke upon every denomination of Christians, without distinction of sect or age? Or, lastly, could it be the very insufficiently clothed natives of Australia, who, driven from their own territories by the whites, were about to exact retribution by colonising England, and making our native air to whiz once more with flights of arrows, or (for the first time) of these faithful boomerangs which return, like forgiving females, to the hands that fling them away?

This awful threat was only withdrawn this morning, and has been succeeded by an announcement of, to *us*, quite as painful a character, although, as far as we know, it is not likely to much affect the public in general—LOOK OUT FOR MR AND MRS ROBINSON TO-MORROW! Now, we know this married couple perfectly well, and are quite aware that they never travel with less than four of their children. They are notorious for inviting themselves to spend a few days with their acquaintances, and for stopping several weeks. Mrs Robinson (when she was Miss Leonora Limpet) is said to have gone to luncheon at a rich but timid female friend's, and there to have remained some years until she was married (from the very house in question) to her present husband. The visits of the Robinsons are visitations, inroads, invasions, subjugations, and cost a deal of treasure to the conquered party, who generally obtains immunity at last by ransom. We would send a ten-pound note, as a new-year's gift, to their eldest child (a disgustingly rude boy, whom we detest), along with a letter to say that we were gone out of town, if we only knew their direction—that is to say, the address of the unfortunate friend with whom they are now residing. Perhaps he has taken the roof of his house off, as we had to do once, under pretence of dry-rot, and so got rid of the Robinsons. But the vagueness of this notification prevents our taking any measures for defence. LOOK OUT FOR MR AND MRS ROBINSON TO-MORROW! Why, this is a greater piece of impudence than if they had come without any warning at all; or if, as they often do, they had only sent it the day before—although always ante-dating the letter, and laying the blame of non-delivery upon the post-office—so that no reply can be possibly sent in the negative. Look out for them! We believe we *shall* look out for them; for those two cabs, laden with heavy luggage, looming round the corner of our crescent; for that filthy child with the pea-shooter craning out of window in the prosecution of his dangerous pastime; for that stupid oily face of Robinson's, who will be engaged in counting the boxes and disputing with the cabman, while Mrs Robinson reiterates how glad she is to see us (which we believe), and how ashamed she feels to visit us again so soon (which we don't). We protest we would rather have entertained a Black or two in the servants' hall, or given up our second-best bedroom to Trappsky himself. The wall has now come to its worst, or the worst has come to the wall, and there can be no more fearful news in store for us than this. But to call it a *blank*-wall (save that its intimations offer no prizes), or to call it a *dead*-wall (save that it runs round a

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grave-yard), when it is instinct with such mysterious and important facts, is a misapplication of language gross indeed.

MAROCCO.

In spite of what we had recently read in the public prints regarding the present invasion of innocent Marocco by the Spaniards, we cannot say that we felt any very tender interest in that country. Perhaps it is that, while admitting a Black to be a friend and a brother, we do not feel called upon to acknowledge so much in respect to a Brown; or perhaps the misfortunes of that friend of our boyhood, Mr Robinson Crusoe, in Barbary, may have impressed us with a prejudice against Moors and Moorland which time cannot erase; but certain it is that we accept these interesting posthumous volumes* of the traveller Richardson with the greater satisfaction, since they go far to prove that our own delicate instincts, in the matter of national antipathies, were more to be trusted than the gross organs of political expediency.

Although our diplomatic intercourse with Marocco began so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, no Englishman has yet been able to travel in the interior of that country without special permission; so that, in spite of its being considerably within a week's sail of us, it is not much less unexplored and unknown than the empire of China. The hatred of the Maroquines to all Europeans was formerly, indeed, a little shaded off and mitigated with respect to Englishmen; but since they beheld British men-of-war looking quietly on while the French destroyed Mogador, they have, it seems, considered 'the Englees' to be as vile dogs as any other Christian folk. The modes and maxims of the court are procrastination, plausible delays, and voluminous dispatches and communications, which are carried on through the hands of intermediate and subordinate agents of every rank and degree. It is the 'Circumlocution Office' with a vengeance; an unapproachable and barbarous emperor being its chief clerk.

'The great object of Muley Abd Errahman (the late emperor of Marocco), is—nay, the pursuit of his whole life has been—to get the whole of the trade of the empire into his own hands. In fact, he has by this time virtually succeeded, though the thing is less ostentatiously done than by the Egyptian viceroy, that equally celebrated prince-merchant. In order to effect this, his Shereefian majesty seeks to involve in debt all the merchants, natives or foreigners, tempting them by the offer of profuse credit. As many of them are needy and speculative, this imperial boon is, without scruple, greedily accepted. The emperor likewise provides them with commodious houses and stores; gives them at once ten or twenty thousand dollars' worth of credit, and is content to receive in return monthly instalments. These instalments never are, never can be, regularly paid up. The debt progressively and indefinitely increases; and whilst they live like so many merchant-princes, carrying on an immense trade, they are, in reality, beggars and slaves of the emperor. They are, however, styled *imperial* merchants, and wear their golden chains with ostentatious pride.' As a specimen of the commercial system of the country, our author tells us that the day after he arrived at Tangier the monopoly of leeches was sold to a Jew for twenty-five thousand dollars. The Jew then, of course, refused to buy leeches except at his own price, while every unfortunate trader was obliged to sell to him and him only. Similarly, the great leech, Monopoly, sucks the life-blood of every species of commerce in Marocco; while, in addition to that disadvantage, the Moors are dishonest and shuffling to an extent which is even more than a match for the Neapolitan government itself.

'A whimsical story is current in Tangier respecting the dealings of the Shereefian court with the Neapolitan government, which characteristically sets forth Moorish diplomacy or manœuvring. A ship-load of sulphur was sent to the emperor. The Moorish authorities declared it was very coarse, and mixed with dirt. With great alacrity, the Neapolitan government sent another load of finer and better quality. This was delivered, and the consul asked the Moorish functionaries to allow the coarse sulphur to be conveyed back. These worthies replied: "O dear, no! it is of no consequence; the emperor says he will keep the bad, and not offend his royal cousin, the king of Naples, by sending it back." The Neapolitan government had no alternative but to submit, and thank the chief of the Shereefs for his extreme condescension in accepting two ship-loads of sulphur instead of one.'

Unfortunately, greater nations than the Neapolitans are in the habit of submitting to Maroquine injustice, framing their treaties—or, as they are justly, though infamously designated, 'capitulations'—with the Moorish authorities upon the most cringing and propitiatory bases. The French carry their complaisance even to the extent of hoisting the tri-coloured flag for the transport of slave eunuchs bound for the Shereefian harem, and we ourselves have only recently refused to offer it that ignominious accommodation. We, however, are more concerned in the work of conciliation than our neighbours, on account of the vast importance to us of maintaining friendly relations with the power that mainly supplies Gibraltar with provisions; the treaty concerning which seems to be tacit or secret, since it does not appear in any of the state-paper documents.

Very funny stories are told by the masters of the small-craft who transport the bullocks from Tangier to the British Rock. 'The government of the Moorish town are only allowed to export, at a low duty per annum, a certain number of bullocks. The contractor's agents come over; and at the moment of embarking the cattle, something like the following dialogue frequently ensues.

'*Agent of Contractor.*—Count away!

'*Captain of the Port.*—One, two, three, &c. Thirty, forty. Ah! stop! stop! too many.

'*Agent of Contractor.*—No, you fool; there are only thirty.

'*Captain of the Port.*—You lie! there are forty.

'*Agent of Contractor.*—Only thirty, I tell you (putting three or four dollars into his hand).

'*Captain of the Port.*—Well, well, there are only thirty.

'And in this way the garrison of Gibraltar often gets 500 or 1000 head of cattle more than the stipulated number, at five dollars per head duty instead of ten. Who derives the benefit of peculation, I am unable to state.' That *somebody*, however, derives some pretty pickings thereby, there is no doubt.

No one who is acquainted with the system of eastern despotic governments, can wonder that their public functionaries make hay while the sun shines, and put the screw on their unfortunate inferiors while their short-lived power lasts. It is rare, indeed, for a governor of a town, or great official of any kind, to hold his post for a lifetime. The bashaws are all thrown into prison sooner or later, and the money that they have extracted from others, pressed, in turn, out of themselves, to swell the imperial treasury. They are commonly very obstinate about giving it up, but the emperor is at least equally firm. The application of cold water immediately after that of the bastinado is found to be exceedingly efficacious in producing the discovery of *the hole where the money is hidden.* Millions of dollars lie buried by the Arabs in Maroquine earth at this moment, the half

* *Travels in Morocco.* By the late James Richardson. Skeet. 1860.

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of which perhaps will never be found, the owners and sole possessors of the secret having expired before they could point out their hidden treasures to their relatives—a duty which, for obvious reasons, they delay until the very last moment. Money is often buried in this way by tribes who have nothing to fear from sheik or sovereign; it is their immemorial custom so to lose it, just as it is ours to intrust it to Joint-stock Banks. The Arabs, therefore, who cannot comprehend how European tourists can undertake such long journeys as they do for archæological purposes, give them credit for a material object in their researches among heaps of old stones, and are proportionally jealous of their examinations. 'The old captain of the port of Tangier has been no less than twelve times in prison under the exhausting pressure of the emperor. After the imperial miser has copiously bled his captain, he lets him out to fill his skin again; and the old gentleman is always merry and loyal, in spite of the treatment of his taskmaster.' The bashaws adopt similar measures with *their* inferiors. Colonel Warrington was one day representing to the bashaw of Tripoli the gross manner in which his functionaries robbed everybody, and took the liberty of mentioning the name of one person.

'Yes, yes,' observed the bashaw; 'I know all about him. I don't want to catch him yet; he is not fat enough. When he has gorged a little more, I 'll have his head off!'

Even on what was formerly their own element, the sea, the degenerate Moors are now become worthless and contemptible. The 'Rovers of Sallee,' who in old time cruised off the very coasts of England, and defied its fleets, can scarcely now conduct a vessel from Mogador to Gibraltar; while the whole naval force of the once dreaded piratic states of Barbary can boast of but half-a-dozen badly manned brigs or frigates. The Moorish bark which conveyed our author ashore at Mogador was 'a mere long shell of bad planks, and scarcely more ship-shape than the trunk of a tree hollowed into a canoe, leakily put together. It was filled with dirty, ragged, half-naked sailors, whose seamanship did not extend beyond coming and going from vessels lying in this little port. Each of these Mogadorian port sailors had a bit of straight pole for an oar; the way in which they rowed was equally characteristic. Struggling against wind and current, with their Moorish rais at the helm, encouraging their labours by crying out first one thing, then another, as his fancy dictated, the crew repeated in chorus all he said. "Khobsah!" (a loaf) cried the rais.

'All the men echoed "Khobsah."

"A loaf you shall have when you return!" cried the rais.

"A loaf we shall have when we return!" cried the men.

"Pull, pull; God hears and sees you!" cried the rais.

"We pull, we pull; God hears and sees us!" cried the men.

"Sweetmeats, sweetmeats, by Heaven; sweetmeats, by Heaven, you shall have, only pull away!" swore the rais.

"Sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!—sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!" roared the men, all screaming and bawling. In this unique style, after struggling three hours to get three miles over the port, we landed, all of us completely exhausted and drowned in spray.'

These Moors, like a not altogether extinct class of Christians, hold language, even when performing the most wicked acts, of extreme piety and devotion, and will interrupt their deeds of rapine and cruelty—should the hour for worship intervene—with prayers of complete decorum. The chief articles of their religion seem to be, to keep Friday sacred, and to hate Jews and Christians. As these latter, of course, respectively reverence the next two days of the week, the Sabbatarian question attains in Marocco a threefold importance; and the inconvenience of so many successive Sundays often makes men rebels to their creeds.

The Jews are exceedingly numerous in Northern Africa, and in spite of persecution and confiscation, its richest and most important merchants. Our author, whilst in Mogador, assisted at the celebration of one of their general weddings, to which all the native Jewish aristocracy were invited.

'The festivities beginning at noon, I first entered the apartment where the bride was sitting in state. She was elevated on a radiant throne of gold and crimson cushions, amidst a group of women, her hired flatterers, who kept singing and bawling out her praises. "As beautiful as the moon is Rachel!" said one. "Fairer than the jessamine!" exclaimed another. "Sweeter than honey in the honey-comb!" ejaculated a third. Her eyes were shut, it being deemed immodest to look on the company, and the features of her face motionless as death, which made her look like a painted corpse. To describe the dresses of the bride would be tedious, as she was carried away every hour and re-dressed, going through and exhibiting to public view, with the greatest patience, the whole of her bridal wardrobe. Her face was artistically painted: cheeks vermilion; lips browned with an odoriferous composition; eye-lashes blackened with antimony; and on the forehead and tips of the chin little blue stars. The palms of the hands and nails were stained with henna, or brown-red, and her feet were naked, with the toe-nails and soles henna-stained. She was very young, perhaps not more than thirteen, and hugely corpulent, having been fed on paste and oil these last six months for the occasion. The bridegroom, on the contrary, was a man of three times her age, tall, lank, and bony, very thin, and of sinister aspect. The woman was a little lump of fat and flesh, apparently without intelligence, whilst the man was a Barbary type of Dickens's Fagan.'

The Jews, notwithstanding their character for driving a good bargain, have not much chance with the natives, nor is any complaint of theirs listened to by a magistrate, no matter how unjustly they may have been dealt with. They teach their children, it is true, that it is right to rob Mussulmen, but it is only to put them on an equality with the latter, who will be quite sure to rob *them*. The Moors are born thieves, and need no sort of teaching. 'Almost every tradesman and every imperial merchant have two sets of weights—one to buy, and another to sell with. A merchant once had the impudence to cry out to his clerk when weighing: "Oh, you are wrong; these are my *selling* weights: bring me my *buying* weights. Am I not buying?" The government not only winks at the dishonesty of its subjects, but when the matter lies between one of the Faithful and a Jew, or Christian, it will not, and dare not, administer justice. 'Muley Suleiman was a great admirer of the European character, and was much attached to a Mr Leyton, an English merchant. This merchant was one day riding out of the city of Mogador, when an old woman rushed at him, seized the bridle of his horse, and demanded alms. The merchant pushed her away with his whip. The ancient dame seeing herself so rudely nonsuited, went off screaming revenge; and although she had not had a tooth in her head for twenty long years, she noised about town that Mr Leyton had knocked two of her teeth out, and importuned the governor to obtain her some pecuniary indemnification. His excellency advised Mr Leyton to comply, and get rid of the annoyance of the old woman. He resolutely refused, and the governor was obliged to report the case to the emperor, as the old lady had made so many partisans in Mogador as to threaten a disturbance. His Imperial Highness wrote a letter to the merchant, condescendingly begging

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him to supply the old woman with "two silver teeth," meaning thereby to give her a trifling present in money. Mr Leyton, being as obstinate as ever, was ordered to appear before the emperor at Morocco. Here the resolute merchant declared that he had not knocked the teeth out of the old woman's head; she had had none for years, and he would not be maligned even in so small a matter. The emperor was at his wits' end, and endeavoured to smooth down the contumacious Leyton, to save his capital from insurrection; imploring him to comply with the *lex talionis*, and have two of his teeth drawn, if he was inflexibly determined not to pay. The poor emperor was in hourly dread of a revolution about this tooth-business, and at the same time he knew the merchant had spoken the truth. Strange to say, Mr Leyton at last consented to lose his teeth rather than his money. However, on the merchant's return from the capital to Mogador, to his surprise, and no doubt to his satisfaction, he found that two ship-loads of grain had been ordered to be delivered to him by the emperor, in compensation for the two teeth which he had had punched out to satisfy the exigencies of the empire.'

Some chapters of our author's work are devoted to the cities of the interior of Marocco, but the information we derive from them is either absolutely nothing, or of that vague and uncertain character which we possess already. Marocco itself is a gloomy and half-ruined city, though occupying an area of seven miles in circumference, and Fez is the real capital and the seat of commerce. The population of the latter town is variously estimated at from 80,000 to 40,000, and there seems to be a similar variance in almost every other statement concerning it; nor is this uncertainty to be wondered at, since so bigoted are its inhabitants, that no European can walk undisguised in its streets without an escort of military. It was lately the head-quarters of those fanatics who preached 'the holy war,' and involved the emperor in hostilities with France. As for Timbuctoo, the Laureate, even in his undergraduate days, depicted it most truly; first giving us the golden dream of it, and then the sad reality.

Child of man,
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of rangèd chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,
And gulfs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
O city! O latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: *soon yon brilliant towers*
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-walled, barbarian settlements.
How changed from this fair city!

Our author's main object in visiting Marocco was to present in person an appeal to the emperor from the Anti-slavery Society, which purpose, it is needless to say, was not accomplished. The emperor, however, did obtain the document—in a certain roundabout and underhand Eastern fashion—and returned a message of the usual character, adroitly combining the three required elements of conciliation, negation, and no meaning at all. The Cuckoo cry of slaves being treated well, because it is the masters' interest that they should be so, has been set up concerning the negro race in Marocco as elsewhere, and with the like unreason. Generally speaking, and from the low motive stated of their market-value being injured by ill-usage, the slaves are not treated with barbarity; but whenever the various passions of their masters are aroused, the same brutal and unspeakable deeds are done under the Moorish despotism as defile the republic of the United States. The slave is always eager for his freedom, and—when his master wants the money—is sometimes permitted to go about begging until he gets enough to purchase his discharge. 'He puts the *ôtka* in his mouth (which piece of written paper, when signed, assures his freedom), and goes about the town, crying, "*Fedeeak Allah*" (Ransom of God!) All depends on his luck. He may be months, or even years, before he accumulates enough to purchase his ransom.'

With regard to the military array of Marocco, our author has nothing formidable to say of it except with respect to its numbers. The disposable force of the Mogador district is about 70,000; but the different bodies which compose it can never safely be brought together. Alluding to the quarrel of their sultan with the French, these hostile tribes muttered to each other: 'We must kill our own French first;' that is, their own hereditary enemies. 'I went out to see the two levies. These tribes had a singularly wild and savage aspect, with only a blanket to cover them, which they wrap round and round their bodies, having neither caps on their heads nor shoes on their feet. They were greatly excited against the Christians, owing to the foolish conduct of the Moorish authorities. The lawless bands spat at me and every European passing by them, screaming with threatening gestures: "God curse you! Infidels."'

If we rise from the perusal of Mr Richardson's volumes with little sympathy for that effete European race which is now directing its decaying energies against its old oppressors, we have certainly no hope of benefit to mankind from any victory that may be gained by the Moor.

THE TARN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I AM a Cockney, born and bred, and I don't care who knows it. My profession compels me to live for eleven months in the year within the sound of Bow Bells. It is not pleasant to be so mewed up so long of course, but it is not a degradation, as some suppose it, nor even is it without its advantages. I think I appreciate the country during my August holiday to a degree which no one not 'in city pent' the rest of the year can have an idea of. I have experienced six-and-thirty Augusts, and all, save one, of almost complete happiness. There were some wet days among them, I do not deny, and particularly in '42, but the fish bit better than ever that year under the gray arch in the swollen Berkshire river, as I remember well; and sometimes it was a little foggy up in the Scotch Highlands; but what a relief it is for a Londoner to find himself in a fog without the least possibility of being run over by an omnibus! Besides, in that Land of the Mist, as its inhabitants feel such an inexplicable pride in calling it, they don't know what real darkness in the daytime is. I have been at mid-day in the next street to that in which I live in town—the name of which I could only discover, by the by, by ringing a door-bell, and inquiring of a strange maid-servant, whose face I could not help (I do not mean could not *resist*, mind) touching with my whiskers, it (the day) being so extremely dark—nay, I have been within a dozen doors of my own residence, and yet failed to discover it without the help of a policeman's lantern. My nieces once had to sleep at a house in Russell Square

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where we had been dining, because our coachman could only travel round and round the square, and find no egress; and I myself got home solely by help of the area-railings, which I clutched, hand-over-hand, as a sailor climbs a rope. When I met a person, as I did several, taking the like precautions, whoever had the longest arms went outside, but never let go his hold, and so we passed one another, something as one goat walks over another upon a precipitous and narrow ledge; and when I got to a crossing, there was nothing for it but to wait for a link-boy to pilot me over the dark Styx. The roar of *unseen* London traffic in a fog is to my mind as awful as when, in a strange land, one

> Walking slow,
> In doubt and great perplexity,
> A little before moonrise hears the low
> Moan of an unknown sea;
> And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
> Of stones thrown down, or one deep cry
> Of great wild beasts.

The poets, and, until lately, the romance-writers, have chosen to locate all their terrible 'situations' out of town; but there is a 'startling incident' or two, I fancy, nevertheless, which they might pick up, if they looked for it—even in a fog—within three miles of the General Post-office too. But pardon me; I know, whenever I speak of London, I grow garrulous.

The very extraordinary and eerie circumstance which it is my purpose upon this occasion to record, did happen in a legitimate locality—upon a mountain tarn far up in the Western Highlands. Its occurrence marked the one exception that I made just now to my otherwise three dozen happy Augusts. I spent my summer holiday in '28 with two very dear friends of my own age, mere Cockneys like myself, but whom, like myself also, the sights and sounds of Nature inexpressibly charmed, and the cataracts and splendours of the hill-tops 'haunted like a passion.' It was the fourth holiday that we young fishermen—for fishing was our only sport—had spent together, and the scene of our enjoyment was for the first time among the sea-lakes of Argyleshire. Some old men cannot bear to look back upon those palmy times of youth and vigour, when existence itself is an enjoyment, and the bounding pulses know not what it is to feel a doctor's fingers, but, thanks to Heaven, I, who have still my health and still my love of nature, feel no such unwillingness. It is pleasant to me to recall the memory of those far-back sunny days, nor, though I cannot stand so many hours in the creamy trout-streams as of old, nor throw a line with such precision, do I give up hope of seeing others like them.

> Though we maun follow wi' the lave
> (Grim Death he heucks us a')
> We'll have anither fishing-bout
> Before we're ta'en awa.
> Ay, we will try those streams again
> When summer suns are fine,
> And throw the flies together yet,
> For the days of auld lang syne.

That is to say, Collett and I will, I trust; but as for poor Charley Falconer, our other companion in that breezy ramble of which I speak, grim Death has 'heucked' him long ago, and he lies in the dark river. We three, then, staying at the little Highland town upon the sea-loch, where there was nothing but a Presbyterian church where they spoke Gaelic, thought it no sin to spend our Sundays on the moorlands or elsewhere in that fair region, with our dinners in our pockets, and with a flask full of mountain-dew, to mix with the water of the mountain-stream, which is said to be brackish. One splendid 'unlawful' morning, we took an excursion longer than usual across the loch, where there is a Royal Ferry which must needs ply every day, and up the glorious two-peaked mountain opposite, whose name—since it was thus desecrated—I will not here divulge. Save for the bees that made solemn anthem to us as we clomb the heathery slopes, and the whir of the startled grouse that sped occasionally athwart the cathedral arch of heaven, all nature was indeed 'as quiet as a church'—quieter even than some churches one now reads of, such as St George's-in-the-East.

> The lightest wind was in its nest,
> The tempest in its home;
> The whispering waves were half asleep,
> The clouds were gone to play,
> And on the bosom of the deep
> The smile of heaven lay;
> It seemed as if the hour were one
> Sent from beyond the skies,
> Which scattered from above the sun
> A light of Paradise.

And I am sure we felt it so, and that we were doing no particular harm. Presently, and when we had got a great way up the mountain, we came upon a still blue tarn, with rushes at one end, betwixt which a little burn ran leaping and laughing, like a lad for the first time his own master, who longs to mix with the great world before him; but the other end was in shadow under crags. There was a small island in the middle with heathery knolls upon it, and 'O that we had a boat!' cried Collett, whose darling dream it always was—which, however, has by no means been fulfilled—to possess some little secluded territory of his own, where none but his friends could get at him. 'Let us three build a hut there, and spend all our days.' 'We can spend to-day,' said I, 'to begin with, at all events, for yonder is a boat among the rushes.' My own heart was set upon fishing, and I remembered with regret, I fear, that it was Sunday, and that, besides, we had no fishing-rod. It was quite a surprise to find a pretty pleasure-boat in such a place—put there, as I guess, by some rich man who owned the whole mountain—and holding three quite comfortably. It was only tethered to the shore by a little iron chain, but that was padlocked; so, unwilling to do violence, unless it was absolutely necessary—for to land upon the island we were thoroughly determined—we looked about us for some legitimate authority for unloosing the boat, and, far away to westward, discovered a little smoke quite blue, which presently, as we drew near it, proved to be from a peat-fire in a bothy, where there was an old weather-beaten Highlander cooking some rather disagreeable-looking food.

'Was he the keeper of that boat?' we asked.

He knew enough of English to tell us that he was, and that he would not let us have it.

'Was there no other boat?' asked we, hoping to make use of the great principle of Competition.

He answered with a grim unpleasant smile that there was not; and that one boatie on the Dhuloch was enough for all the people that were like to want it.

'Would he have a little whisky?' we inquired; 'and would he let us have the boat for an hour *now?*'

No; not even now; and he entered, by way of apology, into the various conscientious reasons that prevented him from doing so, which were far too numerous and obscure to be here repeated.

In the end, it cost us a couple of shillings and some tobacco before we could get back to the tarn with the key of the boat-chain. He gave it to us, even then, with some remark about the Dhuloch not being very canny for people to go out upon alone; but we understood how to manage the sculls well enough ourselves, and did not wish to employ a boatman, which it was doubtless the intention of his remark to make

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us do. Collett and I unloosed the shallop eagerly, and jumped in at once; but Falconer, who had complained of the heat and fatigue of the ascent, and had not accompanied us to the bothy, would not come in for a while, but lay down on the bank and watched us as we paddled up the little sheet of water to the purple island, than which I never saw a fairer sight on canvas, or conceived in any dream.

'How awful look those crags,' said I, 'in contrast to this sunny middle of the lake.'

'They do, indeed,' replied Collett; 'as dark as Death.'

But nothing was really further from our mind than any thought of Death.

'Come!' hallooed we, 'come, Falconer; this place is such a jolly spot to sit in'—we were but Cockneys, as I said, and used strange adjectives—and when he nodded, as much as to say 'I will,' we rowed back again, and took him in.

He said the sun oppressed him, and lay down in the bottom of the boat at the stern with his straw-hat over his eyes. I stood up in the bows and steered the boat by voice, shouting, 'Pull your right,' or 'Pull your left,' to Collett, who was sculling, and had of course his back to me.

There was not a ripple upon the water. The silence, except for the stroke of the paddles, was unbroken. The sun was almost directly over us: but there was not a bird in the sky. Such noonday solitude and stillness I never before experienced, notwithstanding that I had two friends—or at least one friend—so close beside me. Presently, to my extreme wonder, I saw another skiff shoot noiselessly out from under the dark shadow of the crags, and make towards us. There were two men in her, one rowing, and one standing in her bows, as in our own. I called to Collett, who turned round and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

'We have no business here,' said I, 'and I suppose there will be a row. Why, the old scoundrel deceived us; and there was another boat on the tarn, you see, after all.' I pointed with my walking-stick as I spoke, and the figure in the bows of the advancing skiff seemed to do the same. Then I began to doubt its being a real boat; not that I had the least notion of anything supernatural, but that I called to mind some strange stories I had read of the effects of reflection or refraction, whichever it is (for I never was much of a scientific person), and concluded that the strange appearance was only a mirage of ourselves. I do not know how it was, but neither Collett nor I was able to observe the figures very accurately, although they came quite near enough for us to do so. I do not know whether they were like my companion and myself or not, but I saw plainly enough that the man in the bows had a walking-stick similar to mine, and while looking towards us, was pointing with it to the bottom of his own boat. This action was so continued and striking, that I called Collett's attention to it, and bade him wake Falconer with his foot—who still occupied the position I have mentioned in our stern—because it seemed to me as if these strangers were making fun of *him*. I was so occupied with the man standing up, that it never struck me to observe if there was a third person lying in *their* boat or not, nor, perhaps, from its position could I have done so. Falconer did not move when he was thus nudged; and when Collett, stooping down, took off the straw-hat that concealed his features, we perceived that our dear Charley was *a dead man!* He had passed away from us without making the least sign, poor fellow! Agonised as I was, I could not help casting one glance towards the mysterious boat and her silent crew, who had brought us, as it seemed, this terrible news; but she was no longer to be seen. There was not even the trace of her keel upon the placid waters. She could not possibly have got to land, or out of sight, in such an instant. I looked down into the clear blue tarn involuntarily, but my eyes only met my own haggard visage and the reflex of our solitary skiff.

We rowed ashore, and carried our dear friend to the little bothy, where the old man received us with more of sympathy, if less of horrified wonder, than I had expected of him. He said he had warned us before we went that the tarn was uncanny. And so we three went down the mountain with our sad burden to the Ferry; and Charley Falconer was laid in the Highland kirkyard, far from friends and home.

It is not, therefore, strange that that August holiday seems to have less of sun upon it in the memory of us two old men, than our other summer rambles.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE new year opens with new achievements in chemical science, highly important as demonstrations of heat-phenomena, as well as for their practical value. M. St Clair Deville, whose successes in the utilisation of aluminum are well known, has discovered a simple method of melting platinum in large quantities, which chemists and the makers of chemical vessels will gladly welcome. It has long been known that platinum will not fuse even in the fiercest glow of a smith's forge, but yields to a flame of oxyhydrogen; and M. Deville availing himself of this fact, takes a block of lime, saws a slab off from the top, scoops a saucer-like hollow on the saw side, and a deep basin in the block beneath, and thus forms a lime-furnace. A small channel is cut from the basin to the outside for the escape of the gases; a hole is pierced through the slab, or lid, as it may be called, for the admission of a oxyhydrogen burner; the basin is filled with platinum ore; the jet being introduced, and the gas turned on, the heat developed is so intense, that the metal is speedily melted, and ready to be cast into ingots. This method involves, moreover, but little annoyance to the operator, for the outside of the block of lime is so slightly heated, that it can be touched with the hand, and occasions no inconvenience. Owing to its rarity and refractory nature, platinum is a costly metal, and has been sold, when fashioned into vessels intended for use in the manufacture of chemical acids, at the rate of a guinea an ounce.

Another example is Mr J. J. Griffin's Patent Blast Gas Furnace, which, constructed of fire-clay and plumbago, and fitted with a crucible, is heated by a burner supplied by ordinary gas, while a stream of air sent through the flame by a blowing-machine, with a pressure ten times stronger than that of the gas, will melt cast iron in twenty minutes, and copper in half that time. And this stove, like the block of lime, becomes but slightly warm on the outside.

These applications of heat are alike promising and interesting, and we may expect to hear of their adoption for numerous purposes. As yet, the most intense heat is that produced by oxyhydrogen, and before this the most refractory minerals must now give way. Some experimentalists are questioning whether it could be usefully employed in the generation of steam.

M. Kuhlmann is investigating the subject of corrosion, as exemplified by iron and copper, having in view certain geological and industrial considerations. As regards iron, the inquiry has a bearing on the question of weakness in steam-boilers, and M. Kuhlmann intends shortly to lay his conclusions on this particular before the Academy of Sciences in Paris. —The experiments made some time ago, to which we called attention, to determine the presence of copper and silver in sea-water, have been tested and confirmed by chemists in different parts of the world; an American calculates, from his researches, that the

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ocean contains two million tons of silver. How this fact, if it be a fact, bears out the theory that metalliferous deposits are due to the action of water, Heer Bleckerode of Delft has examined from another point of view: the vessels of the Dutch navy are sheathed with 'yellow-metal,' an alloy of copper and zinc manufactured in England, and the consumption in Holland is 300,000 kilogrammes a year. The sheathing lasts commonly for six years, and according to Heer Bleckerode, it takes up in that time from the water of the sea ninety kilogrammes of silver, which might be separated on the re-melting of the metal preparatory to rolling anew into sheets. Add to this calculation the navies of England, France, and the United States, and the amount of silver deposited on the ships' bottoms in the six years will be nine tons.

In another department of applied chemistry, M. Frémy shews that metapectic acid, one of the useful chemicals, may be manufactured on a large scale from the pulp of beet-root.—At a recent meeting of the Chemical Society (London), Professor Bloxam gave an explanation of a method for the detection of arsenic and other mineral poisons, by electrolysis—that is, to bring about a deposition of the suspected substance by means of a galvanic battery. Whether it is more trustworthy than the other methods used by chemists, remains to be proved.—Professor Crace-Calvert of Manchester has read a paper before the Society of Arts, 'On Starches, the Purposes to which they are applied, and Improvements in their Manufacture,' a subject which, though apparently commonplace, is of singular importance in manufactures and chemical science. The fact that one single print-work in Manchester uses more than 300 tons of starch a year, is suggestive of the enormous consumption that takes place throughout Lancashire. A good deal of the calico woven in that county is said to be one-third starch, as housewives find to their sorrow when it comes to the washing-tub. From starch, a beautiful purple colour can be produced, which may become serviceable in dyeing; potato-starch is manufactured into tapioca; a starch composed of flour and a solution of chloride of zinc, is used to replace horn, ivory, and gutta-percha; it is the starch in malt which is convertible into sugar when the mash-tub is kept at a temperature of 150 degrees; impregnate paper with starch, and expose it to the rays of the sun, and the starch is converted into sugar; starch is transmuted into honey-like sugar on a large scale by mixing with it a certain quantity of acid, and this sugar is largely used in breweries on the continent; and the starch eaten in food is converted into glycogene, which, stored in the liver, is there changed into sugar, and passed into the circulation, to become one of the elements in maintaining the animal heat.

Professor Crace-Calvert has further published a note concerning a disinfecting paste lately brought into use in Paris for the dressing of wounds, pointing out that as coal-tar is one of the ingredients of the paste which probably will be used in the hospitals of other countries, it is important to be well informed as to the particular kind of tar; he shews that there is an extreme variation in the composition of coal-tar, for, while the tar of Newcastle coal is almost exclusively naphthaline, that of Boghead coal is paraffine, and that of Wigan cannel-coal benzine and carbolic acid. In short, there appears to be a difference in each kind of coal experimented on. Of the substances above named, carbolic acid has remarkable antiseptic properties; dead bodies injected with a weak solution of it, may be kept for dissection several weeks; and a piece of horse-flesh, dipped in the acid, and hung up exposed to the weather, kept for more than three years without decomposition. The paste referred to is composed of 100 parts plaster of Paris, and 3 parts of coal-tar. When applied to wounds, it immediately neutralises the sickening odour of even the most offensive. Tar has long been known and used as an antiseptic in this country; and in the last century, Bishop Berkeley wrote a treatise to demonstrate the medicinal virtues of tar-water.

Another paper, read before the Society of Arts, will be interesting to female readers, for it was 'On rendering Fabrics Non-inflammable'—by which is to be understood woven fabrics. The means are numerous, but the best for the purpose are tungstate of soda and sulphate of ammonia. Dip muslins in a solution of either of these, and they become non-inflammable. The sulphate has the advantage of cheapness; while the tungstate is so harmless in its nature, that it does not at all interfere with the ironing of the muslin.

The Returns of the Registrar-general for the metropolitan districts still exhibit lamentable results, traceable to the ill-advised strike, and we follow our former quotation by one of more fatal details. In the latest return available for our purpose there appears: 'Of bricklayers, 2 died in the week; of bricklayers' wives, 3; of bricklayers' children, 11: of carpenters, 12 died; of carpenters' wives, 7; of carpenters' children, 21: of masons, 2 died, of masons' wives, 2: of painters, 4 died; of painters' wives, 2; of painters' children, 9: of plasterers, 1 died; of plasterers' children, 10.' These were not the results anticipated when, in the warm sunny weather, so many thousand working-men of London refused to work.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society, Admiral Fitz-Roy, Director of the Board of Trade Meteorological Department, communicated some interesting particulars of the fearful storms of October 25th and 26th, and November 1st last year—storms of which the memory is still a sorrow in many an English home. He described them as complete examples of the cyclone or rotary storm, so often encountered in southern latitudes. They began on the coasts of France and Spain about a day before they reached the British shores, whence they travelled whirling onwards in a north-easterly direction, announcing their approach by a fall of the barometer over an area extending from the east coast of Ireland to Heligoland. The rotation is demonstrated by comparison of the direction of the wind at different places: here, north-west; there, north-east; the circle being completed by the sweep of the currents at intervening places. It was three in the afternoon when the Channel fleet met the shock off Plymouth; at half-past five, the force of the gale had progressed to Reigate, where it nearly blew over a railway train. On the north-eastern coast, there was no fall of the barometer, wherein, as Admiral Fitz-Roy shews, there is an additional reason for giving notice of the approach of storms by telegraph; and it is satisfactory to know that the Board of Trade are making a beginning in the establishment of a system of telegraphic storm-signals.

The School of Mines and the Royal Institution are maintaining their reputation for good lectures: at the latter place, Professor Faraday, notwithstanding his indifferent health, has given his usual juvenile course; Professor Owen is advancing with his series on Fossil Birds and Reptiles; Dr Tyndall with his on Light, including some of its higher phenomena; and Dr Lankester, On the Relations of the Animal Kingdom to the Industry of Man.—M. Le Verrier has addressed a circular to astronomers, recommending a scheme of observation of the eclipse of the sun, which will take place next July. As it will be total over Northern Africa, those who wish to observe it in that state will do well to arrange for a visit to the observatory at Algiers. But the coming eclipse is to be taken advantage of with respect to another phenomenon: astronomers having for some time past noted perturbations in the movements of Mercury, have been led to infer the existence of a planet, or of planetary bodies,

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between that planet and the sun; and it is during the time of the eclipse that the region immediately around the sun is to be explored for the intra-Mercurial planet. Meanwhile, the sun's face is to be diligently watched, whenever visible, to detect any strangers that may happen to cross it, besides the ordinary spots. That something has been seen, is an established fact. Pastorff, a German observer, saw two round black spots cross the sun's disc in 1836 and 1837; they moved rapidly, and had the well-defined appearance presented by Mercury himself during a transit. That they have not again been seen for the past twenty years, is said to be owing 'to the large inclination of the planet's orbit.'—M. Coulvier-Gravier has published a goodly octavo on Meteors and Shooting-stars, and the laws by which they are governed, wherein are contained the results of forty years' observation.

Close upon the heels of Mr Darwin's book comes a quarto by Dr J. D. Hooker, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, on *The Flora of Australia, its Origin, Affinities, and Distribution*, which is a masterly production, quite worthy the name of the author. This essay purposes to do for botany that which Mr Darwin's work does for zoology—namely, to shew that species as such are not created and immutable, but are derivative and mutable; and Dr Hooker takes this ground for the reason, 'that whatever opinions a naturalist may have adopted with regard to the origin and variation of species, every candid mind must admit that the facts and arguments upon which he has grounded his convictions require revision since the recent publication by the Linnæan Society of the ingenious and original reasonings and theories of Mr Darwin and Mr Wallace.'

Treating of the question that plants have a centripetal force, a tendency to 'revert to the wild type,' the doctor puts forward a few suggestive illustrations which shew a great faculty for variation, and but little for reversion. 'In the first place,' he remarks, 'the majority of cultivated vegetables and cerealia, such as the cabbage and its numerous progeny, and the varieties of wall-fruit, shew, when neglected, no disposition to assume the characters of the wild states of these plants; they certainly degenerate, and even die, if Nature does not supply the conditions which man (by anticipation of her operations, or otherwise) has provided; they become stunted, hard, and woody, and resemble their wild progenitors in so far as all stunted plants resemble wild plants of similar habit; but this is not a reversion to the original type, for most of these cultivated races are not *merely* luxuriant forms of the wild parent. In neglected fields and gardens, we see plants of Scotch kale, Brussels sprouts, or kohl-rabi, to be all as unlike their common parent, the wild *Brassica oleracea*, as they are unlike one another; so, too, most of our finer kinds of apples, if grown from seed, degenerate and become crabs; but in so doing, they become crab states of the varieties to which they belong, and do not revert to the original wild crab-apple.'

Then the argument passes on to the effect of circumstances—cold, heat, damp, dryness, and climate in general; the means of plant-migration along the summits of ridges, and how everywhere a vast number press into existence in order that a lesser number may live. The races must be maintained; on that point, Nature is emphatic; 'but there is always a morphological change, if the change of conditions be sudden, or where, through lapse of time, it becomes extreme. The new form is necessarily that best suited to the changed condition, and as its progeny are henceforth additional enemies to the old, they will eventually tend to replace their parent form in the same locality. Further, a greater proportion of the seeds and young of the old will annually be destroyed than of the new, and the survivors of the old, being less well adapted to the locality, will yield less seed, and hence have fewer descendants.'

Dr Hooker examines the question as exemplified by fossil botany, and has to lament, in common with other naturalists, that the geological evidence has yet too many and too wide gaps to leave it possible to establish a complete system of vegetable palæontology. The problem of the distribution of plants, and of their duration, is yet to be solved; we can only surmise that some plants have survived measureless geological periods, and even the slow submersion of continents. To this follows a passage with which, for the present, we take leave of this interesting subject. 'To my mind,' observes the author, 'the doctrine of progression, if considered in connection with the hypothesis of the origin of species being by variation, is by far the most profound of all that have ever agitated the schools of Natural History, and I do not think that it has yet been treated in the unprejudiced spirit it demands. The elements for its study are the vastest and most complicated which the naturalist can contemplate, and reside in the comprehension of the reciprocal action of the so-called inorganic on the organic world.'

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

[The following translation from Vogl is extracted from an excellent little volume—*German Ballads and Poems*—by A. Boyd.]

A SHIP bounds o'er the open sea,
Concealed by fog and night;
The waves are foaming over it,
Dashed by the wild storm's might.

Two hundred slaves lie prisoned there
Between the narrow beams;
Half wakened by the howling storm,
Half brooding savage dreams.

They see themselves, like labouring beasts,
Sold on a foreign shore;
They feel the scourge's heavy blows,
The sunbeams, scorching sore.

They pray with fervent soul, aloud,
Amidst the storm and rain:
'O Lord! release, with sudden death,
Us from such lasting pain!'

And over slaves and sailors howls
The storm with savage might,
No beacon shines—the lightning's flash
Alone illumes the night.

The captain cries: 'O Allah—help!
Save us from danger, save!'
The slaves within call wildly out:
'O Lord! give us the grave.'

And fierce and fiercer drives the storm;
The ship bounds madly on!
Sudden—it strikes upon a rock!
And splits—all hope is gone!

And from the wreck: 'O woe! O woe!'
Howls loudly o'er the sea;
But from two hundred lips resound:
'Hail, Lord! we now are free!'

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MRS JELLICOE'S MISTAKES.

IN a semi-detached villa-residence, one of a long file of similar abodes lining a road uniting Notting Hill with Kensington, lived the Jellicoes—most respectable people. The house was neat and compact, with that slight drawback about it which attaches itself more or less to all semi-detached edifices where the fireplaces are constructed back to back, and which exhibits itself in the curious phenomenon, that whenever a fire is lighted in the front-parlour of No. 1, the smoke always comes down the chimney of the back-parlour of No. 2, and so on through all the rooms in the house. But this admitted—and I think that full justice has never yet been rendered to the singular ingenuity of the British builder who first effected this contrivance—the house was convenient and pleasant enough, with the regulation oak-graining in the parlours, and bird's-eye maple in the drawing-rooms, with white crockery door-handles and finger-plates, marble-paper in the hall, a small garden in front, a larger one in the rear, terminating in a part-Gothic, part-Chinese, part-beehive, and wholely Cockney summer-house; a flight of very white steps, evergreens in pots masking the kitchen-windows, a mahogany-painted door, and a bronze knocker and foot-scraper of *cinque-cento* design. The Jellicoes were generally regarded as 'well to do.' Mr Jellicoe was a stock-broker and substantial capitalist. There was nothing Stock Exchangey, or risky, or uncertain, about Mr Jellicoe. 'James never speculates,' Mrs Jellicoe was always saying, although, to do her justice, she understood as little about her husband's business as any wife ever did, and that is saying a good deal; but the statement conveyed to her mind a consolatory sense of repose, and safeness, and solidity. 'James never speculates.' 'I made my money, such as it is,' Jellicoe would occasionally confess, when melted a little by that superb port he produced on high days only—'I made my money in the great Capel Court year. You know when I mean as well as any man. Ah, that *was* a time! I never bought a share for myself—all my transactions were for others, and my commissions amounted to—well, a very tidy little sum, I can tell you.' So Jellicoe. I know there are others who doubt the facts of this statement; they say that Jellicoe always secured allotments of shares when they were worth having, and though he did not hold them long, always managed to sell at a profit. I don't know how this may be; perhaps, when he thought his success pretty certain, he did not call it speculating; but when there was that frightful fall in guaranteed Michigans and Ohios, I, for one, observed that Jellicoe looked a little alarmed. But, after all, that is neither here nor there.

Mr Jellicoe always left Notting Hill by the nine o'clock omnibus, returning home to dinner at six o'clock. He was a punctual man, and had never been known to miss the omnibus, or to come home late for dinner. If the cook could not have that meal ready at the appointed hour, she was dismissed Mr Jellicoe's service. About time and about money he was a jealous disciplinarian. The rumour went that Jellicoe kept account of his own personal expenditure even by double-entry; that he closed his books strictly at the end of the year, and drew up a balance-sheet of his assets and liabilities. He was always, it would seem, prepared for bankruptcy—the secret for success in which art seems to be, that you shall be as careless as you like with your money so long as you are careful with your books. Jellicoe was ready at any moment to place his schedule in the hands of the commissioner, and take the necessary oath about it forthwith. Now, if there was a brier in the flowery path of Mrs Jellicoe's married life, it was in reference to this martinet scrupulousness of Jellicoe's with regard to money. She was, generally speaking, a happy woman—a largely framed, amply covered, serene, sedate, comfortable woman, with a snug home, an affectionate husband, and a group of robust, hearty children about her; but that auditing of her housekeeping-book by Jellicoe! She was not a clever woman; still, she had learned the use of the globes and Persian painting; she had acquired Frênch from a Parisian, and singing from a member of the Royal Academy; as a school-girl, she had worked one of the most elaborate samplers that ever was seen, crowded with alphabets, stars, yew-trees, fireworks, paroquets, and wreaths of flowers; but she was open to the charge of arithmetical deficiencies, which became the more appalling in the exaggerated view it pleased Jellicoe to take of the matter of figures. Mrs Jellicoe was not a good accountant, and the consequent occasional *hiatus* and confusions appearing in the housekeeping-books were the subject of serious discussion between Mrs Jellicoe and her lord. Usually, the Jellicoes, after the withdrawal to rest of their children, passed together evenings remarkable, if not for liveliness, at anyrate for placidity. Apart from his newspaper, of which institution he was a thoroughly British devotee, Mr Jellicoe was not a great reader. Still, he subscribed to the great bibliotheca in New Oxford Street, and, as he seldom changed his books, was probably one of the librarian's most esteemed customers. There was generally a novel in process of perusal by Mr and Mrs Jellicoe, and of this a chapter was read every evening after the children had gone to bed. They

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steadily took up the book at the point at which they had put it down on the previous evening, always keeping a 'stop' in to mark their progress. This was not rapid, but Mr Jellicoe appeared to deem it sufficient, and that he was thus keeping himself *au courant* with the literature of his time in a decidedly commendable way. There was this remarkable fact about the reading, that whenever Mr Jellicoe read aloud, Mrs Jellicoe invariably went to sleep; and if Mrs Jellicoe read, then Mr Jellicoe reposed. The result was, that though jointly, perhaps, they might have passed a tolerable examination in the book, severally, their acquaintance with it was of a character rather detached and incomplete.

But there were evenings when Jellicoe was not inclined for novel-reading, and still less for sleep; when he was fearfully unromantic and wide awake; when he would produce his desk—solid mahogany, with heavy brass-mountings—and commence what he called 'checking' the housekeeping-book. It was a dreadful time for Mrs Jellicoe. She must wait there to give all required explanation; she must submit to the most probing questions; she must be prepared at all points with answers; she, who knew what fearful chasms there were in the accounts, who knew that they could not, would not balance; that she had made her head ache for a whole day, trying to recollect some forgotten expenditure, and that her entire system of calculation was hopelessly faulty and wrong. Grand, reposed, ample woman that she was, she positively shivered and cowered on the sofa while Jellicoe hung over the accounts, frowning intensely—but *that* is always part of an addition sum—with his pen in his mouth, the two ends projecting on each side of his face, like the whiskers of a cat, and imparting to him an air of quite vindictive severity. Of course the book would not balance, would not add up. Jellicoe tried hard for a long time, only in the end to abandon the task in despair, or to proclaim some alarming deficiency in the housekeeping exchequer. The whole audit could only terminate in the ignominious discomfiture of Mrs Jellicoe; and there was a great gulf of distrust, and uneasiness, and disappointment, between Mr and Mrs Jellicoe as they retired to rest that night.

A cloud hung over the breakfast of the ensuing morning. There was gloom, there was silence. You could hear the lumps of sugar fall gratingly to the bottom of the cups; you could hear the tea gurgle out of the pot, the dry toast crackle and yield beneath the crunching efforts of Mr Jellicoe. 'Missy,' stirring her bread and milk, made quite a noise with the spoon. Missy, otherwise known as 'Totty,' was the youngest scion of the House of Jellicoe; and on condition of being 'good,' which meant making no noise, and only speaking when she was spoken to, was permitted to breakfast with papa. The young lady's brothers had been up some time, and were now suffering under the efforts of little Miss Burke, the governess, to graft education on them; a painful business for all concerned, though Jellicoe *was* proud of Bob's being put through his third declension in the Eton Latin Grammar. They were nice, clean, red and white, muscular children, but not clever. In the daytime, they were attired as Rob Roy Macgregor Campbells; in the evening, especially after dinner-parties at Jellicoe's, they appeared as so many infantine Hamlets, Princes of Denmarks, in black velvet and silk-tights. Mrs Jellicoe bent over the tea-cups. She looked rather dismal and preoccupied. She was deterred from attempting conversation by the portentous air of Jellicoe. If she ever caught his eye, he immediately turned away, to regard the black marble clock on the mantel-piece, as though to measure his time for the omnibus. Missy spooned away at her bread and milk, surveying her silent parents now and then with her great, round, wondering blue eyes, but saying nothing. 'Time *is* time!' and Mr Jellicoe rose to put on his boots. He was prone to indulge in that description of sagacious proverbs. He was for ever saying, 'Time *is* time,' 'Money *is* money,' 'Business *is* business,' as though he found great solace and support to his commercial constitution by the application of such tonic truisms.

'Mamma is coming to-day,' observed Mrs Jellicoe; 'she's engaged a fly, and is going shopping.'

'I don't see that *we* want anything,' replied Mr Jellicoe, moodily. 'I hate unnecessary purchases—I hate bargains.'

'Well, James, the children's frocks'——

'Will do very well for the present, I 'm sure.'

'They must have some summer things.'

'Well, wait till the summer comes: it's a white frost this morning.'

'And then, there's Meeker's dinner-party next week; and I'——

'Well, you've your amber satin—what more can you want? The expenditure lately has been ruinous—quite ruinous, Amelia. There; don't say anything more. I must go now, or I shall miss the 'bus.'

He kissed his wife, rather flabbily than tenderly, it must be owned; he kissed Missy also—on the cheek, her lips being clouded with bread and milk—and went his way.

'No, no,' he said, as he descended the snow-white steps; 'five pounds *is* five pounds!'

And that was about the amount of the deficiency in Mrs Jellicoe's housekeeping-book.

If you once concede that Mrs Jellicoe was a stout woman, you cannot then escape from the admission that Mrs Perkins, the mother of Mrs Jellicoe, was a *very* stout woman: she was taller, broader, heavier, and more sweeping and superb in every way. When Mrs Jellicoe wore silk, Mrs Perkins wore velvet; when the daughter appeared in lace and ribbons, the mother was to be seen in jewels and feathers. Not that there was any competition between them; Mrs Jellicoe at once confessed the superiority and inimitability of her parent.

'Isn't Ma a wonder?' was an inquiry she continually submitted to her friends. 'How she wears! More than sixty. Yes, her own hair. No, not the ringlets—those, of course, are put on. Lovely complexion, hasn't she? Ask her to sing. She'll be *so* pleased. She *had* a splendid voice.'

Upon solicitations consequent upon these remarks, Mrs Perkins was occasionally led to the piano, a witching smile broadening her already broad and rather flushed face; and the instrument, belaboured by no gentle hand, a strong guttural sort of contralto voice was found to be in her possession, and *Bonny Dundee* was trolled out with a staccato gusto quite exhilarating to hear. I don't fancy that Jellicoe himself greatly relished these musical ebullitions on the part of his mother-in-law, but they had become too established institutions for him to be able to repress them very successfully. Nor was Mrs Perkins a woman easy of repression: if you were not awed by her superior size, you could hardly fail to succumb before the tremendous courtliness of her manner. If you did not yield to her glance, you went down instantly before her smile. Besides, she had had some experience in fascination. Three husbands had, in turn, led Mrs Perkins to the altar: she had, in turn, mourned them all; was now 'alone again in the world,' as she phrased it; and yet not much the worse for her troubles—still smiling and velveted, singing and ringleted, feathered and jewelled. She had made two or three voyages to India, and her house was consequently crowded with Indian, and Chinese, and Japanese marvels. She was a first-rate hand at a curry, and took her tumbler of brandy-pawnee every night before she went to bed, with a regularity said by her intimates to have been acquired in the jungle. She was good-natured enough in her way, which was rather of the violent and impetuous; had a strong, hearty, man's laugh, which she never

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dreamed of sparing; a wonderful passion for brilliant costume; a strong affection for her only daughter (Amelia, or 'Mely,' as she called her); and a great respect for Mr Jellicoe. I fancy that of old there had been severe contests for supremacy between Mrs Perkins and her son-in-law, and that some vigorous line of action on his part, ending in the defeat of the lady with great loss, had won for him her veneration and submission thenceforth. He was too good-natured to be severe in his victory, and so Mrs Perkins was always hospitably entertained, and welcomed, and humoured by her 'children,' as she called them, although Jellicoe had prohibited peremptorily all interference in the affairs of his household.

'Well, Mely, love, how are you?' asked Mrs Perkins, as she stepped out of the fly, which, by the by, tilted and sloped very much as she did so, for I can tell you she weighed a trifle. She was proud of her foot, and it was small for her size—fat women, I notice, often are proud of their feet—and her boots were certainly visible, plainly visible, as she mounted the steps of Mr Jellicoe's house.

'How's J.? All right? Give us a kiss, Mely. You look pale, my chick. How are the children? Well? That's all right. Yes, I'll have a glass of sherry and a crust. Coachman! Baylis!' and she screamed out to her charioteer—'you can go to the public-house, if you like. I shall stop here an hour.'

Baylis availed himself of this gracious permission. Mrs Perkins took what she called 'a glass of sherry and a crust,' which really consisted of three glasses of sherry, a plentiful supply of cold roast beef, and a bottle of Guinness; but perhaps she only intended to speak generally.

'Pa's very cross,' said Amelia. 'I don't know what to make of him.'

'Is he, though? Have some Guinness, Mely? Do; it will do you good.'

I think if one could have arrived at Mrs Perkins's notion of a really enjoyable afternoon, it would have consisted, firstly, in a plentiful lunch; and secondly, in a prolonged career of shopping afterwards. She always dressed magnificently on these occasions; and the way in which she sailed into shops, always proceeding to quite the far end of them, nearly swamping the minor customers she passed in her progress—her grand manner to the shopkeeper, and the courtesy with which she inspected his wares—now awarding her sovereign approval, and now her sovereign contempt: these were, indeed, fine things to see. Certainly the trouble she gave was not always proportioned to the value of her purchases. But it is to be presumed that something of the enjoyment she experienced was imparted to the merchants she traded with; at least, they evinced no disinclination to obey the mandates of Mrs Perkins.

'I want a new bonnet, and a new mantle, and gloves and boots, and ever so many things. Come along, Mely. Here's Baylis. We'll have a nice long afternoon's shopping.'

And the two ladies drove off.

Miss Burke, rather heated from a long educational struggle with her three charges, and having heard 'Missy' gaspingly perform on the piano the beautiful melody, *I'm a Cottage*, amid the jeers of her brothers, escorted her pupils on a customary constitutional parade in Kensington Gardens.

Mr Jellicoe was cross when he went away; there can be no doubt of that from Mrs Jellicoe's point of view. He was no better when he came home again. Mrs Jellicoe thought him very much worse. 'Can James have been speculating?' she asked herself. 'Things must have gone very wrong indeed in the city.' Certainly, about this time, city articles in morning newspapers described money as being tight, and a feeling of uneasiness as being prevalent. There had been a tremendous fall, too, in Connecticut Junctions, in which it was believed that Jellicoe had an interest; and the directors of the Wheal Polly Mine, it was said, had refused Jellicoe's application for an allotment. Of course, I speak with diffidence of Mr Jellicoe's business doings; to outsiders, all crafts appear inscrutable and mysterious. I only know that Mr Jellicoe was always to be seen running actively about in Throgmorton Street, with his hat rather off his head, a pen in one hand, and a slip of paper in the other. No doubt, this was all as it should be, and he was getting through a great deal of work, although he *was* very much more out of his office than in it. But it was evidently not only business matters that weighed heavily upon Mr Jellicoe, if, indeed, they weighed at all. Mrs Jellicoe had been detained rather late in her shopping; was not dressed in time for dinner; and both Mr Jellicoe and the dinner had had to wait. Notwithstanding, the codfish was underdone. All this was provoking; but above all, or rather, under all, was the old grievance of the mistake in Mrs Jellicoe's accounts. Mr Jellicoe had not forgotten that, and Mrs Jellicoe knew that he had not. As for Mrs Perkins, to do justice to her astuteness, she perceived at once that, as she expressed it, 'J. was as cross as two sticks,' and accordingly declined a reluctant invitation to dinner, and gave orders to Baylis to drive home.

Mrs Jellicoe was discomposed at breakfast, but she was even more seriously disturbed at dinner. She hardly ventured to address any remark to her husband; occasionally, she looked towards him, but only abstractedly. She ate sparingly, sometimes laying down her fork altogether for some minutes, then resuming it hurriedly. Mr Jellicoe could not fail to notice a strangeness in her manner. He was a heavy, rather obstinate man, but he was not unkind. 'Are you ill, Amelia?' he asked.

'No, James; thank you.'

He went on with the sherry, for which his table was so justly celebrated. He had paid his wife the attention of asking after her health, and considering the mood he was in, it was perhaps all that could be expected of him. 'This cannot be only the mistake in the housekeeping-book,' she said, and he continued his dinner. Running about in Throgmorton Street, it seemed, was provocative of appetite.

There was a knock at the door. Mrs Jellicoe started.

'What's that?' asked Mr Jellicoe.

'Only a parcel, I think, James,' said Mrs Jellicoe in a meek explanatory voice.

'Who for?'

'Really, James, I—I don't know. How *should* I know?' Mrs Jellicoe was mildly defiant.

'Amelia, I wish to know.'

At this juncture Parker, the parlour-maid, put her head in at the door and said: 'Please, sir, it's for me, sir.'

She must have been listening, I should think, or else she acted in pursuance of instructions. Mr Jellicoe was silenced, but not satisfied; Mrs Jellicoe partly relieved, but not wholly comfortable. Missy and the Rob Roys came in for dessert; their reception was not enthusiastic.

'O pa,' cries Totty, 'dere's a man in back-parlour.'

'Nonsense, Totty,' says mamma.

'What does the child mean?' asks Jellicoe.

'It's absurd, but I'll go and see.'

Jellicoe was not prepared for sudden action on the part of Amelia, or perhaps he would have stopped her. She left the room. Jellicoe told the Rob Roys not to make so much noise, and listened. He thought he heard voices in the back-parlour. He rose to go out after his wife. Then he heard the street-door shut, and in a minute Amelia returned, rather pale, but rubbing her white plump hands together with an affected cheerfulness and unconcern.

'It was nobody—it was nothing!'

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Jellicoe looked angry, puzzled, and incredulous. Totty was busy with almonds and raisins; the Rob Roys were hard at work devouring oranges gleefully. The olive-branches were soon dismissed to bed, rather abruptly. Totty's offer to rehearse her poetry was declined scornfully. The evening promised to be very sombre indeed.

'Who was in the back-parlour?' asked Mr Jellicoe.

Amelia paused, and looked at him; he was very angry, but she seemed to take heart rather from that.

'No one!' she said stoutly. Of course, that was not true; they both knew that; but she was determined to stop discussion on the threshold, and she adopted that improper mode of doing so. She rang for tea.

'Shall I go on reading the *Wrecker's Wife?*' she said as she took a volume from a side-table.

'No!'

'Will you read it, James?'

'No!' He thrust the book away from him angrily. He was in a great rage. The Jellicoes had never, since they were married, had so black an evening.

There was division between Mr and Mrs Jellicoe—distrust and division. It was a new feeling to both of them; and to do them justice, they neither of them liked it. In a prosaic and homely, but certainly in a strong and solid way, they had entertained most strong affection for each other. Jellicoe was not so absorbed by the money-market and city intelligence but that he had great love for his wife, and his children, and his home; and Amelia, with all her stout placidity, her well-dressed self-possession, and consciousness of dignity and comeliness, had much affection for Jellicoe. If he had been ill, she would have nursed him day and night; poor, she would have toiled at his side, or slaved for both of them and the children too. She would have gone to the world's end at his bidding. This was in her, I really believe, had occasion required it. But now a thick wall of separation was rising between them; and each hour of their silence and estrangement seemed to add a fresh stone to that wall, and to make reconciliation and restoration of affection more and more difficult.

A most doleful breakfast succeeded that night of melancholy. At an early stage of it, Totty was dismissed the table for not being good, or otherwise for being too conversational for the silent moods of papa and mamma. It was a dreadful thing when Jellicoe left his house for the city, without bestowing on Amelia the usual kiss at parting. It had often degenerated, that little tenderness, into a tepid performance of a ceremonial. Custom, perhaps, had staled its romance, but still it was typical of past gallantry and affection, and its pretermission now seemed very sad and cruel indeed. Amelia had something very like genuine hysterics when she was alone, and Jellicoe complained in the omnibus, all the way to the Bank, of having a fly in his eye. His omnibus friends thought him moody and morose; old Crocker, the indigo-merchant, openly prescribed for him blue pill. Certainly his glance was dull, his gait unelastic, and his speech curt. He found nothing to amuse him in his newspaper: his eye first fell on an impassioned advertisement, in which a distressed husband appeared to be conjuring a fugitive wife—appealed to under the affectionate title of 'Pussy'—to return and be forgiven; he next found himself perusing some painful matrimonial law-reports; and then he was struck by a case, brought before Mr Bingham, in which an old acquaintance, 'the brute in human form,' was charged with a return of his old complaint, of wife-beating. Mr Jellicoe thrust away his newspaper abruptly. At that moment, I think his views regarding marriage must have been, to use one of his own phrases, rather below par. But 'business *is* business,' and he was soon running about Throgmorton Street as actively as any broker in that locality.

Mrs Jellicoe, too, recovered herself. She had an interview with Miss Burke touching the educational successes of the Rob Roys, and listened to an effective performance by Totty of *In a Cottage*. She then took lunch at the children's dinner; wrote a letter to Mrs Perkins, who occupied a small house near the Kensington gravel-pits; was 'not at home' when Mrs, Miss, and Miss Sophia Meeker called to pay a state visit; and then went for a little walk with Totty down the Notting Hill Road. But the dinner was but a repetition of the meal of the previous day—solemn and sad. Mr Jellicoe seemed bent upon ignoring altogether the presence of his wife; he never once addressed her, and after dinner, occupied himself in the examination of a bundle of papers he had brought home with him from the city.

The evening post brought a letter from Mrs Perkins to Mrs Jellicoe, who read it with evident annoyance and disappointment, and then placed the missive in her pocket. Still more to recall the transactions of the previous night, there was heard also a similar single knock at the door. Mrs Jellicoe left the room precipitately. Talking was now evidently to be heard in the hall. As though acting upon some pre-arranged principle, Mr Jellicoe, this time, made no stir, did not rise from the table, did not appear to listen. He was intently occupied with his papers. There was quiet at last; the street-door was heard to close, and Mrs Jellicoe re-entered, pale and angry, looking perhaps frightened a little too. All that night and the next morning, the dreadful state of siege, as between Mr and Mrs Jellicoe, continued.

The morrow brought Mrs Perkins, driven by Baylis.

'I'm *so* sorry, *so* sorry,' cried that lady, as she entered the dining-room—with an eye towards the cellaret, I think—'but I'm quite bankrupt; I shan't get my dividends for another month, and I haven't a rap, Mely.' Mrs Perkins was accustomed to indulge in forcible language.

'What shall I do?' asked Mrs Jellicoe.

'Is he cross still?'

Mrs Jellicoe nodded her head mournfully and affirmatively.

'You've your jewels?'

Mrs Jellicoe shook her head mournfully and negatively.

'You've the plate?'

Mrs Jellicoe paused, and looked towards her parent with a puzzled expression. That lady stooped down and whispered in Amelia's ear—I am not quite sure of the word—but it was either 'pawn,' or an even less refined equivalent.

'No, mother, I will *not*,' said Mrs Jellicoe, resolutely.

Mr Jellicoe returned home from the city a little before his usual time. Entering the drawing-room suddenly, he found his wife occupied in the perusal of a letter, or what appeared to be a letter, which, at his approach, she thrust rather alarmedly under the sofa cushion. He contrived to prevent her regaining the secreted document. He lingered about the sofa. The first dinner-bell rang, and Mrs Jellicoe was reluctantly compelled to withdraw to prepare for that entertainment. Mr Jellicoe secured the letter. He brightened a little as he glanced at it.

'A clue!' he said, and he put it in his pocket.

He went up stairs to his dressing-room: on the landing was Mrs Jellicoe. There was an expression of shame and penitence upon her face that was decidedly touching.

'O James!' she said, and she advanced towards him.

'Well, what is it?' He spoke gruffly. He was not a man easily melted.

'I am afraid I've been very foolish.'

'I daresay you have.'

But she had made up her mind, you see; she was not to be put down by his gruffness; she laid her plump white hands upon his arms.

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'Very foolish—very wrong—very wicked!' And the plump white hands crept up to his shoulders.

She looked humbled, almost exaggeratedly so. He suffered himself to be led into a small room, which usually went by the name of Mrs Jellicoe's boudoir. On the floor was a confused heap of brown paper parcels, large and small, some rent open, some yet corded. Mrs Jellicoe waved her hands towards the parcels.

'James, I've been so foolish.'

Her pocket-handkerchief was produced; her voice broke, and tears dropped down the plump, substantial matronly cheeks. Mr Jellicoe was moved, but he turned away his glance from his wife, for he had a duty to perform. He produced from his pocket the paper he had taken from beneath the sofa cushion, and commenced to read aloud:

'Important news from America! Alarming fire in Halifax, Nova Scotia! Damages estimated at a million dollars! A vast conflux of goods thus subjected to the unrelenting process of the most urgent and illimitable forced sales! Messrs Towzer and Sons of Wigborne Street, Portman Square, have been instructed to sell absolutely and immediately the following superb property! By peremptory desire! Leviathan Sale.—*N.B.* At any sacrifice, they must, they are bound to sell.'

'And you have been duped by such stuff as this, Amelia!' and he went on. 'Richest Moire Antiques! Black French Glacé Ducapes! Lyon Brocaded Silks! Persian Chenilles! Elegant Mohairs! Furs and Peltry! Magnificent India Gauze and French Sylphide Long Barège Shawls, shipped at L.4, 10s., only 11s. 6d. each! Solferino Cashmere Robes, a right elegant novelty, shipped at L.3, 15s., only 9s. 6d., full length!'

'How much do you owe Messrs Towzer, Amelia?'

A voice husky with penitence and sobs answered: 'Twenty pounds, James!'

James groaned aloud. He kicked open a parcel.

'What's that?'

The voice behind the handkerchief whispered: 'A brocaded silk!'

Mr Jellicoe read out:

'A grand unparagoned St Etienne brocaded silk flounced robe, the purest and most graceful arrangement, shipped at L.15, 10s. only L.5, 19s. 6½d.'—'Mrs Jellicoe, business *is* business, and truth is truth. You're a stout woman—eighteen yards will make a good full dress for you—fifteen, a scanty one. Measure that dress; if there's more than ten yards, I'm a Dutchman.'

Tremblingly Mrs Jellicoe produced a ribbon-yard measure, and obeyed. The silk measured nine yards and a half. James was triumphant, Amelia very contrite. He disturbed another parcel.

'What's that?' he cried.

Amelia, frightened, screamed in explanation: 'O James, it was *so* cheap—only 9½d.'

'Amelia, I did not expect this,' and he kicked with his foot another purchase of Mrs Jellicoe's—a bargain *—a widow's cap!*

'O James, forgive me; I did not mean anything!' She was on her knees trying to grasp his hands.

Parker tripped in. 'Please 'm, the man's called again. Oh, I did not know master was here;' and she tripped out again.

'Tell me one thing, Amelia: Mrs Perkins went with you?'

'Yes.'

'Remember! this is the very last shopping expedition. You'll deal in future at Old Brown's in Bishopsgate Street, who'll supply you with everything you want, under my instructions and approval. Now, I'll see this man.'

Mr Jellicoe went down stairs. He found a glossily dressed, pomatumed, whiskered individual, bowing obsequiously, in the back-parlour.

'Our firm has sent again for the money. I called last night, and the night before. It really ain't usual.'

'I don't want the goods,' said Mr Jellicoe, stoutly, 'and what's more, I won't have them.'

'Our firm really ain't accustomed'——

'I don't want any discussion. I keep one article, *the widow's cap.* I'll pay for that now. Here's sixpence, a threepenny bit, and a half-penny. I believe 9½d. is the figure. I don't care about a receipt.'

'Oh, thiis here's chaff.'

'Look here: don't flurry yourself. I'm a man of my word. I won't have your goods. I know a thing or two about Messrs Towzer and Son, and so do the magistrates in Marlborough Street. I warn you, if, in a quarter of an hour, you and your goods are not off my premises, why, I'll throw them out of window—I'll kick you into the road—and I'll send a policeman after Messrs Towzer and Son. Do you hear?'

Mr Jellicoe strode out of the room looking every bit like a man who would keep his word. Somehow, the emissary of Messrs Towzers seemed to think so too. In ten minutes, he had vacated Mr Jellicoe's house, taking with him Mrs Jellicoe's rash bargains, with the one exception.

The dinner was cold—it had been kept waiting some time—but it was eaten with greater relish by the Jellicoes than any meal of the last two days. Good humour was being re-established.

'James, I'm very sorry. You're not angry with me now?'

'No, Amelia,' and he kissed her heartily. 'Only, never shop any more with my mother-in-law—never buy bargains. Get Bob—I am sure he's old enough now—to help you in adding up the housekeeping-book. I'll allow a larger margin for sundries; and I am sure you can make it come right in future, if you try.'

'And the widow's cap—you won't keep that, James; let me burn it.'

'It shall be your next birthday present, Amelia, if you deserve it.'

She did deserve it, and she got it: and there was an end of Mrs Jellicoe's mistakes.

'THE DESTRUCTION OF THE POOR IS THEIR POVERTY.'

I HAVE often heard this saying break, as it were, from the heart of a poor man, when some unhappy circumstance brought home to him the difficulties of his position. It is affecting to hear such an exclamation from a perhaps worthy and meritorious fellow-creature; and sometimes the idea involved in it may be productive of wide-spread feelings by no means comfortable for the community. Let me try if I cannot put the matter on such a footing as to give comfort to both the poor and rich.

If we study to analyse the contrasted conditions of the poor and rich—of the labouring-man, we shall say, and the employer of labour—we shall find that the difference lies mainly here, namely, that the labourer has but himself, his bare self, his hands, his strength, and his intellect, to work for him, while the employer, besides all this, has something else, namely, money, and through money, a command of materials and the labour of others, to work for him—a multiplication, as it may be called, of the means at the service of his less fortunate brother. It so happens, too, that the man possessed of capital is thereby enabled to become richer and richer, at a constantly increasing ratio, while the poor man remains stationary; thus causing the contrast between the two to become always greater and greater. So also will it be, to some extent, even with the intelligence and moral force of the two men, for, while the employer rises as a moral and intellectual being with the sense of extended power, and the discipline he acquires from the dealing with large undertakings, the labourer

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stands still in these respects, able only to ignorantly wonder and chafe at the great advantages which he sees falling to the share of one whom he thinks in essential respects no better than himself. And how is this multiplied means to be obtained by the poor or labouring man, so that he may partake of the advantages of his neighbour? Obviously, only by his storing up something out of the results of his labour, by his not eating up all, day by day, that he works for. This has been the beginning or origin of all capital, and there is no other way of creating it. The first steps are the most difficult, and it is there that the force of the adage lies—The destruction of the poor is their poverty. It is naturally most difficult to spare from a small income, because needs are there at the greatest in proportion to means; but such is the order of Providence in many other things; for example, it is more difficult to clear and till a field in a new than an old country—it is more difficult for an ignorant than for a cultivated man to learn anything. Perhaps God meant this for a trial and a discipline to our faculties, and there is probably some great general good derived from it. Anyhow, there is the fact lying indisputable before us, that matters do stand so. It is for us to make the best of them.

Thousands upon thousands are, of course, every day encountering this difficulty, with the stout hearts and the patient self-denial that are necessary; and thousands upon thousands are every day seen, to some extent, realising the good results that are promised to all such efforts. It is a most interesting problem to watch. A country mason has been working for wages during several years. He has saved a few pounds. He undertakes the building of a cottage or a stone-fence, having wherewith to buy part of the materials, and engage two assistants. Gaining something from the job, he can undertake the building of a bigger house, a more extensive wall, next time. He has greater profits from this, and so he goes on till, in four or five years, you see him established as a master builder, with a family nicely housed and dressed, and everything handsome about him. Such a man is often envied and sneered at as worldly: possibly, there may have been a little worldliness in him; but, on the whole, there is generally a moral advance in such cases, as might indeed be reasonably expected, for in the self-denial involved in the first efforts at sparing, and in the consequent self-control acquired, there lies some virtue. Our mason is but the type of an enormous class of men throughout our industrious community—self-raised men, men who at first had but their hands to work for them, but afterwards were able, by sparing from the needs of the hour, to acquire the means of multiplying their powers, and at the same time to advance as moral and intellectual beings.

What men have done, men may do. What has been done once, may be done again. It is not always that even men of good abilities will find opportunities of employing savings to good mercantile advantage, so as to raise themselves greatly above their original condition. But there is not any case in which a man will not be benefited one way or another by a little store. Every penny saved is a tooth drawn out of the soul-oppressing adage, The destruction of the poor is their poverty. In our present mercantile polity, there is more than the necessary difficulty of employing small savings to profit; but this is susceptible of change for the better, and change may be looked for. Even now, the working-classes may employ savings in hundreds of ways advantageous to themselves for further saving, or for positive gain. For example, they may combine to get the chief necessaries of life at wholesale prices, and so save from ten to twenty per cent. Some have had the energy to start trades and factories on their own account, and with no lack of success, as I have been assured. That is a path in which many more may walk. The cleverness and pertinacity which we often see them expending in struggles with employers for impossible objects, would suffice to convert large groups of workmen into guilds of masters. There is in this country no avenue of success closed against any department of the community. But even though the talent should have to be deposited at a small interest in a savings' bank, it would still be a wholesome and most useful addition to the natural powers and defences of the man possessing it. It would still, in that form, be to a certain degree a protection against the crushing force of the adage, The destruction of the poor is their poverty.

One is sometimes disposed to look on Mr Bareman's case in this world as a very hard and sad one, and indeed to feel that the whole scene of the world is one of dismal inequality and partiality. But it is needless, perhaps something worse, to complain of it. It is a system of contention, designed, to all appearance, for the evocation of the active play of our faculties, and perhaps no other would have served such good ends. Let Mr Bareman grapple with the natural difficulties of his situation, and he will find himself all the better for the good fight he has fought. If, after his success, he turns an eye of sympathy on his still struggling fellow, and holds out a helping hand to him, he will find himself made still better, in the depths of his heart and soul, by the sacrifice he makes. Such are moral goods obviously derived from the inequality of the conditions of men. So perhaps what looks at first like a system of contention, is, after all, a principle needful to the social union.

PREACHING IN THE FAR WEST.

The same contrariety that leads cripples to become porters and walking postmen, and deaf men to fill the situation of Boots at our inns, has not seldom imbued blind persons with a passion for travel. Over the last class, the Rev. William Henry Milburn, of the United States, may certainly claim present pre-eminence. He is not, indeed, altogether sightless: the right eye retains the smallest possible transparent spot, not much larger than a pin's point, in the corner of the pupil, through which the light may make its way; 'though, to make this fraction of an eye available, it is necessary to use a shade above the eye, and to place the middle finger of the right hand beneath it, thus forming a sort of artificial pupil, allowing only the due quantity of light to enter.' Nevertheless, since, before his accident (which was occasioned by an oyster-shell thrown by a school companion), he had fortunately learned to read, he became, under these disadvantageous circumstances, a greedy devourer of books, and an accomplished student of the university of Illinois; an *alma mater* which may boast, with truth, of the rare virtue of never having conferred the title of D.D. on any unworthy object, inasmuch as throughout its five-and-twenty years' existence, it has never had occasion to confer it at all.

The Milburns were driven from Philadelphia by commercial shipwreck in 1837, and of course found the capital of the Far West to be a great deal cheaper place to live in. Some of the aborigines, however, complained, it seems, of its prices, low as they were, and were thus, in Mr Milburn's hearing, reproved by a female eggseller: 'What! do ye s'pose our hens are gwine to strain theirselves a-laying eggs at three cents a dozen? Lay 'em yourself, and see how you'd like the price.' Although, indeed, he could not see very well, the author of *Ten Years of Preacher-life** had powers of observation greater than those of most men with perfect eyes, and suffered absolutely nothing

* Sampson Low & Co., London.

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to escape his ears. Having embraced the profession of a preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist connection, he was appointed to the Winchester circuit, consisting of some thirty preaching-places—some of them chapels, more of them log-schoolhouses, most of them private dwellings—at an average of some ten miles apart. He had to preach a sermon a day, and make this three-hundred-mile round thirteen times a year. Thus he got acquainted with almost every man, woman, and child within his beat, and had a school open to him for studying human nature which he would scarcely have found elsewhere. That privilege, however, seems to have formed his principal reward, since of pecuniary recompense he had only four hundred dollars *per annum*. We do not wonder that, with such a miserable stipend, a young man in the same position as himself—a 'helper' in the ministry—was once convicted at the quarterly Conference of the practice of 'swopping horses,' in order to make both ends meet. All the charges against this juvenile preacher were characteristically rebuffed. 'First, that he could not preach; second, that he was attentive to all the girls around the circuit; and third, that he was constantly engaged in swopping horses. In defending himself, he stated, first, that he knew, as well as any of them, that he could not preach, and he was sure it did not trouble them as much as it did him; second, that they need not be alarmed about his attention to the girls, for he would not think of marrying the daughter of any man present; and third, as to trading horses, what else was he to do? they paid him nothing, and he had no other way of making money enough to buy his clothes.'

The discipline of this Western Church is rather rough when compared with that of Oxford and Cambridge, and the method of imparting the art of extempore preaching seems somewhat analogous to that of teaching our dogs to swim. The neophyte was 'chucked in,' and had to land himself how he could in this fashion. 'William, exhort!' cried the presiding elder quite unexpectedly, one meeting-night, to our young author, who had never before opened his mouth in public. 'I had no resource but to stand up, frightened as I was almost to death, behind my split-bottom chair, in lieu of a pulpit, in front of the huge fireplace, and attempt to speak by the light of the smouldering embers, and one or two candles fast sinking to their sockets, to the crowd of hunters and farmers filling the cabin, who gaped and stared at a pallid, beardless boy. Of course, words were few, and ideas fewer, and on resuming my seat, I had the uncomfortable impression that that congregation had listened to about as poor a discourse as ever was delivered. Such was my first attempt at preaching.'

The bishops of this community, although much respected, seem to obtain by no means an unanswering obedience from their subordinates. One of these was explaining to his diocesan that he practised medicine (which had been made a ground of complaint against him) only for the good of his flock. '"Now, Mr Bishop, you know that we are commanded to do good to the bodies as well as the souls of men. If I were travelling in a region where doctors were scarce, and were to find a man in a bad spell of bilious fever, ye know I would throw him into a sweat, and then give him a dose of lobelia or thoroughwort"——

"No, sir," interrupted the bishop rather haughtily; "no, brother, I do not know, and, what is more, I do not care, what you would do."

"Very well, sir, very well," retorted the other; "you have as good a right to live and die a fool as any other man."'

Another preacher, remarkable for his humour as well as his godliness, was reproved by his superior for indulging in such drollery as set the sober Methodist Conference in a roar. 'Brother,' inquired he in a monitory tone, 'do you think you are growing in grace?'

'Yes, bishop,' was the reply; 'I think I am, *in spots*.'

This man was no less than the celebrated Peter Cartwright, an apostle exactly fitted for those scenes wherein he wrought his mission out so well.

'He had then been a backwoods preacher for nearly forty years, ranging the country from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. He was inured to every form of hardship, and had looked calmly at peril of every kind—the tomahawk of the Indian, the spring of the panther, the hug of the bear, the sweep of the tornado, the rush of swollen torrents, and the fearful chasm of the earthquake. He had lain in the canebrake, and made his bed upon the snow of the prairie and on the oozy soil of the swamp, and had wandered hunger-bitten amid the solitude of mountains. He had been in jeopardy among robbers, and in danger from desperadoes, who had sworn to take his life. He had preached in the cabin of the slave, and in the mansion of the master; to the Indians, and to the men of the border. He had taken his life in his hand, and ridden in the path of whizzing bullets, that he might proclaim peace. He had stood on the outskirts of civilisation, and welcomed the first comers to the woods and prairies. At the command of Him who said: "Go into all the world," he had roamed through the wilderness; as a disciple of the man who said: "The world is my parish," his travels had equalled the limits of an empire. All this he had done without hope of fee or reward; not to enrich himself or his posterity, but as a preacher of righteousness in the service of God and of his fellowmen. Everywhere he had confronted wickedness, and rebuked it; every form of vice had shrunk abashed from his irresistible sarcasm and ridicule, or quivered beneath the fiery look of his indignant invective.'

This was a hero whom no church—and indeed no man worth his salt—would venture to despise or make light of; and since he had the thews of Anak, it would have been a dangerous thing to do so. He, on his part, was by no means wanting in the exaction of such respect as was due to him. A room had once been reserved for him at the Irving House, in New York; but having arrived there late at night, the sleepy hotel clerk did not recognise his name in the somewhat illegible characters which the backwoodsman inscribed in the register-book, nor Cartwright himself in the farmer-like-looking man before him. The great preacher was therefore lodged very high up, and immediately under the tiles.

'The patronising servant explained to the traveller the use of the various articles in the room, and said, on leaving, pointing to the bell-rope: "If you want anything, you can just pull that, and somebody will come up."

'The old gentleman waited until the servant had had time to descend, and then gave the rope a furious jerk. Up came the servant, bounding two or three steps at a time, and was amazed at the reply in answer to his "What will you have, sir?"

"How are you all coming on down below? It is such a way from here to there, that a body can have no notion even of the weather where you are."

'The servant assured him that all was going on well, and was dismissed; but had scarcely reached the office before another strenuous pull at the bell was given. The bell in the City Hall had struck a fire-alarm, and the firemen, with their apparatus, were hurrying, with confused noises, along the street.

"What's wanting, sir?" said the irritated servant.

"What's all this hulla-balloo?" said the stranger.

"Only a fire, sir."

"A fire, sir!" shouted the other. Do you want us all to be burned up?" knowing well enough the fire was not on the premises.

'The servant assured him of the distance of the conflagration, and that all was safe, and again descended. A third furious pull at the bell, and the

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almost breathless servant again made his appearance at the door.

"Bring me a hatchet," said the traveller in a peremptory tone.

"A hatchet, sir!" said the astonished waiter.

"Yes, a hatchet."

"What for, sir?"

"That's none of your business: go and fetch me a hatchet."

'The servant descended, and informed the clerk that, in his private opinion, that old chap was crazy, and that he meant to commit suicide, or to kill some one in the house, for that he wanted a hatchet.

'The clerk, with some trepidation, ventured to the room beneath the leads, and having presented himself, said, in his blandest tone, "I beg your pardon, sir, but what was it you wanted?"

"A hatchet," said the imperious stranger.

"A hatchet, sir, really; but what for?" said the other.

"What for! Why, look here, stranger. You see I'm not accustomed to these big houses, and it's such a journey from this to where you are, that I thought I might get lost. Now, it is my custom, when I am in a strange country, to blaze my way. We cut notches in the trees, and call that blazing, and we can then always find our way back again. So I thought if I had a hatchet, I'd just go out and blaze the corners from this to your place, and then I would be able to find my way back."

"I beg your pardon," said the mystified clerk; "but what's your name, sir? I could not read it very well on the book."

"My name," replied the other—"certainly; my debts are all paid, and my will is made—my name is Peter Cartwright, at your service."

"O Mr Cartwright," responded the other, "I beg you ten thousand pardons. We have a room for you, sir, on the second floor—the best room in the house. This way, sir, if you please."

"All right," said the old gentleman; "that's all I wanted."'

Mr Milburn's modesty causes him to dwell in general upon the doings of others rather than of himself, but one very remarkable and praiseworthy act of his he is obliged to tell. It happened that our author had been appointed agent to collect subscriptions for a certain good work, by the Conference, but without any salary save ten per cent. of what he might get out of the pockets of the benevolent. As what he got, however, was nothing, the ten per cent. was not worth speaking of, and on one occasion he found himself on board a Cincinnati steam-boat absolutely without a single cent in his pocket. In the same company were several eminent members of Congress, who played cards night and day, drank immoderately, and swore in a manner to rasp the good preacher's ears considerably. Accordingly, when a fog came on, which prevented passengers landing to spend the Sabbath, and Mr Milburn was asked to preach, he concluded his discourse to a numerous congregation of a far higher grade than he had been accustomed to address, with the most fearless denunciations of this unsenatorial conduct.

'"I must tell you that, as an American citizen, I feel disgraced by your behaviour; as a preacher of the gospel, I am commissioned to tell you that, unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins, and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned."'

While cogitating in his state-cabin over the bomb-shell he had just been casting, there was a tap at the door. A gentleman entered, who said: '"I have been requested to wait upon you by the members of Congress on board, who have had a meeting since the close of the religious exercises. They desire me to present you with this purse of money"—handing me between fifty and a hundred dollars—"as a token of their appreciation of your sincerity and fearlessness in reproving them for their misconduct; they have also desired me to ask if you will allow your name to be used at the coming election of chaplain for Congress. If you will consent to this, they are ready to assure you an honourable election."'

No political appointment, perhaps, was ever earned more honourably than this. It is the more to be wondered at, that so brave a man as Milburn dare not speak what must certainly be his sentiments concerning Slavery. He is content to urge the right of persons of colour to be instructed in the Christian religion, and there to stop. Indeed, he takes an almost malicious pleasure in reciting the following experience of his own of what may be expected of a free nigger in the way of gratitude. In crossing the Alleghanies from Chambersburg, eight passengers had been allotted to the stage wherein he was about to travel.

'An old coloured woman was anxious to be the ninth, but objection had been raised. She declared with tears in her eyes, that she had been waiting for several days to get a seat; that although she had her ticket, they had been unable to carry her, the stages having been crowded with through-passengers; that now her money was spent, and she must get home to her daughter. A stout Missourian, who was to be of our company, swore roundly that he "wouldn't ride with a nigger, and that she shouldn't go." Touched by the old woman's condition, I said to him quietly: "My friend, what right have you to interfere? Her ticket is as good as yours, and she has as much right to a seat as you have." "No," he said; "she is a nigger, and I am white; and I'll whip any man that says she has as good a right to a seat as I have, or insists upon taking her along." "Then," said I, "you can whip me, for I say she shall go." The idea of a giant whipping a pigmy was too preposterous. It raised a laugh against him, and he submitted, because ridicule was more potent than reason. . . . . I tried to take good care of my protégée, giving her money to provide food at our various halts, and in every way sought to promote her comfort. As we went rattling down the streets of Pittsburg, late in the second night, I threw open the curtain on my side of the coach, and sat looking out into the night, through which the street-lamps struggled with their feeble rays, my thoughts divided between the indefinable curiosity and awe one always experiences in entering a strange city late at night, and the prospect of a good bed and a quiet hotel, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a violent blow on my side, delivered by my old dame, as she screamed in anger: "Lean up! lean up! what you takin' all de winder for? Don't you suppose pussons ob culler hab dere rites as well as you good-for-nothing whites? I wants to see de scenery too." I believe it was the verdict of my fellow-passengers that I received what I deserved.'

There is neither rectory-house nor manse for the travelling-preacher of Illinois: he depends solely upon the native hospitality or Christian feeling of the inhabitants of that scantily populated region, and rarely fails to find a ready, though often rough accommodation. Nevertheless, it seems scarcely a tour to take one's wife in the honeymoon, as the Rev. William Henry Milburn did, rather, as we should think, to the lady's astonishment. Upon arriving at a settlement, his custom was to tell the driver to take them to the door of the Methodist who lived in the largest and most comfortable dwelling.

'"Halloo the house," cried I. "Halloo yourself; what do you want?" was the reply. "I am travelling with my wife, and learning that the quarters at the hotel are bad, have come to get some supper, and spend a part of the night with you." As I said this, I was making the word good by getting out of the wagon. The man of the house came striding

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towards the gate, saying in an angry tone: "Look here, stranger, we don't keep a tavern; and if you're a traveller, you must put up with traveller's fare, and go to the hotel." "Don't be so savage," said I; "have you never heard the saying, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for some have thereby entertained angels unawares.'" "O ho," said he, "that sounds like preaching; you ain't a preacher, are you?" I intimated that I was, and mentioned my name. Eyeing me from head to foot, he exclaimed: "Well, I never! Who would have taken such a poor, little, dried-up specimen as you for him!"'

At two in the morning, the happy pair were again seated in their miserable wagon, 'with no protection from the driving rain but a tow linen cover, through which the water dripped in showers. We had been overtaken by a furious equinoctial storm, which began about midnight, and our plight was pitiable enough. The temperature had fallen about forty degrees; the night was pitchy dark, only relieved by frequent flashes of lightning, most vivid, and sometimes appalling, instantly followed by sharp and stunning reports of thunder. But the flashes helped to light our driver on his way, or would have done so, had they not shewed the whole prairie a pool of water. After a time, we reached a little belt of timber, indicating our approach to a creek. As we crossed the bridge, we heard the now swollen torrent rushing through a deep ravine, when the broad glare revealed our position.

"By Jove!" shouted the driver with glee, "weren't that lucky? a half-minute more, and we'd have been all smashed. I never was so near goin' over a bridge; half an inch more, and we'd been over, and then salt wouldn't have saved us." To the rather timid question of my wife as to whether there were any more bad bridges to cross before daylight, he replied: "O yes, severals; but you mustn't be skeered; we must all die some time, you know!"'

Surely not even the most 'muscular Christian' woman could be expected to like journeys of this kind; and, indeed, however glorious may be the state of matrimony for a divine in Great Britain, we can scarcely think it suited to peripatetic theologians in the Far West. We ourselves, however, are all gratitude to Mr Milburn for having experienced these adventures which he has described so well. He has not only aroused in us a warm personal interest in himself, but a sincere respect for that hard-working and enthusiastic body of men of which he is a member. The hardships which they undergo, however, are endured with their eyes open, while our unfortunate author scarce knew whither he rode, he was so blind.

'I therefore set to work to educate my senses, thinking that if an Arab, an Indian, or a half-savage backwoodsman, could bring his perceptions to such precision, keenness, and delicacy, why might not I? It became a matter of pride to conceal my defective vision, to make up for the want of eyesight by the superior activity of the other faculties. The foot became almost as delicate as the hand, and the cheek well-nigh as sensitive to atmospheric impressions as the ear is to acoustic vibrations. By reason of the difficulties which encompassed it, travelling became an art, involving in its practice many elements of science. If I preserved the air and seeming of a man with two good eyes, my step had to be as cautious and well considered as an Indian's on the war-path, and my dislike of being recognised by strangers as partially blind, was almost as great as his dread of detection by an enemy. Self-dependence delighted in obstacles. There was a pleasure in scouring strange regions alone; and although I have often had my face severely cut by thorny branches while riding through the woods, and was frequently obliged to hold my right hand in front of my face, the elbow extended to the right, and the riding-whip to the left, for hours together, as a protection to the upper part of the person, fatigue and wounds were alike accepted as a part of the salutary discipline. Boarding a steamer in the middle of the river, after night, by means of a yawl, after having descended a steep, slippery bank, with no assistance but from a cane, gave me quiet satisfaction. To roam about a strange city, and make myself master of its side-walks, gutters, and crossings, and become familiar with all its localities, thus qualifying myself to become a guide to others, was a favourite pastime. There was hardly a large town of the country in which I did not know the shortest way between any two given points. Self-conceit was gratified when, on being introduced to people who had heard of me, they exclaimed: "Why, I thought you could not see very well!" Mere walking was an intellectual exercise, and the mind found constant amusement in solving the physical problems which were ever demanding instant settlement; as, for example, given the sound of a footfall, to find the nature and distance of the object from which it is reverberated; or the space betwixt yourself and the gutter you are approaching; or, amid the Babel of a crowded thoroughfare, to ascertain by your ear when it will be safe for you to cross, and how long a time the rush of hurrying vehicles will allow you.'

Interesting as all this is, it is pleasant to have to tell, in conclusion, that those inestimable blessings, 'Wife, Children, and Friends,' have now rendered the exercise of these singular faculties no longer necessary to our author. He has exchanged them for the kind offices of those who love him; and moves about the streets of Montgomery—his now settled home—with his hand always clasped in that of one or other of his children, 'who are as watchful and tender towards me,' he touchingly writes, 'as though they were Parent, and I the Child.'

LITERARY TRIBULATIONS.

THE full extent of the troubles of the writer of Fiction are known only to his persecuted self. He alone can tell the agony of having to listen to morose fellow-passengers who compare the demerits of his published writings with those of Jones's. He alone can understand the full force of unprejudiced testimony accorded in such terms as 'Ephemeral,' 'Creature of the day,' 'Overdrawn,' 'Tame,' 'Out of nature,' 'Libellous,' and 'Mere buffoonery.' In his own heart is shut up the horror of beholding persons, not naturally plethoric, asleep over his latest production. Indignation consumes him in silence in the circulating library, as, with a pardonable curiosity, he takes down his own volumes from their shelves, to find them virgin white, or to read in their pencilled margins, 'Romantic rubbish,' 'Rot,' 'See Walter Scott,' and 'I would advise no human being to take out this book.' He alone has the hideous privilege of comparing the public announcements of the gigantic success of his last venture with this private memorandum of his publisher—'The thing has hung fire, and three parts of the edition is left on our hands;' nor dare he confide matters of such extreme delicacy even to the wife of his bosom.

Again, if he permit his name to accompany his works, he is subject not only of course to public detraction, but to a peculiar species of persecution at the hands of his friends. 'How *could* he,' they say, 'go and put that unfortunate man Smith into his book in that way? Oh, nonsense; it was no use to deny it; why, it was as like as it could stare. Smith didn't much like it, *he* (informant) could tell him (writer of the work in question). Smith (he understood with sorrow rather than wonder) thought it a piece of confounded impudence, a breach of the rules of good society, and a sort of thing indeed that was not to be endured by any man (six feet in height).'

Now, as a matter of fact, the individual portrayed

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in the fiction is in nine cases out of ten not Mr Smith at all, and has no connection with him except in so far, perhaps, as both real and imaginary characters are equally commonplace. But no matter for that; the unfortunate author is looked upon thenceforward in Smithtown much as an Englishman with a photographic apparatus would be regarded within the fortifications of Cherbourg. 'Why, the very scene of the story,' urge his accusers, 'was unmistakably Smithtown itself, and had a church, and a market-place, and *all*, without the least attempt at concealment.'

This nuisance, hitherto confined within moderate limits, and endured by the writer of Fiction, as many another offspring of malice and stupidity has to be, is now, it seems, about to become a public calamity of authors. No sooner is a novel successful, than a new description of writer—the gleaner, or after-novelist—arises, who, exploring the same field, or what he supposes to be the same field, as the great man did, will pick up all the bare facts and dull personages that genius has clothed in such beautiful garments, and present them to the public eye in their native drab.

A very little work—or rather, a very little book made out of somebody else's work—has recently come under our notice, called *Seth Bede*, the introduction to which runs modestly thus: 'The talented authoress of *Adam Bede* has, under fictitious names, made known to the world the peculiar virtues and characteristics of her two uncles. No one acquainted with either of them will dispute the correctness of the descriptions; they are life-like—photographs of both. As, however, there are many to whom even a short account of the life and labours of Mr Samuel Evans may prove interesting, these few unpretending pages are published. "The memory of the just shall be held in everlasting remembrance."'

The character of the jackal is also held in deserved contempt by all honest persons. Whether the jackal in question be male or female, we do not know—for while denying to its pillaged victim her shield of anonymiety, it shelters itself in complete obscurity both as to name and sex—but we do hope that it may be neither the begetter nor producer of any similar animal. We cannot imagine a much greater evil happening to Literature, than an influx of catchpenny stuff which feeds a morbid curiosity at the expense of turning what has been the innocent delight of all into an offensive individual lampoon.

In this particular instance, it is true, the virtues of Seth Bede are not denied, but instead of being painted for us by the hand of a master, as in the novel, they are daubed in after the vulgar journeyman fashion of tract-literature. We do hope that we have seen the last of this new Tribulation. Otherwise, let Dickens, and Thackeray, and Anthony Trollope beware. There will be neat little volumes—called, perhaps, the Select Library of Fact—coming out coincidently with their every new story, or produced retrospectively, to supply 'what has so long been a void in literature' with regard to their old ones. *Pickwick in the Flesh* will contain the description of 'one Mr John Thompson, commercial traveller to the house of Muggins & Co, who, after retirement from his profession with a moderate competency, took an excursion with some friends into Kent, and encountered certain adventures. He was, it will be shewn, considerably less benignant than in the immortal story, and did not in reality wear gaiters, but Wellington boots. His place of residence, so far from being Goswell Street, was George Street, Clerkenwell, the fourth door on the left hand, at present in the occupation of a respectable newsmonger.' Can we not imagine how the hack-writers would go to work upon such a subject!

Again: 'Beckey Sharp was, in truth, Miss Harriet Brown, and—singular to say—not a governess at all, but a teacher of fancy screen-work, residing in Tottenham Court Road, and universally respected. The great Titmarsh travelled with her in the same omnibus day after day for weeks, for the purpose of studying her character. Rawdon Crawley was notoriously (to those who knew his lordship best) an admirable likeness of Lord C——e, commander-in-chief in I–d–a.'

There will, in short, be absolutely no safety for any writer who does not confine himself to the pure mathematics. All poets, with the exception of the author of *Paradise Lost* (and something might be told even *there* about the contractor at whose foundry the cannon for the angelic armies were cast), will presently share the fate of the prose writers; and at last no book will be considered complete until it has been supplemented, by some literary scavenger, with a 'Key.'

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XI.—THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A LONELY mansion, uninhabited by mortals, and with the reputation of having a spiritual guest, is not the cheerfullest of shelters in a windy winter midnight. There was nothing of welcome in the look of Ladybank as the moon came out, and shewed to those two wanderers the white house standing under the white Fell. As soon as the immediate satisfaction of being behind the courtyard wall, and out of the wind, had abated, they began to think what a dreary spot it was, and to conjure up the tales they had heard of it.

'It wants but one half hour of midnight,' observed Ryder, taking out his watch, which the flying clouds now permitted him to see for the first time; 'we are come just in time for the gentleman in the attic.'

Marsden shuddered. 'Hark!' cried he; 'what's that?'

'It's a sprained ankle acting upon an imaginative mind,' returned Ryder. 'We must get inside, or we shall be frozen to death. How the bolts and latches do rattle about this confounded place; I should not have thought there was so much old iron left in it.'

While he spoke, as if the deserted mansion felt indignant at the remark, and wished to give report of all its metallic treasure in one clang, an eddying gust whirled screeching and jangling through the courtyard, and burst open the vast hall-door in front of them with a crash that echoed from the basement to the ruined upper floors.

'That is an invitation for us to walk in, and make ourselves comfortable,' quoth Ryder. 'The footman has unfortunately gone out for a holiday, and the butler declines to open the door, it not being his "place."'

Both these young men were brave, but with a difference. The one had imagination, and could not free himself from the supernatural suggestions which the hour and scene awakened; the other only saw before him an old ruin, about which people told lying tales.

Already refreshed by his halt, Ryder once more took up his living burden, and carried him up the worn stone steps to the now open door. The threshold was certainly not inviting. An empty hall, stone floored, and of considerable extent, lay before them, with doorways—but no doors—opening on the right hand into apartments more or less damaged by the elements. On the left hand, a well staircase wound to the top of the house; the steps of it were of stone, but the landings of rotting wood, while of the banisters, some lay in the hall beneath, where they had dropped, and the rest, but dangerously useful, tottered

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in their places, with great gaps between them. The apartments on the ground and first floors had all their casements blown in or wrenched out by violence of the elements, or of man; but on the second floor, as the young men knew, there were still two rooms in tolerable preservation. The door of the first of these was closed, and resisted their utmost efforts, but the second admitted them into a chamber at least weather-proof, where they determined to remain. Beyond this floor, some wooden steps, upon which no man would trust his feet, led up into the roofless attics. The 'situation,' it must be confessed, was thrilling and melodramatic enough, and not only did Ryder cease to make flippant allusions to the supposed spiritual tenant of the domain, but the very dog crouched and whined, as it had not done, save once, during the whole of their perilous journey. The wind had by this time greatly moderated, but there was yet enough abroad to flap the heavy front-door by fits against the wall, to which its former violence had driven it.

'I will run down and stop that,' cried Ryder, suiting the action to the word, and followed by Carlo, who evidently hailed the movement as a prelude to departure from such unpleasant quarters. With considerable difficulty, for it hung upon only one rusty hinge, the young man replaced the door in its proper position. The staples that had formerly held the bolts within had been forced away by the late crash, and the rusty key which still remained in the lock outside could not be moved; Ryder therefore turned it from without, to prevent the doors flapping back again, and re-entered through one of the gaps in the wall. As he did so, the faint echo of a footstep seemed to approach from behind the western wall of the courtyard; it came nearer and nearer—the slow, determined, but halting step of a heavy man—and Ryder was on the point of rushing out to discover what visitor could be coming to such a place at such a time, when a sharp cry, almost a scream, from Marsden arrested him, and caused him to spring upstairs without the delay of an instant. The lame man was sitting upright on the bare floor of the room, with a face far paler than even the great pain from which he suffered warranted, and holding his finger in the air, as if demanding silence.

'Hush, hush,' cried he, in that suppressed tone, perhaps the most awe-inspiring within the compass of human speech, and pregnant of the long watches of the night, and sickness unto death; 'there is some one in that next room—there is, so help me Heaven! Hush!'

'I will *not* hush,' exclaimed Ryder, aloud and angrily, indignant at the panic to which he felt himself succumbing slowly in spite of himself; 'I will not be fooled by the wind. I tell you, the wind can make any noise.'

'The wind can't turn a key in a keyhole,' replied Marsden hoarsely. 'Listen to *that!*'

Certainly, the rusty lock which Ryder had but a minute before fastened was now shot back, and they heard the great door grind on its rusty hinge, and then reclose: the dog, too, which had been left below, began to bark furiously, as at some new-comer.

'It is twelve o'clock,' murmured Marsden solemnly; 'it is the hour and the man!'

Ryder did not answer, but trod softly through the open chamber-door to the head of the staircase, from which, though somewhat dimly, he could discern every flight. Marsden, unable, and perhaps unwilling to move, kept his eyes on his friend, and gathered, as well as he could, in that dim uncertain light, from his countenance, which now grew earnest enough, what was passing below.

And this it was which was taking place upon that ruined staircase before Ryder's eyes and ears.

A heavy step, without any bodily presence, was coming up deliberately, stair after stair. There was its heavy thud upon the stone when on the steps, and its hollow beat upon the wood when it crossed the landings, not only distinct, but loud, so that its echoes made themselves heard all over the ruined mansion. One foot was brought slowly after the other on to each step, as a very lame man would bring it. As the footsteps approached, so as to bring full within the young man's vision the person who was coming up stairs, if he had been a corporeal substance—which, however, he was not—the spectacle which the dog presented was strange indeed. Carlo did not seem at all terrified, but transported with impotent rage. Coming up at the same slow rate with the footsteps themselves, he delayed upon each step, as they did, to snap and snarl at the unseen feet which lodged there. With open jaws, it flew at the invisible ankles, at the supernatural trouser-skirts, as it were, of the heavy treading spirit—if such it was—which perseveringly and unheedingly came on until it was within a stair-flight of the listener. Then Ryder, closely watched by Marsden, who had dragged himself to the doorway of the chamber, descended with ashy lips, but determined tread, some half-a-dozen steps, and on the last of these, and in the centre of it, awaited the ghostly foot-tread.

'It shall come *through* me,' muttered the young man to himself, 'and then, and not till then, will I believe it.' Close beneath him—close, to within three steps of him—ascended the invisible Thing; ascended, too, the dog, taking no notice whatever of Ryder, but snapping and wild with fury as before. Then the young man's determination gave way. He did not flee, but he withdrew to one side of the broad stone-step, away from the banisters, by which the Thing seemed to guide itself, as though they were reliable, and it were in the flesh; and there, with his back to the wall, awaited it. When the Thing, still accompanied by the dog, stood on the very step with him, the atmosphere, which had seemed to be growing colder and colder, became positively icy: he seemed to congeal there as he stood, and only to regain his circulation slowly as the awful Sound went by him, up the remaining steps, along the floor, close by the almost paralysed Marsden, and then up the wooden stair with redoubled clangour, into the roofless attics, followed by the dog.

At the same time, a piercing shriek rang through the deserted house from the room into which they had not entered. There was enough of humanity in the voice to disenthral the young men's minds, half-stupified as they were with supernatural terrors. Ryder rushed up stairs, and with one blow of his foot burst open the locked chamber-door; the next instant, he uttered such an exclamation of pity and astonishment, that Marsden crawled hastily to the entrance of the apartment to perceive with a wonder only second to that with which he had listened to the mysterious footfall, the original of Luders's picture—the attenuated form and haggard features of the lost Phœbe Rosthwaite!

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAMP IN THE WINDOW.

'Here they are at last!' cried Florence Bateman, late on the afternoon of the Hunting of the Sweetmart, as she stood with her sister at the drawing-room window, looking out upon the gathering clouds. 'I was afraid the poor Pups would have been drenched.'

'I only see Mr Luders,' answered Ellen; 'where are the other two?'

'They all three went together, so the rest are probably behind,' returned the elder sister. 'I don't wonder at their letting Mr Luders walk ahead of them, I'm sure; for my part, I cannot look upon that wretch now without loathing. He has a darker scowl upon his face to-day than usual; I wonder what wickedness he is thinking about!'

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'Murder,' responded Ellen with much solemnity; then, remembering what she knew about the man, or thought she knew, and looking again at his really rather diabolical countenance, she regretted her levity. A cold shudder passed, too, over Florence. 'Hush, Ellen; he positively does look very horrible.'

'But, Florence, only suppose if the others don't come home; we never can be left in the house alone with him, with no defenders except Mrs Allwyne and the maids. He'll murder us for having looked into his sketch'——

'Good afternoon, young ladies,' cried the West Indian, rudely approaching the window, and flattening his nose against it, unbecomingly, with the evident intention of making sure that there was no one in the apartment besides themselves. 'So we are to be all alone to-day, it seems; we must make ourselves the more agreeable to one another, must we not?'

'Sir?' exclaimed Florence haughtily, and justly incensed at the unaccustomed tone of familiarity which the young man assumed.

'You must make yourself extra agreeable to me,' repeated Luders in explanation, turning round upon his nose as upon an axis, so that it seemed wonderful that the plate-glass didn't break with the pressure, and cut it off—'*that* you must, both you and the other. We will have a very cozy evening, will we not?'

The hearts of the two young women began to beat very fast indeed; not by any means with satisfaction at the prospect of the coziness in question, but because it had dawned upon them simultaneously that Mr Bartholomew Luders was a trifle the worse for liquor. 'I wish,' whispered Ellen to her sister, 'that even Carlo were here.'

Luders, whose unattractive face still adhered to the glass, caught the sound of this sentence without the sense. 'Carlo is with your two young men,' he said; 'with Marsden and the Model Pupil. They mean to come over the Weirdale Fells to-night.' He gave such a devilish chuckle as he imparted this piece of information as made the blood of at least one of his auditors run cold.

'How will they find their way?' inquired Florence with as unconcerned an air as she could assume.

'They *won't* find their way. I am to put the lamp in the north passage-window,' returned he grinning; 'as if *that* was any good when the snow falls.'

'They will never start in the snow?' exclaimed Florence earnestly, forgetting her own cause for terror in the peril of others.

'They will, though,' cried Luders, nodding his head a great many times in malicious triumph. 'Ryder is afraid of nothing, of nothing whatever, he says; consequently, he is not afraid of Death. With a lily winding-sheet of snow about him, he will look quite pretty, won't he? Ha, ha, that makes you pale, does it, Miss Florence? He will never live to be a baronet, then, by any accident—never have even a chance of making anybody "My Lady," will he?'

Florence's face grew crimson as he spoke, but her eyes only bespoke contempt, not anger. Ellen sank into a chair, and hid her face within her trembling hands.

'She is crying for the other,' observed Luders, winking confidentially. 'I should like to see *you* cry for Ryder. Do.'

Florence stood like a statue, only her rising colour betraying that she heard the insult; but with an unseen foot she beat the ground beneath her, as though it were prostrate Fear, and she would keep him down.

'Are you not hungry, Mr Luders?' said she. '*We* have dined' (which was not strictly true, however), 'but dinner shall be laid for you at once.'

'Thank you,' said he; 'but you must dine with me, nevertheless. I can't get on without female society: it is the atmosphere I breathe.'

'Certainly, if you wish it,' returned Florence; 'we will sit down with you.'

'All right,' replied the gallant young man; 'I do wish it;' and with that he withdrew his nose from the window pane, and retired to his own apartment.

'What have you promised?' exclaimed Ellen, as soon as the dreadful face had disappeared from the spot which it had occupied like some badly framed and very uncomplimentary photograph. 'I wouldn't sit down at table with that man for worlds.'

'Then I must dine with him alone,' returned Florence quietly. 'I must not break my word, and indeed there is no help for me anyway; for this evening he must be kept in good-humour, and we may be sure that it is the last which he will ever pass at Teesdale How.'

'I hope it may not be the last which *we* shall pass,' said Ellen sobbing. 'I do hope he will not murder us.'

'Pooh, pooh,' replied Florence laughing; 'there is mighty Jane, the cook, to help us, and I will see she sharpens the kitchen-chopper. You go to your room until the bell rings, and then come down to dinner, or not, as you please.'

'I would never leave you alone with the wretch,' cried Ellen, throwing her arms round her sister's neck—an action she always practised when in difficulties—'but were ever two young women placed in so dreadful a position before?'

As soon as Florence was alone, she despatched by the hands of the fleet Elizabeth—who was directed to run all the way without stopping—a note to Mr Brooklet, the clergyman, stating in forcible terms that she and her sister, being left alone in the house with female domestics only, were frightened at the chance of thieves, and begging of him to permit his man-servant to come at once, and pass the night at Teesdale How. Florence's real opinion was that Luders was something more than intoxicated—that he was, in short, partly out of his mind; and subsequent events went to considerably strengthen that supposition.

At six o'clock, the dinner-bell rang as usual, and Mr Luders, whom the interval seemed to have greatly sobered, took his seat at the table with his two young hostesses. His conversation was no longer impertinent, but whenever either of his fellow-pupils was mentioned, his face suffered a peculiar and horrible change. He did not attempt to conceal his satisfaction at their probable peril, and his malignity was the more repulsive to his present auditors, as, except on the occasion of the sketch-book *fracas*, they had never seen him exhibit any abhorrence of his companions before. Later in the evening, when they were in the drawing-room, where, on account of its northern aspect, the roaring of the wind, and the thick soft thud of the snow, could be heard very distinctly, he grew quite maniacal in his endeavours to terrify the poor girls.

'Did you not hear something in that last blast,' cried he, 'beside itself? Did you not hear a despairing shriek, as from some lost traveller, wearied out and dazed by the blinding snow? Was not that Carlo's bark? Should you not send out somebody with a candle to look after two such nice young men?' inquired he mockingly. 'Elizabeth did not wait at table; perhaps you have sent her over to Weirdale after them. What a pity it is you have no man in the house!'

'There *is* a man, thank you,' replied Florence Bateman quietly, as she pulled the bell-rope twice. 'Pray, do not think that we are solely indebted to you for protection this dreadful night. Richard,' said she, as Mr Allen Brooklet's powerful man-of-all-work answered the summons, 'please to bring in the tea.'

Sagacious Mrs Allwyne had entered the room a few minutes before, upon pretence of some house-keeping matter, and given her young mistress to understand that help was come. The twice-rung bell had been

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the signal agreed upon for the unmasking of the battery—for the appearance of stout Richard Melbreak, never was knight more welcome to distressed damsel, than was he to the two young ladies; and to the younger in particular, since her sister had not intrusted her with her plan, for fear of disappointment. The unpleasantly high spirits of Mr Bartholomew Luders became, on the contrary, proportionally depressed at his opportunity for annoying defenceless persons being so suddenly abbreviated. When the young ladies almost immediately afterwards announced their intention of retiring, he did not make any opposition; and after having brought up the drawing-room lamp, and placed it in the north passage-window, he himself retired to his couch.

The two sisters, although relieved from all apprehension on their own account, were by no means in a condition for speedily seeking sleep: the furious tempest which drove against their window-panes reminded them too forcibly of the peril of those exposed to its violence, and they knew enough of the hill-country in winter-time to understand the full extent of the danger. Before they went to bed, they had satisfied themselves of the light being in its promised position; but presently, through much talking of lost travellers on the snowy Fells, or through distrust of Luders, or through that vague sense of evil induced by surrounding circumstances, which is called presentiment, they began to imagine that the lamp had been removed. They did not mention the idea to one another, but each lay trying to battle with her own foolish apprehension, being fully convinced that the lamp had been really placed there, and knowing that no one could have taken it away without their knowledge, since the person would have had to pass and repass their chamber-door to do so. After a time, the snow and wind abated, and that almost impenetrable darkness succeeded, which was just then enveloping the maimed young man and his brave friend upon the extremity of Weirdale Fell; even in that comfortable chamber it seemed to make itself felt, and to give to the dying embers in the grate an unnatural lustre.

At last, and breaking a long silence, Florence whispered, with that disregard to logic which is peculiar to people in bed: 'Ellen, Ellen, are you asleep?'

'No,' replied the other young lady; 'are you? I can't get to sleep; I can't help thinking of *him*, do what I will.'

'Never mind him, darling; we shall not be plagued with him much longer, depend upon it.'

'I mean, I can't help thinking of poor Mr—Mr—Mr Marsden, out on the Fells to-night.'

'I was thinking of that too,' returned Florence, neither surprised nor annoyed by her mistake, as she would have been in the daytime; 'and I can't get it out of my mind that that lamp is *not* in the passage—we surely ought to be able to see the light under the door.'

In an instant, Ellen was out of bed, and had groped her way to it. She undid the bolt, and turned the handle with such care—for perfect noiselessness, however unnecessary, seems always to befit such occasions—that nothing was heard, even by herself, save the rapid beating of her own heart. Florence heard nothing at all. 'Why don't you open the door?' whispered she from the bed. 'Can you not find it?'

'It *is* open,' returned the other beneath her breath; 'the lamp *has* been taken away.'

It was horrible, in that dread waste and middle of the night, to feel the secret conviction that there was a murderer then abiding under their roof. They became, at once, as certain of Luders's intention to compass the death of his companions, as though they had seen him, with slipperless feet and anxious eyes, steal by their chamber-door, and remove the lamp that was to be life itself perhaps to those for whom it was set. They even began to remember the exact time at which they had thought they heard his footsteps.

'What shall we do, Florence, dear? What shall we do?'

Florence's answer was the spurt of a match and the lighting of the tall toilet-candles. 'These may yet be in time,' said she gravely; 'we will put them in the place of the lamp.'

The two sisters in their long white night-dresses, each like some angelic acolyte with her lighted torch, hastened along the passage; but as they drew near to the north window, behold, there stood the drawing-room lamp as Luders had placed it, only that the lamp was out.

'Heaven forgive me!' cried Ellen, as she put her candle in its stead, 'but I really thought that Mr Luders had taken it away. I never knew the lamp to behave so ill before.'

Florence took it up, and having examined it, inquired whether her sister knew when it had last been fed.

'I filled it full of oil myself,' replied she, 'this very evening, so that the supply should not fail through the night.'

'Then is that man as wicked as we thought him to be,' returned Florence solemnly: '*the oil must almost all have been poured away before this lamp was set here!*'

OUT ON THE TURBARIES.

At the last annual meeting of the Somersetshire Archæological Society, which took place at Glastonbury, it was proposed that the members should have a botanical day on the turf-moors. Unfortunately, the weather, which no archæological secretary has ever yet been able to propitiate, prevented this excursion. But as I lingered on in the neighbourhood for some time, I took the opportunity of a fine day for a solitary ramble over the *turbaries*—the provincial name given to the peat-bogs.

Under the shelter of the anonymous, I will confess to my non-scientific readers that I am not a botanist, nor an archæologist, nor a geologist, but simply a humble individual who tries to see things the reverse of barren between 'Dan and Beersheba,' and who likes to know something of any new locality where he may happen to be. A good deal might be said of the botany of this district, which is peculiar and interesting. There are many varieties of heath, willows, bog-myrtles, and numerous other ligneous plants, lichens, sphagnum, and mosses. The red blossoms of the *Epilobium angustifolium* make their appearance on newly turned ground, and in the flowering season, form a gay and conspicuous border to the ditches which intersect the country. Before going into details, it may be as well to give some idea of the aspect of these marsh-lands, once the estuary of the Bristol Channel. The 'levels' are about two hundred square miles in extent; the coasts of the old time are still clearly marked in the hills which form the boundaries of this district; and when viewed from the heights of Quantock or Mendip, the effect is, even now, that of promontories and islands standing out of a smooth green sea; when, if white mists shroud the pastures, the illusion is complete. Deposits of marine exuviæ form lines of shore round the villages of Chedzog, Middlezog, Weston, and Zogland or 'sea-land.' At the present time, a great part of these flats are below the level of the spring-tides; but barriers formed by nature and sustained by art keep back the sea. However, in the pre-historic period, when there were no acts of parliament to effect the drainage of the district, nature had it all her own way, and the consequence was that, when the accumulated tidal deposits became consolidated, the barrier kept back the sea, but the interior low lands became a morass or lake of fresh

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water, and in such situations began the manufacture of peat.

The process is interesting, shewing step by step how persistently nature works. First, the reeds spring up, because they can raise themselves out of the water; then other aquatic plants help themselves up by the stalks of the reeds, till at length the confervæ thicken the mass so much that the surface becomes suitable to the sphagnum tribe, to which succeed lichens, rushes, and grasses. This spongy mass of vegetation consolidates, sinks below the surface, falls to the bottom, and there decays, receiving year by year a fresh accumulation. This decomposed matter becomes a semi-fluid and dark-coloured substance, which undergoes fermentation, hence the bituminous and inflammable properties of peat, into which this homogeneous mass is now converted. In this process, nature requires that the water should be quiescent, for should any current disturb the stagnant morass, it would carry off the astringent juice, which is the chemical agent for turning the decomposed vegetable mass into peat. The 'moss-water,' as it is called, is highly antiseptic, and of so astringent a nature, that an attempt was made some years ago to apply it to tanning purposes. The thickness of this congeries of plants is from fifteen to eighteen feet; it is kept buoyant by the water in the basin which holds it. In winter, the peat rises so much above the level of the surrounding land, that people who live on the borders of the turbaries cannot see objects which are clearly discernible in summer.

The substratum of these marshes is red marl, overlaid by blue and white lias rock; but the alluvial deposit is very rapid in some places. An old channel of the river Brue was excavated to the depth of 20 feet, and afterwards abandoned: it was completely filled up again in about twenty-five years. This may give some idea of the changes which are constantly going on, and the extent to which the hills are scoured to enrich the vales. In this particular instance, the accumulation is due to the influx of the muddy waters of the Bristol Channel, which the laureate calls 'the *yellow* sea;' a characteristic colouring certainly not so picturesque as the 'deep blue,' but, in a utilitarian point of view, a good deal better.

As early as the time of Edward I., a royal commission was obtained to inquire into the best means of protecting the marsh-lands from the 'plague of waters;' and the abbots of Glastonbury were strenuous in their efforts to preserve their rich pastures from inundation. At the dissolution of the monastery in 1565, nature did what she liked for a time—turned the cultivated fields into morasses, and went on making peat again with great activity.

But during the last half century the improvements in draining have been such that annually a greater amount of surface is rendered fit for agricultural operations; and probably before long there will scarcely be a vestige of a peat-bog in the district.

There is something very peculiar and striking in the present aspect of the turbaries: you see neither fields nor trees, nor any other object generally associated with the rural landscape, but only scores of little black pyramids of turf, set in rows upon the bare ground, which has been denuded of spine. At some seasons of the year, there is an appearance of great activity. The work begins somewhat in the following manner: The delver first marks out with great accuracy a pit of ten feet square. With his turf-scythe, he removes the spine as useless. He then proceeds to cut out 'brocks,' which are placed round the mouth of the pit; the bearer removes them to the drying-place, where each brock is split into three. After a certain amount of drying, they are placed into heaps called 'ruckles;' afterwards formed into open worked 'tunegars;' and lastly, ricked ready for market. A curious effect sometimes takes place while working these pits. At the depth of perhaps ten feet, within a foot or two of the clay on which the peat rests, the worker finds himself and his platform suddenly raised to the mouth of the pit. When this is caused by wind, this singular kind of locomotion is a steady quiet ascent, and the workman passes his scythe through the mass; the air escapes with a droning noise, the platform descends gradually, and he resumes his labours. But when produced by water, the 'lift' is by no means pleasant, as the floor rises with a violent rocking motion, and the pit is rendered useless. An old man told us that he had had 'many wind and water rides in his time.'

The products of this 'secondary fossil,' when subjected to what chemists call 'destructive distillation,' are various. We get paraffine for making candles and supplying lamps, naphtha and other productions of more or less commercial value. The charcoal which is obtained from peat is very valuable in the manufacture of iron, from the small quantity of sulphur it contains. Four tons of dried peat will give about one ton of charcoal, which is especially esteemed for its deodorising and purifying qualities.

The horns of the red deer, and the blackened trunks of oak and hazel trees, in a remarkable state of preservation, are often found in the peat. In short, 'underground oak,' as it is locally called, is of quite common occurrence; it is supposed to have been washed down by the ancient floods, when the marsh was an estuary. But in some cases, the prostration of growing trees might have resulted from the morasses extending over neglected lands, which would give a far more recent origin to the timber thus found imbedded. It would be a mistake to attribute the same antiquity to all the turbaries. Some *contain* relics of an historical period, while, in one particular instance, a heap of Roman pottery and moulds for casting coin was found on an indurated stratum of peat, proving that the surface of the peat was dry, in this locality, when the country was occupied by that people. The turbaries afford extensive evidence of the Belgic as well as Roman occupation of the district. The rustics will tell you of 'Squire Phippen's big ship'—which made its appearance partially in dry weather—long since broken up for fuel, but which, it would seem, from all accounts, must have been a large canoe formed out of an oak-tree, hollowed by fire, as is now the custom among rude tribes.

The late Mr Stradling, a local antiquary, collected many British remains in the turbaries—namely, flint-spears, hunting-spears, knives, and ornaments of British brass; also some paddles or oars, which are of the same form as those used by the Welsh at the present day for their coracles. The turbaries have often rewarded the antiquary who has himself 'turned to' with spade and shovel to seek the buried treasures of the past. Mr Stradling relates that a young friend of his went out one day to try his hand at turf-bearing—a somewhat arduous task for an amateur. His labour, however, was singularly rewarded, for towards the close of a hard day's work, he espied something at the bottom of the pit which looked like a log of blackened wood; but, to his great delight, it turned out to be a box containing British brass ornaments, consisting of torques, armlets, and rings. The cist was made of maple, and soon fell to dust, on exposure to the atmosphere, but the contents have been carefully preserved. One of these specimens of antiquity appears to resemble 'the Jogh-draoch, or chain-ring of divination discovered in Ireland, and which Megrich says was worn on the third finger of the left hand of the Arch-Druid.'

What would not one have given to have lifted the box which had closed upon the secrets of two thousand years ago! Strange mutations have chanced since then. How long, and yet how short a time! The ichthyosaurus was entombed in the adjoining blue lias, how many ages before the Belgic lady lost her

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cist of trinkets? But human interest transcends even the wonder felt at the vastness of geologic time. We cannot help thinking of the 'level lake' of those days, over which scudded the rudely shaped canoe, freighted with men and women, returning, perhaps, from the celebration of the mysterious rites of Druidism. We may observe that on the other side of the Mendip range, at Stanton-Drew, there are some highly interesting Druidical remains, consisting of two circles of stones. Some archæologists have claimed for this temple a greater antiquity than that of Stonehenge. But Belgæ and Hædui, priest and victim, in their sacred groves, pass before us like a dissolving view, giving place to the Roman occupiers of the district. Civilisation now flourished, and along with it, forgers and clippers of money, for there have been found in the turbaries clipped coins of the Roman emperors, and moulds for coins containing base metal. Traces of a Roman road across the marsh were discovered some years since, six feet below the present alluvial surface. It is supposed that there were pottery kilns in this district, from the mass of potsherds of Roman black ware which have been found in the turbaries. Scoriæ of iron and pieces of charcoal were also met with; the Romans appear to have used the peat for fuel, and perhaps the workmen erected temporary huts for themselves, with brocks of turf, plastered with clay, as the dwellers on the moor do at the present day.

Some romantic traditions are associated with this district, unpromising as it seems. It is locally believed that King Arthur threw his magic sword, 'Excalibur,' into the stream of the little river Brue, which creeps through the marshes to the sea. An old Roman bridge, which is said to have marked the spot, existed till within a few years. And it is supposed that

> The brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,

was slain in battle at Langport on the moor. Mr Jones, in a paper of great research, seeks to identify Langport with *Llongborth*, celebrated in *The Elegy upon Geraint ab Erbyn*, by the prince-poet Igywarch Hên. This old Welsh poem, translated, runs thus:

> At Llongborth I witnessed the noisy tumult,
> And biers with the dead drenched in gore,
> And men blood-stained from the onset of the foe.
>
> At Llongborth I saw the hurried rush
> Of men with feet blood-stained,
> (Crying): 'Hark! ye that be Geraint's men.'
>
> At Llongborth was Geraint slain,
> The bold warrior of the woodlands of Dyvnaint,
> Slaughtering the foe as he fell.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Amidst the many novel exhibitions which have been born of the Crystal Palace, is one which did not dawn on the prophetic genius of Chaucer, and was probably unthought of, when first the fairy tracery of iron and glass sprang from the ground; yet, on the best and most national principles, it ought to possess the greatest interest of all, excepting, perhaps, that marvellous gathering of all races—the first, perhaps, since Babel—when the crystal aisles literally fulfilled the dream of the ancient poet. We mean that vast gathering of national schools which now exhibits yearly at the Palace the musical progress of the people, or perhaps we should better say, the resuscitation of that musical talent of which the days of the Tudors bear record.

On the last occasion of this gathering, we found ourselves in front of the great orchestra, gazing on the vast assemblage of little ones that lined the amphitheatre from top to bottom with

> Bright and ordered files,
> Like spring-flowers in their best array,
> All silence and all smiles.

Each separate school was distinguished by its own quaint and peculiar costume; and as there were forty-two of them, the gay blending of colour, scarlet, green, and dark purple, with tippets and caps of purest white, and patches of darker hue where the boys were seated, illustrated admirably Keble's pretty image of 'spring-flowers.' The quaintness in the form of their habiliments was not without its charm also, carrying the mind back, as it did, to the days of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Pamela*, and, by a glance at some of the boys, to a yet earlier period.

This bright group of young 'immortals' were prepared to sing, not only with the energy of childhood, but with considerable skill and power, some of the finest music of the church, although the programme modestly stated that 'the singing of the children was not intended as a musical display, but rather as a performance of simple psalmody.' The, at present, silent picture had a touching foreground. Immediately below the orchestra were a few—a very few—reserved seats, for it was a 'people's day,' and the Palace was their especial right; but beyond these a vast crowd, not of idle and critical spectators, but of warm-hearted, eager, hard-working folks, whose hearts would give an echo to every tender young voice among the choir. They have stolen a day from the hard struggle with Necessity to listen to the familiar voices, and gaze, with honest pride, on the innocent faces that 'light up the hearth' at home. Old grandams, bending beneath the weight of years, toddle by, supported by kind arms, and cheered by filial voices, that would fain coax the faded senses into hearing and seeing 'our Jenny or Mary' perform in the coming chorus. Mothers are there, clasping and hushing their infants, and not, we verily believe, the less enjoying the treat because that little life—so weary a burden to a fine lady—throbs heavily upon their arm; and hard-working men, 'got up,' for the occasion, in their best, clean, decent, and respectable, make up the throng, looking eagerly and intelligently round on those mute, graceful figures which bring the beauty and the poetry of the wild superstition of other lands and ages to their island home.

On the great stands of orange-trees are perched all possible specimens of the genus 'boy,' whose merry and often grotesque faces might have served for models for some of the rollicking fauns which are so abundant among the statuary. Policemen stand about, acting as masters of the ceremonies, ordering the visitors for their own comfort, and explaining the (to them) familiar wonders of the place, with a generous enjoyment of the pleasure experienced by their countrymen; for 'flunkeyism' is unknown to the intelligent men who form the Palace police, who sympathise with their own order.

At our feet, a family group, worthy of a Dutch painter's pencil, are gathered. A mother, decently clothed, though evidently very poor, seated on the floor, hushes a tiny babe; by her side, her husband extends his sturdy limbs, holding a basket with the family provisions, to which, perhaps, some cheap luxury of the Palace may by and by be added. Their eyes are endeavouring to make out their little 'Sarah' amongst the bright group of scarlet petticoats; and there is great triumph in the tone with which

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'mother' announces to 'father' that she has discovered that important little personage at last. We are greatly interested in this household; we enjoy their pride and pleasure, and their wonder at the fine place and '*the images*,' as they call the statues, evidently classing them with the Italian boy's wares with which they are familiar. We think it would be pleasant enough to take these country folks round the Palace, and explain to them some of its gathered treasures; point out to them the vegetables and the products of other lands; and illustrate the earth, by its gifts, in this great 'show' of the universe. Would not such a guide (or a few such) be a great help and a great addition to the pleasure of the place on such days? We remember that on a former 'people's day,' when we were shewing the courts to some tiny nieces, a small crowd of intelligent-looking poor people gathered round and listened eagerly, till, when telling the children the story of Pompeii in its own court, they quite pressed on us to hear the faintly detected tale.

But the organ peals forth a volume of glorious sound, and George Cooper gives a lesson in music by the voluntary he performs, and quiets and fixes all spirits by its solemn soothing. A pause, and then the thousands of children rise as one, and looking, at a distance, very like little painted dolls, begin Martin Luther's glorious Old Hundredth. At first, a full chorus of all their voices, then the girls' sweet trebles alone, then again the united volume of sound. This psalm was succeeded by Heber's missionary hymn to an air of Mendelssohn's; but the musical gem of the performance was a hymn called *Sleepers, Awake! a Voice is calling*, the music also by Mendelssohn, in which the alternation of the bass and treble, and the sweet manner in which the voices held a note through two bars, whilst the organ accompanied with the refrain of the air, called forth the most rapturous applause, and was repeated.

We observed two or three of the fathers of the oratory listening attentively to this part of the performance.

Three other well-chosen psalms closed the performance; and then the mass of listeners rose, and many a full untutored voice joined with English loyalty in the national anthem. The music over, the schools descended into the body of the Palace, and the reunion of the young singers and their friends began. Much of congratulation, and praise, and pleasure evidently then ensued, and the families dispersed about, gazing eagerly at the wonders offered to their inspection.

The picture-gallery was crowded, and the pre-Raphaelites might have rejoiced in the simple-minded admiration which the 'great untaught' bestowed on the specimens of early art, and the simple good faith with which they gazed on the green-winged cherubs and un-idealised Madonnas of the beginning of painting.

The conduct of this multitude was worthy of all praise for courtesy and a kind wish to help or please each other, while the strictness with which they bestowed on all around the epithets of 'Ma'am,' 'Sir,' and 'Miss' was remarkable.

The fountains were all displayed in the course of the afternoon, and crowds gathered round to see water in its holiday-dress making its summer sport. The children, with little mugs, caught the water as it fell, and drank it eagerly, whilst some of the boys walked about and offered it to the company—one assuring us that he would bring us as much as we liked *for a halfpenny!*

We walked from the great fountain, where we had met a friend, down towards the bowling-green, and, seated under an old tree, watched the sports which the populace provided for themselves. 'Kissing in the Ring,' and 'Hunt the Slipper,' were evident favourites. The numbers assembled in the grounds appeared all ripe for fun, and enjoying to a greater extent the fresh pure air, the greensward, the trees, and the exercise, than even the marvels of the interior of the Palace. A great boon that evening's freedom and fresh air must have been to the toil-fettered denizens of the great city. But the children were everywhere the people paramount of the day, and threw in, doubtless, the chief element of mirth and enjoyment amongst the graver grown-up pleasure-seekers.

The scene was, as we have said, full of a deep and national interest. These children are the future people of England. In many a home 'to be,' the mothers will sing thus well beside the cradle, will know enough to teach their little ones of lands and things beyond the blue seas, and of inventions and scientific discoveries which will lay many a ghost of old ignorances, and open many a channel to improvement hereafter. Wonderful, indeed, is the progress already made in educating the million, since the days when a cocoa-nut passed for the egg of a marvellous bird, or when men dreamed of

> The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Nay, even within our own recollection, knowledge appears to have put on the seven-league boots of the fairy tale, so rapid has been its progress. We remember almost the *premier pas* of that wonderful march which has gone throughout the length and breadth of the land, and, in a degree, visits its darkest corners. Much, very much, still remains to be done, but it is encouraging to look back on the past, and see what

> Footprints on the sands of time

it has left already.

LOVE'S COMPARISONS.

Oh! bright is the rose when the sunshine is glinting,
And painting its petals with hues from above;
But warmer than even its exquisite tinting,
The rich glowing cheek of the maid that I love.

And jetty the gloss on the plumes of the raven,
And flossy the twine which the silkworms have wove;
But darker, and softer, and radiant of heaven,
The bright flowing hair of the maid that I love.

Inviting the cherry, which welcomes the kiss
Of the sun, as it streams through the fruit-laden grove;
But what shall describe the elysium of bliss,
Which dwells on the lips of the maid that I love!

Deep blue are the coralline caves of the ocean,
Reflecting the azure of heaven above;
But deeper, and bluer, and full of devotion,
The soft liquid eyes of the maid that I love.

And airy the zephyr, whose balmy breath brings
Sunny dreams of delight from Arabian grove;
But lighter than even his bliss-laden wings,
The innocent step of the maid that I love.

And pure is the lily, just washed by the shower,
And pure is the down on the wing of the dove;
But purer than ever was dove or was flower,
The taintless young soul of the maid that I love!

G. D.

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OUR VOLUNTEERS OF OLD.

TOWARDS the close of the last, and at the beginning of the present century, when General Bonaparte was known to be making preparations for a descent on England, a cry 'To arms!' resounded in the remotest corner of the empire; nor is it to be supposed that the efforts now making towards the organisation of a system of national defence, bear any proportion to the fiery enthusiasm that animated the Old England of 1803 and 1804.

The king proclaimed his resolution to raise the royal standard at the Warley encampment of 30,000 men, near Brentwood, in Essex. A still larger body of troops were to occupy Lichfield, as being the most central position in the island; and military commissioners went down to survey the cathedral, parish churches, and every large building suited to the accommodation of soldiery. Bands of navvies were stationed ready to cut the sea-dikes at Pevensey Level, and thus inundate many miles of the adjacent country. The executive, under the vigorous administration of William Pitt, shewed itself prepared for every emergency. Warrants under the royal sign-manual ordered deputy-lieutenants of maritime counties—in pursuance of a recent statute—to cause all horses likely to fall into the enemy's hands to be either killed or hamstrung; the axle-trees of wagons, wains, and carts, to be sawn asunder; and all cattle and corn not removable, to be destroyed; assurance being given to the owners that they would receive ample compensation. Two directors of horses and draught-cattle, with the same number of conductors of live-stock, were to be selected for each division of a parish; and a company of pioneers from each, with mattocks and spades for constructing earthworks. Inspectors of districts to report the by-roads by which they purposed to remove stock, and the places to which it could be driven. Custom-house officers received notice to convey inland, or else let run to waste, on the first alarm, all wines, brandies, and other spirits in bond or otherwise. A temporary bridge was contrived across the Medway from Chatham Docks, in case it should be deemed expedient to blow up the centre arch of Rochester Bridge. Marshal Saxe, a celebrated soldier of fortune of the last century, having stated in his *Military Reveries* that London was assailable only by the Thames, the Trinity House, with a munificence and patriotism which cannot sufficiently be extolled, undertook to provide for the security of that 'great silent highway of commerce;' and when the Admiralty added ten war-vessels, of twenty-six guns each, moored as floating-batteries at the river's mouth, that important inlet to the very heart of London was considered to be amply provided for. Nor should it be here omitted that the East India Company contributed to our maritime defences twenty ships, all first-class frigates.

Even remote villages had their walls placarded with fierce denunciations against the coming foe; competent persons, sent down from London, drilled the rustics in 'push of pike,' 90,000 of which were ready for distribution; and one individual, the mayor of Swansea, purchased a thousand of these formidable weapons with which to arm the Glamorganshire miners and pitmen. The farmers everywhere bound themselves voluntarily to furnish men, horses, and wains, if wanted, to convey troops to the coast; sixty husbandmen out of two Essex hundreds alone, putting down their names for upwards of seventy wagons of four horses each. Government prepared about a thousand light frames, and distributed them among patriotic coachmakers, hackney-coach owners, &c., to be mounted upon spare carriages, for the same purpose. The nobility and gentry, especially of Norfolk, placed flag-staves on their house-tops, on which the hoisting of a red banner should be the signal for the tenants to rise in arms. Loyal mayors of county towns, in a fervour of patriotism, paraded the streets with fife and drum, beating up for volunteers. Provincial theatres were converted into barracks. Those citizens who felt too old for military service, got staves, and swore themselves in as special constables, to keep the peace, while their townsmen were in the field. In case of emergency, Lancashire offered to embody 30,000 men, armed, equipped, and ready for active duty; and in Yorkshire, in the town of Leeds, L.15,000 was promptly subscribed to bear the charges of its volunteer levies, and those of its populous vicinity. The Duke of Northumberland raised a cavalry regiment 1500 strong from his own tenantry; the Duke of Rutland did the same at Belvoir; Sir John Leycester offered a thousand infantry from his Cheshire estates alone; while an untitled commoner, Mr Miles, 'humbly solicited his majesty's acceptance of two hundred mounted troopers, in augmentation of the Royal Life Guard.'

Such was the old-world loyalty sixty years since—akin to that of the Cavaliers during the civil wars, exhibited at a still more momentous epoch. Martello-towers were erected all round the coast. A short time previous, Captain Young of the *Terrible*, 74, with a 40-gun frigate, had attacked one of these towers in the island of Corsica, and got terribly crippled thereby. It was manned by only a sergeant and twelve men, with a single piece of ordnance, which traversed round, so as to point every way. By

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this tower, which was bomb-proof, the ships were driven off, after having a number of men killed, and being thrice on fire.

A chain of beacons, loaded with combustibles, not only ran along-shore, but crossed the island, upon every hill-top, from the Land's End to John o' Groats. Devonshire had sixteen, and the adjacent county of Cornwall seven. Red flags, hoisted over village steeples, took up and propagated the alarm. Guards were constantly on duty around these beacons—a most necessary precaution—for, did even a smuggler's craft approach the shore, instantly the peasantry rushed to fire it; and no language can paint the terror and confusion, as well as the tumultuous arming, consequent on the country being thus simultaneously covered with one blaze of light. Amongst other precautions to obviate this risk, bonfires, on the 5th of November, were rigidly suppressed. A feverish state of anxiety and vigilance was everywhere apparent. At Folkestone, whenever the wind blew from the French coast, sea-fencibles patrolled the town all night, repeating the usual challenge at every post. 'Something decisive may be expected,' says a private letter, dated 1st September 1804. 'At this moment, the Corsican has everything in his favour; a strong flood-tide, the wind fresh and fair for crossing the Channel, and a very hazy fog, so that we cannot see two miles from shore. All the men-of-war in the Downs ready to slip or cut their cables at an instant's notice. Clerks at Admiralty said to be in attendance all night. Everything indicates, on the part of government, the utmost vigilance. A heavy firing, heard from darkness to sunrise, towards France; and the following day, in the direction of the Cornish coast—twenty reports were counted in the space of a minute.' Yet all this terrific hurly really seems to have delighted those most interested in its momentous results. A mounted dragoon, his horse all foam and mire, dashes through the streets of Southampton, the bearer of an express from the Duke of York—for the electric wire was destined for a later generation. Two thousand four hundred men get under arms in less than an hour. The men of eight adjacent villages, where orders arrived at noon, are marching by four o'clock. The aspect of the town resembles a gala-day. Loyal songs, inspired by the supposed imminent prospect of encountering the enemy, resound through the streets. However homely the composition of these patriotic lyrics, they were calculated to sustain the popular enthusiasm, as will appear from the following fragment, sung to a well-known popular air:

Fathers! be of cheer;
Britons are no drones, sirs;
Should Bonaparte appear,
Soon we'll part his bones, sirs.
And if on our shore
Should he land his scum, sirs,
When that he comes o'er,
Soon he'll be o'ercome, sirs.

Gilray and Rowlandson, two famous caricaturists of the day, were actually retained in the public service by Mr Pitt. One of their productions, now before me, represents a brawny countryman in a smock-frock, holding up to a crowd of excited spectators the head of Bonaparte, stuck upon a stubble-fork, with his huge military cocked-hat, and streaming with blood—'Twelve hours after landing' being inscribed below. Very comic incidents sometimes resulted from this prevalent indignation and alarm. The Bristol coaches arriving, during holiday-time in that city, late, and crowded with passengers inside and out, a report instantly circulated that the strangers were London fugitives, the French having landed on the eastern coast. A commercial traveller from Liverpool, driving a gig through the narrow roads of Shropshire, was delayed by a farmer and his team, that kept in the centre of the road. Impatient of this slow travelling, the bagman ordered him imperiously to pull aside, adding: 'Surely you can't know who I am.'

'Noa,' quoth Hodge, a cavalry man; 'who be ye?'

'Why, the great Bonaparte—none other.'

'Be ye, though?' bawled the rustic, grinning maliciously; and pulling round, so as to block up the passage, 'I've long wished to see ye, Master Boney. Here goes at your flat bottom, Master Boney!' and making a rush, he overturned the carriage topsy-turvy into the ditch. Leaving the horse kicking it to fragments, he then dragged out the miserable bagman, and gave him a merciless beating. At the next town, the assailant was of course summoned for assault and battery; but the magistrate, a loyal Shropshire squire, happened to be the farmer's captain also. 'There was no law,' he said, 'which prevented an Englishman from drubbing Bonaparte, and capsising his flat-bottom boats wherever he found them. The farmer had acted, as he conceived, for the good of his country. The complainant, therefore, must put up with the consequences of his folly and unpatriotic assumption of a name odious in this country.' So the case was dismissed.

In the meantime, the volunteer movement was universal throughout the empire. By a return made at the War-office, November 11, 1803, the account stood thus: Volunteer infantry, 297,500; volunteer cavalry, 31,600; volunteer artillery, 6207; total, 335,307. Compared in numerical strength with the French armies, a contemporary journal observes: 'If to these be added our regulars and militia, we too may boast of our 500,000 fighting-men;' and taking the volunteer return merely, it exhibits—at a period, too, when the population was not more than a half of its present census—a muster-roll seven times greater than that of 1859.

An excellent spirit animated all ranks. Eight clergymen of Lincolnshire were drawn by ballot for a cavalry corps. Instead of evading service by pleading their spiritual calling, or by the hire of substitutes, each procured a good sword and a good horse. In ancient Bristol, when all the troops were ordered off to Wales—already once invaded, and twice threatened—the merchants in five minutes subscribed L.80 to buy them refreshments on the march; and Colonel Hugh Baillie immediately set about raising a corps of 1500 gentlemen, to serve in plain clothes for a civic garrison, and to mount guard over a large body of French prisoners confined in the vicinity. Indeed, it was originally intended that all volunteer corps should wear no uniform beyond an arm-badge, indicating the parish or district to which they belonged, government furnishing in addition a stout leathern helmet.

As further fuel to the patriotism that fired the national mind, a copy of the proclamation *ready printed* in Paris, which was to have accompanied the invasion, found its way to England. It ran thus: 'Soldiers, the sea is passed! The boundaries of nature have yielded to the genius and fortunes of France, and haughty England groans under the yoke of her conquerors. London is before you!—the Peru of the old world is your prey; within twenty days,* I plant the tricolor upon the walls of her execrable Tower. March! Towns, fields, provisions, cattle, gold, silver, women, I abandon all to you. Occupy these noble mansions, these smiling farms. An impure race, rejected of Heaven, which has dared to be the enemy of Bonaparte, is about to expiate its crimes, and disappear from the earth. Yes, I swear to you that you shall become terrible!

BONAPARTE.'

When the heir-apparent, as Duke of Cornwall, appealed to the patriotism of his hardy miners for raising one regiment 1000 strong, to be named 'The

* There were no railways in those days.

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Royal Stannary Volunteers,' instead of 1000, they offered 5000 men. A declaration accompanying their offer states, 'that the Cornishmen will never quit the post of action assigned them, while a single French soldier in arms shall be found within their reach.' The regiment of Border Volunteers, 1600 men, who, when shoulder to shoulder, covered more ground than any other corps of equal force in the service, was regarded as the crack-regiment of northern England. A large proportion of those composing it marched twenty miles to drill, and after a hard day's work, returned on foot the same distance. A lady, remarkable for her beauty and rank in the county of Northumberland, presented the regiment with a pair of silken colours. The ensign, a gallant young moss-trooper, conceiving that he was called upon to address the damsel in reply, with Spartan brevity spoke thus: 'Madam, I receive these colours with ardent devotion, and will with fortitude defend them; and when aw the silk 's shot away, I 'll bring ye the pow [pole] whoam again.' In strong contrast to these hardy mountaineers was a little band of sixty juveniles, sons of gentlemen in Manchester, the eldest not sixteen, who clothed, armed, and drilled themselves with such admirable precision, that their parades became the fashionable lounge of that wealthy factory town. They shot excellently at the target. They, too, received a costly present of regimental colours from the hand of a pretty school-miss, embroidered with the words, 'FROM ACORNS SPRING OAKS;' just as, in her own case, the rosebud would expand into the full-blown flower.

In Scotland, the Duke of York contemplated appealing to the loyalty of its chieftains, and raising a number of battalions from the clans, each under its patriarchal leader. By this plan it was suggested the Macdonalds, the Macleods, the Mackenzies, the Gordons, the Campbells, the Frasers, and other powerful families, would be incorporated under their respective banners, forming an invincible force for the defence of North Britain. The Royal Edinburgh Volunteers were commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Hope, a stout-spirited man, whose commanding abilities in his profession afterwards placed him at the head of the Court of Session. Addressing his men, he tells them, that as it is the first duty of a commander to attend to the health of those under his charge, he will permit no gentleman, officer or private, to march out of Edinburgh on duty, unless provided with a flannel under-dress. No officer of that regiment was allowed any indulgence or accommodation beyond the privates; they therefore marched with their whole baggage upon their backs, of which the lieutenant-colonel himself set the example, never mounting his horse except for the purposes of command. No distinction of rooms or tents was allowed—officers and privates shared alike; but the officers messed together, for the advantage of military discussions during the repast. Each officer and private, when about to march, had orders to repair to the alarm-post, on the north side of St Andrew's Square, with four and a half pounds of bread or biscuit. Gentlemen were admonished as to the propriety of not taking *too much money with them*—one or two guineas at most being deemed an ample supply.

In the British capital, with a population then considerably under one million, were five-and-thirty volunteer corps, comprising about 40,000 men. The City had eleven regiments of 'Loyal London Volunteers.' Great exertions were made to bring them into a state of efficiency. Several companies attended drill daily. Sir Henry Hardinge, Inspecting Field-officer of the London District, compliments the corps 'east of Temple Bar on being far more *silent* at drill than heretofore;' adding, that every man, from the moment he is under arms until dismissed, ought, on no account whatever, to move hand, head, tongue, foot, or eye but in obedience to his officer. 'It is positively necessary,' adds Sir Henry, 'that every man, officers included, become a mere machine, no part of which is to stir or be put in motion except by the voice of its commander.' By degrees, their discipline and *esprit de corps* became exemplary. At a period when intemperance was the rule, there appeared, stuck up at the head-quarters of the City regiment of horse, a notice, 'that one of their body having been found drunk on parade, the officers thus publicly renounce all further association with him. They request that his name may be erased from the roll, as unfit to remain among gentlemen united in an earnest desire to make themselves useful to their king and country.'

Exclusiveness was banished from the movement. H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence served as a private in the Teddington corps. Most of the king's ministers had enrolled themselves in one regiment or another, though Mr Wyndham, an opposition leader, told the House they would desert to a man when the French landed, for they must either desert their offices or the volunteer corps, and it was easy to guess where their choice would lie. At a civic banquet, Alderman Shaw proposed 'the health of the greatest man in England, Colonel William Pitt, of the Cinque Ports Volunteers.' When the tumult of applause had died away, up rose Sheridan, and with admirable tact said: 'Gentlemen, allow *me* also to name a toast. I call for bumpers to the health of Private Charles James Fox, of the Chertsey Volunteers, the honestest man in England.' Acclamations followed this sally, and the fraternisation was complete. Stiff leather stocks having been served out to the men of the Cinque Ports, Pitt overheard a blacksmith, one of them, grumbling at the pestilent inconvenience. 'See,' said the prime minister; 'I wear it, and don't complain.' 'Ah, colonel,' retorted Mulciber, 'yourn 's the longest neck, as well as the longest head, in Britain. So, d' ye see, the case is altered.'

The 'Loyal London' had occasionally hard measure dealt out to them. Mr Wyndham, although himself captain of one of the highest disciplined suburban corps, sneered at them in the House, saying, 'before they would be good soldiers, they must get rid of their gross feeding and beer;' and that, like the countess in the play, 'one could now scarcely spit out of window without offending some colonel or major, so numerous had they become.'

Between the marksmanship of our present defenders and that of our old volunteers—since they carried the clumsy, old smooth-bore musket, with flint and steel lock, which preceded the percussion gun—it is not fair to speak. They burned a good deal of powder, however; *seven tons per week* being the average quantity for the London district. Sham-fights and skirmishing-parties were incessant on Primrose Hill and Hornsey Fields. Many dreadful accidents occurred in the brief course of six months. A Mr Dewey was shot through the head, skirmishing at the latter place; Lieutenant Kerr, through the lungs. Many perished by overloading their pieces, one of which had *six* cartridges in it when discharged; and others, through incautiously standing behind the targets. Seventy shots in the target out of two hundred seems their best; but a surgeon of the Law Association Corps made himself illustrious by piercing the bull's-eye five times in succession. A gentleman of the Royal Westminster Light Horse could go through the divisions of the sword-exercise with a sword in each hand, whilst his horse was at the top of his speed.

The great event of the volunteer movement was their being reviewed in Hyde Park by George III. in the autumn of 1803, to the number of nearly 50,000 men. There not being space enough to allow of their being all paraded at the same time, the spectacle occupied two days. By nine o'clock, the

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body of volunteers selected for the day had assembled. At half-past nine, the whole deployed into line on their right companies, extending from the edge of Buckden Hill entirely round the Park; their left being close flanked by the wall of Kensington Gardens, on the Knightsbridge side of the Serpentine. Just before ten, his majesty, attended by H.R.H. the Duke of York and a magnificent staff, entered the Park at Kensington Gate, where his majesty received a salute of twenty-one guns from the Honourable Artillery Company. On the king and his suite reaching a central position, the whole line presented arms, every band at the same instant playing *God save the King*. His majesty then proceeded to inspect the line, commencing with the London Cavalry, which occupied the right of Buckden Hill, and then passed the front of the whole twenty-seven corps, who respectively carried arms as the king approached. On the firing of the fourth cannon, the whole primed and loaded by word of command; and at the fifth cannon, the line fired from centre to flank by battalions, which was twice repeated. The firing was in general bad, the troops not being accustomed to fire in the air, and also because, from the great noise in rear of the line, the regiments could not distinguish the word of command.

The firing over, the eighth cannon was discharged, as a signal for three cheers, which were given heartily from the throats of full three hundred thousand persons—more than a third of the then population of London. The queen and princesses stood upright in their carriages, in the excitement of the scene, while the king sat bareheaded upon his charger. The Surrey Yeomanry and Westminster Cavalry kept the ground. The Duke of Clarence was present in the uniform of a private of the Teddington Volunteers, and amongst the royal cavalcade appeared several princes of the exiled House of Bourbon, with Generals Pichegru and Dumourier.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

If we had any idea that the majority of our readers took the trouble to peruse those bulky folios published by the parliament of Great Britain under the generic title of 'Blue-books,' we certainly should not trouble them with the present article. Numerous as are the volumes to which we allude, and ofttimes wondrous bulky in external appearance, and singularly uninteresting in internal contents, we are sure no one into whose hands they came would pass over two, lately printed, dealing with the state of crime in England and Wales during the past year, and the *cost* of criminal justice during the same period.*

First, as to the actual number of the criminal population. It appears that there are in round numbers 25,000 houses of disreputable character in the kingdom generally, dens from which no fewer than 134,922 persons of both sexes daily proceed on missions of vice and immorality. About 6500 of these are thieves under 16 years of age, many being children who are kept in the employ of older evildoers, and sent out to prey upon the more charitable portion of the community; some 27,113 are thieves above 16; 39,226 are suspected persons; and 22,557 are vagrants, all well known to the police, and few, if any, unacquainted with the interior of a jail; to these we must add those actually confined in prison, about 25,000, and we shall then have about 165,000 persons, for whose especial use and benefit all the vast, intricate, and expensive machinery of our criminal law has been designed.

It is very remarkable to notice the variable proportion of offenders found in different towns and rural districts of the country. In London, for instance, there is one 'jail-bird' to every 178 of the community at large; in Manchester and the cotton manufacturing districts, one in 154; in Brighton, Worthing, and other large pleasure-towns, the proportion is one to 95; in Liverpool, Hull, and the commercial ports, one in 93; while in Sheffield, Birmingham, and the towns devoted to the hardware trade, the large proportion is reached of one in 47!

The first class of officials brought into immediate connection with criminals is the *police*. Day after day do 20,256 of these conservators of life, limb, and property keep watch and ward over the security of the public. As every year adds largely to the class more immediately the object of police vigilance, the force has continually to be enlarged also; and last year no fewer than 1069 were added to it. The labours of the police are by no means light. Every offender brought to justice must necessarily pass through their hands, and a vast number discharged before trial also share their attentions. Last year, they took into custody 404,034 individuals—about 20 to each policeman—and of these, more than two-thirds were convicted and punished in one way or another; 65,261 were actually imprisoned by the magistrates; 160,636 were fined and discharged; and 302 were not only imprisoned, but visited with the additional degradation of the lash.

It has been of late years rather fashionable to write down the idea of any individual virtues presumed to be possessed by policemen, and to throw some shade of discredit upon the value and efficacy of the force generally. We think a glance at the above figures must be sufficient to prove the idle nature of any such surmises. Every policeman on duty, in addition to the multiform duties he has to perform in preserving order and preventing accidents in the streets of our great towns, in inquiring after and recovering lost property, &c., is instrumental in the capture, on the average, of one delinquent every two days, and often upon such capture risks his life, and receives fearful injuries, for which no sort of compensation is awarded to him.

What had our four hundred thousand and odd friends done that they were taken into custody at all?—85,472 had been drunk and disorderly; 83,086 had committed assaults; 42,226 had stolen property of various amounts; 32,700 were vagrant offenders and riotous prostitutes; and the remainder had committed the thousand-and-one crimes daily brought under the eye of every 'police report' reader.

It would, however, speak well for the virtue of our criminal classes if the above were the only offenders of which we had to speak; their offences were, after all, only magistrates' cases, and were, many of them, of a trifling character. To them we must add 17,855 persons of both sexes, and of all ages, tried before superior courts for crimes and misdemeanours of a nature far too serious to be determined by any other tribunal than that of a jury, directed by a learned and painstaking judge: 13,000 of these were disposed of at quarter and other sessions; 3426 at the assizes; and the remainder at the Central Criminal Court. Prisoners do not so easily escape from the superior as from the magistrates' court; and of those tried in the manner just mentioned, about four-fifths were convicted, and received sentences varying in intensity with the enormity of their crimes—10,834 were simply imprisoned, 229 were whipped, 2130 were condemned to penal servitude, 53 received sentence of death, and 11 expiated their guilt upon the scaffold! Not a single individual was *transported* last year.

* *Criminal Statistics, England and Wales.* 1859. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Costs of Prosecutions.* 1859.

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Transportation, after having flourished for 140 years, has given place to penal servitude, and a vast saving has thus been effected.

If the total number of the class from which our criminals proceed be compared with the average number of those confined in prison, it will be found that offenders against the law pass about *one-fifth* of their time in confinement; and for the accommodation of such numerous and inveterate offenders, the prison arrangements of the several counties and large towns of England have, during the last twenty years, been gradually enlarged and remodelled, till, at the present time, our prisons form one of the largest and most expensive institutions of the country.

There are no fewer than 156 jails and houses of correction in the country, having, in the aggregate, provision for 30,000 inmates; and over these prisons 2405 officers continually keep 'watch and ward,' being one officer to about eight prisoners. Into these 156 receptacles of crime there were poured, last year, in round numbers, 140,000 evildoers; and the average daily number within their walls was 18,770!

A hundred and eighty-six governors and deputy-governors superintended the internal economy of these prisons; 146 surgeons kept matters square in the internal economy of the prisoners themselves; 146 chaplains attended to the spiritual improvement of the sons and daughters of iniquity; 147 clerks kept due account of the incomings and outgoings of the establishments, while 1326 warders and subordinate officers were constantly employed within the walls. The prisons we have mentioned are, however, only intended for the safe custody of persons awaiting trial, of debtors, and of those criminals who have been sentenced to a comparatively short period of incarceration. We have said that transportation has given way to penal servitude, and we may add that the 'hulks,' once the floating abodes of notorious offenders, now exist but in name. What becomes, then, of the thousands who, year by year, are sentenced to spend long periods of years, and even their whole lives, in confinement?

At the pleasant suburb of Pentonville—on the banks of the Thames at Millbank—in the stony island of Portland—in the dirty sailor-town of Portsmouth—in still dirtier Chatham—at Dartmoor, Lewes, Parkhurst, and Brixton, are situated gigantic 'convict prisons,' penal settlements in the midst of a great and happy country, containing some 7000 male, and 1000 female prisoners, the guilt of all of whom is of so black a dye that a few years ago they would undoubtedly have been favoured with a halter at Newgate. Some, indeed, of these offenders are still considered too dangerous to be kept in the country, and are shipped off to Western Australia, to Bermuda, and to Gibraltar, to be employed upon the public works. 'Tickets of leave,' about which so much has been said, and which have proved such a bane to the community at large, are decidedly out of fashion; and of the 11,292 convicts received and maintained in the ten above-mentioned prisons during the past year, only 312 were discharged with these vouchers. Of course, the discipline of the 'convict prisons' is more strict than in other places of confinement; and in consequence the number of officers employed is greater in proportion to the number of prisoners, being one of the former to every *six* of the latter. With such a staff of officials, 1194 in number, we are scarcely surprised to find that although 147 men were whipped, 3315 put into dark cells, 2906 placed on the starving system, and 2557 subjected to other punishments, only 3 *escaped*.

How *can* they escape? We asked the question of a warder, not a month ago, as we stood in one of the 'night-cells' of one of the strongest of these strong dwellings. 'Well, sir,' was the reply, given with a complacent smile—'well, sir, I don't think they have *much* chance. The ceiling here is one stone ten inches thick; each wall is a stone of the same thickness; the floor is formed of one block of stone also; the window has *three* iron gratings, and looks down seventy feet clear; two iron doors close the cell—the inner has three bolts, and the outer has two bolts and a powerful lock. And when we turn this key upon a prisoner over-night, sir, we generally know where to look for him in the morning.'

'And, pray, what sum of money,' our political-economical friend will ask, 'may all those pretty little arrangements connected with crime *cost?*' Hitherto, our information connected with the expense of crimes and their punishments has been particularly vague and unsatisfactory; it has been spread over numerous returns and other official documents, and has never been, of late years, digested into any tolerably readable form. Mr Samuel Redgrave, the compiler of the statistical tables upon which we are so largely drawing for information, lets us into 'the way the money goes' in a very familiar manner.

The police establishments cost last year L.1,447,019, 3s. 7d.—a sum which included the expense of examination before magistrates, &c. The cost of trying prisoners at the sessions and assizes amounted to L.95,890; the amount expended in the support of the 156 prisons we have before alluded to, was L.530,285, after deducting L.23,194, the amount which the prisoners' *work* sold for. Each prisoner, therefore, costs, on the average, about L.23, 10s. The expense of the ten convict prisons amounted to no less a sum than L.254,711, and the mean annual cost of a prisoner to the nation to L.33, 7s. 6d. The work done in these establishments in the year was valued at L.7762, 6s. 1d.

If to the charges just given we add the cost of 800 persons who, having been tried for various offences, and acquitted on the ground of insanity, are now confined in the different lunatic asylums spread over the country at an annual expense of L.22,122; and the expenditure (L.31,027) incurred by the maintenance of 47 reformatory schools, in which juvenile offenders under sixteen years of age are kept in safe custody, and brought from the error of their ways by a firm and judicious system of management, combining the severity of prison-discipline with the valuable training of an industrial school, we shall find the cost of these various branches of criminal justice to amount to L.2,384,054, 3s. 7d.!

A pretty sum, truly, to pay year after year for the 'preventing and punishing of vice, profaneness, and immorality;' but a sum which, unfortunately, by no means represents *one-half* of the actual expenses which criminals entail upon the tax-paying portion of the population. There are the salaries of judges, recorders, stipendiary magistrates and their clerks, building and maintenance of court-houses and justice-rooms, coroners' inquests, sheriffs' expenses, convicts' keep in the colonies, &c., yet to be provided for.

And what, after all, is the value of the property actually stolen and injured during the year by the class absorbing so much money in their conviction and punishment? Fifty thousand pounds in London alone, say the metropolitan police; L.15,000 in our own city, say their brethren of Manchester; and corresponding amounts are returned by the police forces of our other large towns. All such calculations, however, are, it is probable, much below the actual defalcations. One thing is certain—135,000 people daily live by plunder and fraud alone, and L.25 is a very moderate yearly amount to allow each of these individuals for their bare food and clothing: this calculation will give us L.3,873,000 as the aggregate amount consumed by the thieves of England in the twelvemonth; and if this amount be added to the one already arrived at, and to the probable expense prosecutors and witnesses are put to in securing the conviction of offenders, we shall arrive at the painful conclusion, that out of honest men's pockets there is

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yearly taken, for the support, trial, conviction, and punishment of the criminal classes of the country, not less than *ten million pounds sterling!*

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XIII.—UNDER FOOT.

It was broad daylight before Ryder left Ladybank, and took his way to Teesdale How, not without much matter upon which to ponder on his road. Thankfulness for the escape of himself and Marsden upon the preceding night was largely mingled with indignation against Luders; the heartless trick which the West Indian had played them in exchanging the brandy for snow-water, on an occasion, as he must have known, when the spirit might have been necessary to their safety, was bad enough; but besides that, Ryder could not help suspecting, although, of course, he had no knowledge of what had actually occurred, that even the lamp, upon whose light their very existence had depended, had been tampered with. Had it been set in the window at any reasonable time, he felt sure they must have seen it from the Fells earlier than they did; and although its sudden appearance, late as it was, did probably save at least one of their lives, he felt small gratitude to him who could procrastinate in such a perilous matter. Then, again, the invisible footstep upon the stair, which at a less eventful time would have entirely occupied his mind, sank into insignificance by the side of the astounding discovery of Phœbe Rosthwaite—a living proof of the cruelty as well as profligacy of his foe. According to the poor girl's account, she had long ceased to entertain any other sentiment with regard to Luders than that of abject terror. She would have returned home long ago, and begged forgiveness of her father, but for the young man's threats.

He had, it seemed, often persuaded the foolish girl to fly with him, and the Rushbearing at Greendale had offered the best opportunity for this being carried into effect. Luders had well arranged his plans beforehand, and it must be confessed that Phœbe herself had exhibited no little duplicity and cunning. She had flirted with Marsden, in concert with Luders himself, while he, on his part, as we have seen, directed her father's jealous suspicions into the wrong channel. Luders's very quarrel with his fellow-pupil was premeditated; he had secretly followed the drunken miller and his daughter home, and in less than an hour was driving off with her to a distant town, whence she alone had taken a post-chaise to meet the night-mail at the nearest railway-station, while he, in the meantime, returned to the How. She took her ticket to a large manufacturing town—a fact which in course of time transpired, and set suspicion on a wrong scent—but got out at an intermediate station, whence, after one entire day, she returned unrecognised, and took up her abode at Ladybank. This place had been long fixed upon by Luders for the purpose, on account of its extreme loneliness, and the bad reputation which kept the country-folks away from it. Enough of provisions—and, in particular, of strong drink for his own use—had been laid in to last his unhappy prisoner (as she speedily became) for a length of time; while even a small stove had been provided, without which, as the winter advanced, a residence at Ladybank would indeed have been insupportable. Certainly, never was erring mortal more immediately and severely punished than the wretched Phœbe. Almost at the very first Luders had rudely informed her that all his promises of providing her with a home, after a few weeks, and as soon as he should leave the How for good, as he expected to do, were false. He made little pretence of regard for his victim, when once in his power; but instead of affection, employed the more easily worked engine of fear. Fear, not so much should she venture to return home, of the opinions and conduct of her own associates, the harshness of whose sentiments towards her, however, he had greatly misrepresented and exaggerated—but of Luders himself. She was, in truth, in terror for her life. She rightly imagined that the man who could cruelly tyrannise over one who had given up all, however guiltily, for his sake, would hesitate at nothing—not even at murder itself; and besides this, she had an additional reason for remaining quiet, which she confided to her two deliverers in a terrified whisper. She was firmly convinced, she said, that this man Luders was, under certain circumstances, a person not answerable for his own actions—in short, a temporary maniac. Under the influence of drink especially, his fury became either uncontrollable, or, if controlled, took the form of a calm malignity more terrible and inhuman than any passion.

'Do not tell, sirs—pray, do not tell, if you would have me live, and shameful and disgraced as I am, life is still dear to me,' said she; 'but though he doesn't beat me, as my poor father did, he pinches me: see here!'

She bared her arm, white and shapely still, but not the plump arm Marsden had known it at the Greendale Rushbearing, and near the shoulder there was a black bruise, large as a crown-piece.

Ryder started up with a great cry of anger at the sight, and Marsden struck the floor with a blow so savage that it skinned his knuckles.

The whole scene was indeed truly melodramatic. The wretched but undeniably beautiful Phœbe pouring out her wrongs in that Robinson Crusoe apartment of hers, furnished with meats and drinks as if for a siege, to the two sympathetic young men, whom she besought with tears not to leave her until she was safe in her father's hands; while the very dog looked up at her with attentive eyes, and only by the cock of one ear exhibited remembrance of what had occurred on the stairs so recently, and might occur again. With regard to that mysterious matter, Phœbe had heard nothing of it until the present night, or probably not even her terror of Luders would have detained her in the ruined house of Ladybank; exceedingly frightened by the occurrence, although she had only partially comprehended its nature, she had involuntarily screamed out, with the intention of appealing to the young men for protection against the supernatural cause of fear, rather than against her mortal tyrant: and it was only afterwards, and when encouraged by their evident sympathy, that she was induced to confide to them her wretched story.

Thus it was that, leaving Marsden, whose ankle rendered him unable to move, to protect Phœbe, Ryder took his way to the How for help, with such a storm of indignation in him against Luders. 'Certainly if I met him now,' thought he, 'whether he were in his responsible state of mind or not, he should give me answers to a question or two. His fury and his malignity may be what they may, but it will be necessary for them to put up with a little beating.' If the lady in whose cause he felt so strong was not so faultless as those who animated the knights-errant of old, they could scarcely have had a more determined cavalier than she. Presently he saw a crowd of people approaching him, principally dalesmen, to whom word had been sent by Florence of the non-return of the two young men, and who were about to scour the Fells in search of them; and following these came the young ladies themselves, with stimulants and such remedies as it occurred to them would be useful to half-frozen wanderers.

'I am so glad to see you, Mr Ryder,' cried Florence hastily, as soon as they came up; 'but where is Mr Marsden?'

Ellen did not speak, but her white face and restless eyes expressed a more intense emotion than any words could have done.

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'He is safe and in shelter,' returned the young man rather sadly, for he read small joy in the fair girl's looks at his own security.

The blue eyes were gemmed at once with a grateful dew, and 'How tired you look!' and 'What a dreadful night you must have passed!' proclaimed at once that Love was at ease, and only tender Young Ladyism remained to be interested.

'They are at Ladybank,' stuttered Ryder, whose bashful nature was by no means equal to explaining all the circumstances of the case.

'*They!* Who is "they?"' cried Ellen. 'Do you call Carlo and Mr Marsden *they?*'

'I mean Marsden and Phœbe Rosthwaite,' replied Ryder, with some relish of malice; but he was sorry when he saw Miss Ellen's cheek suffer such a change as might a rose which had become a peony. 'We had better not take so many people,' added he hastily; 'there need be only a couple of men to carry him.'

'To carry him!' repeated Ellen plaintively, and the peony in its turn changed into the whitest of lilies.

'To carry him!' repeated Florence wonderingly; 'and what do you mean about Phœbe Rosthwaite? Is she found?'

Hereupon the blundering, blushing youth had to recount what had occurred from first to last as succinctly as he could.

'And what is it you recommend?' asked Florence, in a tone of deepest pity, but in evident reliance on the simple-hearted young man's advice.

'If you wouldn't mind'—he answered hesitatingly, 'you and Miss Ellen—I think it would be well for you to go up to the mill, and prepare the old man for his daughter's coming: she will be best at home for the present.'

'But will she be safe?' asked Ellen.

'I will answer for so much as that myself,' replied Ryder quietly, but with such a gleam in his blue eyes as made Florence glad to be able to say 'No' to his next question, as to whether they knew where Luders was.

'The dreadful man is gone out skating on the lake, we hear,' said Ellen. 'Oh, Mr Ryder, I wish you had been at home last night, for he almost frightened us into fits.'

'Hush!' said Florence hastily; 'do not exaggerate, my dear: Mr Luders has enough to answer for without *our* adding any accusation.'

'He frightened you, did he?' returned Ryder in the same grim quiet tone as before. 'He seems to be fond of frightening women.'

'Yes,' cried Ellen impetuously; 'and you may thank Florence and me that you saw the lamp at all last night, for he had poured out the oil from it.'

'Mr Ryder,' said Florence earnestly, and drawing him aside, 'may I ask a personal favour of you? You grant it? Thank you. It is that you will not seek Mr Luders to-day, or speak with him, if you meet him.'

'Why not, Miss Bateman?'

'You know why not, without my particularising the reason,' said she; 'and you may thank me afterwards for binding you so unhandsomely: and now, if you will return to Ladybank with these refreshments, and keep the people from seeing Phœbe, it would be well. We will wait at the mill until she comes.'

Ryder, whose natural obstinacy was not proof against a young lady's wishes, assented to this, although not without some reluctance; the least part of the hardship of returning was that he had had no rest for the last twenty-four hours, and was suffering still from the intense frost which had begun the night before to stiffen nature in her snow-shroud. What vexed him was that he was prevented, by such an arrangement, from meeting with Luders, with whom he had a crow to pick that was by this time grown to be a buzzard. The truce, too, according to his tacit promise made with Miss Florence, was to last the whole of that day, and it was possible—though not very likely—that in the meantime his enemy might altogether escape. Having, therefore, discreetly gone on before to Ladybank, and persuaded Phœbe to withdraw herself secretly to the mill, he returned home, in very ill temper, by the side of the crippled Marsden.

Mr Onslow Bateman arrived at the How late that same evening, to hear most of the bad news with which every one in his little household was open-mouthed; and so also did his daughters from the mill, with an account of the forgiving reception by her father—to procure which had caused them, however, many hours of entreaty and reasoning—of the unhappy Phœbe.

The one person whose coming was most dreaded, yet most looked for, of any, did not make his appearance. When the house was closed for the night, it still lacked one of its inmates, in the person of Mr Bartholomew Luders. There was one individual only sitting up for him, who had been asleep half the day, for the especial purpose of keeping himself fresh for his coming, and even he could scarcely be said to be acting from motives of affection. Mr Charles Ryder walked up and down his little dormitory, and stared out into the glittering moonlight from time to time with impatient mutterings, ever and anon breathing upon his fists in a ferocious manner, not so much to warm them, although it was intensely cold, as to keep them in condition for expected combat. The desire to slay Luders, which had at one time been really strong within him, had subsided during the last twelve hours to pommelling-pitch; but he knew that a letter to the West Indian's father, announcing his son's expulsion, lay sealed in the library below, and he was therefore extremely anxious to make the most out of what would be probably his last opportunity.

The next morning, however, the missing pupil being still absent, it was agreed upon all hands that he had withdrawn himself permanently from the polite amenities of Teesdale How.

Whatever unpleasant reflections concerning his disappearance may have beset the mind of Mr Onslow Bateman concerned only his West Indian connection, and were restricted to him alone. No other person of the household in the least regretted his departure; and save that his evil deeds proved the pretty frequent subject of conversation from bedroom to kitchen, the memory of the man himself began in the short space of two or three days to wane. Each went about his usual work or pleasure as though Mr Bartholomew Luders had never been a sharer in either, and without one of those tender and regretful thoughts which a man, being absent, must have been vile indeed not to have earned for himself from those he has left behind. On the fourth day, which, like the rest, was one of intense frost, Ryder took his skates, and leaving his still lame friend within doors, strode down to the lake. The ice was very smooth and clear as glass, for no snow had fallen on its own polished surface, which reflected the white mountains like a mirror on every side. On all that mighty sheet, Ryder was the one solitary skater, but the wintry echoes hailed him as though he had been half a score:

> The leafless trees and every icy crag
> Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
> Into the tumult sent an alien sound
> Of melancholy not unnoticed.

This unromantic young man was not so destitute of poetical feeling but that the sullen and solitary grandeur of the scene was impressed upon him in spite of himself. He strove to whistle a lively air, as if to assert his independence of any such influences, but the notes died away as soon as the indignant echoes would permit them to do so. He wished for a companion with whom to race along the glassy expanse,

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or to explore the creeks and coves. Even the society of Luders, thought he, would be almost better than this utter solitariness. 'Remote, unfriended,' as he felt, he might have applied the rest of the line to his occupation, which seemed in truth both 'melancholy' and 'slow.' Suddenly, and as if to remove at least this last stigma, he started off at utmost speed, and gave his body to the wind, and let the banks on either side come sweeping by him; then, reclining back upon his heels—

> Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
> Wheeled by him—even as if the earth had rolled
> With visible motion her diurnal round.

On one of these occasions, as he was hurrying along the centre of the mere, a human face flashed on him from below. At first, although it shocked him greatly, he concluded it to be the reflection of his own; but momentary as the glance had been, the impression produced by it was too strong to be satisfied by such an explanation, and he retraced his steps at once with less velocity. Though nothing at all resembling it could now be seen, the idea took firmest hold of his imagination. What an awful death for any one—for himself—thought he, would it be to be engulfed in that melancholy mere, while the cruel frost hastened to seal one up from one's fellow-creatures! What a lonely tomb would that vast lake be for a man with the grim mountains for gravestones, and the funereal fir-forests for his only mourners!

Whose face, then, was that face like, if it was not the reflection of his own? Was it like any other man's he knew, or was it that of a mere water-kelpie, such as Michael Rosthwaite believed in? The associations which that name awoke resolved his doubts, and turned them into dreadful certainty. Yes, it was the face of Bartholomew Luders! His blood ran cold at the thought, for he had now no doubt of the reality of the horror. Over and over again he searched the track which he had last traversed, and at length he came to the face under his feet again. It could only be seen from a certain point, and that not immediately over it, but from thence it was perfectly visible, as through a thick glass-case. The cold stony eyes which he knew so well, were open as though in life, and wore an inexpressibly awful look. Death had come upon the wicked man unawares, indeed. The ice of the earlier part of the frost had evidently broken beneath the poor wretch, who had been unable to regain the hole through which he had fallen, and over which there was by this time stretched a new crystal curtain. The first thought of Charles Ryder, when the immediate terror of the thing was passed, was one of thankfulness to Florence Bateman for preserving him from having sought the blood of this man at the very time when he lay drowned in Teesdale mere, and God had taken his punishment into His own hand. The next instant, Ryder laid his cap reverently down to mark the spot where the dark face looked up at the sky, and sped across that no longer solitary mere for home and help.

RUSSELL'S DIARY IN INDIA.*

Few works of a popular kind have appeared on India, and until the late revolt, there was little generally known, nor did the nation at large think much, about that country; in point of fact, they do not care a great deal about it even now. The common notion is, that it is a vast region in the east, which we have somehow conquered and keep possession of, ostensibly for the sake of commerce, but really for the purpose of affording places, civil and military, to a great number of young men, who are much too aspiring to betake themselves to any ordinary branch of industry at home. No doubt, the past history of our Indian empire is not such as to reflect any great credit upon us, beyond what is due to generalship and individual bravery. As regards civilisation, or even conciliation of the miscellaneous races of natives, we have failed; our attempts to Christianise them have lamentably failed; our fiscal system has so signally failed, that, unless we look pretty sharp, India threatens to become a dead-weight on our home finances; and that our general conduct of affairs, until the present time, has been a failure, we have the best evidence in wide-spread disaffection, and an almost successful revolt against our authority. For the first time, as it appears to us, some light has been thrown on the cause of these disastrous results. Mr W. H. Russell, who acted as special Correspondent of the *Times*, found time, in the midst of professional and harassing duties, while accompanying the army of Lord Clyde, to write a diary of his adventures, abounding not only in matter of an amusing nature, but in pointed observations illustrative of the relationship between ruler and ruled. These remarks are often made in an off-hand and humorous way, but that by no means lessens their value; and on the whole it may be said, that the work of this 'Bedouin of the press,' as the writer is pleased to call himself, is the most readable and practically useful one which has ever appeared on India.

After being but a short time home from the Crimea, Mr Russell set out for Calcutta towards the close of 1857, taking the usual overland route, and so on by steamer down the Red Sea. At the very outset, when in the train from Alexandria to Cairo, he gets a fair specimen of English *brusquerie*. A number of 'young gentlemen of the Army Medical Department,' bound for India, amuse themselves by pelting the railway officials with oranges; a volley being fired off at every station, and only put an end to by an Egyptian engineer, who 'received one in the eye,' threatening to throw the whole party down the embankment. On board the steamer, between Suez and Aden, there was, as might be expected, a development of character. The grand point in Indian etiquette is, that those who have office of any kind are the salt of the earth, the true aristocracy. Merchants, traders, planters, capitalists, although concerned in works calculated to benefit the country, are viewed with prejudice and antipathy, and must be kept at a distance. As regards the natives from high to low—though rich, educated, and well conducted—they are every one of them 'niggers.' Having a dark hide, they are 'as the beasts of the field.' Notions of this sort are ventilated at a dinner on board the steamer. 'By Jove! sir,' exclaimed the major, who by this time had got to the walnut-stage of argument, to which he had arrived by gradations of sherry, port, ale, and Madeira—'By Jove!' he exclaims thickly and fiercely, with every vein in his forehead swollen like whip-cord, 'those niggers are such a confounded sensual lazy set, cramming themselves with ghee and sweetmeats, and smoking their cursed chillúmjees all day and night, that you might as well think to train pigs. Ho, you! punkah chordo, or I'll knock—— Suppose we go up and have a cigar!'

Moralising on these demonstrations, Mr Russell takes the white race, 'the favourites of Heaven,' smartly to task. It may be all very pleasant for the Anglo-Saxon race to domineer over a minority of 'niggers,' in countries susceptible of colonisation by whites; but 'what course should we pursue when we find ourselves in a vast empire, lords and masters indeed, but dependent every moment of our lives on the people we found at our coming, and unable to raise from the soil the feeblest stem of our race? . . . . It is hard to bear the rule

* *My Diary in India, in the Year 1858-9.* By W. H. Russell, LL.D. 2 vols. Routledge, London. 1860.

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of an alien at any time; but when that alien is haughty, imperious, and sometimes insolent and offensive, his authority is only endured till the moment has arrived to destroy it. . . . . If we, who are the governors of the people, do not govern ourselves, and protect the people, what redress have they, and what have we to expect? These are the sentiments which gradually grew upon me as, day after day, I heard the same expressions used with respect to the natives of Hindostan. Let every word that is uttered of that sort be granted in its entirety, and we come at once to the question—how can those who entertain such feelings govern a people in justice and mercy? Why are we in India at all? Because Heaven wishes it, says some gentleman, who meantime thinks Heaven's sole design with regard to himself is, that he shall make as many rupees as he can, get his pension or his debentures, and at once leave the "confounded country" for ever.' A French doctor, in the steamer, philosophising on the scenery and the heat, speaks contemptuously of the Mussulmans who kill themselves making the hadj to Mecca. 'But,' observes our author, 'were there not Israelites on board, some flying from the Egyptians, others seeking the Canaan of rupees?'

Thus 'moralling,' Mr Russell gets to Aden, Galle, and finally Calcutta, at the end of January (1858), drives to the Bengal Club, where he 'had been kindly elected an honorary member.' He does not mention the circumstance, but we can gather as much, that his function as *Times*' Correspondent overcomes the prejudice against non-officials; that, in fact, out of respect for, or fear of, that powerful public organ, he is received with marked attention everywhere. At the club, he hires a native servant, Simon, a personage who speaks English, and manages his affairs in a satisfactory manner, at a wage of five-and-twenty rupees a month.

A few days are spent in making all suitable preparations for a start to Cawnpore—Lord Canning promising to further the object of the journey; friends are visited, and a look is taken of Barrackpore and its disarmed regiments. The most striking thing of all is the scarcity of white faces, one of which is sought for as a botanist would look for a rare plant; while the natives are everywhere swarming in and out of their dwellings. 'It was the first impression made on my mind as to our numerical nothingness amidst the people. All the splendour of Calcutta carriages could not efface it.' All things being ready, including revolvers and rifle, after 'an awful night with mosquitoes,' the author sets off for the upper country by a railway, which extends 120 miles. The method of journeying onward was by a gharry, a kind of van on four wheels, and which, with accommodation on the top for baggage, may be used for lying or sitting inside; provided with some shelves and lockers at the ends, it is not an uncomfortable means of locomotion. 'The Indian traveller lives in his gharry, sleeps in it, and often eats in it.' Along the main routes there are bungalows for public accommodation—the government charging 'eight annas, or one shilling, to each traveller for the use of the bungalow whilst he halts. As to refreshments, supplied by the khitmutgar (or keeper), there is no rule, and he charges as he pleases, or you may bargain with him.' Though professedly open to all, these inns, as we may call them, are almost exclusively used by the governing race. 'There would be as much indignation experienced at any attempt on the part of natives to use the staging bungalows, as there is now expressed by some Europeans in Calcutta at their audacity in intruding upon "ladies and gentlemen," in first-class carriages.'

Many troubles are encountered on the road, but no discomfort to what was to be afterwards endured. Approaching Benares, crowds of people are passed; but 'in no instance is a friendly glance directed to the white man's carriage. Oh, that language of the eye! Who can doubt? who can misinterpret it? It is by it alone that I have learned our race is not even feared at times by many, and that by all it is disliked. Pray, God, I have read it falsely!' Quitting Benares, a push is made for Allahabad, whence, partly by rail, and partly by gharry, Mr Russell and Mr Stewart, a temporary companion, connected with the telegraph system, reach Cawnpore. Installed in a tent, our traveller has an interview with the commander-in-chief, the account of which, so honourable to both parties, will not bear abridgment.

'The flap of the little tent was raised immediately, and I made my bow to Sir Colin. He was "frank" and cordial. After a few remarks about the Crimea, his excellency said: "Now, Mr Russell, I'll be candid with you. We shall make a compact. You shall know everything that is going on. You shall see all my reports, and get every information that I have myself, on the condition, that you do not mention it in camp, or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England." "I accept the condition, sir; and I promise you it shall be faithfully observed." "You see," Sir Colin continued, "you will be among a set of young fellows here, surrounded, as all of us are, by natives who understand all that is going on better than we think. They talk about what is happening, or what is going to take place; and all that gets to the ears of the enemy. So that our best plans may be frustrated. It is most essential for us to preserve secrecy in war, especially in a country like this." I could only assent to Sir Colin's remarks. . . . . Ere I left, Sir Colin was good enough to invite me to his table; but as he gave me the option of joining the headquarters' staff-mess, I preferred availing myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of subscribing to the expense of maintenance, at the same time that I felt very sensibly the kindness of his excellency.'

The description of hot, dusty life spent in camp till the army marches on Lucknow, is full of amusing, and also of some sorrowful details. The author is again struck with the want of sympathy with the natives, the best of them being treated with indignity. 'Look at the domestic servants in camp; the tones in which they are spoken to have rarely one note of kindness, often many of anger in them. Our camp is full of significant, if small, indications of a mocking and unsympathising spirit, which, no doubt, the native reciprocates. There is no such enemy to a black skin as your Anglo-Saxon who has done so much for liberty.' Again, he observes, 'I am deeply impressed by the difficulty of ruling India, as it is now governed by force, exercised by a few who are obliged to employ natives as the instruments of coercion. That force is the base of our rule, I have no doubt, for I see nothing else but force employed in our relations with the governed. The efforts to improve the condition of the people are made by bodies or individuals who have no connection with the government. The action of the government in matters of improvement is only excited by considerations of revenue. Does it, as the great instructor of the people, the exponent of our superior morality and civilisation—does it observe treaties, shew itself moderate, and just, and regardless of gain? Are not our courts of law condemned by ourselves? Are they not admitted to be a curse and a blight upon the country? In effect, the grave, unhappy doubt which settles on my mind is, whether India is the better for our rule, so far as regards the social condition of the great mass of the people. We have put down widow-burning, we have sought to check infanticide; but I have travelled hundreds of miles through a country peopled with beggars and covered with wigwam villages.'

The account of the attack and capture of Lucknow is perhaps the most deeply interesting piece of writing in the book; and what no one had reason to expect, the Great Correspondent was in this, as in other battles,

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frequently under fire, and in the greatest danger to life and limb. The rebels having at length evacuated Lucknow (March 14, 1858), the British forces rushed into the principal strongholds. 'Listen to the cheering behind us. Sir Colin is riding up the street. Now he has dismounted, and is marching up the steps of the Imambarra amidst the shouts of the troops. What a scene of destruction meets the eye as we enter the great hall! It is no exaggeration to say the marble pavement is covered two or three inches deep with fragments of broken mirrors and of the chandeliers which once hung from the ceiling; and the men are busy smashing still. This mischief is rude, senseless, and brutal, but no one cares to stop it. I think of Kertch, and sigh and pass on. We are on the flat roof of the Imambarra mosque, and a few remote pandies amuse themselves by potting at us, but they are in too great a state of fear to make good practice. Below us, Sikhs and Highlanders are winding in front of the various doors and windows of the buildings around the court, like the denizens of an ant-hill, or, with jubilant shouts, dragging out some miserable pandy from his hiding-place. There is not a space of four yards square which does not bear the mark of heavy shell blows and dint of iron. The courts are full of the wreck of the Imambarra, mixed with fragments of sepoys' clothing, accoutrements, horns filled with powder, fire-locks, matchlocks, shields, and tulwars.' The heat, we are told, was sweltering, and there were cries for water which no one could attend to. For a space, discipline was at an end. The most beautiful objects of art were destroyed or carried off as plunder. In the midst of the appalling scene, a soldier offered our author an armlet of emeralds, diamonds, and pearls for a hundred rupees; but he had no money; and the precious gems, which were otherwise disposed of, turned out to be worth L.7500.

Horrid sights are encountered on returning to camp. 'After the Fusiliers had got to the gateway, a Cashmere boy came towards the post, leading a blind and aged man, and throwing himself at the feet of an officer, asked for protection. That officer, as I was informed by his comrades, drew his revolver, and snapped it at the wretched suppliant's head. The men cried "shame" on him. Again he pulled the trigger—again the cap missed; again he pulled, and once more the weapon refused its task! The fourth time—thrice had he time to relent—the gallant officer succeeded, and the boy's life-blood flowed at his feet, amid the indignation and cries of the men.' As Mr Russell failed anywhere to verify the reports respecting the alleged mutilations of English women and children at the outbreak of the mutiny, we hope that he himself was imposed on as regards this infamous atrocity.

Following the movements of the troops, the Correspondent reaches Jellalabad, where, on the occasion of a night-alarm, he has the misfortune to be kicked by a horse, which, along with heat and fatigue, very nearly finishes him. While under medical treatment, the camp is suddenly assailed, and placed on horseback in his shirt, he escapes in a state of excruciating agony; it being by a kind of miracle that he was not cut down in the *mêlée*. Now rendered worse, he goes for the sake of his health and coolness to Simla among the mountains; the part of the work describing scenes in this quarter affording glimpses of Indian society in retirement.

The cool region in the hills, approaching in character to an English climate, offers examples of the social distinctions which are maintained by Europeans in India. We are in the habit of pitying the natives for their system of castes; but they, in vindication, point to what is equally strange to them, the castes of English life. Simla has its east and west end. 'Each man depends on his position in the public service, which is the aristocracy; and those who do not belong to it are out of the pale, no matter how wealthy they may be, or what claims they may advance to the consideration of the world around them. The women depend on the rank of their husbands. Mrs A——, the wife of a barrister, making L.4000 or L.5000 a year, is nobody as compared with the wife of B——, who is a deputy-commissioner, or with Mrs C——, who is the better-half of the station surgeon. A successful speculator, or a "merchant-prince," may force his way into good society in England; he may be presented at court, and flourish at court-balls; but in India he must remain for ever outside the sacred barrier, which keeps the non-official world from the high society of the services.'

Finding some difficulty in reconciling these indications of caste with the religion which the English profess, the natives, of all ranks and creeds, are totally at a loss to understand the character of this strange people who have assumed the mastery over them. Towards the close of some mess reunion, when the young fellows begin to throw about glasses, dash chairs in pieces, and shout like madmen, the native servants, with folded arms, maintain a philosophic indifference, and seem as if gazing on vacancy. On one occasion, the Correspondent asks a native gentleman what the servants really think of the English and their doings, and the reply is instructive. 'Does the sahib see those monkeys? They are playing very pleasantly. But the sahib cannot say why they play, nor what they are going to do next. Well, then, our poor people look upon you very much as they would on those monkeys, but that they know you are very fierce and strong, and would be angry if you were laughed at. They are afraid to laugh. But they do regard you as some great powerful creatures sent to plague them, of whose motives and actions they can comprehend nothing whatever.'

The better order of natives are outraged beyond measure with the manner in which they are too often treated by officers of government. In the work before us, we read of a dignified old chief, who had been uniformly kind to Englishmen, and suffered much on their account, being kept waiting, and spoken to with marked disrespect, by two of the government functionaries. As already stated, be the natives what they may, they are spoken of as 'niggers.' A native prince, against whom nothing can be said, is only a 'nigger.' 'What is that —— nigger doing here?' 'I wish that nigger would not kick up such a row;' and so on. Speaking of a proclamation of the Queen being read from a platform, and which it was important the natives should hear, our author says: 'I was greatly amused, on such an occasion, to hear a sergeant on duty at the foot of the staircase call to one of the men, and say to him: "I 'm going away a moment; do you stay here, and take care that no *nigger* goes up."' The truth seems to be, that the petty English officials everywhere treat the natives with contempt; a circumstance grievous to those at the head of affairs. 'Lord Clyde and others have said they were often pained by the insolence and rudeness of some of the civilians to the sirdars and chiefs in the north-west after the old war. Some of the best of our rulers administer justice in their shirt-sleeves (which, by the by, are used as a substitute for blotting-paper all over India), cock up their heels in the tribunal, and smoke cheroots to assist them in council; and I have seen one eminent public servant with his braces hanging at his heels, his bare feet in slippers, and his shirt open at the breast, just as he came from the bath, give audience to a great chieftain on a matter of considerable state importance. The natives see that we treat each other far differently, and draw their inference accordingly.'

Returning from the hills, Mr Russell again joins the army, and sees the scattered remnant of the rebels driven into Nepaul, where they have latterly been hunted out and exterminated. Finally, he quits India in March 1859, and reaches home without any

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misadventure. In closing his narrative, the painful belief is expressed, 'that the actual physical happiness of the natives has not been augmented by the change of rulers;' and it appears such was also the opinion of Sir Henry Lawrence. The melancholy fact can no longer be concealed, that the English, through selfishness, negligence, and arrogance of behaviour, have misgoverned India. And now that the revolt is put down, how is the country to be retained? We shall allow the acute author before us to answer the question. 'Let us be just, and fear not—popularise our rule—reform our laws—adapt our saddle to the back which bears it. Let us govern India by superior intelligence, honesty, virtue, morality, not by the mere force of heavier metal—proselytise by force of example—keep our promises loyally. Otherwise, the statesman never was born who can render India either safe or profitable.'

THE MODERN BASILISK.

EVERYBODY has heard of the basilisk, which was supposed to fascinate you with its eye; but the basilisk that has appeared in our day has no eyes, and fascinates one—I don't know how. It has five digital members, which I am sorry—for euphony's sake—to say are called toes; these are connected by joints to an undulating body which terminates—what a horrible language the English is!—in a heel; and the whole is attached, I am happy to say, to an ankle. These several items when encased in a covering of kid—which matter-of-fact Crispins harshly term a boot—fastened by means of a lace which runs through brass-protected holes, covered with patent leather at the extremity, and provided at the heel with a sole *à la militaire*—a very nice way of doing a sole—form altogether a very formidable basilisk. The priest, the warrior, and the philosopher own it is irresistible. I have myself heard priests acknowledge as much; warriors make no secret of it; and the philosopher is notoriously the first to succumb to its influence, probably because in pensive meditation his eyes are ever downward—for it is most frequently seen tripping over the ground. It attaches itself, with singular good sense, exclusively to the gentler sex; indeed, many ladies carry a couple with them wherever they go; and many who are not ladies are accompanied by the same number, for the basilisk is by no means of an exclusive character. It is very seldom found in quite a perfect form: it is, judges will tell you, either too long or too short; too broad or too narrow; too taper in front, or too protuberant behind; but even modifications of the model shape possess vast fascinatory powers, and hold the helpless gazer spell-bound. In a fashionable promenade, it is no uncommon thing to see quite a crowd of people, with their eyes riveted upon one of these charming objects, whilst the owner is herself (apparently) unconscious of the eye-compelling properties of that which she exhibits. It is set off by what mortals with material minds do not hesitate to term a stocking, which is white or party-coloured, plain or open-worked, according to taste and fashion; and it is overshadowed by—may one say a petticoat?—which particularly when formed of a scarlet substance has been known to add much to the otherwise sufficiently bewitching creation. Beneath this drapery the basilisk sometimes lurks, and sometimes peeps suddenly forth with a very startling effect. It assumes a diversity of positions, each full of grace and enchantment. It is seen to very great advantage when resting upon the step of a carriage; and such was the shock to a young friend of mine who discovered one supporting itself on the drawing-room fender, for the sake of the genial warmth, that he was seized with a violent palpitation of the heart, and though generally very talkative, was reduced to perfect silence; for if you can only find power of speech, the spell is broken, and your eyes are withdrawn.

It has not the baleful influence of the fabled basilisk: it checks not the growth of children; indeed, it is credibly reported to be an incentive to marriage: peers and men of fortune, commoners of eminence and men of no fortune, have had no better excuse for matrimony: to the spinster with riches, it often refuses its aid; whilst to the spinster with none, it is often a dowry, and a very handsome dowry too. Scarborough is the favourite resort of the basilisk; it issues daily from the 'Queen' during the autumn, and disports itself among the rocks; and it entraps many victims upon the 'Spa.' In the winter, the lover of natural history will do well to look after it at Brighton; and during the London season, it principally delights in the 'drive' and Kensington Gardens. Wherever a military band plays, exquisite specimens of it are sure to be observed; and a trustworthy newspaper lately gave an account of the strange fascination which it exercised upon a Rifle Volunteer. Among the patriotic lady-visitors who came to smile approval upon the drill of a certain regiment, was a beautiful young creature who possessed two of those pretty satellites, one of which she considerately displayed for the encouragement of the whole company. No. 20 immediately was 'struck;' his eyes remained fixed upon the basilisk before him. 'Eyes right!' roared the sergeant who was superintending the drill. No. 20 considered that his eyes were decidedly 'right.' 'Eyes left!' bellowed the sergeant; but No. 20 couldn't do it. 'No. 20, ten paces forward.' No. 20 obeyed with alacrity, for it brought him nearer to his object. The sergeant then gave the word to 'wheel' and 'quick march,' and No. 20 was left solitary. The young lady withdrew the basilisk beneath the drapery before alluded to, and No. 20 with a sigh found his optics free to act. Lonely, he wended his way homewards, and resigned his position as full private in the aforesaid Volunteers.

I have myself fallen under this influence, and narrowly escaped unpleasant consequences. Melancholy news had summoned me on that occasion to Hastings; and having been in no humour to court enchantment, I am at liberty to aver that my bewitchment was involuntary. Scarcely before the train started did I reach the well-known platform at the London Bridge terminus; hastily was I inducted into a carriage, and more hastily did I fling my lighted cigar out of the window (for, alas! I was young, and had been inveigled into smoking), when I found that all the places except one were occupied, and occupied, too, by ladies. It was evident that my entry was unfavourably regarded; and I heard disheartening whispers of 'dissipated young man;' handkerchiefs, too, superabundantly scented, were applied to olfactory organs, in an insinuative and aggravating manner; nor could I help saying to myself (in private extenuation) 'their abominable scent may be as disagreeable to me as my tobacco is infamous to them.' I tried, however, to make peace with my fellow-travellers in every way I could think of. I offered one old lady the *Times*, and was stiffly informed that she never read any paper but the *Record*. To another I presented, with my very best bow, the last issue of a humorous publication, which she just glanced at, and then returned to me with a smile of pity and disdain. A third assured me that she was very much obliged to me, but never could read in a railway-carriage. A fourth said bluntly that 'it smelt of smoke, and she supposed I didn't wish to make her ill;' and the fifth, to whom I sat opposite, I dared not address, she had upon her countenance so heartrending an expression of ineffable contempt. I don't think I shall ever forget her, and reasonable people will consider it wonderful if I should. She was—I don't know how old, for of course I didn't ask her, and I'm not an Œdipus, but I should

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say—about eighteen. She was very delicate evidently, and very pretty, also evidently, and she put forward, as if to daunt me, the daintiest pair of basilisks which I ever saw in my life; and they certainly did daunt me. I drew my clumsy muddy boots back as far as I could, and thrust them under the seat upon which I sat until my knee-caps suffered grievously, but as for withdrawing my eyes from the enchanting objects, it was almost an impossibility. I considered it a providential arrangement that she should be going, as in the sequel appeared to be the case, to Hastings, whither I was bound, for I firmly believe that wherever they got out, I should have got out and followed them until they disappeared. It was of no earthly use attempting to extricate myself: if I looked at the roof, my eyes were brought down, as if by physical force, until they rested upon the magic spot; if I made a feeble effort to admire the country through the window, the result was the same; and if I essayed to read either of my ill-treated papers, every word was transmogrified into 'boots.' So I resigned myself to my fate; and it was not a very harsh fate either. Once I fancied I saw her smile slightly, as she observed my frantic efforts for freedom of vision, and the despairing manner in which I yielded to destiny; but it was anything but an encouraging smile, and was succeeded by a most significant application to her smelling-bottle, as if to remind me of that horrid cigar. I made an inward resolve never to smoke again, though a Cubana king should be the temptation; but I shall not make an affidavit that I have kept that resolve; for I considered that the melancholy event with which my journey was brought to a close, left me perfectly free to injure my health in that manner as much as I pleased. There were prophetic warnings and portents as we jolted along, which would have been sufficient, under any other circumstances, to make me very cautious and watchful; but I was now in that comfortable state of mind, or absence of mind, which is popularly supposed to belong to him 'quem Deus vult perdere.' I fancy I must have felt very like Merlin, after he had been subjected to the 'charm of woven paces and of waving hands,' for what with the melancholy telegram which had summoned me from town, and the sneers of the anti-cigar party, and the pangs of conscience, and the fascination to which I was exposed, I felt—to use a more expressive than learned phrase—exactly 'as if I couldn't help it.'

At Reigate, there was an evil omen: the lady who read no paper but the *Record* inquired of me what station it was. I answered, carelessly, 'Boots!'

'Sir!' says she.

'I beg your pardon,' said I; 'did I say "Boots?"'

'You did indeed, sir; and I don't know what to understand.'

'I assure you, ma'am,' said I, 'my head is so confused that I hardly know what I am saying; pray, excuse me. The station is Reigate.'

On we rocked, and I knew the eyes of the Recordite were upon me, though mine were constrained to continue their task of involuntary, inevitable staring; and I heard from the hum of voices around me that they were conversing of lunatics and idiot asylums, and it struck me I had set their ideas running in that direction.

'Pray, sir,' said the severe old lady who had objected point-blank to the smell of my papers, 'did *you* ever visit one?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said I, 'I have been to Colney Hatch' (significant smiles exchanged), 'and very much pleased I was with my visit. It is very interesting to watch the eagerness with which the poor creatures pursue any study which by much toil and trouble they have been brought to master, and the patience and attention displayed by the teachers is really a very great lesson.'

'Did you observe anything which particularly struck you, sir?'

'O yes. There was an orphan girl who very much attracted my notice; she looked so sweet, and gentle, and innocent, it seemed to me a pity to attempt to teach her anything; and' (here my *vis-à-vis* put one boot over the other) 'she had such dear little feet!'

Just as I had finished this observation, which my questioner evidently considered quite irrelevant, for *she* didn't believe in any kind of witchery, we grated into the Hastings station. My *vis-à-vis* now for the first time opened her lips.

'Will you be kind enough, sir,' said a soft sweet voice, 'to give me my parcel from under the seat?' Like lightning, I bent forward, and senselessly supposing that she meant under *her* seat, caught hold of—gracious goodness! the two pretty things which had been enchanting me. It was only for a moment; there was a little shriek of horror from her, and a look of wonder from our fellow-passengers. 'Under *your* seat, sir, of course,' said she. 'I can't think how you could make such a mistake!'

But as it evidently *was* a mistake, and as I apologised in a manner more than abject, and as my fellow-passengers were kind enough, notwithstanding the matter of the smoke, to advocate my cause, she with a musical laugh forgave me, and hoped I should know better another time. For my part, though I daredn't say so, I feel convinced it was fascination, and that I was under an irresistible influence.

SAINT VALENTINE.

TRADITION has preserved so few memorials of Elia's 'Immortal Go-between,' that the most skilful tactician in the modern art of biography-spinning would be puzzled to make a book out of them. Saint Valentine seems to have been a gentle, charitable, benignant bishop, blessed with a tongue marvellously persuasive in convincing pagans of the errors of their ways. His zeal met the usual reward of martyrdom on a 14th of February, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius Claudius, somewhere about the year 270, when, after being beaten cruelly with clubs, he was beheaded. Canonisation followed in due course, the new saint taking epilepsy under his peculiar patronage:

> Saint Valentine to such as do his power despise,
> The falling sickness sends, and helps the man that so him cries.

His relics are preserved in the church of St Praxedes. Pope Julius (the first of the name) erected a church to his memory, near the Ponte Molo, which for a long time gave the name of Porta Valentine to the gate since known as the Porta del Popolo.

From these meagre details respecting the most popular saint in the calendar, we in vain attempt to discover any affinity between him and the rites by which his memory has been preserved and honoured. Indeed, it is by no means clear how the good bishop became responsible for the flood of tender sentiment annually poured forth under shelter of his venerable name. Ben Jonson, poet though he be, emphatically denies the martyr's liability, unlimited or limited, for this, declaring that

> Bishop Valentine
> Left us example to do deeds of charity—
> To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit
> The weak and sick, to entertain the poor,
> And give the dead a Christian funeral.
> These were the works of piety he did practise,
> And bade us imitate; not look for lovers
> Or handsome images to please our senses.

Shakspeare apparently ignores the bishop's responsibility by adopting the idea of the ornithological derivation of the customs of the day. In *A Midsummer*

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Night's Dream, Theseus, on discovering the sleeping quartett of lovers in the wood, exclaims:

> Saint Valentine is past;
> Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

In the belief that the birds unanimously chose the 14th of February for forming matrimonial connections, the dramatist followed Chaucer, who makes Nature remind the 'foules'—

> Ye know well how on Saint Valentine's Day,
> By my statute, and through my governance,
> Ye do choose your mates.

Donne is more explicit on the same point, invoking the saint with a

> Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is.
> All the air is thy diocese,
> And all the chirping choristers
> And other birds are thy parishioners:
> Thou marryest, every year,
> The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
> The sparrow that neglects his life for love;
> The household bird with his red stomacher;
> Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
> As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon.

The household bird with the red stomacher does pair about this time, but for the sake of the pleasant association, it is to be regretted that hymeneal unanimity among the chirping choristers and their less tuneful relatives is nothing but a poetic fiction; many of them recoil from incurring domestic responsibilities so early, and defer settling down in the calm sobriety of married life until the more advanced season offers a greater certainty of picking up the early worm, and insures a supply of necessaries to appease the appetites of a growing family.

Some have maintained that the observances peculiar to Valentine's Day originated in the circumstance of Carnival time usually falling about the 14th of February. Numbers of knights were then assembled at the various courts of Europe, for the double purpose of feasting and fighting; and each lady present chose her representative-man, who enlisted in her service for twelve months, being bound by oath to perform anything she wished, and to celebrate her charms in tender rhymes. This was evidently but a chivalrous refinement upon the common custom, not the origin of the custom itself.

The incongruous connection between Cupid and the Christian prelate may, with much greater reason, be attributed to the spirit of conciliation which led the fathers of the early church to ingraft the mythological celebrations of their pagan compatriots upon the simplicity of Christian worship. Thus, the predilections of the Romans for fêtes, holidays, and merry-makings, caused the saturnalian games to be transformed into rejoicings in commemoration of the birth of Christ; the *Cereales ludi* to be adapted into carnivals in honour of newly canonised saints; and the festival of the Lupercalia, in which the Romans did honour to Pan and Juno, not only with the banquet, the dance, and the drama, but by a peculiar ceremony in which the young men drew from a box billets inscribed with maidens' names—each bachelor devoting himself for twelve months to the service of the lady falling to his lot—was altered into the festival of Saint Valentine, the love-lottery being especially retained as part of the day's observances.

In later days, that marvel of pious precocity and priestly meekness, Saint Francis of Sales, was much scandalised at the prevalence of such a frivolous practice. He did not, however, venture upon abolishing it altogether, but sought to improve the occasion by substituting saintly for feminine valentines, each youthful aspirant being expected to imitate the especial excellence of the saint whose name he drew. Emulating the life of an ascetic being many degrees less pleasant, and incomparably more difficult, than doing the agreeable to a pretty girl, the reformation of good Saint Francis was of very brief duration. The ladies were not to be defrauded of their customary privileges with impunity, and the gentlemen soon returned to their allegiance, and kept up the primitive customs with greater ardour than ever.

Among no people had Saint Valentine, as the hierophant of the heart, more devoted disciples than among our own ancestors. In England, the practice of choosing a valentine existed at a very early period. The Monk of Bury, in his homely fashion, bears witness that, year after year, men had

> An usuance in this region
> To loke and serche Cupid's kalendere,
> And chose theyr choyse by grete affecioun.

A little uncertainty being a great charm in such matters, the election of valentines was left to chance. Impatient damsels would, on Valentine's eve, write their lovers' names on pieces of paper, enclose them in balls of clay, and place them at the bottom of a vessel filled with water; whichever rose to the surface first, being prophetic of the morrow's swain. Another mode of divination practised, was to take five bay-leaves, pinning four to the corners of a pillow, the fifth in the middle: if the pinner dreamed of her sweetheart, she might depend upon being married before the year was out. To make assurance doubly sure, it was advisable, in addition to the above ceremony, to boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, fill its place with salt, and eat it, shell and all, in bed, taking care neither to speak nor drink after swallowing the somewhat unpalatable morsel. One method of choosing valentines was as follows: the names of a number of maidens and bachelors were written on paper, rolled up, and drawn, so that each man and girl had in fact two valentines—the one they drew, and the one who drew them. Then came the 'relieving of the valentines,' the relief consisting in each man kissing the girl whose name he had drawn, and whom he looked upon as his true valentine, whose name he wore on his sleeve or bosom, and who expected him to give a ball or treat in her honour.

Common custom seems, however, to have decreed that the first individual of the opposite sex met on the morning of Saint Valentine's Day was thereby marked out as the year's mistress or servant. So in the *Tale of a Tub*, my Lady says:

> This frosty morning, we will take the air
> About the fields, for I do mean to be
> Somebody's valentine, in my velvet gown,
> This morning, though it be but a beggarman.

As a faithful valentine was required to maintain the beauty and virtue of his lady, to escort her to all merry-makings, and execute all her commands, it was desirable that the right gentleman should be paired with the right lady; so there was doubtless plenty of window-watching at early morning by anxious lovers, not always of the less gentle sex. Does not poor Ophelia sing:

> Good-morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day,
> All in the morning betime,
> And I a maid at your window,
> To be your valentine.

Do not our readers recollect how stout Harry Gow patrolled the streets of Perth, that he might be the first to catch a glimpse of his fair saint, Catherine—how the warning voice sent him to the glover's house just in time to save his mistress from a rougher valentine—and how the 'fair maid' delighted her honest father by claiming her defender next morning with a kiss, whereby she won a pair of gloves from her armourer? Catching a lover asleep on Saint Valentine's morning was looked upon as a lucky omen, prophetic that the course of true love would run smooth.

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The lady-valentines expected to receive gifts at the hands of their servants. *La belle* Stuart, the only woman Old Rowley loved in vain, received one year a jewel worth L.800 from her valentine, the Duke of York; and the next, a ring valued at L.300 from Lord Mandeville. 'This morning,' writes Pepys, 'came up to my wife's bedside little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper, in gold letters done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds, but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.' In another part of his Diary, he states that Sir William Balten, his wife's valentine, presented her with half-a-dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters; and rejoices that Mrs Pierce's little girl had drawn *him*, because she would be content with less than an older lady. It is rather a singular illustration of the supposed national characteristic of Caledonians, that while in England the gentleman only was expected to be liberal-handed towards his valentine, in Scotland, presents were reciprocally exchanged.

It seems to have been customary in old times to lose no opportunity for decking the houses with evergreens. Saint Valentine, according to Ben Jonson, shared the holly with Christmas:

> Get some fresh hay, then, to lay under foot,
> Some holly and ivy to make fine the posts,
> Is't not Saint Valentine's Day?

In Kent, the girls still burn a holly-boy on Saint Valentine's Day, the boys returning the compliment by sacrificing an ivy-girl. Other curious customs are extant. In Norwich, directly it is dark, packages of all dimensions are carried about the streets in a most mysterious manner. As soon as the coast seems clear, a parcel is laid upon a doorstep, the bell rung, and the bearer takes to his heels. Inside, all—the youngsters especially—are on the *qui vive*. A rush is made to the door, the package seized, and borne in triumph, to be eagerly examined. In this way all sorts of presents are flying about the town, all anonymous, but sure to bear the initials, 'G. M. V.,' for 'Good-morrow, Valentine.'

Christmas has its 'boxes,' the New Year its 'gifts,' and Valentine's Day has not failed to afford an excuse for begging. In Oxfordshire, children go about singing:

> Good-morrow, Valentine;
> First 'tis yours, then 'tis mine—
> So, please give me a valentine.

And in other parts of the country, after decorating themselves with wreaths and true-lovers' knots, they go in procession from house to house, singing beneath the windows:

> Good-morrow to you, Valentine;
> Curl your locks, as I do mine—
> Two before, and three behind—
> Good-morrow to you, Valentine.

Chance-chosen 'valentines' have suffered the fate of Maypoles, mummers, hobby-horses, lords of misrule, bear-baitings, and other sports and pastimes of Young England's 'merrie days;' the word itself has lost its original signification, and now is generally understood to mean the rhyming letter of affection or compliment which is the sole surviving relict of old Saint Valentine's Day. Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and detained in England twenty-five years, was the author of the earliest specimens of the written valentine extant. But we forbear quoting old French rhymes, although they might easily put to shame the gilt verses of many a costly modern valentine.

The custom of sending valentines had nearly become obsolete, but a revival took place some few years back, and it seems once more firmly established, as postmen know to their cost, and fancy-stationers to their profit. It is one of those pleasant links with former times we would not willingly let die; and so, with Charles Lamb, we wish a hearty good-morrow to all faithful lovers who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.

THE ESCRITOIRE.

BY THE LAST MAN IN TOWN.

THE longing of those who work all the year round in this great metropolis to obtain a little fresh air at autumn time, amounts to a positive thirst, and is no doubt an instinct of the animal economy, which says as plainly as it can: 'I decline to go on without an alteration in the quality of my supplies.' We hear of buffaloes traversing hundreds of miles to the salt-licks of the prairies; and no impediment possible to surmount, even including fire, their greatest terror, prevents them reaching the saline paradise. Even such a longing, not for salt-marshes, but for fresh air, have I endured during the past month—a desire for some spot free from fog, smoke, and that nameless hanging autumnal mist, which some ascribe to the absence of ozone in the air, some to the paucity of electricity everywhere, while others declare it is simply an emanation from the earth, owing to changes in the temperature.

But many there be who, with the greatest possible desire to add to the general desolation by flying away anywhere, cannot afford to leave their homes, and cast themselves on the bounty of foreign hotels or English lodging-houses. Of this latter class, I am an unfortunate example. A tether strong as the thongs of Prometheus *vinctus*, and short as the grace of an alderman with venison before him, binds me to my domicile; and that tether is simply the want of means to be free. It is very bold on my part to confess this fact, for there is no crime so utterly unpardonable as that called 'genteel poverty,' but still I do confess to it; and be sure that some little piece of egotism or vanity waits on the admission, for no doubt you have observed, dear reader, when people magnanimously own to a weakness or a fault, they do so to enable them to usher in a far larger virtue than they can otherwise conveniently introduce; and thus, while I confess to my very limited resources, I go on to explain that if I chose to run into debt with my trades-people, I could very easily wing my flight for the Highlands or for Homburg, but possessing prudence and honesty, I will accept credit for nothing—save for those virtues.

Above and beyond the possession of a large heart and small means, I am a married man—a *bonâ fide* Paterfamilias, the happy parent of robust but very expensive children. My wife—Heaven bless her!—is the most unselfish being that ever breathed. She is just now too much of an invalid to leave home, but she is for ever plotting and contriving that I may enjoy a holiday, and many are the confabs we have together on the subject. The other day, leaning over my shoulder while I was writing, or endeavouring to write, at an old escritoire, full of drawers and quaint contrivances, the dialogue ran thus:

'How much, Cecil, dear, did you say we have at our banker's?'

'Fifty-seven pounds, love—not a penny more.'

'But dividends will be due in January.'

'Yes, Ellen; but a dreadful chasm yawns between us and January, and I know of no Marcus Curtius to fill it up.'

'And we owe, let me see'——

Here my wife endeavoured to count upon her dainty little fingers; but I cut the algebraical thread by saying: 'We owe at this moment seventy-seven pounds, and nothing to go on with.'

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'But, Cecil, you forget the large picture in the dining-room by Carlo Marrati. You can get rid of that.'

'I cannot, indeed, my love. The Virgin is so like yourself, and the child so like dear Tommy, that I feel as if I should be selling you both.'

'But I do so wish, Cecil, you could get a little change. How much do you think they would give you for that stupid watch of mine, that never will go?'

'Nor shall it go, my darling, even under the pressure of the winding-up act. Why, you forget it was your brother's present on your wedding-day.'

'Oh, I don't think he would mind, because he bought it with my own money, you know. Shall I ask him to lend us sufficient to enable you to lay by your manuscript for a few weeks?'

'By no means, Ellen. Your brother is a man who values people according to the balance at their banker's. If you had a fortune left you to-morrow, he would make you his heir the day after.'

'Well, there is the serpent bracelet with ruby eyes; it cost a large sum, you know.'

'Not surely that, dear; remember, it involved the first clasp I ever gave you.' At this my wife smiled sweetly and complacently, and continued: 'Well, Cecil, what is to be done? It is dreadful to watch your health gradually becoming worse and worse, all for the want of a little paltry money. Let us take a ramble over the house, and see if there is anything we should not care to part with.'

Thereat, my arm round my dear wife's waist—not so slim as it will be soon, poor darling—we peregrinated from room to room of our prettily furnished abode; but there was nothing worth naming to be sent off, unless we sacrificed those household gods which hold a position half-way between utility and ornament; and we both felt it were better to go on 'hoping that something might soon turn up,' than to dethrone them. That bitter necessity might soon arise; but to cultivated tastes—and those who are constantly at work at the forge of literature *may* arrogate to themselves that possession—there is nothing so distressing as the necessity for parting with those little elegances which not only has association rendered dear, but which harmonise far more with our affections than the crude utility of the dining-table, or the sarcophagus under the sideboard; so we returned from the inspection of our little property just as hopeless as before. In truth, I had made a general survey of the house the night previous, when my wife was asleep; and though my hopes at one time lingered over a trunkful of discarded garments, like a flickering light over decay, it soon died out when I estimated the market-value of the habiliments by Hebrew calculation. Of plate, we had very little; and the few pieces of silver we did possess, were baptismal gifts too sacred to be touched. No, there was nothing to be done, save for me to remain at home; write thirty-nine articles, if I were able; and provide against the coming event in my family, which, I need scarcely say, considerably increased the gloom of our prospects. My wife, however, never gave way to despondency, and, in truth, her sweetness of nature shines best in adversity, just as the stars come forth brightest at night; and though we both acutely felt the impending evils of our position, we could afford to almost smile at our sorrows, for the wings of true affection swept over us, and winnowed the bitter husks of our lot from the golden grains of our love.

Not the least part of my present unhappiness arose from the fact, that the debility of the body arising from want of exercise and other causes, affected the powers of my mind; and I found myself very often wandering away from my subject, when all the energy and force of thought should have been concentrated on it. If people generally knew the immense labour of writing upon even the commonest subject, when the brain is sympathising with a depressed condition of the nervous powers, they would bestow a kinder thought than is their custom upon those who contribute to their amusement or their instruction, for the writer for periodicals cannot adulterate *his* article; he cannot send *his* mixture of bone and meat, as the butchers do; nor bran with corn, as the millers do; nor water with milk, as the milk-folk do; nor sand with sugar, as the grocers do; nor accept a brief, and go over the hills and far away, as the barristers do: no; for the *littérateur* is constantly before the judgment-seat, or, as it were, on his preferment; and if his contributions be not up to a certain standard of excellence, they are incontinently rejected, or perhaps one out of a dozen is chosen by the editor for publication. Thus, there is no make-weight for *him* of bone, or bran, or sand, or water; nor will he receive his honorarium for those articles that are condemned. That which Waller, in no very elegant distich, says of poets, would be applicable to most writers:

> Poets lose half the praise they would have got,
> Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

A paraphrase of which might stand thus:

> Much should we prize those articles selected,
> Did we but know how many are rejected.

Notwithstanding, however, reflections of this kind, I went on steadily with my work, which, by the way, was nothing more important than a novel in one volume. Meanwhile, that intense desire for change of air grew upon me to such a degree, that I absolutely looked over my humble stock of bijouterie, resolving, like the sporting characters, to part with my stud, if necessary; but then I bethought me that the price given for an article of jewellery, and the price it would fetch, involves as great a difference as a cipher placed on the right or left of a unit. By day, visions of that charming bay of Oban, lying in the lap of those giant hills, with their golden crowns and purple robes, like senators sitting in state at nature's councils, haunted me; and by night, the ripple of the sea on the pebbles, or the beating of the tide like a pulse of old Neptune's heart, made sleep an elysium, and waking a mockery. At length my mind began to be affected by strange delusions, and amongst others, whenever I attempted to write at my old French desk, a clink, as though of money, always pursued me, which, considering my circumstances, was like the gurgle of streams in the ear of the pilgrim dying of thirst in the desert. Yes, positively, as my pen went, the sound of chink, chink, followed, and at length I was forced to the conclusion that there must be something physical and tangible in the matter. In vain I peeped and peered into every crevice and corner. Every niche, every drawer, in the crazy old piece of furniture, I examined. It was one of those Louis Seize *secrétaires* with a cylinder front, which, when pulled down, covered up all my letters and papers, saving thereby the necessity of putting them tidily away. This, indeed, was the reason of my having, in more prosperous days, made the purchase at a sale, and a very useful, though somewhat cumbersome, affair I found it. I even called in a carpenter to solve, if possible, the mystery, but, of course, as is usual in such cases, when he listened, the noise ceased, and he shouldered his bag of tools, with some doubt, I believe, as to my sanity. My dear wife was, of course, as much puzzled as myself, and suggested the idea of hidden treasure, which, if discovered, would frank us to the antipodes, pay off all our debts, and leave me a Monte Christo in wealth. This was certainly a very agreeable idea, but as I had examined every portion of the escritoire, nay, as I had even taken what portions of it I could to pieces, there seemed but little chance of her prognostication being verified. That the sound, however, did proceed from the desk, there could be little doubt, for when I placed my ear close to the nest of drawers

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at the back, sure enough, from thence issued the sound of chink, chink. 'May it not be in the wainscot?' asked my wife, 'or behind the paper in the rafters of the wall?' Upon this hint, I removed the garrulous old thing to another room, whence the strange and tantalising sound came forth, however, as loud as before.

The matter was getting more provoking every day. There was possibly some concealed wealth mocking me with its perpetual cry to be released, like the genie in the vessel, and yet so magically enslaved, I could think of no cabalistic word to set it free. Domestic matters, too, grew worse instead of better. Small bills came daily in, whose existence we had forgotten, and both myself and my dear Ellen began to look as if we had been living in the cellars. It was not possible, therefore, to go on with an invisible demon from the realms of Plutus suggesting, but never realising, all sorts of comforts, and the unchaining of our souls from the valley of debt. So, one morning, being in a humour for any amount of destruction, I borrowed implements which would have served a housebreaker, and set to work with savage determination to utterly break up and destroy the talking monster, intending not to leave one fragment standing upon another until it confessed its secret, and explained its babble. The work began. First, I simply took to pieces what portions I was able, with sardonic delight at the gathering wreck. Chink, chink, it answered from some still hidden recess. Then, in savage glee, I hammered open and broke away all the divisions, carefully sounding every separate piece; and if I suspected a hollowness therein, down came the iron mallet, shivering it to atoms. In this manner I was proceeding to thoroughly serve out my friend for his imperturbable reticence, when all at once my hand rested upon a spring, cunningly concealed, and a false drawer flew open, shrieking like an affrighted spirit, chink, chink, jingle, jingle! My wife, alarmed at the noise I made, came down to witness the devastation, and I need not say was as anxious as myself to know whether the nut I was cracking had a kernel or no; and as I was now upon the very point of finding whether it was a sweet or bitter one, I absolutely had the courage to play with destiny, and shook and rattled the drawer, to evoke the same euphonious sound of jingle, jingle. 'What say you, Ellen, my love; is it yellow or white—golden moidores or silver rubles?' Then again I shook the drawer, in my wantonness of hope and expectation. 'Oh, do let me see first, Cecil, dear!' exclaimed my wife; and pushing my hand aside, she drew open the drawer, and, behold—some loose, some wrapped up in a piece of old canvas—was a quantity of broken glass!

Like a scene at a pantomime, all the views of fairy-land vanished quite away, and horrid masks of hideous aspect came on the scene instead. Spangled stars, pink fleshings, silver light, and beautiful beings, sank into the earth, and the castle of Poverty, in a lurid copper-coloured atmosphere, took their place. My apples were of the Dead Sea—dust; my El Dorado, of stucco; my Eureka, a lie; my honey, hellebore; my haschisch dream, a foggy exhalation; and all things in the world a plot, a delusion, and a snare. As for Ellen's expression of face, it was impossible to describe. She looked at me, then at the drawerful of vitrified atoms, and then at the wreck scattered on the floor, with an aspect at once so disconcerted and comic, that I could not refrain from laughing heartily; and without saying very much on the subject, I marched off to a furniture-dealer whom I sometimes employed, in the hopes he might be able to patch up the poor old broken-down secrétaire; and when I told him of all the circumstances, he replied: 'Lor, sir, what a pity you didn't come to me afore: it 's a common trick with them Jew brokers to put glass or bits of metal in their old pieces of furniture, in order that some flat at the sale should fancy he was buying money as well as furniture, and bid up in consequence.' This explanation by no means had the effect of imbuing with brilliant colours the sunset of my hopes; but the reader who has followed me so far, will perhaps be glad to hear, if only for poor Ellen's sake, that owing to my having been compelled to remain in town, I obtained an appointment I had long been seeking; and which, as there was a sharp personal contest for it, I should have missed had I been absent. Thus out of seeming evil sprung for us a great good. A new-born little being now drinks the sweet air of life, and as its happy mother bends over it, need I say, that like dew from heaven falls the conviction on my mind, that in all human probability, poverty, with its bitter concomitants, is for ever banished from our home.

THE SPIRIT'S ENIGMA.

Hark to the Spirit!
'I am the poet's day-dream: in the air
Stirred by my wings the voice of Genius speaks.
I sat at mass with Petrarch, when he drew
From Laura's eyes the fount of melody.
I sped the sigh that rocked St Anna's walls;
Wrecked by the cruel world on madness' shore,
'Twas Tasso's, for the lady of his lyre
Wailing in music, like a sea-nymph's shell
Upon Calypso's strand.'
Hark to the Spirit!
'No clime is free from me. I am the bliss
Pictured so oft in old Arcadia—
The shaft which Venus feathered, and the bolt
That shook Olympus. By soft Helle's wave,
I thrilled Leander upon Hero's lips.
Pale Sappho at Leucadia wept to me;
And, led o'er Latmos by her crescent's light,
I stole with Dian on Endymion's rest.'
Hark to the Spirit!
'I am the crown of empires; yet the curse
Of kings, who cannot rear the flower they plant
In the hot air of palaces. That power
Was mine which called forth Ines from her tomb,
And set her, livid, on the throne of Spain,
And bade the princes of the land bow down
And pay her fealty. Mine, too, was the wail
That woke in old Jerusalem, where lay
The kingly Herod, Mariamne's lord:
'Twas I that watched her dust, when it was all
He saw who left it without soul on earth.'
Hark to the Spirit!
'I am the mate of Truth; the strength of all
Who rule their hearts by a diviner law
Than consecrates a king. I was the light
That shone about the forehead of young Ruth,
Gilding the corn-blades which she bore; the ray
Which pierced the night of Naomi, when the two
Would not be sundered. And, again, I streamed
Broad day into the judgment-court where stood
Firm Rachel by her lord, whose blanched lips cried
To them who offered him a stranger's help,
"My wife is here to do it!"'
Hark to the Spirit!
'Where'er a dirge is heard, my name is breathed.
The cry of Eve came to me with the first
On whom the Shadow fell in Paradise.
I sat with Rizpah watching by her slain.
With David did I weep o'er Absalom.
And, last, where pierced the thorns on Calvary,
There knelt I with the "Woman" at the Cross.'

R. L. Hervey.

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MY WINDOW IN EGYPT.

I AM seated at my window in my own rented house at Alexandria, and the hour is about 1 P.M. Few people think of dining during the heat of the day; such a lassitude is generally prevalent, that it renders even the digestive organs inert; it is only casual visitors—such as mariners, who labour late and early—that keep up the old system of one-o'clock dinners. With the skin peeling off our noses, and the thermometer, in the coolest room, about 110° Fahrenheit, a water-melon and a few grapes constitute our mid-day repast; after which, the shade extending in that direction, we loll listlessly upon the divan, and look out o' window.

If you were to visit the European Square at this moment, you would find it a desolation. Merchants and clerks have gone home for their two hours' *siesta;* every shop is closed, every office shut up, and there is not so much as a stray breath of wind anywhere in that neighbourhood.

Talk about the Desert of Sahara—in the months of June, July, and August, I will back the European Square against any spot above ground for heat and solitude. A vast level oblong, surrounded with buildings so white and dazzling that the very recollection of them gives one a headache; the surface as hard and dry as any macadamised road, and not a sprout of grass to cheer the heart of a hungry sparrow; in the centre a fountain, built, doubtless, with humane intentions, but as water never played from its spout, a horrible mockery to such unhappy wayfarers as chance circumstances compel to be abroad. In width, it is not perhaps a hundred yards; yet with the shelter of umbrella, with loose straw-hat carefully enveloped in linen, with every preventive that the ingenuity of experienced men can suggest, to traverse that distance under a mid-day sun is sometimes more perilous than an arctic voyage. It was not many years ago that a young British nobleman, robust in constitution, full of health and promise, crossing from Shepherd's Hotel, at Cairo, to the then consul-general's residence, dropped as a soldier might drop in an action—pierced, ay, pierced through the brain by the irresistible heat of the sun.

The sky above is molten lead, the earth beneath is sweltering and hissing, bursting into angry cracks, as if, like Dives, to implore for one drop of water. Nor Pompeii nor long-buried Nineveh could be more deserted; and in the absence of all breeze, there is an atmosphere circulating which is as stifling and hot as can be well conceived. If you look down, the fiery reflection nearly burns your eyeballs out of their sockets; if you look up, you are positively blinded with the immense brilliancy of the daylight. The breath comes and goes heavily, and the vertical rays of the sun penetrate everywhere. Not all the children of Israel, when they murmured against Moses, could have experienced greater thirst than does the unhappy stranger trapped into a mid-day saunter here; and not all the waters of the Nile, dirty-looking and muddy as they are, could slake his thirst. A land of plagues from first to last, let poets and romantic souls sing or say what they will about the picturesque fertility of Egypt and the Land of Goshen. A pretty picture, an interesting panorama, a theme for the clergy and the antiquaries to gloat over it may be, but it is a detestable home for any one who has breathed a purer air.

Under these circumstances, we do wisely to remain under shelter, and to gasp in common with the sparrows for a breath of air. What seems like death to us, is, however, life and animation to the natives; their wardrobe is so inextensive, their nature so averse to anything like cold—so much so, that many of them eschew cold water for ablutions—that a fiery hot day is their *summum bonum*. On the opposite and sunny side of the street, where the heat would pierce through our boots, lies stretched out at full length, an Egyptian mother, casual vendor of vegetables; her basket is her pillow; and by her side, open-mouthed and blear-eyed, is her infant—both fast asleep, as any prince upon bed of eider down; the eyes, and every other exposed portion of both child and mother, are positively one living mass of flies; and yet learned men that travel marvel why it is that ophthalmia is so prevalent in Egypt. Without exaggeration, it may be said that these dreadful insects positively eat the children's eyes out! And yet such is the force of habitude, they sleep on serenely, never so much as raising a hand to brush off the intruders.

But we have not long to wait before there are other and far more gratifying sights to excite curiosity. Here comes a procession of women, headed by what may be a handsome girl, only we can see nothing but her eyes; behind her are a dozen more; and bringing up the rear-guard are innumerable old hags and ragged little children, who fill up the interval between the chants of the first-named damsels with incoherent cacklings, produced by the application of the palm of the right hand to the mouth, and emitting sounds like *Wurrah, wurrah, wurrah, wurrah!* The first girl carries a goodly sized chest, painted a brilliant green, with vermilion stripes; the others, some covered trays, some kitchen utensils; and conspicuous in the group is the one that bears the *Tass-il-humum*, the pot which all oriental ladies carry with them to the *humum*, or bath, and which usually contains the

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henna to dye their eyelids, nails, &c., the soap, and any little fragrant essence. This is a wedding-gift procession. Achmet-il-Beharde is going to espouse Zane, the beautiful daughter of Seid Mustapha, and as the wedding comes off to-morrow, he is sending his wife's *trousseau* beforehand. What that box or those platters contain, is a mystery to the vulgar eye; we are therefore obliged to be guided by the fair bridemaids, who enumerate the goods one by one, and after each article has been thoroughly described, the beldams aforesaid evince their applause by their cackling. The girl with the box assures us, and everybody else who is awake in the street, that the box on her head, in the first instance, cost a hundred piastres; that it opens and shuts with a spring like music; and that it is lined with the gaudiest coloured paper. Upon this, the old ladies indulge in chorus. Then girl No. 2, who apostrophises the Prophet, calls his shade to witness that on her head she has five rotolos of sugar, five rotolos of coffee, a rotolo of sweet stuffs, a dozen wax-candles, besides many other domestic trifles. Girl No. 3 carries a gallon of olive oil; No. 4, cooking utensils—and they obligingly inform us of the exact value of every article, pieces of information which our old landlady—who, as well as the other lodgers and friendly neighbours, has come in to peep—gives us to understand is all rubbish; otherwise, when the first girl, the one with the box, begins to enumerate its contents, we should have been gratified to find that the bride will be handsomely provided for. Such shawls, all from Cashmere, and never a one under L.50 sterling! Such silk dresses! such tarbooshes and strings of pearl! such jewellery!

Who is this wealthy man Achmet, then? 'Bosh!' is the old landlady's indignant reply. He is *syce*, or groom, to Meer-i-deen, the chief of the post-office; his pay ten piastres a month, and he finds himself. The boxes and trays are all empty; and the whole concern, procession and all, will cost him about ten shillings. Still, however, the old ladies chorus in lustily; and the expectant bride, who is possibly at this moment scouring out cooking-pots, and terribly in want of a wash, will think as much of that green box as though it was filled with golden sovereigns. When these are gone by, a hideous abuse of melody ascends to our windows; and there, standing at the door of an opulent Mohammedan, are three itinerant musicians, holy men of the Mussulman faith, men robust in health, and the finest specimens of indolence ever mortal set eyes upon. In all conscience, they are dirty enough to pass muster amongst the filthiest of the filthy, though to hide this defect, or improve their appearance, they have besmeared themselves with ashes, with here and there a daub of ochre; they perform a species of cannibal dance to their own music, wherein, however, they seem to lack energy to enable them to lift one leg over the other. They chant something about Mohammed and Ali; and the duloet accompaniment to their hideous voices is an old tin pannikin, a useful article, which serves them as money-box—when anybody is fool enough to give them anything—and musical instrument also. The devout hadjee, however, is beyond the reach of their din, and so, after exhausting much breath, they depart, not without manifest indignation and perceptible ebullitions of wrath. These saints live upon charity, and, to all appearance, thrive well.

The next man, and one who causes a great sensation in the household, is the hawker. He has a bale of goods on his head which, strange to say, he cries in Italian. *Bella Muzzolina!* 'Hey, come up here, sir, and let us inspect your goods.' With alacrity the wish is complied with; with equal quickness all the women have muffled themselves up; and the hawker, first waiting to fill and light his pipe, produces to our admiring gaze the most wonderful things—book-muslins, chintzes, handkerchiefs, all of the most brilliant pattern. The old landlady fumbles in her pocket for her purse, which contains exactly one piastre and ten paras. What is she to do? She has set her heart upon some of the goods, and wistfully she appeals for succour. He is a thoroughbred Jew, though, is this hawker; and after much breath spent, and higgling and haggling, we become purchasers. He has sold us some of his goods, but nothing wherewith to quench the thirst which our conversation with him has intensified. As soon as he has left, therefore, we ring for raspberry-vinegar and water. The faithful handmaid brings us the bottle (after first producing in its stead blacking and fine black ink); we proceed to open it, the only corkscrew being one pertaining to a pocket-knife of many blades. The search for this, however, proves vain; the hawker has taken a fancy to it, and long before the conviction strikes us, has sold it—a capital bargain.

There are other sights that we witness from our window in Egypt, as we sit here day after day during the hot and sultry weather. More damsels with more trays upon their heads, only that this time the contents are real substantial goods—articles of consumption, such as boiled fowls, stewed mutton, &c., besides sundry cunning Egyptian sweetmeats; which are being conveyed as a congratulatory offering to the lady of 'Kara Beg,' who has diffused much happiness around her by presenting her lord and master with a tenth son. Both mother and child are doing so well that Hackin Mustapha recommends nourishing diet, upon the strength of which news, her devoted friends forthwith supply her with as much poultry as would stock a decent-sized farm-yard. But what is this that causes the landlady and the black slaves to scamper down stairs as if possessed, and forthwith to bolt and bar the street-door, and drag heavy chests against it? This is a fanatical procession, wherein the more bigoted dervishes and followers of the Prophet think it an incumbent duty to stick any dog of a Christian or Jew that crosses their path; and being aware of this fact, frightened men and women, who chance to be abroad, run a mile out of the way, and conceal themselves wherever and as best they can. On the present occasion, the spectacle is got up in celebration of a renegade Jew, who has renounced the faith of Abraham, and adopted that of the Prophet. Such a conversion is very, very rare indeed, and consequently there is the more boast and the more display about it. The only motive that has induced the Jew to turn backslider has been love of lucre; and great men, high in authority, have promised him affluence and position, and everything else that is good, none of which, however, we very well know, they mean to confer upon him.

This procession makes din and noise enough, in all conscience, for, in addition to a huge tom-tom, there are five or six smaller ones, and discordant shawms, and villainous squeaking fifes. This constitutes the band; and after the band comes a brave display of flags, mostly red streamers, carried upon spikes; the men that carry which are the most cut-throat-looking ruffians, profuse in beard and moustache, mostly one-eyed, and all armed to the teeth with murderous weapons. Behind these, the very picture of abject despair, almost in a state of perfect nudity, covered with dust and ashes, comes the renegade, who is a poor, sorry-looking, worthless thing of about thirty years of age. He must be exceedingly tired, for they keep him almost perpetually dancing and leaping about, to evince publicly, I presume, the great joy he feels at the high privilege of being admitted into the Islam faith. Now and then, the music ceases, and the procession halts, when two bearded old imaums, one on either side, proclaim aloud the cause of the procession, and make the unbeliever recant aloud all other faiths save only that of Allah, and Mohammed, his prophet. Behind, with

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drawn swords, are some half-score fierce men, who use the sword-points now and then to give him a little prick when he laxes in the energy of his war-dance, and who, with jealous suspicion, watch every motion of the renegade, and if he attempted to escape, or hesitated in recanting aloud, would cut him down with as little compunction as you or I would a mad dog. The procession is followed by all the riff-raff and scum of the Mohammedan population, and amongst them many women, who applaud at intervals.

What a people are the modern Egyptians for love of display and noise! If you ask a porter to move a stone out of the street, he will get two or three friends to assist him in making a noise over it. To hear them groan, and yell, and scream, and exclaim, is really quite alarming to a stranger; and if it chance to be a heavy beam of timber that they have to hoist up some new building, the disturbance they make terrifies one into the belief that a general revolt and massacre is going on in the town. Such a scene is now transacting under my window. Full three-score-and-ten men, besides boys, have harnessed themselves to an empty bullock-cart, which they have been ordered to drag up to the Square. Behind them are two bashis, with whips to urge them on, if necessary; and they make as much noise over it as any twenty ordinary men. The way the labourers go to work is certainly unique in the art of transport. Whilst one half strain upon the ropes, the others are singing and clapping their hands, and all unite in the chorus of 'Yalah Maley, Yalah Maley, Yalah Maley, Yalah!'—this last with a yell that shakes the very foundations of the house.

Such is the ever-varying panorama I witness from my window, that nobody can possibly divine what may be coming next. Sometimes I am startled and gratified by the fine martial notes of a military band; and then, exactly where those savages passed with the renegade Jew, there go by, with military step and air erect, as fine a set of fellows as one would wish to see. They are not many in number, but indeed I would back them against the whole native population of the place, and that despite the pacha's vaingloryings about his army. The occasion for this rare apparition is one of rather a melancholy nature: the first-lieutenant of an Austrian brig of war has died suddenly of sun-stroke, and having paid him the last sad honours, these Austrian marines and sailors are marching down to the sea-side to the exquisite music of their band. The sweet notes have hardly died away before we are aroused by the well-known sounds of *Pop goes the Weasel* from a certain execrable barrel-organ—and O, shades of the Pharaohs! there, in the middle of the street, sunburnt and weary, yet grinding away manfully, is Francisco from Genoa, just as much at home here as though he were in Italy itself, or where, perhaps, after all, he fared the best, under the drawing-room windows of some paterfamilias in the West End.

As the afternoon draws on, the siesta-loving population wake up again to the toil and turmoil of every-day life; the setting in of the sea-breeze seems to be the signal for this, and certainly no one who has not experienced it can understand what an invaluable and precious boon this said breeze is in a climate like that of Egypt. Its immediate effects in renovating and restoring your shattered energies and fevered frame are almost miraculous. There is indeed balm in Gilead yet, so long as the sea-breeze blows healthily on the shore. Almost the first sign of a general wakening up to activity, is a charge of donkeys through the street; these are conveying watchful skippers to the Square, to look after owners' interests and quick dispatch. Then comes an interminable string of gawky but invaluable camels, all heavily laden with building materials for the new railway station. Shopkeepers draw aside the curtain that protected them slightly during their nap from heat and the flies; carefully they rinse their mouths and wash their hands and faces, readjust their turbans, and then shouting for the nearest *wullud*, give him a para to go and order coffee from the nearest coffee-shop. Then they light their pipes, and thoroughly rouse themselves to activity. Itinerary vendors of stuffs—mostly women—begin to make their appearance, and vast and divers is the display of commodities. Many sell *kakies*—a small kind of bun—which looks anything but tempting; some have oranges; some cheese, like the coarsest common soap in flavour as in appearance; others have *halwah*—a sweet stuff made of oil and honey; and there are even a few with trinkets, such as please the taste of Egyptian damsels, and are suited to their pockets. These usually take up a position on the shady side of the street, and squatting down, establish a small business of their own, from which they will not budge an inch until long after dark, and the shops are closed, and the good people gone to bed. Most doleful and woebegone are their cries, as they break through the stillness of nightfall, especially the women who sell radishes, and very fine radishes too.

About 4 P. M., just as the minarets are summoning the faithful to prayer, a pleasant shade falls over the street; the sun is lowering fast in the west, and the sea-breeze freshens up apace. Then come sturdy *suckees*, or water-carriers, tottering under the heavy skins of water they carry upon their backs, and as they pass along, plentifully water the streets, laying the dust, and creating a pleasant cool atmosphere around. I could almost be positive that I hear the hot earth hiss again as the water bubbles for a moment over its surface. Then also come forth, with much clanking together of metal cups, vendors of liquorice-water, sherbet, and other cooling drinks; each one of whom is enveloped in a small cloud of flies, which attach themselves peculiarly to this craft, and drowning themselves by thousands, render the drink anything but inviting to our eyes and palates. The Arabs, however, swill plentifully of these mixtures. Then also coming round the corner you shall hear the faint tinkling of coins, growing louder apace, as the itinerant money-changer chucks up some half-dozen dollars with one hand, and catching them expertly again, offers change for a sovereign. In the midst of all this, a perfect spectre from ill health and much fatigue, strides a gaunt American missionary—whose time and earnest labour, poor fellow, are unfortunately thrown to the four winds—distributing tracts to infidel, heathen and Jew, who accept them willingly, but only devote them to such useful purposes as fresh lining old bandboxes, or wrapping up odds and ends in their shops.

Two more sketches before the daylight closes in around my window. First, a remarkably cleanly looking man for an Egyptian, with a stall as well scoured as a man-of-war's decks. This is the vendor of *buckalower*—a sweet stuff, consisting of exceedingly thin layers of very good pastry, interlined with sugar, almonds, and walnuts, the whole soaking in an ample supply of honey. This buckalower is the *ne plus ultra* of confectionary, and when made at home, is really a very relishable dish. Next neighbour to the buckalower man is a liberated slave, selling *karoobs*, the fruit of the locust-tree, things that look like dried scarlet-runners, but which are by no means disagreeable to the taste, and which are used in Egypt by all classes as a slight laxative during summer. This, and the honey close at hand, with the garment off yon camel-driver's back, constituted the worldly effects and requisitions of John the Baptist. The locusts he ate were doubtless none other than these; and the wild honey of Palestine is peculiarly delicious, from the flavour imparted to it by the aromatic herbs and flowers whence the bee sips. The *buckhal* opposite has hung out his solitary light, and simultaneously

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there is a wurze-ze-ze-ze-ing sound in my room. That is the mosquitoes, confound them, coming in for their night's entertainment!

OUR PASSPORT SYSTEM—THOMAS EDMONDSON.

Some of our readers, like ourselves, must be old enough to remember how, in the early days of the railway system, they were compelled to shift for themselves and their luggage, from time to time, as best they might; to buy new tickets, to wait while they were filled up, to hang on, in cold and discomfort, at almost every joint of the journey, and to have to do with divers companies which had nothing to do with each other but to find fault and be jealous. If we contrast this unorganised condition of affairs with what the Railway Clearing-house is, and what it does, the system, or rather entire want of system, which prevailed some twenty years ago, with that by which we can take our ticket from almost any place to any other, and get into a carriage on almost any of our great lines, to be conveyed, without further care, to the opposite end of the kingdom, we shall have a tolerably clear conception of what we owe to the man in whose fertile brain originated the thought, complete in its whole scope and all its details, which we now see embodied in the mighty institution we have named, and in the grand organisation by which the railways of the United Kingdom act, in regard to the convenience of individuals, as though they were one.

This man was Thomas Edmondson, a member of the Society of Friends, who had not been very successful in life, and who, at the time of his invention, was maintaining himself as a railway clerk at a small station on the Newcastle and Carlisle line. In the course of his duties in this situation, he found it irksome to have to fill up, with minute details, every railway ticket that he delivered. He saw the clumsiness of the method of tearing the bit of paper off the printed sheet, as it was wanted, and supplementing its meagre information with pen and ink. He perceived how much time, trouble, and error might be saved by the process being done in a mechanical way; and, as he himself was wont to tell the story, it was when he set his foot down on a particular spot in a field in which he was walking, that the idea struck him, how all that he wished might be done by a machine; how tickets might be printed with the names of stations, the class of carriage, and the day of the month, from end to end of the kingdom, on one uniform system.

It was thought a fine thing, and justly, when one railway was complete for a short distance; and when it was arranged that two or three should meet at certain points, the affair was pronounced triumphant. But there was something grander to come—this very plan of Thomas Edmondson's—by which a dozen companies should unite to carry a passenger and his bag as far as he wanted to go, and save him the trouble of dividing the fare among them by doing it themselves. In the central spot, at the Euston Square Station, where the Clearing-house stands, the railway companies have their mutual charges computed, and the balances struck and cleared, day by day, from the twelfth part of a school-boy and his box, to the charges on 'horses, carriages, and corpses,' which, the orders declare, 'are not to be included in the parcels' transmitted during the day. What the business is that is accomplished by that courageous band, the two hundred clerks of the Clearing-house, we may detail hereafter; it is enough at present to say, that they examine and record the business of at least a thousand stations, with all their complications. Now, if we consider what these complications are; that, for instance, for passengers alone, without regarding the transmission of goods, the changes on a single line of thirty stations may amount to 6960! we may well think twice before looking more closely into the bewildering business of the Clearing-house. The letters received and sent off amount to many thousands per day, and there is a staff of lads whose business it is to open and sort them.

Some of us who have travelled on very short, or very insignificant, out-of-the-way lines, may have seen, up to yesterday, paper tickets—yellow, blue, or pink—printed in ordinary printing-presses, but there are certainly very few such now extant. The little cards, blue for the most part, which gentlemen stick in their hats, and ladies carry in their gloves, are Mr Edmondson's tickets; and they are well-nigh universal in the United Kingdom, and familiar in France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, the West Indies, and Peru. It is rather astounding to the imagination to see the boxes of cards that arrive at the patentee's office to be printed. A square deal-box, such as would nicely hold a lady's bonnet, and be light enough to be carried by the lady herself, is, when packed with these cards, a heavy load for a porter, and a fatiguing sight for unaccustomed eyes. It is bewildering to think of the crowd that would be formed by the railway passengers who will be transmitted by means of this one boxful of cards. Assembled in Hyde Park or on Salisbury Plain, they would be very alarming in the eyes of Louis Napoleon. There are cards of six colours, and of rather more than six devices. It would be convenient to the printers to have them all alike; and it is no matter of rejoicing to them when any company falls in love with some party-coloured device, requiring double or treble printing, or other special management. There is so much convenience, however, in certain cases, in the tickets being distinguishable at a glance, that the pattern-book of the patentee will probably always have, as now, a few pages filled with startling specimens.

Before glancing at the process by which the tickets are printed, we have to dispose of our surprise at seeing how circumscribed and quiet is the agency by which so vast a work is accomplished. We would not, for all the benefits of travel, exchange our passport system for that of any country on the continent. Here, there is no staring in one's face, as if one were a criminal, to note the colour of hair and eyes, and the shape of one's visage; here is no dismal anticipation of future annoyances, of bearded inspectors, of dirty-fisted hirelings, who will turn over one's clothes in one's trunks, and inspect a washing-bill as if it contained treason and insurrection. We have instead a moderate-sized apartment, filled up with little besides the apparatus, and tenanted by two or three young men, who quietly work out the invention of the founder. It is in this one room, and by that bright handsome apparatus, that millions of railway passports are prepared. There are, we believe, two of these establishments, one at Manchester, and one at Dublin; and one pair of hands finds it easy to print two hundred, and possible to print three hundred per minute.

The most noticeable thing about the machine is an upright mahogany shaft about two feet high, large enough in the interior to contain a pile of blank tickets laid flat upon each other. Within the machine itself is a little form of type containing the names of the places, and the class of carriage to be printed. The practice of printing the fare is now nearly disused, owing to the great loss and inconvenience caused by the necessity of occasionally altering its amount. A saturated ribbon, travelling over a wheel, and brought in contact with the form, inks the type, which is pressed down upon the blank tickets, as they are incessantly withdrawn by a feeder, one by one from the bottom of the pile, and passed under the form, each presenting itself, face uppermost, to the printer who works the lever, so that he can see that each is right and complete before it falls into its place in the

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receptacle below. An ingenious apparatus is used to number the tickets, each of which bears a figure or figures ranging from 0 to 10,000. Two brass-banded wheels, so close to each other as to look like one, and each bearing raised numbers, revolve at different rates with the working of the rest of the machinery, the distance of one figure at a time for the units, and the second wheel the distance of one figure at a time for the hundreds, so that the tickets present a numbered end to the eye of the printer as he works his lever. Another machine, known as the checking-machine, also the invention of Mr Edmondson, finally tests the tickets, lest any mistake should have happened through a moment's lapse of attention on the part of the printer. They are piled in a shaft, and dropped, one by one, by the turning of a handle, which sets in motion a numbered index, so that the number turned up and the ticket dropped should correspond. The process is so easy, that six hundred tickets per minute can thus be effectually tested.

It would occupy more space than we have already filled to describe the various minor inventions of Mr Edmondson which find receptacles in this little room —the issue cases of various prices and constructions, from the small one needed at a little rural station or on board a steamer, to the great cupboard required at the central station of each of our great lines—the slips of slate on which the clerk notes down the number of the ticket with which he begins his issue for the train then in hand—and the shafts or columns which are to be kept supplied with tickets, the uppermost of which is to be drawn out by the touch of a finger-tip. But there is one little machine, more important than any other save the printing-machine, which we must more specially name; we allude to the dating-press, the machine which stands on the counter of every booking-office, into which the clerk pushes one end of the ticket he is selling, and from which it comes out dated, with whose bottle-jack sort of click we are all familiar, and which does its work without any further trouble to the clerk than his changing the type, the last thing at night, for the next day, and seeing now and then that the ribbon is duly saturated with the mixture which is to ink the type.

In the general directions issued in the form of a pamphlet to all clerks in charge on railways, the very first order is, that they are to be incessantly careful to keep a sufficient provision of tickets from their own station to every other to which passengers are booked; and next, that the tubes which contain the supply are to be duly replenished, the lowest numbered ticket being at the bottom. If too high a number gets abroad, the clerk must account for all below it. He must make good all deficiencies, and pay over all surplus money. After the closing of the hatch at the booking-office, he makes out the account of the passengers just despatched, the closing number that went away by the preceding train being carefully booked. Thus, at the bottom of the tube, the lowest number left remains, and the numbers between the two are those which have now to be accounted for. The closing number of the tickets for each train are twice recorded—once in the compartments at the station, and once in the proper column of the passengers' ticket-book, which is ruled and printed for the purpose. There are returns, also, in a puzzling number to be filled up daily, several of which are connected, more or less, with the records involved in the delivery of these wonderful tickets. The trouble occasioned by any passenger omitting to supply himself with a ticket, or to deliver it up on leaving the platform at any intermediate station, thus becomes extremely vexatious, as is also that incumbent on every issue-clerk, of tying up in one mass the tickets of every arrival train, after the passengers are off and away into a hundred homes, or inns, or new trains; for these tickets, transmitted to the check-clerk's office by the first through-train the following morning, are the currency by which the bargain of travel is carried on, and without which the business would be as clumsy as a state of barter in comparison with one of established monetary arrangements.

Such is our English passport system—a truly prodigious machinery of convenience arising out of one turn of a sagacious man's thought. With what industry and patience it was worked out, with what modesty its honours were enjoyed, and with what honour and generosity its fruits were dispensed, those who have been honoured with the acquaintance of Thomas Edmondson need not be told. He died on the 22d of June 1852, a wealthy and distinguished man, after having applied the first-fruits arising from his invaluable invention to the liquidation of the debts he had incurred in early life. His best friends need claim for him no more honourable remembrance.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XIV.—A COUPLE OF OFFERS.

The death of Bartholomew Luders, and the scandalous disclosures consequent upon the return of Phœbe Rosthwaite to the mill, not only severed Mr Onslow Bateman's West Indian connection, but severely injured his home prospects also. The Educational Profession is peculiarly subject to shocks of this description; a tutor, who may for any number of years have enjoyed the confidence of the whole world of Parents and Guardians, is not upon that account at all less liable to such visitations; and without himself becoming a Mohammedan, or running away with the rector's wife—which happen only in rare cases—the Rev. Orthodox Pure may find himself almost at any moment, from circumstances quite beyond his own control, without pupils, and with his pedagogal scutcheon blotted for ever. Some young men are so very bad as to defy the best of systems, and that of Mr Onslow Bateman, as has been seen, formed no exception to this rule. Marsden and Ryder remained with him, indeed, but their continuance as pupils would of course become in time impossible, and meanwhile the aristocracies of rank and wealth intrusted their offspring to other fostering hands. These were the unhappy facts of the case; but it is by no means to be supposed that Mr Onslow Bateman betrayed so much, or indeed anything, by word, or deed, or manner. His airy grace might possibly exhibit some added charms through the unusual leisure accorded to its display, but as to any sign of uneasiness, far less anxiety, that he exhibited, it might be supposed that he had been furnished from the government grant devoted to Literature and the Fine Arts—which is not unaccustomed to succour persons very indirectly connected with those matters—with ample compensation for his lack of disciples.

But, alas! who of mortals, however highly set upon philosophic heights themselves, and above the ills which flesh is heir to, can prevent the tongues of others from flickering about their failing fortunes like flame about a tottering wall? When this our story grows more tedious than common, can we stay the compositors' mockery as they set up the leaden pages? When one's wife and one's self have quarrelled, no matter under what prudentest circumstances of domestic privacy, is it not published on the house-tops when the maids retire to their sleeping-chamber in the attics? And because Mr Onslow Bateman was politely indifferent to his own prospects, was Elizabeth, his parlour-maiden, to be equally so, to

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whom service was no inheritance, and whom it behoved, in case of calamity in the Bateman household, to look out for another place? If the mighty of this world did but know what was in the minds of their despised dependents, they would learn not only that they were no heroes to their valets, but that they had very few secrets indeed from their occasional shoeblack.

It would perhaps have done Mr Onslow Bateman's heart good—though certainly not in the proverbial sense of that expression—if he could have heard Richard Melbreak (Mr Brooklet's man) conversing any morning with his cook-maid, Jane, upon his private affairs. The former, who was of a sporting turn, retained the customary straw in his mouth throughout the colloquy; and the latter conducted her part of the conversation with her chin curiously, and one would have conjectured painfully, supported by one of the wooden spikes of the back-gate; but they knew all about 'the smash as, sooner or later, was likely to happen yonder to Thingumbob'—designating by a dirty thumb, in the Teesdale How direction, its unconscious proprietor himself—as well as he did.

As for Mrs Allwyne, the housekeeper, she had sympathised with her dear young ladies again and again, regretting to herself that 'no more young nobs seemed to be coming,' and yet reluctantly admitting that, 'after the goings-on of that there Luders, that it was no such wonder neither.' Nor is it to be supposed that the two sisters were blind to the changed circumstances of their position, although they rarely made them the subject of their conversation; their only change consisted in their becoming so considerably more attentive to their studies as to draw forth their father's pleasant banter upon such new-born diligence; and as for Miss Ellen's painstaking with the piano under the tutelage of her skilful sister, he was, he said, quite at a loss to account for such a miraculous improvement. Singularly enough, Mrs Allwyne was at no loss whatever, but explained it to the assenting Elizabeth in this wise: 'Poor, dear Miss Ellen, you see, she ain't like Miss Florence, who could get her own living at any time, let it be where 'twill; and so now she 's a practysing on the pianny and such like, morning, noon, and night, for to be a governess, or what not, when the time comes.'

Lastly, Messrs Marsden and Ryder were not behindhand in their knowledge of poor Mr Onslow Bateman's private affairs, but discussed them quite calmly on a certain July afternoon as they paddled over the lake wherein Bartholomew Luders had found his wintry tomb some eight months back. Ryder was rowing, and Marsden lying in the stern, with a cigar in his mouth—their relative occupations not ill indicating their relative characters—as they held the following converse, broken only by the careless dip of the oar, or the soft crush of the keel among the lilies.

'What 'll the governor do when you and I leave him, Ryder?' said Marsden, after a long silence. 'I 'm afraid he 'll have rather hard times of it.'

'That was what I was thinking,' replied the other gravely. 'I wish I had thirty thousand pounds or so, if it were only for the sake of him and his.'

'Would you make him a present of it?' asked Marsden drily, dropping the ash of his cigar over the boat-side into the water, and watching it dissolve with apparent interest; 'because, if you would, you might just as well make one wish of it, and wish *he* had it at once; that is to say, unless you wish to put him under an obligation.'

'I don't know what I would do,' returned Ryder, unheedful of the sarcasm, 'because I have not been tried. I suppose every poor wretch promises to himself the performance of generous actions, should he ever be blessed with riches'——

'Yes,' interrupted Marsden bitterly; 'and what is worse, he promises it to other people; then, if he gives five shillings a year in charity more than he did before, he imagines that he has "remembered the poor."'

'I 'm not thinking of quite that sort of benevolence,' replied Ryder; 'the asking one's friends to share one's good-fortune is not, after all, such a very self-denying matter.'

'Not if they are one's female friends,' observed Marsden quietly; 'no.'

'I don't understand you,' returned Ryder angrily, meaning that he had understood him very much too well. 'Will you be so good as to explain yourself?'

'Tut, man, you mean to say that if you had thirty thousand pounds or so you would marry Ellen Bateman to-morrow,' answered the other impatiently. 'I see no necessity for delicacy between you and me in the matter,' continued he, tilting his straw-hat lazily over his eyes. 'I would marry her myself out of hand if I had half the money. But the great probability is that we shall neither of us be able to afford the luxury.'

'And yet you are an only son, are you not, Marsden?'

'O yes. The whole estate (if there is any, which I very much doubt) will come to your humble servant, mortgages and all; and the property and myself will be pretty accurately represented, I reckon, by the mathematical expression, nought divided by one.'

'Still, from what you have told me, you are sure of the affections of the young woman,' argued Ryder gravely. 'A woman's true love is surely a great treasure.'

'Metaphorically speaking, perhaps, my dear fellow; but practically, it is generally rather the reverse. I am sure I would not stand in her way, if any eligible young gentleman was to offer himself.'

'No person of proper feeling would surely marry a girl under those circumstances, Marsden.'

'Then there are a vast number of persons, and that in very good society, without it, that 's all *I* can say,' returned the other laughing. 'Your morality is severe enough, my dear Ryder, but your sentiment is positively beyond my horizon altogether. Let us go in. I heard the post-horn a little while ago, and perhaps there is news.'

Very slowly, and keeping a moody silence, Ryder pulled for the shore; he had been somewhat moved at the disregard shewn to his own feelings by his friend at the beginning of their conversation, but that annoyance was now merged in his greater disgust at Marsden's own low standard of what was becoming. It afforded, perhaps, the first glimpse to the honest young gentleman of what he was to expect in the world which he was about to enter, and that from by no means the worst specimen of his fellow-men, and it gave him a shiver such as the bather experiences at his first plunge into the sparkling sea; he had expected to have found it a great deal warmer.

Marsden, with his hat still over his eyes, being but an indifferent pilot, and Ryder thinking of anything but the work he had in hand, the prow of the shallop glided, before they were aware, into a soft substance, which turned out to be Mr Onslow Bateman's hand.

'One might have told this was a hired boat, and not your own property, young gentlemen, at a great distance off,' observed the Tutor gravely; 'but for me, the rock must have knocked a hole in her. I do hope that, in after-life, you will keep a better look-out for breakers ahead.'

There was such an unusual seriousness in Mr Bateman's countenance, that Marsden, without replying to this remark, could not forbear asking whether there was anything the matter.

'There is some sad news come by post,' replied the Tutor, 'which concerns our friend Ryder here. Would you take the oars, please, Marsden, while I have a few minutes' conversation with him?'

'My dear Ryder,' continued he, as soon as they

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were alone, 'you have experienced a sad loss in the death of your only brother.'

The young man's face grew ashy pale, not because of grief, but because he felt the tears too far from his eyes.

For once, Mr Onslow Bateman misunderstood his man. 'This is a heavy blow, I see, but you must bear it bravely. To the Young, Death is always strange; and when it occurs to those near and dear to them'——

'No, sir, it is not that,' returned Ryder frankly; 'I sincerely wish it were. I reproach myself, rather than regret my father's son. How did he—that is—it must have happened very suddenly?'

'He died of apoplexy, poor fellow, in a few hours; but there was little suffering. He was a thorough country gentleman, and will be missed by a very large circle of friends. It will be necessary that you start for Rudesleigh Manor at once, Sir Charles.'

The unaccustomed title struck more strangely on the ear than all the rest. It reminded him at once of the vast change that had occurred in all his circumstances, and pressed him to put those thoughts in action, now, while opportunity offered, which he had but lately entertained only as a pleasant dream.

'Sir Charles!' said he. 'I trust, Mr Bateman, you will not call me by that name a second time. Our relative positions of Tutor and Pupil will very soon cease, but I hope only to make us something more to one another than we have hitherto been.' The young man was thinking only of friendship, but the instant he had spoken, he felt what we trust no lobster feels when he finds himself for the first time in hot water—the terrible sensation of growing scarlet in spite of one's self. Mr Onslow Bateman placed his hand upon his pupil's shoulder, and said in a tone that was not his customary one: 'You have a good heart, my dear Ryder, an excellent heart;' then added with a sigh: 'The heart and the digestion are two things that are always in their greatest perfection about the period of adolescence.'

'Sir,' replied the young man simply, 'I know that Time tries all things. Meanwhile, you must believe me when I say that my greatest satisfaction at present—so great that I speak of it when I should only speak of sorrow—in this altered state of my prospects, is, that it affords me the opportunity of being permanently useful to you and yours.'

'Sir Charles Ryder'—— began the Tutor coldly.

'Not so, Mr Bateman,' interrupted the young man with passionate energy; 'pray, pray do not misunderstand me, and wrong yourself thus cruelly. I know the liberty I take, and with whom I take it; it pained me more than it pleased me to thus address you, for I know'—poor Ryder, whose eloquence had been hitherto miraculous, and such as greatly to astonish himself, here fairly lost all inspiration—'for I know, as everybody knows, what a confoundedly proud fellow you always are.'

There was luckily a stump of a tree close by, which afforded Mr Onslow Bateman an indifferent seat, or else it seemed possible that he must have descended to the ground itself, and there had his laugh out. The Teesdale woods had certainly never echoed to the mirth of their temporary proprietor so heartily before; he did not hold his sides, because it was impossible that a gentleman of his breeding should indulge in such a vulgar precaution, but it would unquestionably have been a very great relief to him if he had; he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, he laughed till he was sore, nor was the quality of his mirth inferior to the quantity, for his laughter was as the laughter of those who win.

'I will not be "so confoundedly proud" any more, then, Ryder,' said he, as soon as he could speak; 'you must, I am sure, have been very much in earnest to behave so disrespectfully as that.'

'We two, then, are henceforward friends enough,' replied the delighted baronet, 'to have no thought, and far less word of Obligation, on either side?'

'If you will have it so, my dear Ryder; yes,' responded Mr Onslow Bateman, in the tone of a man who confers a favour gracefully.

The young man hastened to his chamber to prepare for immediate departure, with feelings which, we fear, were strangely at variance with the immediate object of his journey. That he was glad of Sir Harry's death was far from being the case, for if the peril of his own life could have saved that of his brother, he would have willingly risked it; but Death had come, bringing with it so great a crowd of attendant images, that the chief figure in the procession—his brother only in name—was scarcely visible. When he did look, with his mind's eye, upon its silent features, he was smitten, as we have said, with self-reproach at his own immobility; but the real sorrow which now possessed his heart in secret was born of that reflection to which he had himself given utterance in the morning—'No person of proper feeling would surely marry a girl under those circumstances!' for the circumstances of which he spoke were now his own.

If it be not true that we are not altogether displeased at the misfortunes of our friends, it must at least be conceded that we rarely delight in seeing them suddenly prosperous; that it always seems uncommonly hard that Jones should win that Derby lottery, wherein we ourselves draw only a non-starter. Marsden first dismissing from his mind indignantly a transient idea that he himself might have deserved less well of Providence, considered Ryder's good-fortune as little less than a personal grievance, and certainly entertained a meaner opinion of his friend in consequence. 'Those dull dogs are always the lucky ones,' was his reflection, wherein there lurked a considerable self-complacency; 'I wonder when *I* shall ever turn up such an honour as this fellow has done;' and, indeed, the prospects of Mr Robert Marsden, jun., it must be confessed, were looking far from well. The same week that gave Ryder his brother's property, brought to himself the tidings of his father's hopeless ruin. The extravagant squire was only saved from a prison by the sacrifice of all he possessed, and all his son had counted on possessing after him. The thousand pounds bequeathed to him through his mother—whom the paternal side of his house had once looked down upon, on account of her poverty—was all that now remained to the heir of the Marsdens. Only one thing besides was left to him untouched, and even increased by adversity—his personal pride; and out of it sprung up at once, strong and vigorous, like a young tree among ruins, the determination to leave that country where his companions would be henceforth more than his equals.

He took his way, with his evil tidings in his pocket, up that same beck where we first met with him some twelve months before, to mature his plans, as he would have said, but in reality to brood over his misfortunes. How different was that heavy step of his by the brook-side, from the lithe leaps with which he had formerly sprung up the river-bed! It had already grown slow and plodding, as befitted one who had to make his own uphill way in the world. When he arrived at the great rock whence all the glories of that home-landscape could be seen, he sat him down among the purple heather, and gazed till his eyes grew dim. That scene had never before been so dear to him as now, when he was looking on it perhaps for the last time. He was bidding farewell not only to it, but to all the circumstances which, to one of his character, made the face of nature fair and grateful. He had no satisfaction in the thought that he was about to behold, in another hemisphere, scenes incomparably grander and more magnificent. Leisure, competency, troops of friends, the

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absence of carking cares—all these were necessary to his enjoyment of such sort of pleasure, and he had lost them in all probability for ever. His delicate sensuous nature was keen enough to feel this thoroughly, while its egotism made his wretchedness without remedy. Even the flutter of a well-known dress between the trees, telling of the approach of one, herself perhaps about to wage a more unequal battle with the world than he, did but turn into another channel the thoughts which still flowed on in the strong stream of Self. She was in his eyes only a new sacrifice, which Fate and the Jews were compelling him, through his father's fault, to make. And yet he loved Ellen Bateman better than any other person in the world, save Robert Marsden, and she read it in his looks as she drew near; nor even had she known that exception in his own favour, is it probable that she would have been otherwise than satisfied.

'What brings *you* out so far this morning, Miss Ellen?' asked he smiling. 'I hope I have not taken possession of your oratory?'

'I merely came to see as much as possible of a very favourite spot, before I leave it,' returned she. 'But a few more months, and then we are never more to see dear old Teesdale How again, it seems.'

'But a few more months! Why, your father's lease is not nearly out yet, Ellen, surely? Whither are you going?'

'To Rudealeigh Manor,' answered the young girl faintly, and hanging down her head.

'To Rudealeigh!' cried Marsden impetuously. 'Why, this is quick work indeed. Sir Charles lets no grass grow under his worshipful feet.' Then added in a low soft voice—a very excellent thing with women—'And is this pleasing to you, Ellen? Do you like this visit to the fire-new baronet?'

'No, Mr Marsden; I do not.'

'Call me Robert,' said he tenderly, and taking her trembling hand in his, 'since I am he who loves you better than any living man, but who has also about as little as any man to offer you beyond his love. Call me Robert, if it be but for once; for I, too, am going away, across the world, Ellen, to seek that fortune which here only falls to dullards.'

The poor girl would have fallen, but that the young man had judiciously anticipated that contingency by encircling her waist with his arm. 'Australia is far, far away, Ellen, and there are the chances of land and sea,' continued he pathetically, and indeed he felt all that he was expressing concerning those disagreeables: 'it may be I shall never see you more, dearest; it may be I shall return an old and objectionable-looking individual'—his bright eyes laughed as he spoke and reflected her own incredulous gaze, for the imagination of youth, however lively, can never picture to itself the reality of growing old—'and, in short, my own,' (his voice sunk and his eyelids drooped as he came to this sad conclusion) 'it will be better, fairer, more unselfish, if I say, "Forget me; choose some other, more prudent, more prosperous than I"' (the dog was kissing the falling tears away at the very moment he hinted himself unprosperous); 'for indeed, my darling, I am dreadfully afraid that I am but a sad scamp after all, and quite unworthy of you.'

Robert Marsden made this last confession quite penitently, and out of the fulness of his youthful heart; but had he been Machiavelli or Ovid himself, he could not have uttered an avowal more judicious and favourable to his own interests. When a young lady is left to make her matrimonial choice out of two individuals, she is almost positively certain to select the wrong one; but when the latter assures her with his own lips—let alone the kisses—that he *is* the wrong one, and not by any means a safe sort of person to be connected with, his victory is secure. If Robert Marsden were poor—so Ellen reasoned—there would be the greater opportunity for her being a source of comfort to him; if he were self-exiled, so much the more in a foreign land would he need to think upon some true love at home; and if he were a scamp, oh, then, what a labour of love to her would be the delightful operation of reclaiming him! The circumstances, in short, being in every way unpropitious, the two young people got there and then betrothed.

DORMANT MUSIC.

ENGLAND, from the days of the Great Rebellion till the present age, has ceased to be a musical nation. In the same measure as Scotland or Ireland, she probably never was one, for no national airs equal in power and beauty to theirs exist amongst us; but at the time that Shakspeare wrote his magnificent eulogy on music (in the *Merchant of Venice*), a taste and fondness for the art existed which have gradually become dormant. At that time, scarce an educated person would refuse to take his part in glee or madrigal; musicians were kept at inns for the refection of travellers, and played also an important part in the solemnities, festivities, and even mourning of the age.

How, or from what cause, the musical taste of the people became in a great degree extinct, it would be difficult to say. The nasal psalmody of the Puritans, and their desecration of church-music, may have done much in the way of corrupting the national taste. In contempt of the prelatical church, they adapted the fine old psalm-tune now known as *Green Sleeves*, to gross and ribald words; the air of *John Anderson* shared the same fate, and thus remained lost to us till Burns restored it to its propriety; and *Cease your Funning*—originally a hallelujah chorus by Purcell—had been similarly desecrated before Gay appropriated it for his *Beggars' Opera*. In innumerable other instances, the same change was made: and thus deprived of the best music, and driven by the fashion of the day or their peculiar opinions to bad, the national taste and ear became corrupted and vulgarised. Dibden's fine sea-songs, during the war-time of the early part of the present century, were the first sounds which broke the long musical silence succeeding the civil wars; for Handel, resident in England, and delighting the court and aristocracy, and Dr Arne, composing operas, can scarcely be regarded as *national* musicians, or musicians of the people. With the exception of the sea-lyrics, therefore, England has had no national music since Purcell's days, while Scotland's glorious airs have fought a banished prince's battles better than his best adherents could, and have won the ear of time for ever; and Ireland has breathed forth her indignation or her regrets in melodies unrivalled by those of any other nation.

Nevertheless, we believe the dormant taste is gradually reviving, and we hail every faint sound that heralds the restoration of the national love for this most humanising of the arts. We behold, in fancy, how the degrading vice of drunkenness will flee before it, and rude men will be softened and refined by acquaintance with harmony; when music for the multitude will not mean the uncouth bacchanalian song or chorus—reckless of tune or time—shouted forth in the tavern; or the jig, or the vulgar tune which once charmed the popular ear; but will signify an intellectual art, full of meaning and expression, appealing to, and awaking the best and loftiest feelings of our nature, and requiring an amount of study and practice which will occupy dangerous leisure, and yet be, for the hard-working man, a recreation from toil.

That this taste *is* dawning again, and may be eventually cultivated with success, we believe. The great improvement in street-music—the avidity with which the really good music furnished by the Crystal Palace is listened to by the multitude—the choral and other musical societies springing up—assure us of this fact. From the metropolis, where Benedict counts his thousands of able chorus-singers; and from

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the great northern cities, whose sons won the commendation of their musical Queen at the Handel Festival, this 'revival' is spreading into the small country towns and rural districts. A letter from Mr Trench, recently published in the *Times*, gives a most encouraging account of a musical society which he has established amongst his own parishioners, on the moral benefit of which he strongly insists. The Choral Society of far-off Penrhyn has received a testimonial from the Queen of her royal approval of their skill, and of the amusement to which their leisure has been devoted.

'Here be truths, we hope, my masters,' proofs that the musical taste of our hard-working English people is but dormant, and will repay the effort to awake it.

Often of late, when present at this or that village concert, have we contrasted the graceful comfort of the scene with others of which we have all heard with sadness. Then arose before our mental vision the reeking kitchen of the public-house, the discordant ditty of the drunkard, the noisy quarrel, the return, late at night, to the wretched and impoverished home, where dwelt no honest pride in the father's talent, such as now kindled those happy faces, no peace, no harmony, but shame and discord, the cry or the hollow groan; and we decided that a musical society in town or village may be the angel to scare away the fiend from many a cottage-home.

Surely an art which promises to be efficient champion in such a contest is worthy of the support of all. The rich may give instruments, the musically educated may bestow instruction, and both will find they do not cultivate an ungrateful soil. There is much latent music amongst the poor. We have just had related to us a striking instance of musical perseverance amongst the people. A young woman, in humble circumstances, had a strong love for music, and besought her father to permit her to learn the piano. He refused, declaring that it was an accomplishment unfit for her station. In the solitude of her chamber, therefore, she cut out and put together a key-board of white and black paper; bought with her small savings an introduction to the study of the piano, and a catechism on harmony, and thus managed to teach herself the names of the keys and an amount of theory which enabled her, on the first opportunity she had of touching the instrument, to astonish her friends by at once playing an air which had been mutely practised on her ingenious substitute for a piano. The father's objections have been overcome by her patient zeal and industry, and she is now allowed to cultivate the talent so strangely developed. We may hope to hear something hereafter of this votary of music.

The story reminds us of that wonderful youth of Haydn, which may serve as a guide and encouragement to those who, like him, seek to learn an art under the difficulties of adverse position and small means.

Joseph Haydn was the son of a village sexton, who, with his wife, was in the habit of amusing himself in the evening with music. The child imbibed his parents' taste, made an imaginary violin and bow of two pieces of wood, and with them accompanied his mother's singing. A schoolmaster-relative of the family who was on a visit to them, was struck by the extraordinary precision of the child's time on this strange instrument, and offered to teach him music. The offer was thankfully accepted, since it would then be easier to get the boy admitted into holy orders, which was the father's great ambition. Whilst residing with this relative, Haydn accidentally discovered an old tambourine—a delightful substitute for his two sticks—and eagerly availed himself of it. It had but two notes; still, by dint of many trials, and untiring perseverance, he managed to form on it a kind of air, which attracted the attention of all who heard it. Meantime, he learned to sing at the parish desk, and also acquired gradually a knowledge of the Latin, in which the service was performed. The good-natured cousin also taught him the violin. About this time it chanced that Reuter, *maître de chapelle* of St Stephen's, Vienna, came to Haimburg in search of recruits for the children of the choir, and the schoolmaster proposed young Haydn to him. The chapelmaster tested his power at once by desiring him to sing a canon at sight. The wonderful manner in which the child obeyed amazed him; but he remarked that he omitted a shake where the sign for one was placed, and asked him why he did so. 'I don't know how to shake, and my cousin can't teach me,' was the simple reply. Reuter drew him between his knees, and at once shewed him how to master the difficulty. The child echoed him like a mocking-bird. Reuter, enchanted with his ability, took a plate of fine cherries, which the schoolmaster had offered for his refreshment, and poured them into the boy's pockets. So great was the impression which this act of kindness made on Haydn, that he declared, long afterwards, he never made a shake without thinking of ripe cherries!

At Vienna, whilst singing in the choir, the child-musician had better opportunities of learning his art; but it was only by great industry and self-denial that he achieved a knowledge of counterpoint and harmony. He was very poor, and had, in fact, scarcely the means of clothing himself; but he preferred suffering from the bitter cold of winter to remaining ignorant of the chief branch of a musician's art, and went with as little clothes as possible, and those poor and shabby, that he might buy books on thorough bass. These he studied at night in his cold and lonely garret, shivering beside an old broken harpsichord, which his economies had also obtained; and thus acquired that knowledge which enabled him at length to delight the world, and which still keeps his memory living amongst us—a dear familiar name, now that voice and finger are silent and powerless.

Industry, patience, and self denial, as well as genius, made the great Haydn; indeed, when we read the life of such men, we are tempted to agree with Buffon, that 'patience is genius.' Lully playing on the stewpans of the 'great mademoiselle' also rises before our memory. But we have, we think, said enough to shew that considerable skill in and taste for music may be acquired by the poorer classes, without sacrificing a duty, and under every disadvantage. To their richer brethren we would say, let all who desire the advance of temperance and refinement do their best to promote a love for good music among the people, being assured that, by such means, they will themselves be greatly adding to the moral harmony of the universe.

HOW MISS PHIPPS BECAME MRS PHILLIPS.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

Authors and artists have imposed some most ridiculously untruthful types of character upon us. For example, what is the conventional notion of the British old maid? Thanks to those unchivalrous caricaturists, the phrase suggests a picture of a lady with a figure like a ramrod, and a face like a winter-apple—a crab-apple—reserving her small remnant of sour milk of human kindness for her cat; as afraid of the men as Horace's Chloe; and feasting like a ghoul upon the mangled reputations of her youthful sisters. Well, now, my reader, look round your circle of acquaintance, and tell me honestly how many of such vestal virgins you can find. *I* never met with one, and, with your permission, will introduce you to a little body who is the very opposite of that abominable portrait—my friend, Miss Phipps.

As plump as a partridge, as blithe as a mavis, bright-eyed as a robin, Aunt Rhoda—as she is called in some dozen families into which she has been lovingly

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adopted—is in request for all our merry-makings, and lights up the sick-rooms, to which she will go just as willingly, like a very substantial sunbeam. She doesn't petrify into a hand-crossed effigy in menfolk's company, but roundly rates the bad taste of bachelors in having suffered her so long to continue single. Of course, like all women who are good for anything—it is only your selfish people (moral oysters) who shut themselves up, and take no interest in their neighbours—she is fond of a bit of gossip; and being a hot-tempered little dame, she can occasionally say a sharp thing of, though far more frequently *to*, for she likes everything above board, any one who has happened to offend her, or—which is a far easier mode of rousing her wrath—who has offended her friends. But there is not a grain of malice in her heart. She blurts out exactly what she thinks in a volcanic burst, and there an end: a far preferable mode of procedure, in my opinion, to the polite, smiling way in which phlegmatic people dribble out their spite—in such small contributions that a grievance will last them for a month.

Such is Miss Phipps as, on the last night of 1855, she sits in her doll's house of a cottage in Pogis Parva, entertaining a tiny party of village friends. Her elder sister, Harriet—also a maiden—is really the mistress of the house; but she, good, quiet soul, resigns the lead in everything to bustling Rhoda, who not unfrequently bullies her, in a good-natured way, to stir her into life, and whom she watches, half admiringly, half anxiously, as one might watch the china-endangering pranks of a frisky kitten playing with the table-cloth.

The hearts of the Misses Phipps are large, but their means are small: a party at their house, therefore, is an 'event.' They do the thing well, however, when they attempt it. Their neatest of little parlours—although the process seems very much akin to the painting of the lily—is tidied up for hours beforehand. The best china—white as snow, with sprigs and rims of gold—is daintily dusted. The heirloom silver tea-pot and cream-jug are scoured until the quaint old plate seems almost ashamed of that spotless polish, which brings out in such bold relief its bygone fashion. Cake, both of seed and plum, is cut up into the genteelest of blocks and wedges. Wafer bread-and-butter is arranged in graceful circling sweeps, with bunches of laurustinus in the centre. A round tower of toasted muffins rises on the fender-'footman.' The home-cured ham is slivered into semi-transparent slices, and wreathed with classic parsley. The preserves and marmalade, for the manufacture of which the Misses Phipps enjoy a five miles' fame, are poured, like liquid gold and rubies, into their shallow receptacles of crystal. Wax-candles are placed in readiness for lighting on the tea-table, in massive silver sticks—the Misses Phipps have 'seen better days'—with verdant coronals. One bottle of port and one of sherry are decanted, and put aside with the plates of almonds, and raisins, and oranges for pre-cœnal refreshment. The supper-tray is ready-laid; and then, after sundry injunctions to the extemporised parlour—as well as kitchen—maid to 'mind her manners,' the sisters go up stairs to wash their hands, give the last touch to their toilet, and to see once more that the bedroom is in a fit state for the reception of their guests when they visit it for the purpose of 'taking off their things.'

Bonnets and boas, muffs, shawls, and mantles have lain upon the counterpane for some hours, when my tale begins. Supper has been despatched; and to counteract the richness of the hot game-pie—Pogis Parva is in a noted sporting county, and you may be sure that popular Aunt Rhoda has not to buy the birds she cooks so deftly—the assembled ladies, with their feet upon the fender, and their skirts turned back over their knees, are sipping 'just a leetle very weak brandy-and-water.' Their tongues have not been idle at any time of the evening, but now, lubricated by that gentle stimulant, they wag like poplar leaves. It is amusing to note the effect of after-supper alcohol—however much diluted—on the feminine brain. The topic of conversation is a Mr Phillips, a shy autumnal bachelor, who has recently taken up his residence in Pogis. So very shy is he that he has had his pew in church screened, not only in front, but also at the sides, with lofty curtains, above which, when he stands up, the top of his head can just be seen by his fellow-worshippers, and behind which, at the close of the service, he remains perdu until the church is empty, having taken care to be the first to enter it. All the week long, he never stirs from his own premises, which he would seem to have selected for the sake of a brick-wall and a high holly-hedge, which shut them in on all sides. The rector is the only person who has visited him, and he reports that Mr Phillips is an intelligent and well-informed, but most ridiculously nervous, man, with a perfect horror of womankind. His servants, to whom he rarely speaks, can give no further gratification to their village gossips' curiosity about him, than by telling them what he has for dinner; that he spends the day in reading in his study, or moping in his garden; and that they often overhear him walking up and down his bedroom at night, talking to himself.

Here is a mine of mystery for rural speculation! Our ladies, irate at his misogynism, for the most part are very uncharitable in their conjectures. The rector's wife believes him to be a concealed atheist. Why cannot he shew his face at church, she asks, like a decent Christian? Mrs Squills, the surgeon's spouse, suggests that that night-walking and talking point to remorse for some great crime—perhaps a murder. Swindling finds more favour in the eyes of Mrs Brown, the retired tradesman's wife. She would like to know whether Phillips *is* his name, and how he got his money. 'Perhaps he's a coiner,' whispers, in an awe-struck voice, her daughter Belinda, a great reader of romances. Miss Harriet Phipps, who is suspected of having had a love-affair long ago, is the only one who is not censorious; *she* hints that blighted affections may have caused his melancholy. But this compassionate hypothesis, in common with all its unkind predecessors, Aunt Rhoda scornfully scouts. In her opinion, the man is merely an absurd hypochondriac old bachelor, who has grown half-silly through living by himself, and having no one else to care for; and, as usual, sharp-sighted little Aunt Rhoda is right. She vows, moreover, that she will rout him out, and make him take a wife, and do some good in the village, instead of haunting his house like a selfish old ghost.

'Why not ask him yourself, Aunt Rhoda?' says Miss Brown. 'Next year is leap-year, you know.'

'Well,' laughs Aunt Rhoda, 'if I can't manage it any other way, I *will*.'

'O Rhoda!' exclaims shocked Sister Harriet.

Thus they sit chatting until the bells burst out with their joy-peal at the birth of the new year, when, with many expressions of surprise at the quickness with which the time has flown, they give each other the customary hearty greeting of the hour; and then the visitors clog and cloak, and scatter to their homes, the rector's wife tossing her head contemptuously when she meets the Methodists coming out from their 'watch-night' service in their little meeting-house; in which manifestation of scorn I cannot sympathise with Mrs Rector, there seeming to me to be a deal of solemn poetry in that rite. The few minutes before midnight, passed kneeling and in silence, whilst the clock ticks audibly in the hushed chapel, as if it were the heart of the dying year fast hastening to its final throb, struck me, when once I witnessed the service, as being about the most thrilling time I ever spent.

Leap-year is not three days old, when, in company with Mrs Squills, Aunt Rhoda presents herself at the gate of Holly Lodge, and requests to be ushered in to

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the presence of its owner. In vain does wondering John, the janitor, inform her that 'Master don't see nobody, miss.' He *must* see *her*, as she has come on business. But when they are seated in the drawing-room, comes a request for the ladies to send in their message, as Mr Phillips is too unwell to leave the library. 'Very well, then, we'll go to him, John,' says the undaunted little woman; and go she does, dragging her companion with her. Mr Phillips, a tall, pale-faced man, with twitching lips and quivering fingers, starts from his chair at the apparition. Since they *have* bearded him in his den—caught him sitting on his form, perhaps, would be a more appropriate figure—he tries hard to be polite, kicks over the coal-scuttle in a nervous attempt to hand them seats, and stammers out a welcome, to which, however, his startled eyes give a decided contradiction. He looks a little relieved when he finds that the intruders have come for no more formidable purpose than to solicit a subscription to their Coal and Blanket Fund, and permits them to put down his name for a munificent sum, evidently hoping to bribe them into a speedy departure; but still Aunt Rhoda stays, rattling on about the weather, and the neighbourhood, and general news, until his look of pain changes into a look of puzzle, and eventually into one of semi-pleasure. It is a novel and not altogether disagreeable sensation to have the stagnant waters of his existence stirred. Women, he finds, like other reputed monsters, are not quite so terrible when closely scanned; he can talk, after a bit, without stuttering and blushing, and when his visitors leave, escorts them not only to the hall-door, but also to the garden-gate.

Other local charities afford pretexts for other calls. Ruthlessly does little Rhoda bleed his purse, affirming that she ought to extract heavy fees for the good that she has done him. And, indeed, he is marvellously improved. He no longer denies himself to the village ladies, all of whom Rhoda introduces to him in turn. He ventures outside his gate on the week-days; he joins the Book Club, and attends its meetings—at first, indeed, with the scared look of a snared thing, but he gets used in time to hearing his own voice in company, and proves a valuable acquisition to the society, not only by his suggestions as to the selection of their literature, but also from the interesting nature of his conversation. His front curtain at church is now undrawn, and rumour says that he looks a good deal more at Aunt Rhoda than at the rector. Belinda Brown, who is rather an old young lady, adds that it is really immodest for Miss Rhoda Phipps—*she* doesn't 'aunt' her now—to call so often at his house; but she supposes that her *age* protects her.

At this spite and tattle, Aunt Rhoda only laughs. In all honesty of purpose, she simply tried to win a fresh patron for her poor clients, and to convert a sullen recluse into an agreeable neighbour. She has succeeded, so let rumour and Belinda Brown say what they please. It must be owned, however, that she takes a great interest in her *protégé*, and champions him on all occasions against Harriet, who, now that her love-theory has proved false, and he lives like a commonplace gentleman instead of a romantic hermit, is rather apt—with a most mild malignity, however—to depreciate him.

New Year's Eve has come again; and a little after eleven the sisters are sitting—this time without company—in their little parlour, when they hear a knock at the front door. Rhoda, much astonished, runs to open it, and is still more surprised when Mr Phillips enters. He has had a sad relapse—his *mauvaise honte* has come back as bad as ever. He can hardly be persuaded to be seated; he fidgets with his hat; he looks askance at Miss Harriet, as if annoyed by her presence, but turns pale with fear when by chance she rises, as if about to leave the room; he hems and haws; he begins sentences, and never ends them. 'Deeply grateful to Miss Rhoda'—'object for existence'—'not let the year close,' are the only intelligible portions—and these but partially intelligible—of his fragmentary utterances. Miss Rhoda soon understands him, however, and cheerily exclaims: '*I* know what you mean, Mr Phillips; but you'll never say it, if I don't help you, for we can't send Harriet up into the bedroom this cold night; and if I wait till the clock strikes, I shall lose my chance of helping you. You want me to marry you, don't you? There, Harriet! I said this time twelvemonths that I'd ask him, and see I *have!*'

Neither Harriet, snugly housed in, nor we who visit at her happy, hospitable home (the holly hedge has been cut down), have had any reason to regret that Miss Rhoda Phipps became, a month afterwards, Mrs Henry Phillips.

PHYSIC IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Not being in tune for old literary friends the other night, I ransacked shelves, the contents of which are rarely touched, they being filled with books on medicine and surgery, once the property of an uncle long since dead, and among them found two goodly volumes, strongly bound in strongest calf, with a title, which, somewhat abridged, proceeds as follows: *Synopsis Medicinæ, or a Summary View of the whole Practice of Physick. Being the Sentiments of the most Celebrated Authors in all Ages relating to Diseases, their Causes, and Cures. To which are added some Observations very rare and uncommon, and a curious Treatise on all Sorts of Poisons.* By John Allen, M.D., F.R.S. London, Printed for John Pemberton, at the Golden Buck, in Fleet Street; W. Twings and R. Manby, at the West-end of St Paul's; and W. Meadows, at the Angel, in Cornhill. 1733.

I returned to my easy-chair, adjusted the gas, and prepared to enrich myself out of the storehouse of worthy John Allen, who translated his Synopsis from the last edition of his Latin one, with large improvements, for the use of those unable to read the original text. Dr Allen wrote in the days when a long preface was fashionable, and he accordingly favours us with more than five pages, in which he quaintly laments, 'that the art of healing makes but slow advances to perfection, and that instead of well-established rules and sound practice of curing diseases, we are ever surfeited with new hypothesis and new theories continually obtruded on us, which seem to be calculated more for the ostentation of the authors than for the promoting of useful knowledge.' What would he say to modern experiments in medicine?

Further on, the author modestly expresses a hope that some future writer, of greater abilities, may execute what he has undertaken, still more to his own credit and the general good; and he confesses, in the names of himself and his medical brethren, that, were they ingenuous enough to own it, the causes of diseases rather upbraid them with blindness than prove their quickness of sight. 'We sail, as it were, on the bosom of a mighty deep, unacquainted with the longitude.'

As I read on in these volumes, written a hundred and thirty years ago, I begin to smile at the strange mixture of learning, simplicity, and superstition to be found in their pages; and I cease to wonder at the instances of credulity which in this age excite our laughter from time to time, when I see how it went hand-in-hand with the science and learning of little more than a century since.

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This man, whose volumes are before me, quotes the aphorisms of Boerhaave, Hippocrates, and Galen, not to mention those of his more immediate predecessors or actual contemporaries, and in the very next sentence he gives a charm which some wise woman has found infallible in removing that disease which had baffled the efforts of differing doctors. With the wisdom of the masters of the healing-art at his very finger-ends, he goes wandering away with the local witch of his day and generation, and disdains not to poke into hedge-bottoms for noisome reptiles, or to advise the use of compounds whose very nastiness might terrify the patient either into his coffin or out of his wits.

Here I light upon one to start with, the quoting of which, at this present, ought to entitle me to the thanks of those who have not yet made Dr Allen's acquaintance. The small-pox is again exciting terror in our land. Hear what a sovereign remedy you are trampling under foot! 'In small-pox, horse-dung is a nasty medicine, but yet of great virtue; it promotes sweating, relieves the throat, &c. By some, sheep-dung also is much cried up.' Our author has forgotten to state *how* the remedy is to be applied; but as most persons, we think, will be unwilling to try the specific, perhaps this trifling omission is of less consequence; and we must, therefore, take our doctor's word for its virtues, and fervently hope that in our own persons no medicine of any kind may ever be needed to combat against such a foe.

We have an example how soon new remedies, as well as diseases, may become old, in the practice of inoculation, of which we are here told that 'it is a new custom brought over to us from Constantinople, and it is wonderful with how great an expectation it was received amongst us, and with how much industry it was cultivated. It presently grew famous. It was put in practice even in the royal family: the children of many of the first ranks were inoculated with great applause and ostentation. Notwithstanding, although it flourished under such prodigious encouragements, it did not gain any credit, or get any footing, amongst the common sort of the people. It does not seem rightly to quadrate with the genius of our people and their way of thinking. They fell a disputing about the lawfulness of doing it, and whether it could be done with a good conscience or no.' But he concludes with: 'I have neither leisure nor abilities to enter into so great a controversy.' Worthy John Allen must have known that prevention is better than cure, yet he could not decide whether it was lawful to use a preventive or not. Fancy his being roused from the tomb, after a century's sleep, and called upon to assist in some operation to be performed under the influence of chloroform; imagine his directing a galvanic battery to be used as a curative agent; or see him admitted at once into all the wondrous arcana of modern chemistry.

We, who look back, see, with our share of astonishment, how inoculation attacked the small-pox, vaccination elbowed aside inoculation, and the original disease is again gaining at least a foothold in this land in spite of both. I pass over fifty-two pages of symptoms and remedies, and, amongst other matters, I find that 'sometimes convulsions, tremors, and spasmodic affections will happen; and that, under such circumstances, the physician ought diligently to find out the cause of such disorders, from whence he may understand by what remedies he may be best able to relieve his patient.' One would scarcely think it needful to tell a physician that; but perhaps every doctor does not know that 'in the meanwhile it is customary to apply pidgeons or chickens to the *soals* of the feet, or the lights of a calf or sheep taken as warm as can be out of the body of the animal. Such applications ought to be renewed every three or four hours.'

Good John Allen is again guilty of a trifling oversight, for he forgets to mention whether the 'pidgeons or chickens' are to be applied alive or dead. If the former, and spasmodic affections and tremors were 'catching,' it seems likely the unhappy 'remedies' would be very likely to communicate them to the patient. Again, with regard to the second prescription, the practicability of the thing seems never to have been taken into consideration at all. Nobody but a butcher with a very good run of business could provide the internal arrangements of a calf every three or four hours *hot and hot*, while the doctor was thinking what to prescribe, or finding out what was amiss with the patient. Moreover, no intimation is given as to the time these deliberations are likely to continue.

Who wants a cure for the headache? I will give him one at once, and charge him nothing either for medicine or advice. 'Millipedes, for the cure of pertinacious headaches, have done singular service,' though in what vehicle to be taken, whether they are to use their many feet in trotting down the throat, or to be rolled stomachward in the shape of pills, or to be made into broth, my history sayeth not. I will leave it to the discretion of him who *is* troubled with a pertinacious headache.

Not long ago, I heard a very old woman tell, that when she was a girl she knew a young man who every morning gathered and swallowed a number of these same insects, and was by them cured of consumption. I must own I used to think the old lady had made a mistake in quoting the name of this lively specific until I read the above, and I was converted forthwith.

'For hiccups, nay, for another, though kindred convulsion, "expressed millipedes," and earthworms applied alive,' are commended; while for hiccups, 'the inside skin of a fowl's stomach, dried and powdered, is infallible.' The 'expressed millipedes' are to be taken internally, the worms are to be permitted to wriggle on the external surface; but we are left to conjecture as to the proper spot on which to apply them.

The 'expressed millipedes' seem to be a favourite medicine, for they come in again as a cure for epilepsy. But should any persons be so absurdly squeamish as to object to their use, they have a choice of specifics. Instead of the many-legged insects so often alluded to, they may take 'mercury and broth, with earthworms,' always supposing the patient to be young. A decoction of 'emmets and their hillocks' is also recommended; but I find this work would scarcely do for an amateur in physic, on account of the vagueness of the directions given, for though I could understand how to put earthworms into the soup, and make-believe they were macaroni, there is no opportunity for me to judge with equal certainty with regard to the mercury.

Whether it is to be used after the fashion of salt, as a seasoning for the earthworms or no, I am again in the dark; therefore, with all due deference for the sapience of Dr John Allen, I durst not recommend any person to try his hand at warming up this 'old broth.' However, there is still no need for despair—I have kept back the safe prescriptions, like the largest sugar-plum, to the last. 'The epileptic person may be carried to sea to excite nausea, and then made to walk three or four hours a day for a week in a furrow immediately after the ground is turned up by the plough, in a field which hath lain fallow for years.' 'Some,' he adds, 'will be apt to say the author dreams; he that thinks so, let him try the experiment, and perhaps he will not repent it.'

Come, I have heard of this before. My own dear

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old mother, when a girl, tried this mode of following the plough, though not as a remedy against epilepsy. But she always believes it cured her of consumption. Certainly her doctor ordered this to be tried a very little more than half a century since.

Another objection which presents itself with regard to the use of several of the 'simples' scattered about like little islands in the midst of a very ocean of learned technicalities is, that they are somewhat difficult to come at. For instance, who would not wish to know a certain cure for hydrophobia? Well, here we have it at least on paper: 'One or two spoonfuls of the ashes of cray-fish daily for forty days.' Unfortunately, not always to be obtained at a moment's warning; but forewarned is forearmed, and if people do not lay up and label a store of the said ashes, theirs be the blame; I wash my hands of them.

For colic, a sheep's caul, or the bowels of any beast, applied hot; for two other internal disorders, the powder of bees—*three bees to the dose*—and mice fried in butter!

But what have we here? I have turned to 'jaundice,' not having felt particularly well satisfied with my own complexion during the last few hours, I break out into a cold perspiration as I read. Was ever such a recipe found in the pages of a grave and learned physician before? Well may he insert as an apology for introducing it at all, that it is a vulgar and empirical medicine pretty common amongst the country-people—namely, 'the taking of nine living lice every morning for five or six days;' with 'which medicine,' saith Dr Allen, 'when other things have failed, I have heard several have been cured!'

But I have a great many more curious *simples* at command, which I will present in their natural state, and devoid of all technicalities. Are you afflicted with palsy? If so, ask some charitable friend to 'whip the relaxed part with nettles, or put it into grains after the wort has been drawn off, or into the belly or thorax of a beast newly killed.' By the way, this last recipe, it is said, was tried by one of the Borgias, who, having by some mishap taken the dose he had prepared for another individual, was enveloped in the reeking carcass of an ox to save himself from the ill effects of his own compound.

My author does not disdain to dabble a little in the horrible, as witness his commending 'moss off the human skull;' or in the superstitious, for he says 'it is almost always a fatal sign when sick persons employ their hands as if they were catching flies, or picking up bits of straw or thread, or when they raise the hand often to the nose without cause.' Moreover, I am informed by him, that loss of memory is difficult to cure which proceeds from malignant distempers, poisons, or *love-potions!*'

It is a curious fact that I was myself afflicted with loss of memory last evening. Can it be possible that my friend's butler was bribed to administer a love-potion in that last bottle? It certainly was the last bottle that did the mischief. *Mem.*—To ask Jones how he was affected?

Of the truth of a certain proverb I have become quite convinced since I began to turn over these quaint old pages—namely, that in so far as physic is or was a century ago concerned, ignorance is bliss. I do not know of what that unpleasant mixture was made, of which I took two table-spoonfuls every three hours when I was last ill; and, moreover, I would rather not know. Only I *do* congratulate myself that no person could administer nine live lice every morning for a week without my knowledge and approbation.

Amongst all his faults, however, my author displays no want of candour, and is not ashamed to confess that he does not know quite everything; for treating of 'fascinations and enchantments,' he says: 'I have learned nothing by experience in my practice of fascination whatever, or how many things soever may be reported concerning it. Nor do I believe that any distempers are produced by enchantments, and therefore there is no need to be solicitous about medicines for the cure of such.'

It is very evident from this quotation that our doctor had either outlived all recollection of the effect of black eyes, ruby lips, and the etceteras which make up the list of natural fascinations, or else the wretch was a crusty old bachelor, with a heart harder than the nether-millstone, and utterly past all hope of repentance. Hitherto, I have not been successful in meeting with simple remedies, of which one would like to make trial; but there are less nasty specifics commended in my old book, though scarcely less curious than those I have already named. For instance, 'a certain youth fell from a high place, and all his limbs were very much bruised, so that there seemed scarcely any hopes of his life. His father took honeycombs with the honey, and boiled them with wine to the consistence of an ointment, which he spread upon a warm sheepskin, stripped off from a sheep just killed, and wrapped up his son in it. This was done for three days successively, and the lad was perfectly recovered.' This Brobdignagian plaster is, after all, a thing one can understand; and a decoction of walnut-leaves and sugar, if it possesses half the virtues ascribed to it, is not only easy to come at, but invaluable. The juice of lemons and oranges—a fashionable medicine at the present day—is, according to Dr Allen, 'never enough to be commended.' But I am again horrified to discover that the 'gall of a sucking puppy-dog,' an inward application, is gravely prescribed as 'the sovereign'st thing on earth to relieve epilepsy in a child.'

At this I really feel it necessary to take breath, though I have not yet quite done with the *Synopsis Medicinæ*. I begin to recall to mind the various instances of credulity which have excited my wonder, laughter, or perhaps disgust, and I cannot help acknowledging to myself that such sentiments are quite uncalled for. Is it astonishing that an illiterate person of the present day claps a live sole to the stomach of her suffering babe, with a view to relieving the hooping-cough, when, in all probability, the recipe was originally made known to her grandmother or great-grandmother by a medical star of the last century? Or, again, if my poor neighbour chooses to suffer her infant to suck a live frog, while she holds the mottled acrobat by the hind-leg, in order that her darling may be cured of 'the thrush,' shall I not respect her peculiar views on the subject of medical science, and mildly acknowledge that she merely gives preference to the remedies employed by the profession something above a century ago?

'The plague' is now spoken of as a thing belonging to a bygone age, and yet there is a painful interest excited whenever it is named. It is almost impossible to think of it without a shudder, and a prayer that it may evermore be deemed a thing of the past; but I cannot pass the portion of Dr Allen's book which treats of it with a merely careless glance, for it is not every day that one can talk with an eye-witness of all the horrors which attended the plague; yet in my old book sundry doctors tell me exactly how they conducted themselves in those perilous times.

In speaking of the cause of the plague, all seem to agree that the first and principal cause is, without doubt, the displeasure of God Almighty most justly provoked by the sins of mankind. 'We see,' says our doctor, 'the pestilential venom to pass from one country to another, and from one city to another, by the means of clothes and other merchandise goods; but no one can account for it how it comes to pass that some persons shall receive the contagion, and others not. The best and most certain prophylactic or preservative from the plague is, to fly from it, trusting in the Lord.' The circumstances of

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avoiding it by flight are contained in the following distich:

> To avoid the plague, the way is to be gone
> Immediately, far off, and stay there long.

Then we are told that 'most of the tipplers of wine and strong liquors died, who thought to have preserved themselves by that means from the distemper.' Hear this, disciples of Father Mathew, and rejoice thereat! Then, 'woollen cloths are not good, because they retain infection; therefore, vestments of thin silk and satin are to be preferred in such times.'

'With relation to myself,' says my friend the doctor, 'many were in great admiration how I, who indiscriminately visited all infected houses, was preserved from the violence of so great a contagion. In the first place, I kept my passions in due order, so as not to give way to frights and fears, or anger or sadness; if at any time I found myself melancholy or sad, I cheered my heart with three or four glasses of wine. In the mornings, between four and five, when I went abroad to visit my patients, I was not able to take anything of food or drinkables, but, having first offered my prayers to God, I took my first round fasting till six o'clock.' I like that, old friend. Amid all the superstition, and even absurdity contained in this volume, there runs a vein of piety and of sturdy honest faith, which is not ashamed of saying: I believe in the worth of many things; but, above all, I believe in the power and goodness of God. The speaker was wise in his day and generation, but he held up his head while he spoke, and did not blush to own that he dared not face the pestilence until he had 'first offered up his prayers to God.'

Above all preventives of infection, tobacco is lauded; but let not habitual smokers congratulate themselves on this account, for 'it must be noted that smoking tobacco will not be of service to those who have been accustomed to it in former times.' Again, it is rather discouraging to find that all 'soap-boilers and vendors, all washerwomen whose business it was to use soap, nay, those who only wore shirts washed with soap, presently died of the plague.'

I should hardly do my duty did I not name one or two applications made use of as poultices. Such were onions, pigeons-dung, leaven of bread, and red cabbage-leaves done over with rape-oil; but, above all things, lemons win praise for their excellent qualities; and, to give the original words, our author says: 'I can without vanity affirm, that in all my practice I have not found such good effects from any one simple medicine as from lemons.'

I close the book, more than ever satisfied to wait and see what nature will do for me, and comforting myself with the thought that, in so deciding, I follow the advice of my old doctor, I calmly await the advent of the supper-tray.

I hear my housekeeper's foot on the stairs, and am ready to open the door to admit her; but sudden the area bell rings, and down she rushes again.

The following dialogue, which I give verbatim, is a droll but veracious comment on my evening lecture.

Enter Mary with the tray.

Myself. The beer is late to-night, Mary. Was that the boy who came just now?

Mary. No, sir, it was my cousin.

I look stern, and Mary hastens to explain.

'She is a woman, sir. Her baby has the hooping-cough, and she has been told that if she puts a black beetle in a pill-box, and hangs it over the door, as the beetle pines away the cough will go. And she hadn't a beetle, so she came here to fetch one; for she knew'—here Mary tossed her head, and makes an unpleasant face—'and, goodness knows, we have plenty in the back kitchen. I told her she was welcome to a score, and I wish they may do her good. The nasty things!' The area bell, and the cry of 'Beeaw!' interrupted the conversation, and exit Mary to receive the contents of the pewter.

Three hours ago, I should have ridiculed and laughed at the notion of a black beetle's curing the hooping-cough; but I know better now. I even deem it a great thing that the child has not to swallow it after the fashion of powdered bees, or, still worse, alive, like the nine living remedies for jaundice recorded by Dr Allen in his *Synopsis Medicinæ*, to which I now bid a civil farewell.

THE BIRD OF DAWN.

The Bird of Dawn is a house of entertainment well known, though not exactly under that cognomen, to Londoners, both old and young. In days of yore, when the Edinburgh mail took something like a fortnight to traverse the distance between Thames and Tweed—standing meanwhile a good chance of a rencontre with Dick Turpin on the road—while yet packhorses were an institution, and the broad-wheeled wagon an innovation: in those days, the Bird of Dawn was a wayside inn, standing a couple of miles or more out of town. Then, if local traditions are to be relied on, the redoubtable Dick himself 'encouraged the house,' as the phrase goes, and might be seen, at uncertain intervals, hob-a-nobbing with the landlord within—when the coast was clear of the 'runners'—and booted, spurred, armed, and mounted, about sundown, taking his stirrup-cup at the door, ere he dashed off at a hand-gallop up the Highgate road on a little professional diversion. Now, all that is very materially changed: the wayside inn, no longer miles out of town, but standing on the boundary-line which separates Merry Islington from the wide outer suburb of northern London, has doffed its dress of rural domesticity—has cast away in scorn its gabled front and heavy-thatched roof—has struck its swinging sign, which was wont to blister in the sun, and creak to the wintry wind, and lifts up a modern face of brown bricks and stucco, and opens the portals of an undeniable gin-palace in as crowded a thoroughfare as ever publican could desire to see.

If we were to chronicle the history of a day in those old times, we should have very little to set down, and even that little would consist more of farming matters and affairs of the dairy than anything else; for the landlord of that era farmed the land around, which is now thick with shops and terraced and semi-detached villas; while his wife took charge of the tap, and drew the wagoner or the drover his cup of twopenny as he sat on the bench at the door, or carried the brown earthenware pitchers to the evening customers as they played at long-bowls on the green in front, or wrangled in the skittle-ground at the rear. We shall not try our hand at any such picture, but instead of that, will endeavour to note down some characteristics of the site in which the bold Bird yet maintains his perch, as they are patent to all observers at the present moment.

Supposing dawn to commence soon after seven o'clock, the old Bird will be found to have opened his welcoming wings by that time—for now the morning omnibuses come straggling to the station in front of the house, in preparation for their first start townwards, which commences at eight precisely. These morning 'buses, true as the clock to time, have the honour of daily inaugurating the commercial activities of the great city: they carry to town, in consecutive cargoes, that vast army of clerks who fill the banks and merchants' counting-houses, and they are obliging enough to deviate from the strict route in this their first journey in order to pick up their daily customers. Some of them are of the average size, but others are monster saloon-like vans drawn by three horses; all

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however, are crammed within and piled up without with the scribbling and calculating machines of business, whom they punctually discharge beneath the shadow of the Bank at the very nick of time. Meanwhile, pending the loading and starting of the 'buses, the newsboys have made their appearance on the ground with the penny morning papers, and are exercising their young throats with the cry of '*Telegraph!*' '*Standard!*' '*Star—Morning Star!*' 'Great news from China!' 'Fire in the city!' 'Horrid and barbarous murder!' &c. &c. Not content with hallooing, they climb the wheels to the roof, pop their heads in at the door, and thrusting the damp documents in the faces of the passengers, contrive to push off a round number of them by the time the loading is completed and the cargoes roll away.

This kind of migration, once commenced, lasts almost without intermission for a couple of hours, and it is not of much use for any one but a regular customer to think of getting to town by the morning 'bus; the eight o'clock loads are succeeded by the quarter-past eight ditto; and so on, till the gentlemen-clerks due at ten or half-past are all shipped off, when there is a little lull in the traffic, and the general public have a chance of riding if they choose. Simultaneously with the crowd of 'buses, there start also from the same spot a succession of railway trains, which run beneath the omnibus station underground, undermining the very perch of the Bird of Dawn, and scurrying onward to the city by a circuitous route, through Hackney and Bow, of seven or eight miles. The railway trains start every quarter of an hour in both directions; west as far as Windsor, and east as far as Southend and the sea-side: thus, every seven minutes or so, the smoking, crashing hubbub lumbers along, shaking the soil beneath your feet; and in addition, some four or five times a day, comes an irregular luggage-train, a quarter of a mile long, from the Docks, that seems to galvanise you in your chair as you sit at meals.

It happens to be fine about eleven o'clock, and the ladies in gay groups are standing at the station, waiting for the western 'buses, in which they will be off shopping. Half of them would get into the wrong machines were it not for the polite interference of the functionary in waiting, who packs them correctly, with one single gentleman in the middle, whose face alone is visible, and whose whiskers and black bushy beard have a rather anomalous appearance, he being up to his neck in crinoline. As fast as one 'bus rolls off, another rolls on; while crowds are hastening down to town, other crowds are eager to get away to Highgate or Hornsey. Cries of 'Bank, Bank!' 'Post-office!' 'Charing Cross!' 'London Bridge!' 'Westminster!' are mingled with cries of 'Holloway!' 'Highgate!' 'Hanley Arms!' 'Seven Sisters Road!' There is hardly a pause for a minute all the morning; and now the Penny Branch 'Bus, which takes the ladies and their children into Highbury, and drops them at their own doors, makes its appearance opposite, bringing a cargo of fresh applicants for passages to the city.

In the midst of all this bustle, that neat little miniature temple over the way is doing a trade in electric telegraphing to all parts of the kingdom. You have but to drop a shilling there, and you may talk to your friend fifty or sixty miles off; and for a shilling or two more, may send intelligence to the Land's End or John O'Groat's House. We have tried it, and found it wonderfully active and exact in its operations, and people are trying it even now. There goes the messenger with a dispatch, in answer to inquiries made but half an hour ago, directed to Old Groves at the villa yonder, who will go on 'Change presently with the knowledge of certain price-currents at Liverpool, which will govern his transactions—and he will have time to make his calculations for business while driving down.

'Whizz! puff! bump! bang!' there comes another train, sending its white steam-clouds into the old Bird's throat—and now there pours out from the lobby of the station a procession of passengers some two hundred strong, who climb the waiting 'buses, pack themselves inside, or dart off and away right and left, while more are struggling inwards to take their places below. '*Star!*' '*Standard!*' '*Times!*' 'Walnuts, ten a penny!' 'Post-office!' 'London Bridge!' 'Gold watch and chain for fourpence!' 'This way, ma'am, for Blackwall!' 'Ripe mellow pears!' 'Full inside!' 'Move on there!' 'Dash your buttons, who are you?' 'Shut up, spooney!' 'Benk, Benk!' 'Ch'ring Cross!' 'All right, drive on there!' Such are the vocative explosions, all firing off together, that enliven the scene as the afternoon wears on—accompanied by the rattle of wheels, the grappling of iron-shod hoofs, the hissing of waste steam, and the shrieking whistle of invisible engines, as they pull up at the underground platform.

A little to the left, on the opposite side of the way, there is drawn up a goodly array of cabs, forming a long cavalcade, all motionless, and parallel with the dead-wall that flanks the villa-gardens. The close rank of vehicles wedged against the kerb-stone makes a snug sort of arcade of the narrow pathway on that side, which being shaded by the foliage of overhanging trees, has an agreeable, sombre, and semi-rural look about it. Here, while the sun shines gaily, and cabs are at a discount, the cabbies hold their conversaziones, sitting on the steps of their open vehicles, and discussing current topics with commendable gravity. Missives from the Bird of Dawn, in the shape of pewter-pots, or the more diminutive noggin, of the same household metal, find their way into this umbrageous retreat, and serve to enliven the theme under debate. Some of the cabs, too far in the rear to hope for a speedy engagement, are temporarily abandoned by their jehus, and left in charge of the waterman, who thinks it no crime in such a case to take up a position inside, and compensate himself by forty winks, if he can get them, for last night's watching. On others you will see the jarvey fast fixed in his box, *Telegraph* in hand, and laboriously spelling out the spicy leaders on the Italian question. He wants to know what is to be the upshot of that Sulphurino business, as he calls it, and can't make it out, he declares, 'not no-how.' Meanwhile, cabby's horse takes it easy, for though his feet are in the mud of the gutter, which isn't comfortable, his nose is in the nose-bag, which is, and he mumbles away at the provender in contented mood—now and then tossing his head aloft to shift up the few grains from the bottom, and flapping his tail from side to side to get rid of the plaguing flies. At the end of the rank stands a board on a pole, containing the rate of fares to all parts of London in, what were intended to be, and once were, legible characters. But cabby never took kindly to that board; from some peculiarity in his temperament, he regards it as decidedly out of place, like a death's-head at a feast, or an undertaker at a wedding—and he scouts it accordingly, and treats it discourteously. You must have rare powers of vision if you can read a single line or figure on it now, through the stains of squirted tobacco-juice, the pellets of mud, and the scratchings, daubings, and disfigurations it has undergone.

But, lo! there is a sudden movement in the rank; the rearward nose-bags are slowly stealing onward towards the top, like the quicksilver in a barometer, and from the same cause—a change in the weather. That black cloud that lately obscured the sun has begun distilling moisture; and that neat Hansom, which headed the cavalcade, has darted away; and now the big, broad drops come spattering down, dotting the pavement; and see, from the portals of the wakeful Bird, the jehus are darting forth each to his charge, and the next moment are pulling away at the nose-bags, and storing them under their seats, as they

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mount, whip in hand, and with eager faces peering up and down the road, signal the passing pedestrians. Wake up, old waterman! bear a hand with your tubs, and wet the dry mouths of the thirsty hacks, ere the whip descends on their flanks, and they are off with a fare. The shower is soon over; but fortunately for the cabbies, it has lasted long enough to clear the stand, and give the old waterman time to remove the pots, to arrange and replenish his tubs, and to sweep the place clear of litter, and make it look a little respectable.

Towards evening, there is a rush of omnibuses of various calibre arriving in quick succession, and in numbers still increasing. They are for the most part monopolised by the gentlemen, being nothing less than the return cargoes of clerks and calculators who set forth in such a body in the morning; and now many a town-visitor who went down, expecting to return by 'bus, finds himself compelled to cab it or foot it on his return, from want of room. An hour later, and a new class of passengers crowd the roofs, which, if it be a summer evening, will have to carry almost double freight. These are mostly artisans set free for the day, and bound for Highbury Barn, Hornsey Wood House, or some other outlying focus of amusement, where they will spend the evening in dance and frolic, and return by the same conveyance late at night. Not a few of them are anglers; some are amateur artists and sketchers; while others, again, are mere lovers of the country-side, to which they turn by instinct, as fortune sends them an opportunity. In the height of summer, whole families will sally out at eventide into the lanes and fields, and you shall see the furthest suburbs alive and swarming with the pale-faced denizens of the crowded city.

Again, at evening, the newsboys, whose name is legion, are clamorous and active with the evening papers; and, in addition to these, it being Friday, there are our three parish weeklies, which sell at a halfpenny, and which, being diffuse on municipal affairs, as well as wonderfully strong on polemics and theology, manage to maintain a respectable circulation. Their distributing agents are the minutest class of business-men that one sees in the whole range of the metropolis, and apparently the least encumbered with wealth. '*Times*,' '*Gazette*, a halfpenny,' '*News*, a halfpenny,' are cries proceeding from imps of five or six years of age—little outcasts, often wanting in shoes, stockings, and shirts, who, if they can beg a penny for capital, may invest it in journalism, and turn it into three-halfpence by dint of scrambling, pushing, and bawling at the omnibus stations, and on the steps of the vehicles. They cannot afford to take 'No' for an answer, and won't take it, but hang on at the foot-board, persevering in their cry till you purchase peace for a halfpenny, and get the paper into the bargain. By the way, it turns out a very decent paper after all, with a summary of news, a fair leading article, some small scraps of literature, and not a word or a sentiment throughout which the most scrupulous parent would hesitate to read aloud at the family board.

The above is the sort of spectacle upon which the Bird of Dawn looks out in the year of grace 1859—rather different from what it was when he first fluttered his wing and crowed aloud over the thatched roof of his original domicile. We need not continue the sketch; for though the clamour and the din, the 'buses and the trains, keep up the game till far into the night, there would not be much of novelty to set down. About the time that the clocks in the neighbourhood toll out the hour of twelve, the busy, noisy spot has subsided into something like solitude and silence. Occasionally, you may hear the snort of some locomotive letting off its steam, or perhaps the thundering advance of the goods-train, as it booms along in the distance; but the Bird of Dawn has closed his wings, and retired to roost.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

Beneath a dark November sky,
With the cold rain falling drearily,
And the bleak wind moaning and shrieking by,
The seed o'er the land is cast;
And in grave-like furrows the grain doth lie,
Till the weary months are past.

In curling mist, and frosty air,
And weeping skies, it lieth there;
Or buried in the snow, or bare
To every wind that blows;
And Night's deep darkness, like despair,
Hangs o'er it while it grows.

It grows in spite of cloud and blast,
And sullen rain descending fast,
And snow-wreaths thickly o'er it cast,
And thunderous, darkening skies;
The very tempests roaring past
Strengthen it as it lies.

Anon a kindlier season shines,
And warmth and light, the spring's soft signs,
With many a beauteous blossom twines
The breast of icy Earth—
And the grain, in delicate emerald lines,
Springs up, a faëry birth.

Then sunny months, in swift career,
Bring up the lusty ripened ear;
And the golden harvest-time draws near,
And the reaper whets his scythe;
Till, on a day, the rich sheaves rear
Their shapes on the landscape blithe.

Sown in the cold, dark, desolate days;
Reaped in the sunshine's mellow blaze:
Thus in the dim and wondrous ways
Of Fate are the deeds of men:
Sorrow and trial, defeats and delays,
Like storms that soften the grain,

Must test the heart's aspiring claim;
But every just and noble aim
Shall pass the ordeal clear of blame,
And in the appointed hour
Bring forth its fruit of wealth or fame,
Of knowledge, wisdom, power.

Sow, though in days of gloom, the seeds
Of manful toil and generous deeds,
Of stern self-sacrifice, that heeds
Little the world's behest;
Cast out the lying thought that pleads
'Enough, now take thy rest.'

In the winds of Scorn, the storms of Hate,
In the darkness of hope deferred full late,
Through days when the world shews desolate,
Must sleep the good deeds thou hast done;
Faithfully labour, patiently wait,
Thy work shall see the sun.

That which was sown in the wintry air,
Shall blossom and ripen when skies are fair.
Though thine should be many an anxious care
Ere the harvest is gathered in—
Be stout to toil, and steady to bear—
The heart that is true shall win.

R. C. B.

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NEVER ACTED.

How or when I became a dramatic author, I can't exactly remember; it is certain, however, that I am one, though my plots, my characters, my situations, my incidents, and my sparkling dialogue, are confined to the original manuscripts, unprofaned by the stage-manager's ruthless pencil. In a word, I am a melancholy specimen of the 'outsiders'—of whom it may with truth be said that their name is Legion. Indeed, it would be worth the while of some naturalist, interested in such matters, to classify us according to our assumed intellectual stamina, from the gloomy concocter of poetical tragedies, in five acts, downwards through the gradations of historical drama, domestic drama, melodrama, extravaganza, and burlesque, to the humble farce writers—to which fraternity I have the honour to belong: the revelations, I am sure, would fully repay him for his researches. Of course, the grief of the unsuccessful farce writer is much less sublime than that of the disappointed tragedy writer, but the mortified vanity is the same in both cases. However, I will not inflict any speculations of mine on the reader, but proceed at once to the narration of a few of my own experiences.

From the period when I wore lay-down collars and jackets, with one pocket inside, I have been a theatrical enthusiast. My friends say it is a misfortune that I am what I am. I don't think so, I never shall think so. To this hour (I am eight-and-twenty) I experience precisely the same emotions on entering a theatre as I did at nine and a half—my age when I first set foot therein—whilst I have seen youngsters of nineteen preserve a perfectly unmoved countenance throughout the performances.

I have a recollection of having been impressed with a sense of awe at the aspect of a crowded theatre. The lofty ceiling, with its glittering chandelier high above my head—the tiers on tiers of boxes, ending in the noisy reeking galleries—the multitude of faces—the bright light and soft music—enchanted my wondering senses on my first visit. But the rising of the curtain eclipsed all these; for when the sulky green monster (I almost thought it was alive) slowly and grudgingly rolled himself up out of the way, and displayed the treasures which he had screened, everything else was forgotten. When my enraptured gaze rested on beautiful ladies with roseate cheeks, white necks, and jewelled arms, how my little boy's heart thumped against my ribs! When the bewitching creatures walked about, and conversed with men of noble bearing, I would have given all my worldly possessions—including a new top—to have been one of those men. Two of their number spoke in a loud tone for the benefit of the audience; what they said I could not distinctly make out, but I repeatedly asked my elder companion why they said it there before us, and whether they meant to do what they said. In my bread-and-butter-eating, six-o'clock-to-bed-going life, I had seen and known very little of the real world, much less of the strange ideal existence then presented to me. In later years, when my collars had assumed a vertical form, when the jacket of one pocket had given place to the coat of many pockets, and myself had reached the regions of hobbledehoyhood, the theatre was my sole amusement—a much-loved resort, where the vexations of my junior clerkship could be forgotten, and where I lived a new life in an atmosphere of poetry and sweet sounds. Among the first to enter, and the last to depart, was I; the most rapt listener there to the music between the acts, with its weird comments on the past and coming scenes, when beneath its spell aërial fancies crowded through my brain, and I gazed—gazed till the fishermen in the Italian drop-scene seemed to live, and move, and have a being.

I have already said that I cannot tell how or when I became a dramatic author—the faculty of being so seeming as much a part of me as are my legs and arms—but my first play was written at the ripe age of fifteen. Perhaps it would be a stretch of courtesy to call that a play which was a clumsy farce in one act; but I didn't think it clumsy—I had perfected it with great care and labour, and had built quite a little castle of anticipations upon it. To be sure, it had a few trifling drawbacks; for instance, I had not the faintest knowledge of dramatic construction, and the phraseology which I had taken for my model was that affected by facetious penny-a-liners. Then, again, from my ignorance of the world, I was unable to assign to my characters their proper action and dialogue. My ladies, in particular, were very outspoken. How could they help it, poor things, for I put language into their mouths such as would only be used by a poor-law guardian in his unofficial moments! In addition to the above defects, I was quite in the dark with regard to the mechanical appliances and practical business of the stage. It may be imagined, therefore, that my first farce was not without its blemishes. Such as it was, however, I submitted it to two judges, one of whom was a veteran dramatic author, known to me only by repute, and to whom I had the assurance to enclose the manuscript for perusal; and the other was an amateur-actor of my acquaintance, who has since achieved greatness by the force of his genius. Both these judges pronounced a favourable decision on my crude attempt—qualified, it is true, but still favourable. The author generously forgave my intrusion, and wrote me a few kind words

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of counsel and caution. He had, he said, no time to read my piece—it was a piece of presumption on my part to suppose he had—but from what he could glean by glancing over it, he thought that I was clever, and recommended me to try my wings at a 'minor.' Should he read these lines, he is assured that I still gratefully remember the incident. My actor-friend, too, with rare delicacy, forbore to probe my vanity with a too rough and candid criticism, but considerately pointed out the faults, telling me that, with time and study, I should become a respectable author. Here was a capital of praise to start with. So, after a short interval, I set to work afresh on another piece, to be entirely free from the errors which had disfigured its predecessor.

I had made several additions to my stock of knowledge. I had learned that it is decidedly improper for a young lady about to be married to make allusions to the number and beauty of her future family; also, that no character must enter or exit without a sufficient motive for such entrance or exit; with various other technical details of more or less importance. Profiting, then, by my failure, and stimulated by the approbation which I had received, I threw all my energies into the composition of another piece, with which I determined I should commence my career before the public. Filled as I was with enthusiasm at the prospect of ultimate success, I laboured assiduously at my new work—too much so, I fear, to have been compatible with the proper performance of my duties as junior clerk in a merchant's office. I selected a smart title; I was careful that my dialogue should not exceed the ordinary conversational sentences; and throughout the piece I aimed at the piquant and the witty. To the dialogue I paid marked attention, studding it with elaborate puns, and impromptus which cost me, each of them, half an hour's thought; but I was most especially careful, as I have said, to restrain its exuberance. This latter precaution was so much the more necessary, as I had been in the habit of giving each person speeches of half a page at the least, which tended sadly to retard and a little to mystify the story.

In due time my *petite comédie*, as I loved to call it, was finished; and behold me, one autumn evening, with my precious manuscript carefully wrapped up and sealed, under my arm, betaking myself to a minor theatre which I had chosen for my *début*, in the far north of the metropolis. I had not the courage to address myself to such an awful potentate as the manager; but having ascertained, by correspondence with an official, that he (the official) would procure a reading of my piece for a 'consideration,' in the event of acceptance, my journey was to meet this important personage—this histrionic Mazarin—and deposit my treasure in his hands. He was a smart—nay, glossy man, with a very red face, and a very black moustache, which he cherished and fondled with extraordinary affection. His whole appearance, from his curly new hat to his patent boots, was quite the antipodes of his brethren of the sock and buskin in that remote quarter, who had generally a seedy look about them, indicating but too plainly the late hours and hard work which was their portion in life. My Mentor received me in a very familiar, patronising way; indeed, to have seen us together would have suggested, to an inspired painter, a second edition of the poet and the player. He condescended to tell me, with reference to the profession, that he had been 'born in it, my boy,' and therefore knew, as well as any man on the boards, what would take and what wouldn't (decisively). I humbly accepted the conclusion, and requested to be favoured with his professional opinion on the piece which I had brought with me. It is needless to repeat our conversation, which consisted mainly of magniloquent assertions on his side, and deferential acquiescence on mine—suffice it to say, that before I left him he promised, that if the piece pleased him, he would forward my interests with the manager to the utmost of his power, subject, of course, to the aforesaid 'consideration.' I must not omit to mention either, that he requested to know whether I was writing for money or for fame; and on my answering 'for both,' appeared satisfied.

To comprehend the full force of my feelings, you must bear in mind the affection which dramatic authors, more than any other *litterateurs*, entertain for their mental offspring. Other writers address you more in the character of spectators of the events which they portray; the dialogue with them is only a minor accessory, subordinate to and illustrative of their verbal descriptions. With us, on the contrary, the dialogue is the first consideration, of which everything else in our art is merely the illustration and counterfoil: into it we throw our energies, our life, till it becomes not only the 'parts' spoken by imaginary individuals, but a record of our own emotions. Can you wonder then, that, as a cruel satirist has said, we are more tickled by our own jokes, and affected by our own pathos, than any one else in the theatre?

Tired and happy, I reached my home on the Surrey side of the Thames, and went to bed that night to dream of future greatness, fancying—credulous being!—that I was on the highway to fame. I little knew how often I was destined to advance on that path in hope, and retrace it in despair. But I am anticipating. To use a common expression, if I went once to that man with anxious inquiries in reference to my piece, I went twenty times. His superb demeanour was not in the slightest degree ruffled by my importunity; on the contrary, he was in full possession of the quality, popularly supposed to belong pre-eminently to Sheridan and a distinguished light comedian of the present day—namely, *putting off*. Each time that I presented myself for intelligence, I was met with some evasive reply: sometimes it was press of business that had prevented his making any progress; sometimes it was one thing, sometimes another; and each time did I with misgivings drag my young limbs wearily homeward: it was always after a hard day's work. Never shall I forget those long, mournful walks in the twilight—twilight within as well as around me—twilight of hope, joy, and fondly-nursed expectations—twilight of the soul. Yet there was nothing in his excuses to which I could make any objection, and I feared to anger my oppressor by useless displays of impatience. So things went on, till after I had been to him about a score of times, and was still returning with an unsatisfactory answer, I would gladly, if not ashamed, have sat down on the first door-step, and relieved my surcharged heart of its burden in a flood of tears.

At length, when I had almost given up hoping, my slow torturer gladdened me with the intelligence that my piece was in a fair way of being put upon the stage: in other words, that, owing to his overpowering influence with the manager, that terrible person had been induced to peruse my manuscript. A farce was required, so said the torturer, just at that time; he had read mine himself, and thought that, with a few alterations, it would be presentable. All this was told me with the most undisturbed self-possession, whilst he was combing his moustache. I well knew that comb; it had twelve teeth, one of them broken off at the end; but the effect upon me was electric. I warmly thanked him for his services, over and above the 'consideration,' and immediately became oblivious of all my unhappiness. What! were my two ladies and my two gentlemen to find living, breathing representatives? Were two real pretty actresses to speak the words I had set down for them? How I should hang upon their lips, and follow them with my eyes, and repeat their parts to myself, as the piece

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proceeded! How delightful, also, to know what was coming before anybody else in the house did! All the people would naturally think that my two gentlemen were going to fight a duel when they crossed and recrossed so fiercely, when the one gesticulated, and the other looked over his shoulder, till at last they exchanged cards. But I should know better; I should know that it would all turn out to be a mistake, which would be set right at the *dénouement*, when one of the pretty ladies would explain everything, and appeal to the audience in a charming little epilogue. Then, of course, I should appear before the curtain in obedience to enthusiastic calls, and make a low bow to the delighted auditory. I scarcely dared to believe in such felicity.

My exultation was short-lived—fleeting as the mirage which deceives the wandering traveller—for the very next time that I went to my Theatre, I was almost stunned by the news that my piece was rejected. A farce had been accepted, and was in rehearsal; but it was not mine; some more favoured writer had superseded me. To say that I felt disheartened, crushed, would scarcely give you an idea of the violent reaction which took place within me as I saw the one hope disappear which had gleamed through the darkness. Even my red-faced friend must have been touched by my look of dejection, for he attempted to console me with the remark, that if I had been only a *leetle* earlier in the field, I might have been successful. So self-confident was I, that I could never bring myself to believe that my failure resulted from any inferiority in my work. No, thought I bitterly, it is not that; some friend or relative, perhaps, with a stronger claim than mere merit, has obtained possession of the magnate's ear, to the exclusion of me—the friendless stranger. I was now indignant; all my former diffidence was cast to the winds; and I went straight to the great man, and demanded my manuscript. After a search and a grumble, he found and delivered it to me, growling out that people must suppose that he paid an amanuensis to read everything that was sent to him. I heeded not the remark, but pressing my hat over my eyes, to hide my boy's tears, I left the theatre. I did not stop to take leave of the red-faced man, but with my little comedy in my pocket, pressed close to my heart, I found myself once more returning by that road on which I had made so many weary, useless pilgrimages.

Years have passed away since the foregoing episode, years of application to other pursuits, but through all changes I have never ceased to cherish the idea of one day becoming a successful dramatic writer. Over and over again have I sat down, in my intervals of leisure, to spin some fresh dramatic web more complex or more 'taking' than before; but no manager has hitherto been caught therein. Yet I have not gone carelessly to work, for every link, every mesh of my web, has been zealously perfected before I have suffered it to leave my hands. I have taken household suffrage (after Molière), I have expunged and rewritten and re-expunged, till I fondly imagined I had made as near an approach to perfection as it was possible. Still has come, after much pressing, the same coldly polite answer, declining my assistance, and adding another dead hope to my already lifeless nosegay. To be sure, I have the satisfaction of being condemned unheard (or unread); but that is, at the best, only a sorry consolation.

Once, and once only, since my first oasis, have I been refreshed by a gleam of sunshine, in the shape of a small, but now rather dirty, little note, which I always carry about with me. This little note is a communication from a brother-author, who had become the lessee of a theatre; its contents are warmly eulogistic of a certain piece which I had sent to the writer; and, what is most to the purpose, he intimates—happy consummation!—that when his arrangements permit, it shall have a place on his programme. But it was decreed otherwise; for, after a gallant struggle against adverse circumstances, the poor man was compelled to resign the reins of management, and my farce, upon which I had rebuilt my old fame-castles, now lies in my desk, unacted, causing in me mournful feelings when my eye rests on it, like one looking at a stranded ship thrown high and dry on the shore. My correspondent, whilst he was in power though, set a good example to his contemporary despots, inasmuch as he made some sort of an attempt to read his 'deluge' of manuscripts, and my dirty little note is the result. This thumbed epistle is a source of satisfaction to me, indeed a precious recognition, when I reflect that the hand which penned the encomium belongs to no partial friend, but to an experienced critic, himself an author of talent and reputation. Whenever I grow despondent—which is not seldom—at my want of success, I take from my pocket my dirty little note, and the sight of its well-known characters helps to restore my equanimity; indeed I am not quite sure but that at some of my haunts it is identified with me, and I am known as the young man with the dirty little note.

Yet I ought not to complain, for there are hundreds of amateur-dramatists who have no dirty little notes to shew; hundreds of men and women who have invested their precious time in this fruitless speculation. There must be an absorbing interest in the drama to attract such a crowd of aspirants; personal vanity may be the impulsive motive with many of the amateur-actors, but the dramatists must have a much stronger incentive, for they far outnumber them.

It has been the fashion lately, in periodical literature, to people the old streets of London with the shadowy celebrities of former days. Thus poor Dr Johnson has been trotted about to an extent, that if it had been in the substance instead of the shadow, would have caused the great lexicographer to use rather undignified language. The posts which he touched, the particular paving-stones that he trod upon, the taverns where he contradicted, asserted, and laid down the law, are all matters of history; in fact, the public are as well acquainted with his haunts and walks as they are with the windings of their own domiciles. I am no exception to this fashion. I am sensible of a quiet pleasure whilst sauntering, in my own dreamy way, along some ramshackle old street in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden or St Martin's Lane, where many of the upper stories overhang the cellar-like ground-floors, and every window, roof, and gable is suggestive of the life of olden times. If I behold, high up in air, some garret window more dusty and broken than the others, I picture to myself that there some poor poet wrote, and starved, and died in the wild race for fame; then I see a house of more pretension, the residence of some noble 'patron;' yonder in that dwelling was written, under the pressure of debt, the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield;* further on, a sublime epic was composed, or a world-known comedy first put on paper. Perhaps, of all the people in this street—the Irishman selling oranges and fine 'ating' apples, the occupants of the green-grocery, oyster, and coffee shops, the readers at the old bookstalls—I am the only one looking back through the long vista of time. These walks always carry me to the purlieus of the national theatres—I won't call them opera-houses to please anybody—and the sight of the green type on the white bills brings me back to 1860 with a vengeance. I daresay you will not be surprised if I become acrid and egotistical as I view those great green letters by the light of the flaring gas from So and So's tavern. Here am I, a poor dramatic author, wandering about among the moral ruins of the British Drama; meeting with few indications of its past existence, save the two gigantic theatres which were once its head-quarters, and the old, old streets which have looked down on crowds of

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playgoers hastening to see a Garrick, a Siddons, a Kemble, or a Young. Shadows of dead authors join me as I stand reading the bills. What queer-looking men they are with their wigs, ruffles, and swords; they come trooping on—even to the last brilliant addition who joined them two years ago—all casting angry glances at the great green letters. Perhaps the dear old Drama will one day return to its ancient mansions; and perhaps I may be the person who shall reinstate it. Who knows?

AMONG THE REDSKINS.

WHATEVER fault may be found with 'book-making,' or 'writing in *malice prepense*,' as connected with works of the imagination, which some critics (not imaginative writers themselves) contend should flow from the grape of genius without pressing, it will be scarcely urged against a writer of travel that he went out from home for the express purpose of describing foreign parts, and settled himself in a strange land for the sole purpose of subsequently portraying it in an octavo volume. The bookmaker who knows his trade is, in fact, much more likely to say well what he has to say than the amateur who does not know it—the gentleman who surveys mankind from China to Peru from the deck of his private yacht. Upon these grounds, we took up *Kitchi-Gami*,* the work of that well-khown traveller, Mr Kohl, with confidence; nor, now that we have read it, do we think that trust misplaced.

Mr Kohl, it seems, was commissioned by the government of the United States to prepare some great national work upon the history and geography of America; and while the negotiations concerning it were pending, installed himself upon La Pointe, an island in Lake Superior (Kitchi-Gami), to do a little Ojibbeway business in the meantime *there*.

He built his own wigwam in one of the Indian villages, or rather having taken unto himself a squaw, as an interpreter, *she* built that edifice for him. 'My Indian woman went out into the woods with an axe, felled the trees, and dragged them out; and her old mother and her young sister and her daughters, helped her in the job.' Some men would have gallantly assisted these hard-labouring damsels, but Mr Kohl did nothing of the kind, rightly concluding that any interference with recognised female duties would have prejudiced the natives against his naturalisation. The ladies all worked with short tobacco-pipes in their mouths, and wooden cradles, with children in them, upon their backs. These *tikinagans* are quite little houses within houses, and are more carefully decorated and prepared than the dwellings of any of the grown-up people. And to begin at the beginning, it may be as well to describe, Reader, how you, *you*, if you had been an Ojibbeway—and why should you not have been so?

> For is it not mere accident of birth
> That we are not high-priests to Mumbo Jumbo?

—would have been lodged and boarded in early infancy.

'The principal factor in this infant's house is a flat board. For this purpose, poplar wood is selected; in the first place, because it is light; and secondly, because it does not crack and splinter. On this board, a small frame of thin peeled wood is fastened, much after the shape of the child's body, and stands up from the board, like the sides of a violin from the sounding-board. It is fastened on with bast, because the Indians never use nails, screws, or glue. 'The cavity is filled and stuffed with very soft substances for the reception of the child. They prepare for this purpose a mixture composed of very fine dry moss, rotted cedar-wood, and a species of tender wool found in the seed-vessels of a species of reed. . . . .

'In this bed the little beings nestle up to the armpits; so far they are wrapped up tightly with bandages and coverings, but the head and arms are free. At a convenient distance above the head is a stiff circle of wood, also fastened to the cradle with bast. It serves as a protection to the head, and if the cradle happen to fall over, it rests on this arch. In fact, you may roll an Indian tikinagan over as much as you please, but the child cannot be injured.'

Upon the arch over the head are hung within reach of the infant's hands its playthings and presents, which are of a nature that European children would not know very well what to do with—carefully worked moccasins, and miniature bows and arrows, omens of the baby's future pre-eminence in the chase or the battle. The coverlids thrown over the whole cradle, too, display great magnificence. One woman used a wide sky-blue cloth for this purpose, glistening with a couple of pounds of pearl-beads, and for which she said she had paid ten dollars, or half her yearly income.

'Immediately after birth, the little being is stretched out on the board, and its tender limbs laid straight; they drag and pull at it, make its back and legs as straight as possible, and place the feet exactly perpendicular, parallel, and close together, before packing it up. Thus, even in the cradle, care is taken that the Indian's feet should not turn outwards. A Canadian *voyageur* assured me that the Indians, at every step, covered an inch more ground than the Europeans who turn their feet out. In winter, it is impossible to use the snow-shoes, if the European fashion of walking is followed. But, besides the feet, the Indian mothers play tricks with other parts of the infant's body. Thus, for instance, they pay great attention to the nose, and try to pull it out so long as the cartilage remains soft, for a large nose is an ornament among the Indians.'

No European infant is more petted than these small Ojibbeways, not only by their mothers, but by their otherwise phlegmatic fathers; and the death of one of these little ones is the cause of indescribable grief. Singularly enough, it is comforting to the wife on such occasions if her husband dies also. When people die, it seems, they all go along the path of souls. If they resist the attractions of a certain magnificent strawberry, they will probably go on prosperously till they come near Paradise. 'It is altogether a journey of from three to four days. Then a large broad river bars the way. Over it, there is no regular bridge. Something that looks like a great tree-stump lies across it. Its roots are firmly fastened on the opposite shore. On this side it raises its head, but it does not reach quite to the land. There is a small gap, over which the souls must hop. The log, too, is constantly shaking. Most of the souls spring across, balance themselves properly, and save themselves. Those, however, that jump short, or slip off the bridge, fall into the water, and are converted into toads or fishes. Hence it is not good when the deceased are bound to a board, for otherwise they might move freely, and, perchance, save themselves by swimming. If fastened to a board, they can be easily carried down with the stream. Little children, too, fare very badly here, because they are not good jumpers, and so they perish in great numbers at the bridge. Hence our mothers can never be consoled when their children die before the time when they could help themselves along the road to Paradise. They are glad when the father dies also, that he may help them across.

If the reader, in the supposed case of his being an infant Redskin, were taken ill at La Pointe, a doctor would be sent for of a very different character from any family practitioner in Great Britain. He would go down upon all-fours, and so crawl up to him and then back again many times, gazing fixedly upon the little patient all the while, as though he were

* Chapman and Hall. 1860.

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his prey. Mr Kohl, whose duty it clearly was to see everything, and who accordingly saw it, lifted up the curtain of a wigwam—peeped, as we should say, through the key-hole of a private dwelling-house—and witnessed one of these medical experiments. The poor little being lay in its father's arms, who looked remarkably sorrowful and grieved. The doctor was crawling backwards and forwards, in the manner we have mentioned. 'His chief instrument was a hollow, very white, and carefully polished bone. This bone, which was about two and a half inches long, and of the thickness of a little-finger, the doctor repeatedly swallowed, then brought it up again, blew on the child through it, sucked up the skin through the tube, and then ejected the illness he had drawn out into a basin with many strange and terrible convulsions. All this was accompanied by incessant drumming, rattling, and singing by an assistant of the doctor, and many sighs from the mother of the child. But for all that, the poor little thing was hurrying rapidly to the grave.' Even in the case of death, however, there is a strange method of keeping the poor child in remembrance. It is the custom among the Ojibbeways and other Indian tribes to cut off a lock of hair in memory of their deceased infants, and to wrap it up in paper and gay ribbons. Round it they lay the playthings, clothes, and amulets of the little departed. These form a tolerably long and thick parcel, which is fastened up crosswise with string, and can be carried like a doll. 'They give this doll a name, signifying "misery" or "misfortune," and which may be best translated "the doll of sorrow." This lifeless object takes the place of the deceased child.'

When the year of grief is ended, a family feast is prepared, the clothes and other articles given away, and the lock of hair buried; but, in the meantime, however wearisome a journey she may have to undertake, the mother always drags this doll along with her; and the boys sit by the fire with it in their arms, and play with it, as though it were their living sister. On the breast is usually fastened the spoon with which the dead child used to be fed. The Ojibbeway system of wearing deep mourning is remarkable for its extreme simplicity. They rub a handful of charcoal over the entire face. When the deceased is not a near relative, however, or if some time has elapsed since the melancholy occurrence, they, like ourselves, have a way of displaying a 'mitigated grief:' they wash half their faces, and leave the other half in shade. Their ordinary garments are very various, since their coats are of paint only, and can be renewed without the aid of a tailor. Red is their favourite hue, and next to that, as a 'ground colour' for the face, they affect yellow and Prussian blue. Adorned thus gaudily in feathers, shells, and gewgaws, these Ojibbeway dandies are yet severe enough upon the costumes of any other tribe, such as the Sioux, accusing them of dressing out of taste, and without due regard to quiet propriety; nor do we wonder at this strange effect of custom, when we find Mr Kohl himself confessing that, after he had been with them some time, he always thought the Indians insignificant, and even uglier, when they washed themselves, and lost their ground colours.

The boyhood of the Redskin is destitute of much interest and unpleasant to read of, because often defiled with the vilest acts of cruelty towards unoffending animals; but when about fourteen or fifteen years of age, a curious ordeal awaits him. His Great Fast, which is always a voluntary one, takes place. He retires into the recesses of some remote forest, defies all the claims of nature, and fixes his ideas upon celestial matters until he falls into convulsions, and attains, as he believes, a power of perception above that of ordinary life. These lads are warned beforehand, if a nightmare or bad dream oppresses them, to give up the affair at once, come down from the trees in which they roost upon these occasions, and put off their Dream of Life to another time. The Indians do not much like talking of this Dream of theirs; but our indefatigable bookmaker managed to obtain experiences from several of them by means of gifts of tobacco and coloured dimity. We cannot think that, in any given case, he got the best of the bargain. Always misty, always garrulous—when once their tongues *are* set going—always prefacing the scanty information they possess with a lunatic account of the formation of the human race, and of the Great Beaver who created the elements by his four hops through the world, their dreams are even more unintelligible than their waking thoughts. The fact seems to be, that this fast lasts so long—often for many consecutive days—that their brain gives way from exhaustion. Nevertheless, of that faculty which we ourselves call *clairvoyance*, Mr Kohl gives some singular examples as having occurred among them.

According to the Indian accounts, the arrival of the whites was distinctly prophesied to the natives of Lake Superior by a distinguished *jossakid*, or soothsayer, the information having been imparted to him in a dream. The seer busied himself for days as to what this thing might signify, fasting, taking vapour-baths, and shutting himself up for lonely meditation upon the matter. At last, when he had got the thing as clear as it seemed likely to become, he summoned the other jossakids, midés (priests), and ogimas (warriors), and revealed his mysterious tidings.

'He told them that men of a perfectly strange race had come across the great water to their island (America). Their complexions were as white as snow, and their faces were surrounded by a long bushy beard. He also described to them exactly the wondrously large canoes in which they had sailed across the big sea, and the sails and masts of the ships—even their iron corselets, long knives, guns, and cannon, whose fire and tremendous explosion had filled him with terror even in his dreams and convulsions. 'His clairvoyance entered into the smallest details, and he described exactly how the "boucan" (smoke) ascended from their long tubes into the air, just as it did from the Indian pipes. 'This story of the old jossakid, who spent a good half-day in telling it, was listened to by the others in dumb amazement, and they agreed on immediately preparing an expedition of several canoes, and sending a deputation along the lakes and the great river to the eastward, which could examine these matters on the spot, and make a report on them to the tribe. 'This resolution was immediately carried out. The deputies voyaged for weeks and months through the lands of many friendly tribes, who knew nothing as yet of the arrival of the white men, probably because they had not such clairvoyant prophets and dreamers among them as the gifted men on the Anse.'

It is similarly told us in Cortes's History, how Moctezuma continually asserted that the advent of the Spaniards had been predicted and described by his prophets and priests. The reverse side to which accounts, of course, is, that the influential chieftains may have had early intelligence of the matter, and narrated it in Indian fashion as a revelation of their own.

The Dreams of Life are sometimes represented to us in this volume pictorially, and resemble something between the first efforts of a very stupid child to draw from nature, and the quaint confusion of the Willow Pattern Plate. The poetic legends of the Indians are also, for the most part, not only crude and childish, but monstrous and inharmonious; but of these it is fair to say that we have only the dregs in *Kitchi-Gami*, since Mr Wraxall, the translator, has left out all those in the volume which formed the raw material for *Hiawatha*, and were therefore already familiar to the British public. The oratorical efforts of the Indians, as well as being diffuse and wordy in

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the extreme, are disfigured by absurd inconsistencies and pieces of bathos. Upon a certain important public occasion, one of the chiefs makes a powerful harangue in the presence of his own people and before the American agent, but concludes it in this fashion: 'I could say much more on this point, but I will now sit down, for I am not accustomed to wear these new European trousers which have been given me, or to stand long in them. They annoy me. Hence I will cease to speak, and seat myself.' The natives are almost always egotistical, and much given to narrate their own achievements in war or hunting; but they are veracious. One gentleman —with one eye painted white and the other black —was not ashamed to describe, as it were from the Tribune, how he once fell upon a poor solitary Sioux girl, and scalped her. At the moment, Mr Kohl forgot his profession, and was inclined to shun this individual; but on afterwards making his acquaintance (to get at the particulars of the affair, we suppose), found him to be an amiable and modest young person enough. The fresh scalp—not that particular one, but another which our author had the good-fortune to fall in with—is not so hideous an object as one would imagine. 'It was carefully extended on a wooden ring, and so copiously adorned with feathers, gay ribbons, tinkling bells, fox and other tails, that the bloody skin and hair were almost entirely covered.' One of the half-breeds of Pembina being shot through both arms, and rendered utterly defenceless, suffered the Sioux to scalp him without his betraying that he was anything else than dead, and thus preserved his life; but he confessed that it hurt him a good deal. When a chief is meditating a war-expedition, he concentrates every thought upon it, in order to dream favourable omens. He will sit for weeks alone in his wigwam, beating a drum, and repeating 'The wolf on the prairie, the wolf on the prairie,' to himself, about a million of times. Sometimes a friend brings another drum, and sitting down by him, 'aids him in his dreams.' This person is generally appointed second leader, for they consider it better that there should be two leaders, in order that, 'if the dreams of one have not strength enough, the other may help him out'—a mode of proceeding in matters military which fairly beats anything that the *Times* had ever to urge against our Crimean administration.

When any poor wretch has been reduced through miserable straits of famine, and perhaps in the depths of some ghastly forest, miles from human help, to commit cannibalism—to eat his squaw (a rare case, but by no means an unknown one), he is thenceforward called a Windigo, and a good deal shunned by society. Curiously enough, as in the case of witches in our own country, persons who have been falsely accused of windigoism, often believe themselves to be really Windigos, and afterwards earn an unquestionable right to the hideous distinction. The libel is exceedingly common too; and any gloomy, unsocial person, such as one meets at home often enough, is, among the Ojibbeways, set down as a Windigo at once. The poor Indians have neither Literature nor Science to withdraw their minds from such sombre and weird imaginings, nor are their Fine Arts of a very high description. There are, however, some female artists, it seems, who do a little wood-carving on birch-bark, and with the points of their teeth. To one of these, Mr Kohl preferred his request for a specimen of her tasteful skill. 'She told us that all her hopes, as regarded her art, were now concentrated on one tooth. At least, she had only one in her upper jaw properly useful for this operation. She began, however, immediately selecting proper pieces of bark, peeling off the thin skin, and doubling up the piece, which she thrust between her teeth. 'As she took up one piece after the other, and went through the operation very rapidly, one artistic production after the other fell from her lips. We unfolded the bark, and found on one the figure of a young girl, on another a bouquet of flowers, on a third a tomahawk, with all its accessories, very correctly designed, as well as several other objects. 'The bark is not bitten into holes, but only pressed with the teeth, so that, when the designs are held up, they resemble, to some extent, those pretty porcelain transparencies made as light-screens.'

Kitchi-Gami, interesting as it is, is a sad book. That it foreshadows so clearly the total extinction of the American Indian race, is the least part of its sadness; its worst news is the tale it tells of the worthlessness of that race itself. Generosity (even in the sense of mere giving) and Gratitude are great virtues, but they do not redeem an otherwise contemptible nation. Let the British reader be content with his lot, nor pine—when his tailor's bill or some other evil of civilisation comes upon him—that he was not born one of Mr Fenimore Cooper's 'noble savages;' for though he should escape the scalping-knife in his youth, or the tongue of slander in middle life (at which period one is most liable to become a Windigo), there is scarcely such a thing as reverence for age among Redskins, and his very children, when he grows old, will leave him, if they get the chance, to perish in the desert.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XV.—SHIFTS.

Let no supersensitive Reader shudder at the title of this chapter, for the matter of it, although disrespectable, is very far from being indelicate. It treats merely of those contrivances which those who have little money employ to get more, and those who have no money adopt in order to live. Robert Marsden is at present in the former category; out of his thousand pounds of fortune, or rather out of the eight hundred pounds which represented it in consequence of his anticipating his majority, he has some thirty-five pounds in gold remaining; which he wears, less uncomfortably than when it was a greater sum, sewed into the waistband of his breeches, over which a loaded revolver is on constant sentry-duty. The rest has gone in various purchases which he was assured in London were indispensable to Australian existence—among which is an excellent galvanising apparatus—and which in Australia, he is convinced, would have been far better left in London. He also lost a little on the voyage out, at a very remarkable game at cards, of colonial origin, called Yosh. After landing at Melbourne, he had lived indifferently enough at a small lodging-house at about three times the rate which his Covent Garden hotel had cost him before starting from home. Since he arrived at the Diggings, where we now find him, a digger of two months old, he has been copiously bleeding gold from his waistbelt to supply himself with the most ordinary necessaries of life; working hard as a railway navvy; sleeping under canvas—for with misplaced acquisitiveness he had sold his iron-house, his one good home investment, for five times its cost; and dreaming the most disappointing dreams of regretted England. Often and often as he spat upon his hands preparatory to taking up the wheel-barrow handles (which was one of the few leisure moments vouchsafed to him for reflection), he cursed the day that brought him over seas to that antipodes where everything was upside-down indeed; where convicts were magistrates; gold-diggers, men about town; servants, masters; and young gentlemen with the Marsden blood in their veins, little better than mudlarks—nay, worse indeed, since mudlarks were understood to enjoy their occupation, which was very far indeed from being the case with him.

Two months and a half had he and some nineteen

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of his fellow-countrymen been working in a perhaps Pactolean but certainly tawny stream, and not one bit of gold had they yet discovered. They occupied a plateau at the foot of a vast rock, over which the river was precipitated some hundred and twenty feet; and beneath, and between them and the plain, was another cataract. Gold had been found in the bed of the stream above where the granite was what is called 'soft' or rotten, but not below, where it was hard; so that it was an even chance that it should be found midway on the plateau, although other gangs of diggers, who had so reasoned, had been deterred by the labour of the undertaking from trying their luck. The party of Robert Marsden, however, besides being numerically strong, were sanguine—being composed chiefly of new-comers—and they had at last completed, after enormous labour, a new channel whereby the waters should be drained off immediately below the foot of the first cataract, and the golden treasure be left bare, or at least attainable. It was determined to tap the river on the ensuing morning, and in the meantime eight of their number kept guard, by fours, over the precious channel; it being judged possible that they might be anticipated even during the night by some who had not been working ten hours a day for ten weeks, but who, cuckoo-like, preferred to take advantage of the labour of others. Never had river in the most mythological times a stranger set of guardians. The old category of 'soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, gentleman, apothecary, plough-boy, thief,' pretty exactly described their different professions, our hero of course being the gentleman. The thief—a *valet-de-chambre*, who was an extremely clever fellow, and had picked up some magnificent phrases from his last master, through whose good offices he had also been transported—and Marsden, were most heartily tired of the job, and took a far less cheerful view of what was likely to come of it than their two companions.

'I wouldn't take five hundred pounds for my share of the profits,' quoth the apothecary, at the close of a stormy debate upon this subject, and beating the ground with his pistol-but, in his impatience of contradiction, as though it were a pestle and mortar.

'Perhaps you'll *give* five hundred pounds for mine,' inquired Robert sneeringly; 'you may buy me off for that money this very moment—if you happen to have it about you.'

The notion of the poor ragged half-starved enthusiast having such a sum in his possession, was as ludicrous as attributing wealth to his prototype in *Romeo and Juliet*, and produced a roar of laughter.

The plough-boy, who had recently emigrated from Wiltshire, where his acquaintance with the indications of the presence of auriferous quartz must have been limited, backed the apothecary, however, in his good opinion of their location. He hoped, and expressed the hope, that he should soon be 'up to his neck in golden guineas.'

'That is not precisely the form in which the metal is excavated,' observed Marsden drily; 'and before it attains that shape in this charming country, it is usually stolen from one.'

The apothecary and plough-boy both remarked, with expletives, that they would like to see any man attempting to deprive them of their private property.

The thief said nothing, but determined in his own mind to gratify them in this respect in case of their acquiring anything worth his while to steal. Nevertheless, the four, who were as well assorted as any among their miscellaneous band, agreed to stick together in case of failure; the loadstone of attraction being the few remaining guineas which Marsden alone, of all the adventurers, yet carried round his loins.

Presently—while the snow yet fell, and the night winds blew about the turrets of Rudesleigh Manor, winterly—the Australian summer-morning broke in warmth and music, and out from their dingy tents came pouring forth the other proprietors of this yet untouched golconda. Unkempt, unshaven men, wonderfully assimilated to one another by this time through their visible admission into the common guild of vagabondism; roving blades, indeed, hatchet-faced, with features just now sharpened on the whetstone of needy expectation, they eyed the sparkling waters greedily, as though their gleam had been the earnest of the riches hid below. The whole nineteen were there, all actuated by one passion, the getting of gold, which had, however, a different attraction for each.

To most of these emigrants, who were of the better class, the primary and most longed for benefit which wealth was to confer, was the means of reconveying them to the old country; to others, whom certain penal enactments prevented from this course, it promised a fair field and no *disfavour*, which had certainly scarcely been granted to them in England, where crime had been almost their heritage; to many again—and those for the most part professional diggers who, one would have thought, should have known the evil of such a fluctuating existence—it held forth the delights of 'a spree' in Melbourne of a month, or at the most six months' duration, at the end of which were hard work, demi-starvation, and digging again; and these last exhibited by no means less anxiety than the tailor himself, who trusted to return to his far-away wife and her six children, with a little fortune—or than the apothecary, who fervently hoped that what he might gain would long save him from the necessity of going back to his spouse in Sydney, a hard-working letter of lodgings, with whom he was accustomed dutifully to live when he could not help himself.

With Robert Marsden, recklessness had in some measure already supplied the place of philosophy. He had been so hardly used by Fortune of late, that he had mighty little trust in her, and judged it would only be like one of the jade's tricks if she made a fool of him upon this occasion. Still, his heart-thuds quickened not a little when the pick being inserted in the thin earthen barrier which alone separated the new and lower channel from the river below the fall, the waters rushed through it like a mill-race, leaving the main bed at once open to investigation, although still occupied by a considerable stream. A few men being told off to dam this current up with mud and gravel, the rest rushed down into the half-emptied torrent, like drunken soldiers to the sack of a town that has long withstood their efforts. There were many minutes of total silence after the first plunge, save for the splash of spades, and other digging instruments, but it was at last broken by an awful oath from a gigantic digger. His practised pick was not to be deceived by the false juggler Hope—the river-bed was as hard as adamant; and he expressed his opinion of the merits of 'Half-way Fall' as a gold station, in a manner which, had such been within hearing, might have distressed a delicate ear, and which certainly left no mischievous doubt of the real state of the case even in the mind of the most sanguine.

So unsatisfactory had been the investigations of every man into the granite or dark-gray shale which formed the solid portion of the river-bed, and such confidence had each in the corroboration thus afforded by one of so great experience, that the whole band began to wade to shore again, there to remain until at least the search should be rendered less inconvenient by the further dimination of the stream, and anathematising the unpromising spot in every term of reprobation that the combined slang vocabularies of the mother-country and her colonial dependency could furnish. But a little before, and their eyes seemed to have no vision for anything but the golden mirage which had since so cruelly deceived them, but now they glared at one another with passion more dangerous than their former selfishness, as though they

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were ready to avenge on man the disappointment inflicted on them by nature. At this moment, in the black silt and filth of the river, so inimical to the hopes of the gold-finder, the poor pickpocket was seen struggling vainly, and sinking as he struggled into a living tomb; but no man offered him assistance. His screams, in spite of the roar of the cataract, could be distinctly heard, but no voice was raised in reply save that of the gigantic digger.

'You be quiet, Master Nimblefingers,' exclaimed he, 'and know when you're well off, will you! You've got no gold, it's true, but after a minute or two you'll not be in the way of wanting it, and therefore you're a lucky fellow.'

It is probable that all the despairing creature caught of this heartless speech was the word 'gold;' and that talismanic word seemed to bestow upon him a superhuman energy even in the very jaws of death.

'I *have* gold!' shrieked he, holding up a tolerably sized nugget in his hands, which the lateral pressure of the mud kept above his head; 'here is gold for all of you, and to spare.'

In an instant, as though impelled by some shock of nature, a dozen men, with the digger himself foremost, plunged once more into the flood. Almost heedless of their own danger, they approached the sinking wretch, whose head and arms were now alone visible above the surface, and by means of transverse planks maintained themselves upon the yielding substance, while they extricated their half-dead companion, and brought him to *terra firma*. What an interest was now felt concerning this fellow-creature, whose destruction they had so lately been calmly contemplating! How did he find it? Where did he find it? Not in that black silt, surely?

'No, not there,' replied poor Nimblefingers very faintly, 'certainly not there; it was in some gravel above the shale on the other side, and I was trying to cross over yonder, to tell you of it, and got in, when,' added he, with a peevish petfulness that evoked a general smile, 'you were all so kind and prompt in your assistance.'

This news being fairly obtained, the retailer of it again lost his attraction, his auditors at once crossing by the dam to the spot on the other bank where he had made his golden discovery.

Marsden alone crossed not, but remained with the fortunate thief, who, encased in a tight-fitting garment of a sort of 'Oxford mixture' of pipe-clay and vegetable matter, did not, nevertheless, by any means look the type of good-luck and easy circumstances.

'Master Nimblefingers,' observed the young man grimly, 'do you know that they Lynch in these parts pretty frequently? I recognise that nugget to be one I bought at Melbourne for thrice its value.'

The thief would have thrown himself at the other's knees, but that he motioned him fiercely to remain where he was, and in silence. 'Fool,' cried Marsden, 'would you bring back the whole band of fiends upon you with your antics? You were right enough, man, to tell a lie to save your life, although you would not save it long if that hulking digger yonder should guess how you tricked him. He had his joke upon you when you were smothering, and now it's your turn to laugh at him—that is, when you get clear out of the wood. It was a capital dodge of yours, the notion of finding gold in such a mud-swamp. But the nugget being mine—thank you, yes, I think restitution is the least you can do for me—may I ask where did you steal it from? Pshaw, man, don't prevaricate with *me;* was it from this breast-pocket, or from out of my knapsack as I slept?'

'That was just it,' responded the discomfited Nimblefingers, whose real name before he took to *aliases* was Miles Ripon; 'it was taken out of your knapsack.'

'Good!' said Marsden bitterly; 'sleep, it now seems, is one of the luxuries which a man has to part with in this favoured country if he would hold his own. Now, look you, my talented friend, I am a dull fellow, it is true, and must needs sleep, but if ever again I lose one farthing in your company, I shall know at once whose brain to send a bullet through.'

He tapped his revolver, and the other nodded contentedly. 'I am too grateful to you, sir, as it is,' returned he grinning, 'to put you to any such trouble. I know that any other man here would have had me Lynched.'

'I hope you feel as you say,' replied Marsden coldly, 'but I can't say that I believe you. You and I, and those two who kept watch with us, if they be still willing to cast in their lot with us, must be off to-night to Melbourne. It is no use to stay by a gold river that only reproduces one's own nuggets. For my part, I'm sick of digging. I have still over thirty pounds remaining—at least, if I haven't, they must be in your pocket—and they will go further among four than nineteen. We will take that light cart of mine, and be off by moonrise.'

'By all means,' observed Ripon coolly; 'but you know we have not got a horse, sir. That last load of planks for this embankment here well-nigh broke your mare's back. But I will get a horse if you will write the certificate.'

'Certificate!' cried Marsden peevishly; 'I don't know what you mean. I forgot about the poor mare altogether. How far is it to walk to Melbourne?'

'About a hundred miles or so,' returned the other; 'mostly long grass, and the rest of it mud and ruts. It would certainly be much better to write the certificate. People steal horses so perseveringly in this country, that when you buy one you get a deed of transfer from the last owner to account for your possession of it; the colonial character being, one regrets to say, suspicious in the extreme. There is a horse just fifteen miles up-stream here which would just suit us. I've ink and paper in my tent, and can dictate the description, since others and even myself have a difficulty in deciphering my own handwriting. I dare not bring it down without a certificate, or I would not trouble you.'

'I don't at all like it,' observed Robert Marsden, Esq., late of Marsden Hall, scratching his head. 'Of course, we shall send it back again; but still even the borrowing an animal under such circumstances is peculiar. I really don't half like it.'

'You can't possibly tell that unless you have seen it,' observed his new ally, affecting to misunderstand his meaning; 'and as to any scruples about'——

'Yes, that is just it, Master Nimblefingers,' interrupted Marsden, grinning in spite of himself.

'Oh, well sir, if you have the least fancy against temporarily annexing the animal, you know they can have that beautiful bay-mare of yours in the meantime.'

'Very true,' said Marsden gravely; 'that will be exchange and no robbery, will it not?'

'A mere exemplification of barter, sir,' returned the other composedly, 'without which commerce would languish, and the intercourse of nations might just as well be discontinued.' With which euphuistic sentiment Miles Ripon put Robert Marsden's certificate into his pocket, and started up the river-bank to steal a horse for him.

It was dim moonlight when our two adventurers started in their untaxed cart, with the horse dedicated without permission to the drawing of it, from the top of the eastern river-bank towards Melbourne. Neither the apothecary nor the plough-boy could be prevailed on to accompany them by any argument short of that very strong one which they dared not use concerning the stolen nugget. The retreat had long been sounded to the great army of diggers, and silence reigned over the universal camp as they drove along. Rest, however, was banished from at least one of the indwellers of almost every tent; and wherever

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the lights gleamed through the canvas more whitely even than the moonbeams themselves, there watched some wary digger over his sleeping comrades and their hard-earned gains, with weapon ready to his hand. The ground in the ravine, and behind them, was a mere upturned chaos, as if a thousand giants had been pushing Titanic ploughs in all directions, blindfold, as English rustics race with wheel-barrows at village feasts. Before them was the unmade or bush road, sometimes good enough, but in that part resembling a boundless grass-field over-ripe for cutting, with unseen stones at the roots, of which their cart-wheels were the first to receive intelligence, and their shaken bones the second.

It was during a shock more terrible than usual from one of these boulders, that Miles Ripon uttered a cry of very undisguised alarm, and clung to his companion's neck so as nearly to throttle him, exclaiming that there was a rattlesnake in the cart with them.

'There is certainly a boa constrictor,' replied Marsden coolly, disengaging himself with his unoccupied hand; 'and there is also a little box of tools.'

'A box of tools!' cried the other in a tone of great relief, 'you would have saved me a miserable minute if you had let me into that secret. But are you a carpenter, sir? and do you know what a box of tools, to a man who can use 'em, in this country is? It is better than a strong box filled with money. It's bread, and meat, and pudding, and a house over your head wherever you go.'

'That's thorough Australian,' responded Marsden savagely; 'all blossom, and promise, and fine words. Now, please to give us a halfpenny worth of brimstone to mix with all that treacle. What are the drawbacks to going into the carpentering line?'

'There are none,' returned Ripon briskly—'there are absolutely none; but with every mile you approach Melbourne, remember, you are decreasing the value of this property. There's Marycross Station, ten miles west of this, a large village, where every window-frame comes from sixty miles away; but perhaps you have friends in town, and a better line chalked out for you?'

'I have no friends anywhere except you, my honest fellow,' replied Marsden bitterly, and with a sneer upon the concluding adjective.

'Look here, sir,' answered Nimblefingers, with some dignity; 'never insult a man as means well by you; it ain't worth the little gratification you derive from it, in comparison with the harm you do yourself—it ain't indeed. Now, I should never have thought of reminding you that you were a gentleman *once*.'

The Marsden blood rushed to the face and forehead of the young man as he heard these words, and he uttered a smothered execration.

'There you see, sir, *you're* hit now, and you know how it feels,' continued Nimblefingers; 'you 've come down and I've run up the ladder—for I don't mean to thieve any more, I don't indeed—and now we have met on the same round, so let us agree. You've saved my life, sir, and don't suppose a man forgets that in a hurry because he ain't a swell. What I suggest is, that we make tracks for this Marycross—which is a sheep-station in the neighbourhood of diggings—and there set up together in the building and carpentering line. I'm a good hand at learning, as they always said at the thieves' school in Whitechapel. This horse, which might else bring us into trouble, can be sent back from there as a strayed beast; it's a capital going animal too,' added Miles pathetically, as he regarded the black's fine muscular action; 'but this is one of those peculiar cases, I suppose, wherein that beautiful remark which I remember to have inscribed in my copy-book before I went to the Whitechapel Academy, must be our guide—Honesty is the best Policy.'

'I quite agree about sending back the horse, and tearing up this certificate, to possess which is like carrying about one's own death-warrant,' replied Marsden; 'but I am no builder, nor, for that matter, carpenter either; I have only knocked a few things together sometimes for my own amusement, when I was a lad.'

'That's the great pull you gentlefolks have over us in your education,' responded the thief. 'I have been a valet all my life, and never taught myself in my leisure hours anything useful. Why, there was a young swell in Melbourne yonder, who came out a ruined spendthrift, and who now makes five thousand a year as a livery-man. He could ride, you see, like a scenter.'

'Like a what?' interrupted Marsden, innocently imagining that his town-bred companion was confusing the office of the fox-hunter with that of the fox-hound.

'Like a scenter, sir—one of those chronological characters, half-men and half-horses—and he was rough-rider to the most vicious animals that came into town, until he became so necessary that one of the principal horse-dealers took him into partnership, and now he is at the top of the tree. Here's the turning, sir, I spoke of, to the West; now, which shall it be? Melbourne or Marycross?'

'Hanged if I know!' cried Marsden irresolutely, and causing the sable steed to slacken his pace. 'I must say I prefer something like civilisation to the utter savageness of the life we have been leading lately.'

'Very well, sir, broadcloth in rags rather than decent homespun—just as you like. One is more likely to meet any old English faces who may be coming over, to be sure; that's one great advantage in Melbourne, isn't it?'

Marsden, who had just slowly passed the turning, brought the horse up to a dead-stop at this remark.

'Suppose we toss, now,' suggested Ripon; 'heads for Melbourne, tails for the settlement; luck always decides what is best for us.'

'Toss then, by all means,' cried Marsden savagely; 'if you have got a coin to toss with, and so let it be.'

The copper arbiter of two men's destinies sprang deftly into the air from the thief's elastic thumb, and after twittering, like lark wings in the ether, came down upon the cart-boards, tremulous, as a ballet-dancer finishes her pirouette.

'It 's woman!' exclaimed Marsden.

'Yes, it 's Miss Mary Cross,' cried the other laughing; so the big black horse had to be backed a little, and turned into a dim, cart-track, leading up into the western hills. The pair did not utter a word, except when a jerk more violent than ordinary extorted an exclamation, for several miles—Miles Ripon being apparently sufficiently amused with his own thoughts, for a sly smile often crossed his countenance, and Robert Marsden immersed in as engrossing if less agreeable reflections. At last the latter, in a more cheerful tone than he had yet used, broke silence, as the white tents and wooden huts of a pastoral station came into view, pitched upon one of those rich natural clearings peculiar to Australia. 'Well, friend, I am glad we came here, whatever comes of it: a decision once arrived at saves us a world of doubts and perplexities. Besides, we cannot reproach one another now, since the affair has been decided for us. There is certainly nothing like trusting to Providence, and tossing, whenever one has to make choice of one of two courses.'

'Nothing, except making sure beforehand,' responded Nimblefingers with a chuckle, and exhibiting the decisive penny to his astonished companion. 'You see it 's got two tails, one upon each side, and therefore had a reasonable chance of not coming up 'heads' in any case. By that means I made Marycross pretty certain.'

Marycross Station might have been taken for a

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village green in England—only upon an unusually extensive scale—whereon tents and wooden booths were pitched in anticipation of a fair or races. There was no house, indeed, so comfortable and compact upon it as those upon wheels, which belong to the 'Cheap Jacks' and photographic establishments in the old country; and the 'Hotel' itself—a canvas one—would have looked small indeed compared with any of the peripatetic ones upon Ascot Heath upon the Cup-day. Nevertheless, to our two sleepless travellers it presented an aspect promising enough; and having arranged with caution, and at no slight cost, the retransmission of the strayed black horse to its rightful owners, they enjoyed upon iron bedsteads—the bedding of which expressed the scarcity and dearness of water in the locality—the sleep of those who have made their peace with their fellow-men. After a few hours' repose, they breakfasted; and after having paid about half a sovereign each for the refreshment—fresh eggs, for one item, being a shilling apiece in that pastoral district—set out to seek for a tenement in which to inaugurate, like another Martin Chuzzlewit and Company, their architectural firm. Marsden was for taking a little tent at the moderate rate of three guineas a week; but his companion overruled him, representing with some reason that an architect under canvas would be placed in a similarly anomalous position to a bald man who should devote his energies to the complete restoration of the human hair. So they entered upon the occupation of a log-hut (whose proprietors were migrating further up the country) at twenty sovereigns per month, and that very evening put up the board over their door which proclaimed the advent of two skilled mechanics to Marycross.

Buildings run up with solidity and despatch, and Carpentering in all its branches.

'Heavens!' exclaimed Marsden to his junior partner as they lay on their respective mattresses that night in their own furnished parlour, which was also kitchen and bedroom, 'what *should* we do if a customer wanted a house to-morrow?'

'Why, run it up, to be sure,' replied his companion; 'run it up, of course, like lamplighters.'

Marsden groaned: 'And what, oh most impudent of men, are we to do for timber?'

Miles Ripon struck his fist against the floor, with the first exclamation of annoyance he had yet uttered, and confessed, with ludicrous penitence, that he had clean forgotten all about the timber. 'The first thing to be done, however,' said he, 'is manifestly to cut it down—the trees hereabouts, I reckon, being public property.'

'Cut it down and run it up are, therefore, to be our two watchwords,' rejoined Marsden. 'How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!' muttered he, as he turned round to sleep, 'and I wonder how they will?'

The next morning the two partners were busily engaged in axing the foot of a red-gum tree; not the one which Ripon would have fixed upon, which was about two hundred feet high, with a trunk in proportion, and would have taken them at least a week to fell, but one of less ambitious growth, selected by Marsden, who had often pursued the country gentleman's occupation of 'thinning the timber,' and understood his work; still, with only one axe, and that a little one, and with nobody to assist him—for poor Miles was worse than nobody, and could never hit the tree at the right spot—the affair promised to be rather a tedious one. Long before it was completed, they were interrupted by the very dirtiest Chinaman whom they had yet beheld, although all Chinamen are dirty, and the Australian diggings had already begun to swarm with them. He wore blue baggy breeches, and a blue blouse, shoes like canoes, and a hat that had the appearance of having been formerly a bee-hive, but was now devoted to the harbouring of inferior inhabitants. He had a flat face and almond eyes, and but that he trotted up to them like a cow, might have been one of those motionless figures who stand for ever upon the bridge in our willow-pattern plates, and fish.'

That he wanted something, was obvious from the incessant and apparently angry chattering that he made; but *what* he wanted was a problem that the two adventurers did not know how to solve.

'Hanged if I don't think it 's his Tree!' cried Ripon in hysterics of laughter; 'he 's touching it as if it was I never stole a tree before in my life; never. Hi!' roared he, at the top of his voice, and under the popular delusion that speaking in a very loud key was equivalent to using the language of the unfortunate foreigner, 'is this *your* tree—*your* gum-tree?'

'Ge, ge!' responded the Chinaman intelligently, and nodding his bee-hive a very great number of times.

'Then—I—wish—you—may—get—it,' observed Ripon, enunciating every word with distinctness, and in a voice that would be heard at least half a mile away.

'Ge!' assented the Chinaman approvingly, as if he felt that expression of sympathy, and was grateful for it.

'I tell you what,' said Marsden gravely, 'since you seem to understand each other so well, I wish you would persuade him to get to leeward of my nose; he don't smell like a China rose, I do assure you.'

At that moment the distinguished foreigner tapped the bark of the gum-tree solemnly three times, and then lying down upon his back, and shutting his almond eyes, presented the unmistakable appearance of a dead Chinaman.

'"Friends at a distance will please to accept this as an intimation,"' observed Marsden, quoting from the death-notices in north-country newspapers; 'I don't know what else he can mean.'

'I have got it,' cried Miles Ripon exultingly; 'he wants us to make him a gum-tree coffin and bury him.'

'What! bury him alive?' cried the senior partner in some alarm; 'the thing is perfectly impossible.'

'Not at all,' replied Ripon gravely; '*Carpentering in all its branches*, if you please; that includes Undertaking, and all the rest of it. Don't it, my Celestial friend?'

'Ge!' replied the still prostrate foreigner in a solemn voice.

'And moreover,' pursued Miles, 'this is obviously a religious Chinaman, who is under a vow or something to Mr Budder, or whoever it is, to get himself buried before his time. What right have we to make our European prejudices interfere with this good man's honest convictions?'

At the conclusion of this expression of truly liberal opinion, the supposed fanatic arose from his recumbent position, and pointed toward the neighbouring gold-diggings.

'He wants to be buried *there*,' said Ripon, with the air of a man who has at last mastered some difficult problem in all its bearings.

'He wants us to bury somebody else,' exclaimed Marsden in a tone of relief; 'I wonder how much he is prepared to pay Messrs Marsden, Ripon, and Company for that nice little job?'

'Hi! how much money—dibs—needful—Rhino (*that* sounds like a Chinese word, don't it?) do you mean to give?' asked the junior partner.

Whether Rhino be or be not a term for ready money in the regions of Cathay is yet a matter of doubt, for although the Chinaman's eyes gleamed with an intelligence not before exhibited the moment that the word was uttered, there might have been another cause for it in the little handful of gold which Marsden took out and shook at the same instant.

'Ge, ge!' cried the delighted foreigner—and this time there could be no mistake about the satisfaction

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with which that hard-worked monosyllable was uttered—as he produced a small nugget from his pocket, evidently as payment for the job proposed.

'It's worth ten pounds at least,' observed Ripon, examining it closely.

'I gave more than twenty for mine, which is not so large,' said Marsden.

'Very likely,' replied the junior partner drily, and as if he had no great confidence in the head of the firm as a judge of Rhino in its raw material. 'I think we had better accompany the Celestial.'

Accordingly, having secured their tools at home, they followed their new acquaintance a distance of some two miles to the Chinese quarter of the Marycross diggings. There they found many score of his pig-tailed brethren, encamped, as is the custom of their nation, upon ground that other diggers had already worked, but which, disliking labour, they prefer to investigate anew, although, of course, without hope of very considerable profit. The unfortunate deceased, who lay in one of the least savoury of the miserable tents, was attired in his customary blue clothing, and held in his rigid hand, by way of passport to the other world, a paper with a Chinese prayer upon it. Some rice was strewed at his feet, which was supposed to be a propitiatory sacrifice to the devil (who, if such is the case, must be far easier pleased than is represented), and there were a couple of joss-sticks burning; and this was all the ceremony which the poor pious Chinaman, who was the dead man's brother, could afford. He was by no means overcome with grief, however, but rather, having done all that lay in his power, was disposed to take a philosophical view of the matter.

An English digger, who acted as a very indifferent interpreter, informed them that the living Celestial quite counted upon their carrying his departed relative away with them, there and then, and burying him in some spot which was not likely to be disturbed by the unhallowed hands of the gold-seekers; but Messrs Marsden and Ripon hastened to assure him, that it was not the custom of their highly respectable firm to perform funeral obsequies at such an exceedingly short notice. They agreed with the digger, for the sum of two sovereigns, that he should dig a grave of the requisite size in the neighbourhood of the gum-tree, as well as convey the body to it, while they, on their part, promised to complete the coffin by the ensuing morning.

The two adventurers not only felled their tree that forenoon, but split up planks—about the thickness of Vauxhall sandwiches—in more than sufficient number to supply the reasonable needs of the defunct Celestial; the reason of the excess being, that they had ignorantly made the coffin almost a complete square, having fissures in it after the manner of an orange-case; and this gave the digger not a little extra trouble, who had allowed, in his excavations, a very scanty margin indeed, even if the ordinary method of sepulture had been adopted. When it is added that the unconscious Chinaman was dragged by his pig-tail the entire distance from the tent to his place of interment, we may conclude that the arrangements generally were scarcely such as would have done credit to a metropolitan necropolis company.

A BRICK FROM A PYRAMID.

We too often only become conscious of the fact that a great man is amongst us when all that remains of him is clay. Then say we, 'Behold the last of the Titans has departed;' until another public loss reminds us that he was not the last. The grisly King has been very busy of late among our wisest and our best, and arrow after arrow has gone forth against those who have sat longest in our high places of Literature and Science. It is better that the axe should strike those trees, the golden produce of whose summer-time has already gladdened us, and the white blossom of whose lofty tops has been seen so long and far, than that it should smite the budding promise of the saplings; but the fall of them has been great indeed, and the space which they have left seems as yet a melancholy void.

Neither the least nor the greatest, but certainly one of the most remarkable of those who have recently departed, was Thomas de Quincey, to whom much study was not a weariness of the flesh, and to whose making of many books there is at last an end. As Shelley is said to be the most poetic of poets, so may De Quincey be called the most literary of literary men. Writing was to him both business and pleasure, and the end and the means of life. For his reputation, there is no doubt that he wrote far too much and far too desultorily. Critics, who have balances at their bankers, cannot understand why he did not concentrate his abilities upon some half-dozen mighty works, and thus erect a monument to himself for succeeding ages. Unhappily, literary persons are often subject to more pressing wants than post-mortem cenotaphs, and which must be supplied from day to day: even a philosopher, being also a paterfamilias, must sometimes sacrifice himself to necessity and the periodicals. Again, it is as little to be denied that De Quincey wrote too variously—upon too vast a number of subjects. Mankind distrusts great versatility, and will rarely grant to any one the reputation of being master of more than one trade. But here, too, it must be answered, that some necessities weigh more with a man than even the critical opinion of his fellows, and that the more fields the poor author takes in hand, the greater, if not the more valuable, are his immediate crops. However, and despite these disadvantages, there are few who have garnered a more creditable produce, take it for all in all—blade, and ear, and full corn in the ear—than the thirteen volumes which now lie before us.*

The mere table of their contents is like the catalogue of a library, and comprises almost every subject. There are Autobiographic Sketches, referring to private and public matters, to the Lakes, and to the Lake poets with whom he lived in such close intimacy: Narratives, of the most curious and striking interest, culled from every age and clime: Treatises upon the system of the heavens, and upon the casuistry of Roman Meals; upon Political Economy, and upon the Glory of Motion: then there are the wonderful Confessions (a volume of gorgeous mosaic), standing, pillar-like, alone in literature, and known of all men: Criticisms of poets from Shelley to Homer: Studies of eminent characters from Milton to Judas Iscariot: Essays on the Pagan Oracles and on Protestantism; upon Plato's Republic, upon French and English Literature, upon Sortilege and Astrology; upon the Essenes, the Theban Sphynx, and Rhetoric: Tales from the German: Speculations upon National Temperance Associations, on the King of Hayti, and on the Idea of a Universal History upon a cosmopolitical plan. These are only a few of the subjects upon which that fluent pen has discoursed so wisely and so well in these thirteen volumes. No wonder that De Quincey should have the reputation of being top-heavy and colossal—of being a tremendous engine of periodical oppression. His humour, in particular, is said to be like the play of a Rhinoceros. We never saw a Rhinoceros at play, but we suppose that such an image signifies a gigantic floundering after fun, and the seldom catching it. Let us take, then, a single paper of De Quincey's—a single brick from this enormous pyramid of books—that on 'Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts;' and put his detractors to shame. He supposes a Society of Connoisseurs in Murder—as there really was in the wicked beginning of this reformed century, a 'Society for the Suppression of Virtue,' a Hell-fire Club, and other abominable

* James Hogg and Sons: London and Edinburgh.

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institutions—a company of persons 'curious in homicide, amateurs and dilettanti in the various modes of carnage; and, in short, Murder-Fanciers.' He defends it, in the supposed character of its president, against certain slanderers, who affirm that it is an immoral establishment.

'But no,' says he; 'when a murder is in the paulo-post-futurum tense—not done, not even (according to modern purism) *being* done, but only going to be done—and a rumour of it comes to our ears, by all means let us treat it morally. But suppose it over and done, and that you can say of it, Τετέλεσται, It is finished, or (in that adamantine molossus of Medea) εἴργασται, Done it is: it is a *fait accompli;* suppose the poor murdered man to be out of his pain, and the rascal that did it off like a shot, nobody knows whither; suppose, lastly, that we have done our best, by putting out our legs, to trip up the fellow in his flight, but all to no purpose—'abiit, evasit, excessit, erupit,' &c.—why, then, I say, what's the use of any more virtue? Enough has been given to morality; now comes the turn of Taste and the Fine Arts. A sad thing it was, no doubt—very sad; but *we* can't mend it. Therefore, let us make the best of a bad matter; and, as it is impossible to hammer anything out of it for moral purposes, let us treat it æsthetically, and see if it will turn to account in that way.'

He backs his arguments by quoting his friend Coleridge, 'who, for all he is too fat to be a person of active virtue, is undoubtedly a worthy Christian,' as acknowledging himself pleased with a certain splendid fire at a pianoforte-maker's, although certainly wishing no ill to the poor man and his pianofortes—'many of them, doubtless, with the additional keys.' The poet would have worked hard enough to extinguish it, had it been necessary, but on the arrival of the fire-engines, he concluded very justly that 'morality had devolved wholly upon the insurance offices.' To *him* it then became only a splendid fire, and a magnificent spectacle. Similarly, the president adduces an eminent surgeon, Mr Howship, as having, in a work upon Indigestion, described an ulcer, which he had seen, as 'a beautiful ulcer,' although it was well known that 'Mr Howship makes war upon all ulcers.'*

The murdering of philosophers is a practice which, it seems, has prevailed from an early period of the seventeenth century; 'inasmuch that if a man calls himself a philosopher, and never had his life attempted, rest assured there is nothing in him; and against Locke's authority in particular, I think it an unanswerable objection (if we needed any), that, although he carried his throat about with him in this world for seventy-two years, no man ever condescended to cut it.' Des Cartes was *all but* murdered; Spinosa, it is true, is said to have died in his bed. 'Perhaps he did; but he was murdered for all that.' He was an invalid, weak and meagre, and was doubtless smothered with pillows by a certain L. M.—a person indicated by Spinosa's biographer only by these initials—who certainly left him dead under the most suspicious circumstances. 'But who was L. M.? It surely never could be Lindley Murray, for I saw him in York in 1825; and, besides, I do not think he would do such a thing—at least not a brother-grammarian: for you know, gentlemen, that Spinosa wrote a very respectable Hebrew grammar.'

'Again,' continues the president, 'Malebranche, it will give you pleasure to hear, was murdered. The man who murdered him is well known: it was Bishop Berkeley. The story is familiar, though hitherto not put in a proper light. Berkeley, when a young man, went to Paris, and called on Père Malebranche. He found him in his cell cooking. Cooks have ever been a *genus irritabile;* authors still more so: Malebranche was both: a dispute arose; the old father, warm already, became warmer; culinary and metaphysical irritations united to derange his liver: he took to his bed, and died. Such is the common version of the story: "So the whole ear of Denmark is abused." The fact is, that the matter was hushed up, out of consideration for Berkeley, who (as Pope justly observes) had "every virtue under heaven:" else it was well known that Berkeley, feeling himself nettled by the waspishness of the old Frenchman, squared at him; a *turn-up* was the consequence: Malebranche was floored in the first round; the conceit was wholly taken out of him; and he would perhaps have given in; but Berkeley's blood was now up, and he insisted on the old Frenchman's retracting his doctrine of Occasional Causes. The vanity of the man was too great for this; and he fell a sacrifice to the impetuosity of Irish youth, combined with his own absurd obstinacy.'

The æsthetic essentials for a good murder, it seems, are, first, that the subject of it should be a good man; because, if he were not, he might himself, by possibility, be contemplating murder at the very time; 'and such "diamond-cut-diamond" tussles, though pleasant enough where nothing better is stirring, are really not what a critic can allow himself to call murders. I could mention some people (I name no names) who have been murdered by other people in a dark lane; and so far all seemed correct enough; but, on looking further into the matter, the public have become aware that the murdered party was himself, at the moment, planning to rob his murderer.' Secondly, the subject of the murder should not be a public character: for everybody reads so much about him, and so few people ever see him, that, to the general belief, he is a mere abstract idea. 'The pope would, therefore'—and it is as well, perhaps, to mention it just now—'be a very improper person to murder.' Thirdly, the subject chosen ought to be in good health; 'for it is absolutely barbarous to murder a sick person who is quite unable to bear it. . . . A philosophic friend, well known for his philanthropy and general benignity, suggests that the subject chosen ought also to have a family of young children wholly dependent on his exertions, by way of deepening the pathos. And, undoubtedly, this is a judicious caution. Yet I would not insist too keenly on such a condition. Severe good taste unquestionably suggests it; but still, where the man was otherwise unobjectionable in point of morals and health, I would not look with too curious a jealousy to a restriction which might have the effect of narrowing the artist's sphere.'

Mr Thurtell's celebrated effort in this line did not meet with the approbation of the president; 'it was mere plagiarism; and, besides, his style was harsh as Albert Durer, and as coarse as Fuseli. There was, however, an unfinished design of Thurtell's, for the murder of a man with a pair of dumb-bells, which I admired greatly; but it was *a mere outline, which he never filled in.*'

Of course, as De Quincey himself writes, 'it is impossible to conciliate readers of so saturnine and gloomy a class, that they cannot enter with genial sympathy into any gaiety whatever, but, least of all, when the gaiety trespasses a little into the province of the extravagant. In such a case, not to sympathise is not to understand; and the playfulness, which is not relished, becomes flat and insipid, or absolutely without meaning.' But as to those who merely think the subject too terrible for jesting upon, 'the very excess of the extravagance, by suggesting to the reader continually the aëriality of the entire speculation should disenchant him of all horror.' 'Moreover,' adds the president, 'as to murder, I never committed one in my life. It 's a well-known thing amongst all my friends. I can get a paper to certify as much, signed by lots of

* 'And,' adds De Quincey—with that verbosity and absence of the knowledge of where to stop which disfigures so much of his writings, and especially mars his humour—'endeavours to banish them from the county of Middlesex.

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people. Indeed, if you come to that, I doubt whether many people could produce as strong a certificate. Mine would be as big as a breakfast table-cloth. There is indeed one member of the club, who pretends to say he caught me once making too free with his throat on a club-night, after everybody else had retired. But, observe, he shuffles in his story according to his state of civilation. When not far gone, he contents himself with saying that he caught me ogling his throat; and that I was melancholy for some weeks after, and that my voice sounded in a way expressing, to the nice ear of a connoisseur, *the sense of opportunities lost;* but the club all know that he is a disappointed man himself, and that he speaks querulously at times about the fatal neglect of a man's coming abroad without his tools." No; for his part the president disapproves of the practice *in toto*, and upon his word of honour. 'For if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time. *Principiis obsta*—that 's my rule.'

DOOMED TO DEATH.

Not very long subsequent to the time when the pilfering of a loaf of bread by starving fingers was held deserving of Death by our bloody statute-book, and when Burglary *was* Death, and Forgery *was* Death, equally with Murder, and when Murder by consequence was three times more rife than it is now, I was chaplain to a county jail. I was not resident there, nor even bound to be there regularly, as would now be the case, except on the Sunday, but I was called in when any one was lying under the capital sentence—with six days left to him or her in this world at the furthest—almost along with the sheriff and the executioner. I was, as it were, the shadow of the gallows-tree, and predicted its approach as surely, if not, as I humbly hope, so darkly and despairingly. Nevertheless, it is far harder than some persons would have us imagine to make a doomed man take a trustful view of that Dark Gulf which lies so immediately before him.

When a man is ever so ill, Death is not *certain;* and with all his often large and genuine acceptance of religious consolation, he still keeps a private corner of his heart for earthly hope. Since Providence, as we tell him, and he allows, is so merciful and omnipotent, Providence, says he to himself, can save body as well as soul. When a soldier or a sailor volunteers upon a service, however dangerous, he has a secret expectation of coming out alive from it after all. Far be it from me—who have stood by a hundred death-beds, and know well that Death is met, in the large majority of cases, with exceeding fortitude—to underrate the courage of my fellow-creatures; but I do affirm that the hope of life—that is, the chance of its not being extinguished—is far more necessary to the doing of great deeds than poor boastful human nature is apt to own. The heroic acts that have been performed at extreme risk by the noblest of our fellow-creatures, are numberless; the heroic acts that have been performed with death for their *certain* end, are excessively rare; and the greater part of even those will be found to have been anticipations of doom—if Death had not been forced to make his spring, he was lying in wait, and sure of his prey in any case.

Thus the thoughts of almost every man condemned to die by the law are taken up with, and concentrated upon, the hope of a reprieve. Notwithstanding that in many cases the doomed person is ready to admit the justice of his sentence—although I have my doubts whether there is much genuine candour in that statement, and am of opinion that it is commonly made with some dim piteous notion of exciting commiseration, and eventually pardon—yet, it being in the power of his brother-men to save his life, the taking of it seems to him to be an action absolutely monstrous and incredible. That the prison authorities, the government, the nation, the whole world, should quietly suffer him to be led out under the open sky, and in the face of a great multitude, to be put to death—to be hung by the neck till he is dead—appears to him not only revolting, but (although he knows it has happened to hundreds of others before him) a thing utterly inconceivable. He shuts his eyes to the fate awaiting him, as long as he can, almost always up to the last night he has to live, very often up to the moment when he sets his foot upon the scaffold itself. I believe that, in the majority of cases, the entire energies of the unfortunate wretch are directed to this one impossible attempt of gaining a reprieve. I mistrust for the most part, I am sorry to say, even his willing acceptance of my good offices, of my fervent endeavours to call his attention to more important matters. 'More important?' thinks he. 'What *can* be more important to a man than the question of whether he is to die on Monday, Tuesday, to-morrow, in an hour perhaps—or whether he is to Live?'

I fear I shall shock many worthy persons, who read this sitting by their firesides with a cravat round their necks instead of a rope, when I say that this state of mind in condemned persons is not outrageous, nor to be greatly reprobated. Felons, as a general rule, are uneducated, irreligious, wicked folks, who have never thought—I do not say of the Great Hereafter, but—of anything whatever beyond the gratification of some mean and present desire. Within the limit of six days, it would be difficult indeed for the best directed efforts to alter, to reverse such natures; but when, in addition, the minds of those with whom we have to deal are preoccupied with one overwhelming terror, made darker by the intervals of frenzied hopes—the *ignes fatui* of a reprieve—our task is arduous indeed. I say nothing of its painful and affecting nature; of the watching of the ill-concealed anxieties, the trembling expectations fated to end in disappointment, the useless flutterings of the tethered bird. If it rested with us jail-chaplains, there would certainly be no more capital punishments. It may be urged, and perhaps with reason, that we are not quite fitted to be judges of such a matter, nor do I wish to argue the question here; only let no man imagine that 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth' is the measure that is accorded to the murderer; that we but do unto him as he has done unto his fellow. He did not tell *his* victim that he should surely die at the end of a certain number of days and at a certain hour, and, keeping him shut up until that hour, then carry out his deadly threat. During that same interval, a doomed man dies sometimes five hundred deaths. There is no such thing as a man being 'game' *then*, whatever may happen in the last scene of all, when there are a thousand ruffian hands to applaud his assumed fortitude. The jailer, who is always in the condemned cell to guard against the poor wretch laying violent hands upon himself, is not appreciative of any such display; and though 'an atheist's laugh' may be some exchange for 'Deity offended,' no man alone, and without that hideous sympathy, will defy God. I have seen doomed men in almost every disposition of mind—sunk in the stupor of despair, graceless, furious, malignant, and even in rare cases affectedly jocose (by far the most painful sight of any); but in their own cells, and alone with myself and the jailer, I have never known one to be what is called 'game,' nor, as I before said, have I ever known—upon looking back upon all the circumstances, although I may have been deceived at the time—one doomed person not at times buoyed

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up by a secret or expressed hope of escaping his fate. There were two cases of this kind in the jail wherein I officiated, which, coming under my notice at precisely the same period, exhibited singular diversities.

Mary B—— was condemned to death for the murder, by poison, of her own sister, for whose husband she had conceived a guilty passion. There was no doubt of her having committed the crime, or of her having deserved the punishment. She had, when I first saw her, nearly a week to live, it being about that time to the ensuing Monday. She told me, in our first interview, of how many minutes that space consisted—for she had been allowed a pencil, with which (closely watched lest she should swallow it) she had made the calculation—and '*there are one hundred and twenty gone!*' she whispered with a shudder, when I took my first leave of her. The female jailer told me that, during this poor creature's last two or three days, whenever the great jail-clock struck the hour overhead, she would scream like one in pain; and upon waking in the mornings, would ask with eagerness what time it was, and then bemoan herself that she had slept so late. Those hours—passed in a miserable cell, shut out from any sight of the green earth (for it was mid-July), and almost every sound, except that the hum of the town beneath came up thither to remind her of the world with which she was never more to mix—must surely have been wretched indeed; and yet her cry was, 'Oh, that they might be again!' Notwithstanding her evident agony at the thoughts of her approaching end, she actually attempted to anticipate it by some twenty-four hours by suicide; or rather, I think, she pretended to attempt it, with some faint notion that such an evidence of her utter misery might procure her pardon; for these miserable persons always imagine, in their frenzied terror, that the governor, the chaplain, nay, the very jailer himself, has power in the matter, and could get them off, or at least respited, if he pleased. How often, when I have been leaving some poor wretch's cell with the comfortable hope that what had been so greedily listened to by the ear, may have taken root in the heart also, have I been suddenly made conscious of the *real motive* that had actuated my unhappy convert, by his plucking my sleeve, and whispering in a tone of heartfelt earnestness which there was *no* mistaking: 'And you will tell them that I am penitent, chaplain; and that it will do no harm to let me live;' or by some assurance reiterated for the thousandth time that he is an innocent man. All those who have had any experience in this matter, perceive the folly of the assertion that penal servitude, or any other punishment that can be possibly devised, is, or can be equally dreaded with that of death itself. Men fear it every whit as much as women, who commonly fall after their sentence into a kind of stupor; and the case of Mary B—— was by no means worse than that of male convicts I have known. When not in a state of agonised despair, 'The king!' 'The good king!' 'The merciful king!' was perpetually in her mouth; and if he could only know of her condition, she expressed her confidence that he would have saved her. Her cell-door was never opened unexpectedly without her looking up at it with an air of hopeful eagerness. Again, with a curious inconsistency, she would sometimes ask the minutest questions regarding the place of execution; whether it was in the prison-yard, or on the hill behind the jail; and on being told the latter, inquired how many persons it was likely would be there to see 'it.' She always spoke of her execution as 'it.' Her last night she spent at the bars of her cell-window, drinking in the quiet of the stars, and taking farewell, as it seemed, of their ineffable beauty. But this phase of her conduct was exceptional; and I believe that from the hour of her conviction to that of her death, the thought of a reprieve was never out of her waking mind for many consecutive minutes. Wha she slept, however, poor girl—for she was scarcely grown woman—she dreamed of the days of her ins cence; generally, as she told me, of her childhoo and her last look upon the scaffold was directa behind her, towards the jail, whence, as she knew, reprieve, if reprieve there was, must necessarily com

The case of Robert S——, under sentence of dea at the same time, exhibited a marked contrast to th of this unfortunate woman. He had been convic of burglary with violence, and there having bee previous conviction recorded against him, the la as it then stood, would most certainly take its cours He seemed fully to understand and even acquiesce this. The law and he, as it seemed to him, ha been open enemies all his life, and at last the la had got the better of him. When the judge ha told him to dismiss from his mind all hope o earthly pardon, he did dismiss it. I always fou him, if not resigned and penitent, at least respectf and uncomplaining. He was grossly ignorant of re gion, as of almost everything else, but he was not o of those stupid phlegmatic boors who form most o class. He shewed a lively and laudable desire t leave something behind him for those who had be mainly dependent for subsistence upon him. H course he took to accomplish this would have be impossible in these days, but it was very comm then. I was cognizant of the matter without either assisting or opposing it. The prisoner asked leave o the jailer to send for a surgeon, in order that h might dispose of his body to him before execution and his request was acceded to. Mr M—— of th assize town accordingly had an interview with th convict; he had a reputation more than provinci and was exceedingly assiduous in the pursuit of h darling profession. He was indeed pretty well know as a buyer of bodies, and I guessed what he had come about when I saw him leave Robert S——'s cell on th eve of the fatal day. He had, it seemed, given th poor fellow a sovereign, but declined to have an dealings with him regarding the proposed purchas I was rather surprised to hear this, but asked n questions about it at that time. The next day Robert S—— was executed in pursuance of his sentence, an buried within the prison walls. He was perfectly quiet and self-possessed to the last, and never appeared to me to have entertained any hope of escaping his fate. And yet the case had been in reality quite otherwise.

Meeting Mr M—— a few weeks afterwards at th house of a friend, he informed me of his reasons fo not purchasing the body of Robert S——.

'The fact is,' said he, 'I bought that poor fellow's carcass once before. He was hung for burglary two years ago in the next county, and was carried to my house after execution. He frightened Mrs M—— a good deal that night by the noise he made with his returning animation. It was annoying of course, but my trade being to cure, and not to kill, I was obliged to do what I could for him, and he was well in a fortnight; and yet that lesson, severe as it was, had, you see, no effect upon him, and he has now been hung in real earnest. He did not know that I was to be the doctor sent for, and was taken terribly aback when he saw me. The rascal had never returned me my ten pounds, you see, and I was not going to pay for the same thing twice over. I should have declined any further dealings with him, besides, since his manner assured me that he had some device in his head of escaping the hangman yet. I have found out what that was now, for, between ourselves, I did get the body after all. He did not trust to chance, which through the mismanagement of the rope saved him on the former occasion, but had provided himself with a silver tube—a thing not of the slightest use, poor fellow, but which many of his class put an implicit trust in—which he managed to keep about him, and by

place unobserved in his throat on the fatal morning. I found it there myself.'

Thus even in the case which I had judged to be an exception to the general rule, the one cause of apparent fortitude in the person irrevocably doomed to Death, was the secret hope of escaping it.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Because scientific discovery has not astonished the world of late with anything very extraordinary, in the way of electric messages under the Atlantic, or balloon-voyages over it, murmurs are heard from impatient people that our natural philosophers are growing idle, or have used up all their material. That no very astonishing discoveries have been made of late, is only partially true, as our own pages may testify; and we may be sure that while men are earnest to seek out the secrets of nature, there will never be lack of material for them to work upon. There are indeed proofs enough that idleness is not prevailing: the Royal Society have apportioned generous sums out of the grant placed at their disposal by government, among chemists, physiologists, and other *savans*, who will make good use thereof; and they have contributed liberally out of their own resources to the Humboldt Foundation which is to be established at Berlin. Mr C. V. Walker is pursuing a series of experiments, by authority, with a view to determine the direction of the earth-currents in those magnetic storms or disturbances which, as in last autumn, derange, and in some instances impede the passage of telegraphic signals. By observations at numerous stations, and marking the direction by arrows on a map, as Mr Glaisher does on his wind-maps, data will in time be deducible as to the earth-currents; and a knowledge of these facts will be of essential service to the science of electrotelegraphy.—Lloyd of Dublin, and Robinson of Armagh, both first-rate names in science, have further investigated the abstruse phenomena of electricity and magnetism, as may be seen in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*.—Wiedemann, a German, finds a remarkable analogy between the phenomena of magnetism and of torsion.—Mr Gassiot, following up his researches on electrical discharges in vacuo, of which we have from time to time made mention, has achieved further results that may be described as surprising. Having been brought before the Royal Society, they were afterwards demonstrated in a lecture by Dr Tyndall at the Royal Institution, where the appliances are on a grand scale. With a large nitric acid battery, and a glass vacuum tube nine inches diameter, slightly charged with vapour of heated potash, the blaze of coloured light on the passage of the electric current, excited the beholders to a burst of admiration. There is something truly wonderful in the effect of breaking the current: the light does not, as usual, instantly disappear, but moves at a measured pace, or, in Dr Tyndall's words, marches stratum by stratum into the negative electrode. Different effects of colour are producible by different vapours: green, for example, by sulphate of copper; and some of the effects are so dazzling, that they cannot be looked at without a darkened glass. As yet, the whole significance of these phenomena has not been ascertained, but that they are related to those of light and heat, scarcely admits of question, or that by their means we shall arrive at satisfactory conclusions concerning the aurora. As illustrations before a college class, or popular audience, they would be eminently attractive.

There is talk of an undersea-telegraph from the Land's End to St Mary's in the Scilly Isles, which lying, as sailors say, well to the west, would be a good 'port of call' for outward-bound vessels. A line has been laid from Jersey to the French coast near St Malo; one across the Straits from Spain to Ceuta, accelerated perhaps by some years by the quarrel with Morocco; and the six hundred miles of cable are laid from Singapore to Batavia. As in Java the white ants eat the telegraph-posts, the Dutch colonists now substitute living posts—slim trees of graceful foliage—which produce a pleasing effect.

The Humboldt Foundation above mentioned is a project set on foot in Berlin to perpetuate, if possible, the memory of the late Alexander von Humboldt, and the ever-ready and energetic aid which he accorded to scientific claimants of all countries. 'It is therefore our desire,' say the promoters, 'to establish a fund, called the Humboldt Foundation, a memorial of gratitude, designed to promote scientific talent wherever it appears, in all those branches in which Humboldt developed his scientific energy—namely, in works of Natural History and distant Travels.' The Royal Prussian Academy, of which Humboldt was a member for nearly sixty years, is to be intrusted with the administration of the fund. The contributions towards it from scientific men in this country already amount to L.600; and as all countries that cultivate science will contribute, the Foundation bids fair to start with the materials for a high degree of usefulness.

A few geographical, geological, and commercial facts are worth notice. There is talk in the United States of sending out another Arctic expedition, to follow the late Dr Kane's discoveries along the northern coast of Greenland, and, if possible, do that which Parry, accompanied by (now Sir James) Ross, failed to accomplish—get to the pole.—A paper read before the Geographical Society shews the possibility of a railway from Chile across the Andes, and down to the head of the navigation of the Rio de la Plata at Rosario. From Valparaiso to Copiapo and Tres Puntos, a railway is already constructed, chiefly for mining purposes, to an elevation of six thousand feet; and as the Pass proposed for the line is not choked with snow in winter, and the whole distance is not more than eleven hundred miles, the possibility of the scheme is believed in.—A river, heretofore unknown, has been discovered in Vancouver's Island, by the officers of the survey, who report it to be navigable for stern-wheel steamers, and as flowing through land unusually good for that country. This will be good news for emigrants and settlers, especially as there is now a prospect of a fair and friendly settlement of the boundary dispute.—Tuscany has at last set about reclaiming one of the large marshes which render her soil unfertile and unhealthy: it comprises 1300 acres in the province of Pisa, and if the work is a beginning in earnest with the many similarly needful reclamations that have been neglected for ages in the transalpine states, politicians will have good reason to hope for the regeneration of Italy.—Now that our consul is established at Japan, a little mild excitement prevails among botanists in prospect of the harvest of new plants which they hope to gather in that hitherto mysterious country. In this case, it seems probable that scientific explorers will have the start of the missionaries.—The silk-worm epidemic in the south of Europe, besides occasioning researches into the anatomy and physiology of the worms by foreign *savans*, of which the latest is on the composition of their skin by M. Peligot, has been felt in China, 80,000 ounces of silk-worms' eggs having been sent from Hong-kong to San Francisco, thence by the Isthmian route to the English mail-steamer, so as to arrive in Italy in the shortest possible time. Reckoned at sixteen shillings an ounce, the consignment was of no ordinary value.—The cotton question may now be said to be in its chronic stage, and in mathematical phrase, there is no solution of continuity in the suggestions made as to new regions for growing the article. That the question is of importance, may be

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judged from the fact, that we now require a thousand million pounds a year.—The Dutch government are very commendably making plantations of *Isonandra gutta*, the gutta-percha tree, at Surinam; and English botanists have ascertained that varieties of the same tree, yielding a similar juice, grow in India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago.

Within the past three months, the geologists of 'Old Cornwall' have had proofs of activity in their favourite study by two smart earthquake shocks. The second was sufficiently severe to split a mass of masonry from top to bottom at Newquay, three miles north-west of Truro, and to shake bits of plaster from ceilings at St Michael's Mount and elsewhere.—Mr Lieber, the government geologist of South Carolina, in a report on that state, shews proofs of ancient depressions along the coast, of total changes in the course of rivers, of subsequent elevation and extension seaward, succeeded by a depression which is now going on, accompanied by what he describes as 'a southward translocation of our littoral islands.' This insular movement is accounted for by the set of a current, which wastes the northern end of the islands, and deposits the material at the southern end, and at such a rate that a part of the Hunting Isles, where a sportsman still living shot his first buck, is now a hundred yards within the Atlantic. From Australia we hear of the opposite kind of phenomena, as published in the third volume of the *Transactions of the Philosophical Institute of Victoria*, which, in passing, we may mention as highly interesting evidence of the pursuit of science in the colonies. It appears from a series of observations, that in twelve months the bottom of Hobson's Bay rose four inches; that the beach at Williamstown, which, five years ago, was covered by the tide, is now covered with a green vegetation, and is the site of tents and houses. A foot below the present coast-road, a thick bed of sea-shells is found, at an elevation of eight feet above the present level of the bay. Whichever way the coast is followed, similar signs are met with. Flinders' soundings are no longer trustworthy, for where he found ten fathoms water, there are now but seven. The railway between Adelaide city and port rose four inches in the year after it was opened; and considering these changes, the government of South Australia have ordered a new survey of the whole coast of that colony. The conclusion drawn from the several data is, that for some time a rise of four inches per annum has been going on; if, therefore, the banks of the river at Melbourne have risen six feet within the past twenty years, it explains why the wharfs are no longer, as formerly, liable to floods from the Yarra Yarra. Geologists have long been aware that Australia is in an unfinished condition, geologically speaking, as compared with other countries; and it may be that these changes are a part of the treatment which that great country has yet to undergo.

To shew that colonists can think of other than auriferous matters, we extract the table of contents of the volume of *Transactions* above referred to: Reclamation and Cultivation of a Swamp in the rear of Melbourne—Australian Birds, Plants, and Reptiles—On a Water-yielding Tree—and Geology, Astronomy, and Meteorology. Truly we have reason to be proud of our brethren at the antipodes.

The Royal Scottish Society of Arts publish in the last part of their *Transactions* a description of transport by water-power, which, because of its simplicity and economy, deserves to be widely known. At the Tyndrum lead-mines, a square wooden trough 1200 feet long was laid down, with a slope of from 13 to 20 degrees, in expectation that the stream of water made to rush through it would carry the ore down to the stamping-mills. The result was a disappointment, for the lumps would not move over the flat bottom of the trough. A change was made, by fixing the trough with one of its corners downwards, thus establishing an angular channel, and with satisfactory consequences. 'The lead ore, broken to the size of ordinary road-metal, was fed by a hopper into the top of the tube; a moderate stream of water was admitted along with it, and the whole ore passed through the tube with an astonishing rapidity, and was delivered at the bottom, no choking taking place at all.' By experiments made for the purpose, a right angle was found to answer better than any other, and to require the smallest quantity of water. The channel is lined with sheet-iron, and is never clogged, even by the heavy lead-powder. At Tyndrum, from 1100 to 1200 tons of ore are delivered annually by means of the tube, and more cheaply than by any other way, the cost in wages of delivering 40 tons being one shilling.

Apart from its usefulness in a mining country, the subject of an angular channel applies to ordinary drains and sewers; and it is argued that this form is less liable to obstruction than the curved or square, for, owing to the slope of the sides, the resistance to solid matters is diminished, and the buoying-up power of the water increased.

The intra-Mercurial planet predicted by M. Le Verrier has not only been discovered sooner than was anticipated, by Dr Lescarbault, but Wolf of Zurich, that indefatigable observer of the solar spots, shews that it has been seen perhaps a dozen times within the past hundred years, by observers in different parts of Europe, who all describe a distinct circular spot, apparently as large as Mercury, passing rapidly across the sun's disk. The year of this, as yet anonymous planet, is shorter than our February by about ten days.

Of the artistic literature published this last season for the gratification of the eye, the *Moral Emblems* of Jacob Cats and Robert Farlie, illustrated by John Leighton, bear away the bell, although, from the nature of its subject, the volume cannot make so much noise as others of less merit. The illustrations—of a certain staid but by no means stiff description—are very beautiful; and indeed, from cover to cover, this truly elegant volume may be said to give the world assurance of a book.

EARLY SPRING.

Oh, sweetly now the seasons change!
From dark and grim to lightsome eves!
The happy birds have longer range,
And later twitter on the eaves.

The face of nature still is grave,
The dint of biting frost is there;
But shining laurels boldly wave
Their welcome to a milder air.

The earth looks soft, as if, beneath,
The sun's increasing warmth had power;
And soon shall pierce the tender sheath
Which holds the perfect snow-drop flower.

Dear is the earliest dawn of spring—
This hint of future ecstasy—
The thrushes feel it first, and sing
Enraptured on yon naked tree.

I would that I like them could pour
Songs sweet as is my heart's delight!
And when earth's winters all are o'er,
I hope to hail a spring as bright.

JUDITH.

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ST PETER'S HOTEL.

TRAVELLING was not so common a thing in the reign of King George I. as it is in the days of Queen Victoria, and half Somersetshire was in a state of wonder and excitement when it became known that the Honourable Henry Seymour had made up his mind to go abroad and see foreign parts. Neighbours met in the ale-houses to speculate on the subject; farmers discoursed of it by their hearths and on their way to market; country gentlemen had no other topic as they rode to meet the hounds; and Mr Seymour's relations were deeply concerned, for he was an only son, the last of a line related to the noble House of Somerset, and owners of a manor on the banks of the Severn from before the war of the Roses. His father was old, his mother was dead, his only sister was yet unmarried, the estate was safe from mortgage or fine, and he had not joined the Pretender's cause. What, then, was taking Mr Seymour abroad? It was a strange turn for a Somersetshire gentleman: they had heard of great lords taking such odd fancies when somebody eclipsed them at court. But at length, by dint of observation and inquiry, it was found out that the young squire's travelling arose chiefly from a quarrel which he had with his college-friend, Sidney Scrope.

The lands of the Scropes and the Seymours met, and their boundaries had never been disputed. The families had taken the same side in the Civil War and the Revolution, being first called Puritans, and then Whigs. Sidney was an only son, too; had a widowed father, an unmarried sister, and a free estate. The two young men had played together in childhood, studied together at Eton and Oxford, were famous for their friendship at school and college; and there was a sort of understood contract that each should marry the other's sister, and thus bind the families, who had been so long friendly neighbours, by the closer bond of kindred. The old men had given their approbation to that arrangement; the young ladies were believed to view it in a favourable light; but at the very first fox-hunt after their return from Magdalen Hall, Seymour and Scrope had fallen out. The dispute, like most serious quarrels, had a trifling origin: it commenced on the merits of their respective dogs. It proceeded first to high words, and then to bitter ones. Both had been trained too strictly in Puritan ways to think of settling the matter with sword or pistol; but they said what neither could get over. Their fathers were first angry with them, then took up the quarrel so far as to cast off good neighbourdom and social meetings; both homes became unhappy; neither of the sisters was well pleased; Sidney Scrope went up to London, it was said, to get a place at court, for he was a distant kinsman of the prime minister; and Henry Seymour resolved to go abroad.

Even travelling took a party-direction in those days. Adventurous Tories, who wished to see the world, turned their steps southward to France and Italy, where the Stuarts and their adherents might be met with, where the divine right of kings was an established doctrine, and where all Protestants were heretics. Whigs, on the contrary, went due north—to Holland, from whence the Prince of Orange had come, and the luxuries of the east were now dispensed to Europe; to Hanover, which had given the Protestant succession; and to the Lutheran lands of the Elbe and the Baltic. Henry Seymour, as might be expected, took the latter course. If travellers were fewer at that period, it was also thought less necessary to print their travels. Gentlemen who had seen foreign parts, contented themselves with relating their experiences in long letters, which came at longer intervals to their friends, and are still worth reading for the light they cast on the goings and doings of those old times, when men did not move so quickly; or with rehearsing them to listening neighbours at their own firesides, when the days of journeying and perils by land and sea were past. When it is understood that Henry Seymour and the son of his father's steward—who accompanied him in the quality of page, and was thought a youth of marvellous courage for the undertaking—journeyed to London on horseback in a week, sailed to Rotterdam in a fortnight, and spent two months at the Hague, some idea may be formed of his rate of progress. Court-couriers from the north brought letters to his father, for safety sent under cover to their powerful kinsman, the proud Duke of Somerset, whose secretary sent them by special messengers to the old manor-house in the west at all seasons when the roads were fit for man and horse. They told of the wealth and wonders he saw in the Dutch towns; of what was bruited among the folks in Hanover touching his majesty's disagreement with the Prince of Wales for visiting his mother in her prison at Zell; of the mighty drinking which was done in Denmark and Sweden; of the splendours to be seen in the new kingdom of Prussia, which some thought would not last long; of the great disputes in the Polish diet concerning the royal election: and at the end of three years' news and adventures, the young man announced his resolution to travel into that strange country of Moscovy, and see the marvellous works of the great Czar Peter, of whom all the world was talking.

On receiving that intelligence, old Seymour thought

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it necessary to choose a presumptive heir among his nearest relations, lest his son should never return, and Henry's sister had thoughts of providing black broadcloth to wear as fashionable mourning for her brother. It was the common opinion in their neighbourhood that the family never could forgive the Scropes for causing Master Henry to take such ventures upon him; but while the talk and the wonder were still fresh in farm and manor house beside the Severn, he and his faithful Ralph were on their way from Moscow to St Petersburg, journeying in the long days of the Russian summer, to see the new city the czar was building where town had never stood before, and also to rest and refresh themselves at the splendid inn which he had established half-way between his two capitals. The city rising on the Neva had been no greater boast than was this house of entertainment with all the postilions, couriers, and government officers who came in their way. Its grandeur had been published to young Seymour by the Russian ambassador's people at Copenhagen and Amsterdam, Berlin and Warsaw. The building had cost fifty thousand rubles, the furniture, fifty thousand more. The innkeeper had been brought all the way from Paris; he did things in the first style. Nobles went there from all the provinces to learn French fashions; and no peasant was ever permitted to get further than the courtyard. St Peter's Hotel, as the place was piously named, presented a handsome front of snow-white walls and expansive windows to the wild forest-road by which travellers approached it. The very model of one of the great houses of Paris in the reign of Louis Quatorze, its salons had splendid hangings, mirrors, and inlaid floors; the best wines of Champagne and Burgundy could be had there for the paying. There was plate on all occasions, and to spare; a display of cookery-books and culinary instruments in the ever-open kitchen; and the innkeeper's name was Claude Trouvé.

Claude got his second name from one of the night-watch of Paris, who found him an infant wrapped in a coarse shawl, and left sleeping in the fields where now stands the Rue St Honoré. Under the watchman's care, he grew to be an *enfant* of the streets, then a *garçon* of the coffee-houses, and lastly, was believed to have made his fortune by marrying a widow fifteen years his senior, and the proprietress of a small inn on the road between Paris and Versailles. He had achieved that position almost a year, when the Czar of All the Russias paid his celebrated visit to the French court, got flattered and feasted by the Regent Orleans, and of course visited all the *cabarets* and wine-shops in the vicinity. As fortune would have it, the brandy at Claude's house pleased his imperial majesty best. Inns ranked high among the civilised institutions he meant to graft on his northern empire; and one day, when the spirits were particularly to his mind, Peter I. opened a private negotiation with Claude Trouvé, proposing that the innkeeper, whose judgment of cognac was so perfect, should transfer himself, his goods, and his spouse, to a spot marked out in the autocrat's mind, though not yet in any map, for it lay on the borders of Ingria, and there be established in a house which Peter would build, and compel his loving subjects to frequent under penalty of his displeasure, the knout, and Siberia. Claude demurred to only one clause of the treaty, and that was the companionship of his liege lady. Fortunate as he had been in gaining her affections, together with the inn, less than a year of her government made him thankful for transportation to the Ingrian frontier, where in due time he was set up; the house being built by crown-peasants, furnished with all the money Peter could spare, or Claude could abstract from the widow's treasury before his elopement, and supplied with provisions by contributions levied from the neighbouring boyards.

The supplies were large, if not very good. The house was the wonder of all Western Russia. Of its cookery-books, mirrors, curtains, and wines, we have already spoken; but the interior had one deficiency greater than the want of the Grecian ivy in Alexander's Babylonian garden, for there was neither bed nor bed-linen in the whole establishment. Being a citizen of the world, Claude adapted himself to the customs of the country in which he had found refuge from his spouse. He therefore slept on the best part of the stove top, with the half-dozen boors of whom Peter had made him a present, occupying the inferior corners. The nobles and wealthy traders who stopped at his house by imperial command, came in their own *kibitkas*, which served them not only for kitchen and parlour, but also for bedroom. Nobody troubled himself about sleeping-accommodations for his servants, so everything went on well; the inn was the glory of the province. Claude had learned Russian enough to boast of the splendours concealed in its twenty-four bedrooms, which were always locked up, when one unlucky day brought no less than two English gentlemen, with their horses and attendants, bound for St Petersburg, but determined to remain at his house for the night, because the evening was already come, and the road deep and miry with the rains. One of these was the far-travelled Henry Seymour, his faithful Ralph, and two Russian moujiks, who acted as guide and driver; the other was a gentleman bearing dispatches to the English ambassador concerning the coronation of the czarina, Catherine I., which Peter had determined to see done, that she might reign after him. Claude could not discover that traveller's name, but only that he journeyed with a retinue proportioned to his important charge; and beds must be found for them all, or the reputation of St Peter's Hotel was gone for ever. To think of moving the English travellers one step on their journey that night, was about as probable as to coax the Ingrian wolves from sheep-stealing. To attempt borrowing bed, sheet, or blanket in the surrounding country, would be as likely a speculation as to look for mulberries on the forest-pines. Such articles were as yet unknown in that part of Russia. The nobles slept on cushions covered with their fur-mantles; the peasants on rye-straw under their sheep-skin coats; but the Englishmen would expect feathers, if not down. The Holland sheets, satin quilts, and damask curtains of Claude's charming tales, would be looked for now. The emptiness of his locked-up rooms would get wind through those ever-to-be-accursed Britons. The czar might get ashamed of his innkeeper, and Claude's chance of being made a noble of the first class, and a colonel in the life-guards, be lost for all time coming.

He retired to his wine-cellar, but not to drink; it was the field of his triumph, and the cabinet of his privy-council. Why had not the czar bought a few casks less, and furnished at least one bedroom for exigencies? Peter knew what suited himself and his subjects, and had not calculated on English travellers who would stay for the night. The luckless innkeeper first consigned them, their country, kindred, and posterity, to regions considerably under low-water mark: then confessed his sins, a catalogue of which would not edify the reader, and called on all the saints in whom he had confidence; and at length, finding that none of them were likely to interpose in his favour, he had recourse to that never-failing inheritance of the Frank—his wits. Claude's consultation with those old friends must have been satisfactory, for he left the cellar a restored man, bustled about to get supper ready for his guests, and gave his servants to understand that something of great importance was about to be transacted.

It must be premised that Claude had ascertained that both travellers understood French, and that he was the only man in his establishment at all conversant

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with that language. His knowledge of Russian was not extensive, but the boors could be made sensible of his meaning by kicks and cuffs; and the boyards were bound to understand their czar's protégé; so Claude had the talking all his own way. Strong in this knowledge, he saw the supper served with a great display of plate and wax-candles to each party. They had been located in the two principal salons of the house, conveniently situated at its extreme ends; and Henry Seymour was expressing his astonishment at meeting so much magnificence, in a country thought so barbarous, to honest Ralph, whose good service had raised him to a kind of companionship with his master, when their host entered, looking as desperately courageous as if he were about to undertake the defence of the Russian empire, and said: 'Monsieur will pardon my intrusion when he knows the cause. I have reason to believe'—and his voice sunk to a resolute whisper—'that Warzki is in the house.'

Warzki was a robber-chief whose fame had travelled as far as that of the hotel. Some said he had been a captain in the disbanded Strelitzes, who thought it his duty to rob and murder till the Princess Sophia should be restored to her regency. Some said he had been a page to the Czarowitz Alexis, helped him to conspire against his father, and took to the forest-roads to escape the wheel. Whichever tale was true, Warzki could neither be caught nor frightened. His bands were the terror of all travellers, from Poland to Ingria. He had robbed royal couriers and taxmen, first-class merchants and foreign ambassadors. The way to St Petersburg was rendered so unsafe by his neighbourhood, that princes of the blood were known to take circuitous routes. The bishops had excommunicated him, the czar had offered thousands of rubles for his apprehension in vain; and besides the help of Satan, his safety was thought to be owing to one terrible precaution—Warzki left none living to tell the tale of his robberies! The idea of such a fellow-lodger was sufficient to startle a friendless foreigner, with only his English servant to depend on, and a quantity of hard cash in his saddle-bags to defray his expenses in St Petersburg. But Henry Seymour was not unworthy of his land or lineage; he calmly inquired if the innkeeper were sure of his information. Claude protested there was not the slightest doubt it was Warzki, and nobody else, who occupied the opposite salon; his bands were of course within call, and the entire household would be robbed and murdered in their beds.

'Then let us not go to bed,' said Henry Seymour; 'but arm ourselves, and watch. If he make the slightest signal, let us shoot him. How many of his men, think you, are in the neighbourhood?'

'Heaven knows!' said Claude. 'He has some half-dozen with him for disguise, you understand; your force and ours would be sufficient to master them, if the rest did not come up.'

After some further discussion, it was arranged that Seymour, Ralph, and the two moujiks should be armed with all the weapons they could muster, and keep watch all night in the salon; that Claude should marshal his available force in their quarters; and that the outer gate should be fast locked, and every precaution taken to prevent the robber-chief from knowing that he was discovered, as it might be possible that he had merely taken shelter in the house from the weather or his enemies, and would retire without doing damage; in which case it was wise not to meddle with him.

These measures had scarcely been agreed on, when Claude appeared at the splendidly covered table, where sat the other traveller, no less impressed with the unexpected grandeur of his house. He was a man as young, as bold, and better attended than Seymour, having two English servants and a small retinue of Russians; and to him the innkeeper imparted the same terrible intelligence. Warzki was in the opposite salon; he knew him by his beard, and had information on which he could rely. Everybody in the house would be robbed and murdered as soon as they went to bed, and Warzki had a particular hatred to the English. The bearer of dispatches to his Britannic Majesty's ambassador being of a more hasty temper than the Somersetshire gentleman, proposed to clear the country of such a pest, and save themselves by an immediate attack; but Claude was ready with the probabilities of his taking shelter and going away quietly, and the inexpediency of provoking the vengeance of his bands, which some reckoned to be a thousand strong. In short, he reasoned the one traveller into the very arrangements he had made with the other. They would arm themselves, and watch without letting Warzki know; and so both parties stood under arms all night, each in their own quarters at the opposite ends of the house, holding their breath at every sound, and keeping their pistols at full cock, while Claude and his Russians laid themselves comfortably down in their accustomed places on the top of the stove.

In the morning, he congratulated each party on the judiciousness of their precautions, and assured them that Warzki was going quietly away. Each traveller was naturally anxious to see the notable robber, and waited at the windows for his exit; but the bearer of the dispatches at length found he could wait no longer, and ordered his horses and carriage to be got ready. As he issued forth, Henry Seymour, weary with the long night's watching, but still on the keen edge of curiosity, leaned out of his window, and their eager looks met with what astonishment may be imagined.

'Is it you, Scrope?' 'Is it you, Seymour?' broke involuntarily from each. In a minute, they were shaking hands in the courtyard, asking questions and giving explanations. Their quarrel was cleared off with the mystification about Warzki. Claude was the only man who could interpret it; but he had prudently decamped to the wine-cellar; and his Russians were informed, in the usual manner, that for the honour and glory of the czar, nobody was to get in. With this fact, and the consequences of neglecting it before their eyes, they guarded all the approaches to the cellar. Out of it their master could not be got. There was no getting any intelligence out of them. The travellers had nothing for it but to proceed on their way, which they did in company. The three years Seymour had spent seeing the world in northern courts and towns, Scrope had passed seeing it also in office and antechamber, till, having grown in favour with his patron, and wishing to visit foreign parts in his turn, he was sent on that special mission to the new capital of Moscovy. Arriving at different hours at the much-talked-of inn, they had not seen each other, and might have departed without recognition but for Claude's device. As it was, both had acquired sufficient experience to rate their country quarrel at its proper value; perhaps they had also learned that friends were too scarce to be parted with for trifles. Before they reached St Petersburg, the old bond was perfectly cemented, and in the manner of all cemented wares, likely to last the better because carefully dealt with. When Scrope complained to the British ambassador of the trick played on him and his friend, it was duly reported to the Russian minister, who made it known to the czar. Peter immediately went into one of his foaming passions, and talked of hanging Claude on a gallows in front of his own inn; but a page of the palace told the ambassador's valet that his majesty had laughed a full hour over the story after dinner, and said none of his subjects would have ever been so ingenious. Claude was never made a colonel in the life-guards, but he got a patent of nobility in the following winter. How many tales of the kind he told to other travellers, is not stated,

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but the four-and-twenty bedrooms remained empty and locked up till the Duc de Byron came into power. As for the two friends whom his trick had brought together, they found their way back to Somersetshire about twelve months after. Having had enough of courts and travels, they settled down in their old homes, reconciled their families, concluded their broken-off matches, in due time succeeded their fathers in land and manor-house, and became the oracles of the county on all foreign affairs. It is scarcely necessary to say that their travels were often related, by field and fireside, and the tale most in favour was that of the long night in which they sat watching each other as desperate robbers in St Peter's Hotel.

OLD STORES.

Some curious facts are brought to light upon inquiry into what becomes of all our old worn-out military and naval stores with which the government is burdened every year. Many persons suppose that our old battle-ships, no longer fit for service, are allowed to rot at their moorings; that useless guns, spoiled ammunition, damaged accoutrements, uneatable and undrinkable provisions, are cast aside into some national lumber-room, there to lie and accumulate, neglected and unnoticed. But the army and navy accountants-general are too alive to the importance of small things, and to the value of 'rubbish,' to permit such enormous waste, and they turn 'old stores' to excellent purpose. At Deptford, Royal Clarence Yard, Royal William Yard, Haulbowline Yard, Woolwich, Pembroke Yard, Liverpool, Southampton, Lewes, Halifax, and all our principal foreign army and navy stations, auction sales annually or periodically take place, at which every description of government stores, from old three-deckers to salt pork and canteens—condemned either as useless or unserviceable—is transferred to the 'highest bidder.' Thus, if a provision contract is completed for a certain government expedition, and circumstances render the store inapplicable, or too extensive, a sale takes place, either immediately or at some periodical auction, and the surplus portion or the unfit whole is transformed into ready cash. The prices realised by the sale of a great portion of these stores makes the loss to government in most cases but slight, while in some instances, articles are sold at prices far above their value, by reason of the associations of 'flood and field' inseparably connected with them. A stained and dirtied sword from some Crimean field; a helmet-plume which waved over the heights of Alma; a hammock, or rope, or tin-can from the arctic snows, abandoned by their adventurous and home-returned possessors, are things which realise in many cases a handsome profit. The sales, for the most part, are unreserved, government having no wish to retain what is no longer of use to either service, however great may be its intrinsic value. The money annually poured into the Exchequer as the proceeds of these old stores amounts sometimes to hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Some statistics relating to the sales during the three years 1855–56, 1856–57, 1857–58, may not be without interest to our readers. We select these particular years, as they embrace the period of the Russian war, and shew the fluctuation of the sale proceeds during and at the close of hostilities. Commencing with the naval service, the amount realised by the sale of seamen's old clothing, in 1855–56, was L.4342; unserviceable provisions and victualling stores, L.27,347; old dockyard brigade and police clothing, L.346; old transport stores, L.2882; old naval stores, L.37,068; old ships, L.1309; and old medical stores, L.81. Total for 1855–56, L.73,375. For the succeeding year, when the Russian war terminated, the total proceeds was L.104,600; and in 1857, when the last ship and the last naval lumber had arrived in England from the Crimea, the sale sprung up to the extraordinary amount of L.227,307—a fact which gives us some idea of the immense quantity of unserviceable and worn-out articles collected together after that brief but stirring campaign. Of all these purchases of government stores, some swords may have been turned into veritable ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks; and at all events, art and science would speedily convert into useful implements what would merely have hampered the government, without conferring any benefit upon the country. Industry is enriched, museums replenished, and pleasure and advantage conferred upon the community, by turning to account the annual collection of 'rubbish.' Referring again to our 'facts,' we find an instance of the uncertainty of all things in the homely articles 'salt beef and pork.' No less than L.23,583 worth of salt beef, and L.5,[illegible] worth of salt pork, were sold at Deptford in 1857.

This meat had been principally received from contractors in 1854–55, and was a surplus stock in store at the close of the Russian war, which could not be taken up for consumption until after it would have become too old for issue, having been cured in 1854. Therefore, 1,932,288 pounds of beef, and 3,212,616 pounds of pork, were disposed of, to prevent deterioration and dead loss to the crown; and the remainder, which was partly made up of meat condemned in store upon a reinspection, and partly of meat returned from her Majesty's ships and transports in an unserviceable condition, was likewise set up to auction. Where all this store of meat went to—whether it was iced, or pickled, or converted into *pâtés* and sausages, or consumed at once by the purchasers, or disposed of to congregations of butchers—is a mystery to us, and perhaps equally so to the officials who negotiated the sale. Government contracts for the army or navy are seen, from this circumstance, to be of a hazardous character, and of course had England entertained the probability of so speedy a termination of the great campaign, so much the less pork and beef would have been thrown away, or, to put it more correctly, speculated in. Rice contracts are similarly 'nipped in the bud' by the varying fortunes of war. In 1857, 160,[illegible] pounds of rice were furnished to government per contract, and forwarded to Deptford. Originally intended for the army service, this remained in store at the close of the war; and being inapplicable for the navy, it was sold by auction, and the War-office charged with the difference between the cost and the selling price. Other 3000 pounds of rice were added to this as an 'unserviceable return' from her Majesty's ships and transports, and the whole were disposed of for L.1209.

Amongst the highly varied selection of old navy stores which, coming in the category of 'unserviceable articles,' are decidedly not unpleasant or generally useless, are found champagne, claret, teneriffe, white wine, claret medoc, preserved salmon, vermicelli, preserved oysters and lobster, oxtail, Jordan almonds, molasses, figs, and innumerable other luxuries, all ordered for the use of 'Her Majesty's transport ships' *Resolute* and *Assistance*, and realising in the sales which took place at Deptford in 1855, some L.300. These were returned as not 'available for service.' But as we descend from the sublimely attractive to the ridiculously mean, we find figuring in the Deptford sales for the same year old cast-iron, bedding, old sacks, 'sweepings' (?), and canteens, the which present in the aggregate a most respectable sum. One peculiar item attracts our notice in the Deptford returns: twenty 'marks of distinction,' described as 'worn out,' are sold for a few shillings. The breasts upon which these badges of honour were wont to swing were perhaps 'worn-out' too, in the

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gallant service of Queen and country. 'Worn-out marks of distinction!'

A respectable dictionary of 'common things' could be made out of the list of old navy stores. Preserved milk, pepper, potatoes, chloride of lime, candles, 'religious books'—worn out on board her Majesty's ships—tobacco, 'cooks' fat,' 'surplus skimmings of coppers on board not required for her Majesty's service,' give but a small idea of the variety of stock always on hand at the respective dépôts. Looking to the army department, no less than L.700,808 appears to have been paid into the Exchequer during the three years named as old-store produce; the amount realised in 1855 being as low as L.25,707, and in the following year, as high as L.411,440. These enormous sums were derived from the sale of army and ordnance stores, realising L.464,738; from commissariat provisions and forage returned from the East, realising L.219,070; and from a floating-mill and bakery, realising L.17,000. Thus it will be seen that the grand total of army and navy old-store proceeds for 1855 was L.99,086; in 1856, L.516,041; and in 1857, L.490,967; or massed together, the sales from 1855 to the end of 1857 represent the enormous aggregate amount of L.1,106,094. When it is recollected that every single article sold, from a biscuit to a piece of ordnance, is duly registered and forwarded to the Admiralty and the War-office, with reasons for sale, amount of proceeds, time of purchase, and exact quantity sold, some notion may be formed of the bulky nature of a three years' detailed record, particularly when a campaign of the importance of the Crimean war happens to commence and cease during that time. The army stores are of a much more varied and singular kind than those of the sister service; for instance, there is an entry among the sales of a foreign dépôt of 'four diamonds,' which were pronounced to be 'unserviceable,' and sold for a few pounds. In another list, eight 'flounces' are disposed of at the home dépôt in 1855, also marked 'unserviceable.' How her Majesty's regiments ever required the use of these feminine articles of attire, is not stated, but perhaps some other meaning is attached to the term. Another strange item strikes us in the sale of some half-dozen unserviceable 'sculls' in the year 1855. Had this entry occurred in the navy lists, it would have required no great sagacity to imagine its meaning, but—in spite of the saying that everything has its use—we confess ourselves at a loss to understand how an 'unserviceable scull' ever got into her Majesty's army stores. Why 'worms' or 'standing vices' should have been pressed into the war-service is equally an enigma, which the War minister will perhaps hardly trouble himself to solve for us, though these things do figure amongst other articles of *virtu* disposed of to the public.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE YOUNG AUTHORESS.

MORE than once it has been of importance to the writer of this history that he should arise before five o'clock on a summer morning in the metropolis, but he has only effected that feat upon a single occasion. Persons who have not enjoyed this experience, and who are easily discomfited, are hereby solemnly warned not to let fancied calls of duty or business hale them up at such an unnaturally early hour into London streets. The awakening itself, produced by successive shocks on the tympanum of the ear, communicating to us at length the despairing energies of the housemaid outside the door, is eery and unpleasant in the extreme, and seems to afford some hints of the nature of metempsychosis. We appear to suffer a change for the worse of the most surprising character. It is broad daylight, such as we have been wont to go about our daily work in, but it is abhorrent to our vision; we feel our unfitness for it, and a desire for darkness above all things. Why is all so brilliant, and yet so still? 'Night, more night,' is the aspiration we would make use of, if we were equal to the expression of such a sentiment; which, however, we are far from being. Are we Owls that our eyelids wink and quiver so inhumanly? No; unhappily we are not owls, for we have presently to put on clothes and shave. Why does the policeman tread like forty of the force in one, and why does he not move on, as he is always making other people do, and not confine his monotonous march to the flagstones beneath our window? Hark! Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, Tap. 'I'm getting up (which is, however, false); it's all right, Susan; I'm quite awake.' Tap, tap, Tap. '*Don't*. Confound the woman, does she think I'm deaf or a born-idiot?' Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, Tap. Oh, it isn't our own door, after all, but in the street, where everything sounds exactly as if it were in the room. The policeman is waking some other poor devil. Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, all down the street, till we fling ourselves out of bed at last as if we had got a death-watch in our brain, whereas it's only the housemaids all along the row on both sides being called by the Civil Force. Our first glance, because we wish to know the worst at once, is to the looking-glass. Metempsychosis indeed! What blear-eyed, prickly chinned, unshaven creature is this?

> If it be I, as I do fear it be,
> I'm glad Miss Jones is snug abed, and don't see *me!*

We are certainly not in a condition to make a favourable impression on the heart of woman. Everybody who is walking about—and there are now three persons beside the policeman—is apparently shod with iron: two feet have got pattens on, belonging to a female lunatic, as we should imagine, since it is quite dry; three feet have the hugest hobnails; and there is a sixth footstep, which is that of a wooden leg with an iron rim to it. How angrily it stumps along, and at what a pace, as though it would persuade people that in point of speed at least wooden legs have a great advantage over those of flesh and blood! Can this be really the case? Attracted by this idea, and especially by the excuse it affords us for taking a chair, we sit down in order to consider it in all its bearings. At this moment, the great church clock close by, which we never, to our own knowledge, heard strike in all our lives before, proclaims, with the most acrimonious distinctness, that it is five o'clock. There is therefore just one half hour wherein to wash, to dress, to shave, to breakfast—but who wants breakfast, or indeed anything else, except to go to bed again?—and to procure a cab. The jolt to the railway station in that musty, fusty, dusty, rusty conveyance is something too loathsome to be dwelt upon; the animated scarecrow who conducts us, and who has enjoyed the unquestionable advantage of sleeping in his clothes, selects the very worst streets to drive through; and in a certain Mews upon the top of an unsavoury heap of straw, we behold the bird of day, and hear him crow. Otherwise, unbreakfasted, unnewspapered, unnatural as are all our feelings, we could not believe it morning!

But in the country, be it known, this writer is by no means of a sluggish nature. There, where the roses tapping at the window-pane alone give notice that the morning breeze has risen, and 'sucked from out the distant gloom,' begun 'to tremble o'er the large leaves of the sycamore, and fluctuate all the still perfume,' we need no human knuckles to awaken us. What a sin it seems as we fasten back the lattice, and let the fragrance-laden zephyr in, that we should lose in slumber such glorious sights and concord of

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sweet sounds as early morning offers! No brook should brawl close by, or Sleep will reassume her sway; but let not a still clear pool be absent, with the just-awakened lilies gleaming freshly in the sunlight, and pillowed upon their broad green leaves. A garden should be immediately beneath; then undulating fenceless pasture specked with cattle; and in the background, clear against the eastern sky, the hills, or the illimitable sea. Such at least was the scene which every summer morning offered to Florence Bateman, leaning from the window of her chamber at Rudesleigh Manor; but Ellen slept on, unconscious that her bedfellow was daily up and dressed three hours before herself. 'What is there to get up for?' she would sometimes petulantly observe to her elder sister; 'the scene won't change: it isn't a dissolving view.' It was not, however, merely to 'stare at the scenery,' as Ellen asserted, that Florence was wont to leave her pillow so early, and having noiselessly performed her toilet, to betake herself to the adjoining boudoir, or lady's snuggery. She went there to work—not at crochet, nor in Berlin wool, nor at potichomanie, nor in oils, nor in water-colours, nor in gold-leaf on Chinese screens, nor in making indifferent and unsavoury oak-leaves out of honest leather; no; she could have pursued all these useful arts in the great drawing-room, and under ever so many pairs of eyes, without a blush: she went to work at healthy literature, and no young lady likes to be caught at *that*, we fancy. Far be it from this pen to tinge the hem of her garment 'blue,' by setting down the titles of half the volumes she had conscientiously 'got through.' Enough to say that she had drunk deeply at the pure well of English undefiled, and innocent the while as Una, had never used the patent Bowdler filter. Sometimes the draughts were unpalatable, particularly where her own sweet sex was harshly spoken of, as happened before the nineteenth century taught authors gallantry; and sometimes they seemed a little long. She read the *Faëry Queen* aloud to herself from beginning to end, and some of the cantos even twice over, half from admiration, half from doubt as to the precise spot where she had left off before. Her father had never narrowed her reading area, and she had cropped the verdant fields of history and fiction with unceasing assiduity. But although she was far too sensible to imagine herself educated, her work was just at this time no longer reading, but writing. What she wrote was not like the productions of most young ladies at all, one half French phrases, and the other half pathos with a B. Although she had a rosewood escritoire, with a hundred little tinkling drawers, to write upon, and a mother-of-pearl blotting-book to carry off the superfluous ink from the best cream-laid, she was never betrayed into a line that would have become an album. She would have preferred a plain deal-desk and a ream of foolscap, very far, of her own property. This using of other people's goods, indeed, was the whole secret of Florence Bateman's extreme devotion to literature. She did not approve of her family's making their home with Sir Charles Ryder, upon whom they had no claim whatever, and, as she feared, even something worse than no claim. She could not conceal from herself that her sister was the desire of the young man's heart, and to her attraction she too hastily attributed their welcome at Rudesleigh Manor. Ellen, who had taken Florence's advice so far as to acquaint Sir Charles at once with her engagement to Marsden, was indisposed to make herself unnecessarily uncomfortable. She had been explicit enough, indeed almost rude to the poor young man, she said, and if it was still a pleasure to him to have her near him—— Well, if that was a wrong way to look at it, dearest Floy, who was so clever, might find her a better reason, but for her part she saw no harm in the thing. Besides, if they were to insist upon leaving the place, what would Papa say? Her sister would not be so 'cru-cru-cruel' (sobbing) as to tell him about dearest Robert, surely?

Mr Onslow Bateman himself appeared perfectly satisfied with his new quarters. He pronounced his bedroom comfortable, and his study absolute perfection—although a bay-window would perhaps have been preferable to a bow—a change which was carried out within eight-and-forty hours of its suggestion. The general character of the house was Elizabethan, his favourite style, and the warm glow of its colouring elicited his decided approval. The ex-tutor was a striking and triumphant example of the fallacy of the doctrine, that to be happy, a man must be employed; that what conventional persons describe as 'regular work,' is essential to mental tranquillity. Mr Onslow Bateman, who did not call the house up at unnecessarily early hours, would pass the after-breakfast part of a summer forenoon, and until luncheon-time, under a purple beech upon the lawn, smoking a particular kind of regalia, and trimming his pink nails with an elaborate instrument invented for that purpose; and this to the utmost satisfaction and content of his own mind. No one who ever enjoyed his company in this pastoral retreat had seen him yawn, or themselves experienced any approach to drowsiness. London club-acquaintances of the young baronet, who had grown amazingly friendly since his brother's death, were perfectly enchanted with Mr Bateman, and wanted to carry him away with them to Pall Mall.

'Hang me,' observed one of them, with a charming frankness, when a little circle of his brother-exquisites had been passing a morning under the beech-tree with even a greater pleasure than usual, 'why, you're as good as Talking Harrison, and yet you let others get hold of the talk beside yourself.'

Mr Onslow Bateman smiled upon this humble admirer after the manner of a benignant jin. 'Mr Harrison, it is more than probable, then, does not smoke?'

'No, sir; he does nothing *but* talk, confound him; but he talks exceedingly well.'

'Conversation, properly so called,' explained Mr Bateman, removing with a couple of fingers, acting like Chinese chopsticks, the regalia from his eloquent lips, 'can scarcely be carried on in these days without tobacco. There are so many persons, such as the gentleman you mention, who have, so to speak, no breaks to their trains of thought whatever. They have a determination of words to the mouth which they cannot arrest. The judicious weed will extinguish itself rather than suffer its proprietor to lecture or monologuise. You see, it will not permit me to weary you with even the praise of its divine qualities.'

Solemn silence, illustrated by nods of adhesion and approval, succeeded these sentiments.

'You happen to have nothing striking to say upon this subject, which, indeed, is easily exhausted,' continued Mr Bateman, 'and therefore you wisely hold your peace. If you had not been smoking, it is probable that some uncalled-for, and therefore feeble remark would have been hazarded. There would have been a fear that the conversation would drop, and a person totally unqualified for the office might perhaps have endeavoured to keep it up. As it is, no one speaks for the sake of speaking; no one who has, in short, got nothing to say. In a word, harangues and platitudes are alike impossible among smokers, and the cigar may well be called the parent of conversation.'

'I am afraid,' observed Ryder, 'that the ladies don't think so highly of it. They complain that, after dinner, it makes men somewhat impatient of the drawing-room.'

'Perhaps; indeed, certainly,' confessed the philosopher; 'every blessing to the community is the temporary inconvenience of a class. The attractions of the fair sex will, however, always outweigh with you young gentlemen the less superficial qualities of even

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such a cigar as this. It is only we old fogies who take ourselves off so early, and we can well be spared. Besides, I do not despair of seeing English ladies far more tolerant of tobacco than they are at present.'

'You are merely speaking of its influence upon educated persons,' observed Mr Hardy Wentworth, the eldest and by far the most intelligent of the young metropolitans; 'but don't you think it makes the lower classes stupider?'

'I come from the dregs of the people, sir, myself,' replied Mr Onslow Bateman lazily, 'but I am not aware that my poor intellectual powers, such as they are, have been much injured.'

A silence ensued, only stirred, not broken, by a more strenuous puffing at the cigars than usual. Exquisites No. 1, 2, and 3, after staring at one another in an inquiring manner, directed their glances to Ryder, as if for an explanation of how this *canaille* got there. Ryder would have shaken his head deprecatingly, but that he knew Mr Onslow Bateman was regarding him, sleepily, it is true, but with such eyes as, half-opened, saw better than most others at full stretch.

By this thunderbolt concerning his humble origin, which he had intended more as a colloquial experiment than a confession, the philosopher perceived that he had lost the good opinion of all his new acquaintances save Wentworth; it was true, his was the only one worth retaining; but Mr Onslow Bateman's pride—a pride ten centuries deeper than any begotten of genealogical frivolities—was touched to the quick. He waited with his weapon barbed for the next speaker, and Exquisite No. 2 chanced to be the expiatory victim.

'I'm sure,' drawled that young gentleman, 'I've smoked and smoked with Herries and Lambton there—have we not?—for hours upon hours, sir; but I don't imagine that our conversation was one bit the better than if we had not smoked.'

'I did not say that smoking was the *only* requisite,' remarked Mr Bateman drily, rising from his recumbent position, and throwing away the end of his cigar; 'I only contended that it was a great *improvement* to conversation, as indeed it is: you may depend upon it, sir, that *yours was all the shorter for it*.'

Thus Mr Onslow Bateman made himself completely at home at the manor-house, amusing, enlightening, or reproving whomsoever he met, estimating, with more truth than modesty, his presence as a sunshine in any place; and even rather encouraging in his own mind an idea that the obligation of the whole matter lay on the side of the young baronet.

With two members of the family thus entirely without sympathy with her independent opinions, Florence Bateman had no resource but in herself. She accordingly set regularly to work as an authoress by profession; trusting, if she did not overrate her abilities, to discover a method by which she might be able to rescue her darling sister in spite of herself, from what she could not but consider a somewhat humiliating position. Her own dependence—in which, moreover, there was nothing so especially unbecoming—was but a secondary cause for regret to her; and this perhaps was one of the reasons which rendered her diligent assiduity not altogether without success. Like all young persons ignorant of the nature of periodical literature, she had regarded the writing of poetry as being likely to afford her some substantial help. She might as well have tried the stage, with no other qualification for it than a special gift for representing a flying fairy in a pantomime. Verses, like virtue, are their own reward in the magazines; and it must be confessed that, for the most part, they are not underpaid. The majority of young persons who write good prose write tolerable poetry, which if Gods and Men do not admire, still the Columns of the periodicals are ready enough to receive on the aforesaid scale

quarrelled with a friend in her life, and if she had, would have never been happy till she made it up again, felt a divine impulse, as she imagined—and it certainly must have been a pretty strong one, since she sat up half the night to comply with it—to write *The Lost Friend;* a terrible social catastrophe in sixteen rhymes:

I would not look upon his face, nor meet the change within his eyes,
For all the wealth that, garnered in that fair broad forehead, makes him wise;
I would not have his right hand touch mine own, and then to fall again,
For all the tenderness that fills his being as flowers the rain;
Nor hear his silver-stringèd speech set shivering to an idle tune,
Nor see the shadow round about that heart where once was brightest noon,
For all the praise that gilds his name, and all the worth that earns the praise,
Nay, nor for even some Lethe-charm that might make dark those happier days.
Tell him that if the man should die who was so dear to me of old,
And I should read the numbered years of goodness on his marble scrolled,
To me they would not count aright, who through his life had loved him well,
And mourned him dead long since, and known—none better—how his end befell.
But when this lonely road shall cease, and I am lightened of my pain,
Say on—my happy faith is firm, our cloven souls shall meet again;
Unchanged in all that made them one, and with no power to understand
What once could chill two loving hearts, and numb the grasp of either's hand.

This was the first literary effort that she had ventured to send to a magazine, and it was accepted. Certainly, the ancients were without at least one pleasurable excitement which we now enjoy. The intellectual Grecian youth could never experience the bliss of 'seeing himself in print' for the time. There was no Διετήρις (*All the Year Round*), no Οκτώμηνα (*Chambers'*), no Μηνιαίαι (*Blackwood*), nor even a *Voice from the Pnyx*, with a Poet's Corner for his unfledged Alcaics. It is true that, on the other hand, he was saved from the disappointments attending all those who pant for hebdomadal or monthly immortality. No editor ever dimmed his disappointed young eyes with that ratsbane in elegant wrapper, the Κάλλιστα ἰκανεῦμεν, or Declined with Thanks; nor was he informed, with cutting politeness, that his otherwise most meritorious communication was not adapted for the pages of the *Athenian Review*. Editors did not keep his roll of papyrus, leading him to imagine, poor fellow, for months and months, that it was accepted, and then send it back with the postage insufficiently paid. Nevertheless, since one success is providentially held by the young contributor to atone for half-a-dozen failures, we are of opinion that Miss Florence Bateman lost nothing in this respect by not having been an ancient Greek. *The Lost Friend* gave her a kind patron, whose first advice, as soon as he was aware of her intention of making her own living by her pen, was at once to part with her Pegasus, and employ a less showy but more serviceable steed.

'There are just two individuals in this kingdom, my dear young lady,' wrote the editor, who was old enough to be her grandfather, and had written to her under her *nom de plume* two or three times already, 'who make their living, that is to say, derive a considerable income, from the sale of their poetry.

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fool. Only some half-dozen bards beside these can be said to make money by their verses at all, and they would, each of them, it is probable, make more money by any other profession which they took up instead. By all means write verses when you feel inc—I beg your pardon—when the divine impulse moves you; it is more satisfactory and refreshing to you than prose, I can well believe; but shun it altogether as a means of livelihood, for it is a mere Will-of-the-Wisp, which must needs lure you to misery. Be sure I do not intend to be harsh and unhopeful in this matter; but if you had the experience I have had of what comes of it, of what must come of it, in persons of sensitive natures without the comfortable incomes that should accompany them, you would, I am sure, at once see the necessity of such a course. The *honorarium* for *The Lost Friend* accompanies this—and the other two manuscripts also, which are, alas! below the mark (hard-hearted old brute, isn't it?)—I wish it were a greater sum, but small as it is, I fear it will do you harm. You will think you have found the entrance to Golconda. Yes; by all means send rejected papers elsewhere; there are a great number of foolish editors about besides your sincere well-wisher and obedient servant.'

This unknown old gentleman, this inscrutable We, who indeed was both kind and wise, was considered by Florence in the light of a guardian angel; and she obeyed his behests implicitly to the best of her power. But the writing of verses—however strange it may seem—is a far less difficult matter to those who can do it at all than the writing of prose. The rhymes, which are apparently such an obstacle, are in reality, by their suggestiveness, an assistance; the single subject is a light not easily lost sight of, and about which the fancy naturally plays; the beginning is self-prompted, and the end can be brought about at the poet's pleasure. The writing of a prose paper, upon the other hand, is comparatively a long business, and can hardly—unless it be a mere essay or review—be undertaken in the same simple manner. 'What shall it be about?'—singularly enough, since all the field of fiction lies as yet untilled before the youthful delver—is the question most difficult to answer; and then, 'How shall I begin? How shall I end?' Practised tale-writers have, of course, no difficulty of this sort, until a more dreadful phase commences with them than the first start; namely, the period when they find themselves, what the general public has probably found out already, 'worked out:' when their field of fiction has been dug and redug in every direction—ay, sometimes even under the fence and into their neighbour's field—and the golden vein is ended, and the poor assiduous miner must needs lay by his tools for ever, with which he has worked so pleasantly and long. Alas, alas! how

> Little think the proud ones who in their first-class carriage on the railway
> Skim through those cheap books they purchase at the stations,
> What hard work 'tis, not only to read them—but also to write them.
> 'Needy Bookmaker, how came you to make books,'
> (*That*, if they knew all, would be their just reflection)
> 'When Praise comes so slowly, and when Pudding never?'

Again and again did Florence Bateman seat herself at the rosewood escritoire in these early summer mornings, and seek in vain for inspiration from the embossed ceiling, or the blue dome of heaven. She had the rare and blessed gift of knowing when she was writing nonsense, and therefore, whatever she wrote, she judiciously tore up again. At last there suddenly leaped, as it were, feet foremost into her brain, a crude but certain notion of a 'plot,' and she seized it with avidity. Well aware that she had not gone to work in a very artistic method, she yet felt perfectly confident that the desired object was, at length, however heterodoxly, obtained. Hour after hour, morning after morning, this idea took shape, and became a reality with her; gradually, very gradually—for she thought, poor dear, over every sentence, as if she had been issuing oracles—expanded into chapters; gathered new characters, snow-ball fashion, as it advanced; culminated in the principal catastrophe—and, in short, she completed, after many months, a two-volume novel. How nice it sounded as she read it aloud to herself the first time! How unsatisfactory was the second reading! How positively unbearable the third! Nevertheless, the story haunted her, and she lived scarce less among the persons she had created, than with the flesh-and-blood inhabitants of Rudesleigh Manor. Then she sat down and rewrote it—hideous task!—making it as perfect as her carefulest art could make it. At last, distrusting it altogether, thinking meanly of it, except in certain delicious moments, but confident, nevertheless, that she had at all events done her best, she dropped it with her own hands into the village post-office, directed to her literary Mentor. A fortnight's cruel suspense—ah, heart-breaking editor! why not make an end of us at once?—and Florence Bateman took heart to write again, soliciting a reply. It is this very morning that she is expecting his answer, sitting at the open window which commands the path up which the postman comes.

There is nothing with which the professional critic makes himself so merry as with the disappointment of sucking authors. He underrates both it and them. He says that they deserve it, or that it does them good, or that it doesn't matter. This arises from one of two causes. He either despises the profession of the Writer—having himself, in many instances, another string to his bow than Literature, in practice at the bar, or the enjoyment of a government situation—and considers him rather a low sort of character, of minor consideration; or, having experienced a good many of such rubs himself, he is positively glad to see another suffering the same misfortunes. We, however, will take leave to feel for dear Miss Florence, who herself thinks, and not unreasonably, that she has a great stake in the matter, and to sympathise with the little trembling heart as it pit-a-pats to the postman's horn. Her cheek is pale as she listens for an expected foot upon the stairs, which presently draws nigh. It is not that of Mrs Allwyne, nor of any old inhabitant of Teesdale How, for they are now serving other mistresses. It is not the step of a servant at all, and the knock at the door says, 'It is I, my love,' and not, 'Are you in, please, miss?' What a charming little old lady! Something like a white mouse—she is so white and small—with a pair of gold spectacles, and the most benevolent air in all the world. She is Miss Ryder, Charles's aunt—without whom, indeed, to 'do propriety,' how was it possible for our young ladies to reside at Rudesleigh?—and she holds in her mittened hand no letter indeed, but a most suspicious-looking manuscript.

'I am afraid, Floy, dearest, it has come back again.'

'I am afraid so too, dear Miss Ryder,' said the other cheerfully, but very sick at heart.

'It is a sad disappointment; but we must begin again, my love, that's all,' said the old lady soothingly: 'I see it is indeed your handwriting inside the cover. May I open it, dear?'

Florence nodded, and walked to the window, because she did not wish her eyes to be seen.

'There is very little of it too,' continued the old lady; 'less than you sent, I think, surely. I hope at least that the wicked people haven't lost any of it. Some of it's printed too; what's that for?'

'Printed!' cried Florence eagerly; 'what is printed? Let me see.'

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She threw her arms round the astonished little woman's neck, and kissed her in a manner which, if we had witnessed, we should have called aggravating. 'My dear, dear friend,' cried she, 'it's all right, and I'm so happy! That is what they call "a proof" of the first chapter, and my own manuscript comes back to correct it from.'

'Goodness gracious me! then they ain't wicked people after all,' replied the old lady with admiration.

'They're excellent people,' exclaimed the young girl, laughing through her tears.

'And my own dear Florence is a real live authoress, is she?'

'Yes,' cried the delighted neophyte, 'you dear old duck, she is; and God bless you!'

FEMALE ARTISTS.

THERE is scarcely any sphere of activity in which female taste and genius have been more successfully exerted than in that of the fine arts. Women have been admirable artists in almost every department of painting—in landscape, *genre*, portrait, and history. They have also been excellent sculptors, skilful carvers of gems and cameos, and accomplished engravers on copper and wood. Even ladies of the highest rank have not disdained to devote their talents to painting and sculpture, and have valued success achieved in these pursuits more highly than their lofty position and hereditary honours. Thus, Maria Anna, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, acquired considerable reputation from her skill in genre painting and etching; Charlotte, Archduchess of Austria, and queen of the Two Sicilies, was a member of the Academy of Painting at Vienna; the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III., drew with much taste, and was an excellent engraver, and one of her fancy-pieces, entitled *Cupid Turned Volunteer*, which appeared in 1804, in a series of prints engraved with poetical illustrations, attracted general admiration. But perhaps the most gifted artist of royal descent, was the Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, though her early death prevented the full development of her genius. Her life-size statue of the Maid of Orleans at Versailles is full of grace and animation; and her last work—an angel in white marble, on the sarcophagus of her brother in the chapel of Sablonville—seems almost the result of inspiration. Besides these ladies, born in the shadow of the purple, we might mention—on the continent of Europe—the Duchess Sophia of Coburg-Saalfeld, the Duchess of Aveiro, the Baroness von Freiberg, Anna Amalia of Brunswick, the Princess Louise Hollandina, sister of the fiery Prince Rupert, and many others, distinguished alike for high birth and artistic skill; and—in our own country—the Lady Dorothea Saville, the Countess Spencer, Lady Amherst, Margaret Countess of Lucan, Mrs Damer, and Lady Diana Spencer, for whose drawings Walpole entertained such an enthusiastic admiration, that, in 1776, he built a hexagonal tower for the reception of what he terms 'seven incomparable drawings by Lady Diana,' illustrating scenes from his *Mysterious Mother*. In 1796, this lady produced designs for a translation of Bürger's famous ballad of *Leonore;* and she also furnished a series of drawings to illustrate a splendid folio edition of Dryden's Fables. Passing, however, from these illustrious personages, who made art the pastime and solace, rather than the business of life, we shall cast a rapid glance over the lives of some of the most distinguished female artists who have adorned the various schools of Europe.*

The first centuries which witnessed the revival of art in Italy, after the long night of darkness and barbarism which followed the dismemberment of the Roman empire, afford but few names of celebrated female artists. Germany produced the first female sculptor whose fame has reached us, in the person of Sabina von Steinbach, daughter of Erwin von Steinbach, architect of the glorious cathedral of Strasbourg. Her genius for modelling shewed itself early; and she had the principal charge of the execution of the sculptured groups which ornament the cathedral. The figures on the portal of the southern aisle, which embody the symbolical and supernatural elements that pervade medieval sculpture, are admirable specimens of her style. Here are allegorical figures representing the Christian Church and Judaism; the first of lofty bearing and winning grace, with crowned heads, bearing the cross in their right hands, and, in their left, the consecrated host. The other figures stand with down-cast eyes and drooping head; in their right hands, a broken arrow; in their left, the shattered tablets of the Mosaic Law. There are also four bas-reliefs representing the glorification of the Virgin; her death and burial on one side, and, on the other, her entrance into heaven, and triumphant coronation. An old painting at Strasbourg depicts Sabina kneeling at the feet of the archbishop, to receive his blessing, and a laurel crown which he is placing on her brow; and there is a local tradition that the fair sculptor, after her work was finished, on her return from seeing her statues placed in their niches, was met by a procession of priests, headed by the archbishop, who came to confer that honour upon her.

The most celebrated female artist of the fifteenth century was Margaret van Eyck, sister of the famous brothers John and Hubert, the great luminaries of early Flemish art. She was admitted a member of the guild of painters at Ghent in 1418, and devoted herself to art, preserving her spinsterhood throughout life for its sake. The checkered career of Onorata Rodiana, another female painter of this century, offers a marked contrast to the quiet laborious life of Margaret van Eyck. Onorata was born in Lombardy, and while still very young, acquired such fame as a painter that the Marchese Fondolo, tyrant of Cremona, gave her the charge of decorating his palace. She was very beautiful, but of a resolute and spirited character, so that, on being insulted by a libertine courtier while engaged in painting at the palace, she resented his violence by stabbing him to the heart with her dagger. She then made her escape from the palace, disguised herself in men's clothes, fled from Cremona, and enlisted in a band of condottieri, under a leader named Lampugnano. Here her courage and activity soon gained her a command; and for thirty years she divided her attention between war and painting. When Castelleone, her native place, was besieged by the Venetians, she hastened with her company to its relief; and, though victory crowned her efforts, she was mortally wounded in the combat, and died in 1472.

The sixteenth century was somewhat richer in female artists than that which preceded it, among the chief of whom was Irene de Spilimberg, a pupil of Titian, who has immortalised her by a beautiful portrait. She was of noble birth and great beauty, but died on the very threshold of life, having scarcely reached nineteen. Tasso has celebrated her charms in a sonnet; and her early death called forth a number of poems and orations, which were collected and published at Venice, twenty years after the melancholy event which had given rise to them. Another accomplished Venetian painter of this century was Marietta Robusti, the daughter and pupil of the great Tintoretto. She was handsome and sprightly, and, besides her skill in painting, was a pleasing performer on the lute and other musical instruments. Portrait-painting was the branch of art in which she chiefly excelled; and

* Ample information with regard to *Women Artists* will be found in a work recently published by Mrs Ellet, under that title, of which we have made free use in preparing the present article.

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several of her pictures are still to be seen in Venice. The Emperor Maximilian, Philip II. of Spain, and the Archduke Ferdinand, successively offered her the position of court-painter; but she refused to part from her father, who was devotedly attached to her, and remained in Venice, where she died, in the flower of her age, in 1590. This century was also illustrated by Properzia Rossi, the first Italian female sculptor. She was born at Bologna, and her natural genius was improved and strengthened by a careful and finished education. She sang and played on several instruments, and was further famous for her orderly disposal of household matters. She at first exercised her skill on peach-stones, carving on a single stone the crucifixion of our Lord—a work containing a number of figures, wonderful for the delicate grace of the execution, and the masterly composition of the whole. There is still preserved in the cabinet of gems in the Florentine Gallery a cherry-stone, on which Properzia has carved a chorus of saints, in which seventy heads may be counted. Her statues and bas-reliefs in white marble were much admired, and some specimens of the latter may still be seen in the church of San Petronio. She also drew well in pen and ink, and was a skilful engraver on copper. She pined away, and died of grief, arising from an unrequited passion for Anton Galeazzo Malvasia, a proud young patrician, who disdained to wed with one who bore a less ancient name than his own.

About this time, the town of Cremona was renowned for the talents in music and painting of the Angosciola family, in which were no fewer than six sisters—Helena, Sofonisba, Minerva, Europa, Lucia, and Anna Maria, all accomplished artists. The second sister, Sofonisba, was the most celebrated. She was born about 1535, and by 1559 her name had become famous throughout Italy. She was patronised by the pope and the viceroy of Naples, and was invited to the court of Spain by Philip II. There she was magnificently received and entertained, being conducted to the court with regal pomp, having a train of two patrician ladies as maids of honour, two chamberlains, and six livery-servants. At the Spanish court, she lived in great honour and esteem; and when she married Don Fabrizio de Monçada, feudal lord of Sicily, Philip and his queen bestowed upon her a dowry of 12,000 crowns, and a pension of 1000, besides rich presents in dresses and jewels. Sofonisba died at Genoa in extreme old age, where, to the last, even after the loss of her eyesight, her palace was the resort of all the polished and intellectual society of that republic. During his stay in Genoa, Vandyck was frequently her guest, and used to say that he had received more instruction from the conversation of this blind old woman, than from his studies of the greatest masters.

The school of the Caracci at Bologna, produced a great female painter in Lavinia Fontana, whose portraits commanded enormous prices, and were contended for by nobles and princes. Her master-piece is said to be her own portrait, now in the collection of Count Zappi at Imola, and which has been engraved by Rossini for his history of Italian painting. She was a member of the Roman Academy, and died at Rome in 1614. But, undoubtedly, the greatest female artist of the seventeenth century was Elisabetta Sirani. Her sisters, Anna and Barbara, were also painters, but their names have been almost lost in the brighter renown of their gifted and unfortunate sister. Elisabetta was a pupil of Guido Reni; and from him—the most graceful, facile, and versatile master of the Bolognese school—she derived her exquisite sense of beauty, her rapidity of handling, and her fertility of invention. Her industry was unwearied, and she excelled in sculpture, engraving, music, and poetry, as well as in painting. When only twenty years old, she painted a fine picture of the baptism of Jesus; and, from her seventeenth to her twenty-sixth year, in which she died, she produced 150 pictures, many of them of large size, and carefully painted. Elisabetta died of poison administered by one of her own maids; and her early and tragic death plunged all Bologna in sorrow. She was interred in the same vault which contained the ashes of her master, Guido Reni. Soon after her death, a work was published containing a collection of poetical eulogies of her character and genius by the most distinguished poets of the day. Elisabetta's works are remarkable for their correctness of design and beauty of colouring; to the heads of Madonnas and Magdalens, in particular, she succeeded in communicating an affecting and charming expression. Several of her finest works are still preserved in Bologna, among them a St Francis of Padua kneeling before the infant Christ, and a Virgin and St Anne contemplating the sleeping Saviour. Aniella di Rosa, a fair Neapolitan artist, resembled Elisabetta Sirani in her talents and in her tragic fate. She was stabbed by her husband in a mad fit of groundless jealousy. A noble painting by her hand is yet to be seen in the church of the Pietà, at Naples.

Elizabeth Sophie Cheron, a French artist of the seventeenth century, claims a brief notice from the versatility and brilliancy of her acquirements. She was an accomplished poetess, translated many of the psalms into French verse, played admirably on the lute, and fascinated all who approached her by her beauty and engaging manners. She painted portraits and historical pieces, and designed much after the antique. At twenty-six, she was admitted a member of the French Academy, on the proposal of Charles Lebrun, and presented her own portrait as her reception-picture. She died in 1711, at the age of sixty-three, and was buried at St Sulpice.

We may next notice two ornaments of the Dutch school—Maria van Oosterwyck and Rachel Ruysch—both celebrated as flower-painters. The first was a pupil of David Heem. Her pictures were much sought after, and commanded enormous prices. William III. of England paid her 900 florins for a painting; the Emperor Leopold and his empress sent her their portraits set in diamonds, in token of their esteem and admiration; and the king of Poland purchased three of her pieces for 2400 florins. One day she received a visit from a young man who was anxious to see some of her works, and his admiration for them soon warmed into love for the gifted artist; but, on his declaring his passion, Maria replied that she was determined never to marry. On being further pressed, however, she agreed to accept her wooer, whose unsteady disposition she had noticed, on condition that he should work ten hours a day for a whole year. The youth promised readily, but was too fickle to keep his word. His studio was opposite Maria's, and she watched him closely from her window, marking on the sash each day he was absent from his work. At the end of the year, he appeared to claim her hand; but retired confounded and conscience-stricken, when his mistress pointed out to him the record of his idle days. Rachel Ruysch carried flower-painting to a perfection never before attained by a woman, her pictures rivalling those of De Heem, Van Huysum, and Van Aëlst, in truth to nature, brilliancy of colour, tasteful selection, and skilful grouping. In 1701, the Academical Society of the Hague elected her a member, her diploma-picture being a beautiful piece of roses and other flowers. Her great patron was the elector, John of the Pfalz, who appointed her his painter in ordinary, made her many magnificent presents, and stood godfather to one of her children. Of these last, Rachel had no fewer than ten by her marriage with the portrait-painter, Julian van Pool. She bestowed great pains upon her pictures, and is said to have been occupied for seven years over two pieces—one of fruit, and the other of flowers—which she bestowed as a

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marriage-portion upon one of her children. She died in 1750, at the age of eighty-six.

The career of Maria Sibylla Merian was a strange and adventurous one. She was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1647, where her father occupied a distinguished position as geographer and engraver. He published a topographical account of Germany in thirty-one folio volumes. From early childhood, she manifested a great taste for natural history, and a fondness for examining and collecting specimens of vegetable and animal life. In painting, she had lessons from the famous flower-painter, Abraham Mignon. While engaged in examining the habits of insects, she made drawings on parchment; and, encouraged by the applause of her friends, published, in 1679, a work entitled *The Wonderful Transformations of Caterpillars*, a quarto volume with copper-plate engravings, executed by herself after her own drawings. Subsequently, like Maria Schurmann, another famous female artist of the seventeenth century, she joined the sect of the Labadists; and, in 1699, assisted by the states of Holland, she undertook a laborious and expensive journey to Surinam, for the purpose of observing the metamorphoses of the American insects. She remained in America for two years, until her health broke down under the fatigue of her studies and the unfavourable effects of the climate. On her return to Holland, her splendid paintings of insects, executed on parchment, excited general admiration; she herself engraved them for publication; and her labours were rewarded by the sale of many successive editions. Her principal work is entitled *History of the Insects of Europe, drawn from Nature, and Explained by Maria Sibylla Merian.*

Angelica Kauffman may justly be termed the greatest female artist of the eighteenth century, and the romantic circumstances of her life add interest to her career as a painter. Raphael Mengs, Fuseli, and Goethe have all borne testimony to her singular abilities. She was born in 1741, among the lovely scenery which surrounds Coire, the capital of the Grisons. Her father was a painter, and, at the early age of nine years, Angelica was much noticed on account of her wonderful pastel pictures. She spent many of her youthful years in the beautiful town of Como, for which she always entertained a warm affection; afterwards, at Milan, her genius received an impulse from the contemplation of the works of Lionardo, the greatest of the Lombard masters, and was subsequently still further developed by a residence at Florence, Rome, and Bologna. At Rome, she painted the portrait of the famous Winckelmann; and, at Venice, made the acquaintance of Lady Wentworth, who afterwards took her to London. There she found a brilliant and lucrative career opening before her. Her talents, beauty, and fascinating manners, procured her a host of admirers, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds and her countryman, Fuseli. She was appointed to a professorship in the London Academy of Arts; was one of the twenty-two artists who signed the petition to George III. for the establishment of the Royal Academy; and her name occurs, along with those of Richard Wilson, Zuccarelli, Gainsborough, and Sir J. Reynolds, among the thirty-six original members. Her brilliant existence in London, courted, caressed, and admired, was, however, clouded over by the infamous contrivance of a libertine nobleman, whose advances she had twice rejected with scorn. She was tricked into a marriage with a low-born adventurer—who at that time played a conspicuous part in London society, by assuming the name of his master, Count Frederick de Horn—and discovered, when too late, that the pretended count was not only an impostor, but that he was already married to another woman. This fraud, of which she was the innocent victim, did not at all diminish the general respect with which she was regarded; the queen assured her of her sympathy, and she was a greater favourite with the public than before. In 1781, she married the Venetian painter, Antonio Zucchi; and, after fifteen years' residence in London, went to Rome, which she made her permanent abode. Her house was there the centre of attraction to the artistic and literary society of the place; and there she made the acquaintance of Herder, Goethe, and many other master-spirits of the age. She was a very prolific artist, and her works are to be found in Vienna, Munich, London, Florence, Rome, and Paris. Her portrait, painted by herself, hangs in the Pitti Palace, beside those of two distinguished female artists, Maria Robusti, and Madame Lebrun. She died at Rome in 1807. All the members of the Academy of St Luke followed her remains to their last resting-place, and, as in the case of Raphael, her latest pictures were borne after her bier. Her bust is preserved in the Pantheon.

In our own country, several distinguished female artists flourished during the latter part of the eighteenth century, among whom the foremost place belongs to Mrs Damer. She is the only woman placed by Allan Cunningham in his gallery of British sculptors, an honour which she well deserved by her unwearied efforts to render herself more conspicuous by the dignity of genius than by that of rank. Her birth, wealth, and connections, entitled her to a life of ease and luxury; but she preferred to that the cultivation of the remarkable talents with which she was endowed. She made herself familiar with the classic authors of old Rome, as well as with those of England, France, and Italy; took lessons in modelling from Cerrachi, learned the practical part of working in marble in the studio of the elder Bacon, and studied anatomy with Cruikshanks. At the age of nineteen, she was married to the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Lord Milton, an extravagant fop, who scattered a princely fortune in the course of a few years, and terminated his life with a pistol in the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in 1776. His wardrobe, sold by auction, fetched L.15,000. After his death, Mrs Damer travelled through France, Spain, and Italy, prosecuting her studies in sculpture. In 1780, she carved a group of sleeping dogs for the Duke of Richmond, her brother-in-law, and another for Queen Charlotte; and subsequently, she completed a statue of the king, which was placed in the Register Office, Edinburgh. Her favourite heroes were Fox, Nelson, and Napoleon, with all of whom she was personally acquainted. She executed busts of the two former; and Napoleon, when she was presented to him in Paris, asked her for a bust of Fox, and, on receiving it, rewarded the fair donor with a splendid snuff-box and his portrait set with diamonds. There is a beautiful bust of Mrs Damer, executed by herself, in the British Museum; and her fine group of 'The Death of Cleopatra,' representing the closing scene of Shakspeare's tragedy, modelled in basso-relievo, was engraved by Hellyer as a vignette title to the second volume of Boydell's Shakspeare. She died in the summer of 1828, in her eightieth year, leaving directions that her apron and sculptor's tools should be buried in her coffin.

In France, the most distinguished woman-artist of last century was Madame Lebrun, celebrated not only for the precocity and vigour of her pictorial talents, but also for her extreme beauty, her musical accomplishments, and her fascinating manners. She was the idol of Parisian society, and her brilliant receptions, and charming *petits soupers*, to which only a few chosen guests were admitted, became famous throughout the whole of France. She was painter-in-ordinary to Marie Antoinette, and member of the academies of Paris, Bologna, Parma, St Petersburg, and Berlin. In her autobiography—which she published in 1835, under the title of *Souvenirs*—she enumerates the paintings she had finished during her life. These amounted to 662 portraits, 15 large compositions, and 200 landscape pieces, sketched during her travels in England and Switzerland. She died in

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March 1842, having completed her eighty-seventh year.

In our own days, there are probably more female artists on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, and America, than at any former period of the world's history; among whom are ladies accomplished in almost every department of the fine arts, while one of their number—Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur—has carried that branch of painting to which she has devoted herself to a degree of perfection never surpassed, and, though still in the flower of her age, has succeeded in achieving a world-wide fame. From these contemporary artist-celebrities we shall select two—Mademoiselle de Fauveau, and Harriet Hosmer—and close our sketches with a brief account of their history. Félicie de Fauveau was born in Tuscany, of French parents, and was taken while yet an infant to Paris. Her family were keen Legitimists, her mother especially, esteeming it an honour to endure suffering and toil for the Bourbon race; and her chivalrous sentiments of devotion were afterwards shared by her accomplished daughter, who has always held her political opinions dearer even than art itself. Félicie's early studies were varied and profound—ancient history, classical and modern languages, heraldry, and archæology, by turns claiming her attention. At first, she attempted oil-painting; but, after being initiated into the method of modelling in clay, she soon discovered that sculpture was her true vocation. She was learned in the feudal and chivalrous traditions of the middle ages, took Benvenuto Cellini for her model, and was ambitious of reviving those famous days when sculpture lent its aid to the goldsmith, the jeweller, the clockmaker, and the armourer. She modelled, in clay or wax, brooches and ornaments, sword-hilts and scabbards; and her designs for gold and silver embellishments are unrivalled in elegance and felicity of invention. She soon rose to the head of that department of art to which she had devoted herself, was constantly occupied in working for private galleries, and had received a commission to model two grand doors for the gallery of the Louvre, after the style of Ghiberti's famous gates of the Baptistery at Florence, when the revolution of 1830 put an end to her artist career in Paris. In concert with Madame F. de la Rochejaquelein, she took an active part in organising a political conspiracy in La Vendée, and was arrested, and consigned to the prison of Angers, where she was detained for seven months, solacing her captivity by modelling a variety of groups and monuments. Scarcely had she been set at liberty, when—emboldened by the appearance of the Duchess of Berry in La Vendée—she again engaged in political intrigues, and, on the discovery and failure of her plots, was exiled from France, compelled to break up her Parisian studio at a ruinous sacrifice, and take refuge in Florence, along with her mother and brother. There the little family for a time endured great privations; but better days soon dawned, and the unwearied labours of Mademoiselle de Fauveau have now been rewarded by the attainment of a modest independence. Her last and most important work is the monument erected in the church of Santa Croce, to the memory of Louise Favreau, by her parents. There are two admirable portraits of Mademoiselle de Fauveau—one by Giraud, and the other by Ary Scheffer.

The scene now changes from the banks of the Arno to the United States, where Harriet Hosmer was born in 1831. Her father was a physician of Massachusetts, who, having lost wife and child by consumption, and fearing a similar fate for the survivor, gave her horse, dog, gun, and boat, and insisted upon her following an outdoor life as indispensable to her health. A fearless horse-woman, a good shot, and an adept in rowing, swimming, diving, and skating, Miss Hosmer is a signal instance of what judicious physical training will effect in conquering even hereditary taint of constitution. From her earliest years she shewed a strong love for art, and might often be found in a certain clay-pit, not far from her father's house, attempting to model horses, dogs, sheep, men, and women, or any other objects that had attracted her attention. As a girl, she was full of fun and frolic, with little taste for study, and a strong liking for practical jokes. On one occasion, she had rallied a physician who was attending her upon his want of punctuality, upon which he promised to be more regular in his attendance, and said that, if alive, he would see her on a day specified. 'Then, if you are not here,' was Miss Hosmer's reply, 'I am to conclude that you are dead.' The appointed day and hour arrived, but no doctor; in the evening, Miss Hosmer rode into Boston, and, next morning, the newspapers announced the death of Dr ——, and half Boston rushed to the physician's house to leave cards and messages of condolence for his family, and inquire into the cause of his sudden and unexpected decease. At nineteen years of age, Miss Hosmer began steadily to prosecute her art-studies. She received lessons in drawing and modelling at Boston, and attended a course of anatomy in the St Louis College under the superintendence of Dr M'Dowell. Although she thus set conventional rules at defiance by becoming a regular anatomical student, her character for courage and skill in the use of firearms effectually protected her from all annoyance, and, at the close of her studies, she received a diploma of anatomical proficiency. In the summer of 1852, she finished her first work of importance, an ideal head of Hesper in white marble, which was very generally and justly admired. At this period of her career, the great ambition of her life was to go and study in Rome; and, in October 1852, she and her father set out for Europe, taking with them the St Louis diploma, and daguerreotypes of Hesper, as credentials of the knowledge and genius of the young aspirant to renown. On their arrival in Rome, the daguerreotypes were placed in the hands of Mr Gibson, the great sculptor, as he sat at breakfast in the Café Greco, the favourite resort of the Roman artists, when, after a long, silent, and attentive study of them, he exclaimed: 'Send the young lady to me, and whatever I know and can teach her, she shall learn.' Soon afterwards, Miss Hosmer was duly installed in Gibson's studio, and, since then, a truly paternal and filial affection has sprung up between the master and pupil. She has now taken a high rank as a sculptor. Her statue of Puck—so full of life, originality, and fun—has been often repeated; and the Prince of Wales, on his late visit to Rome, purchased a 'Puck' by her hand to add to his collection. A figure of the Cenci; a fountain with the story of Hylas; a monument in the church of San Andrea delle Fratte, to the memory of a beautiful young lady; and a statue of Zenobia, destined for America, are among her most important works.

OUR HOMELESS GENTLEMEN.

You may be homeless without being actually houseless, and poor without being absolutely penniless; for the truth of which assertion we appeal, though it is hardly necessary, to that gentleman who is sauntering yonder down the Strand—for we are in London, and it is half-past nine A.M., and Mr Luckless White is on his way to breakfast. Mr Luckless White belongs to a rather numerous class of persons, who are in a sad plight for want of home and domesticity, but for whom it is doubtful whether even the pen of the leading journal could do any permanent good. They are not precisely in need of a Refuge; they would scarcely like subscriptions to be forwarded to them through the medium of the police magistrate; and it is doubtful whether that which they lack could be

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supplied by means of a post-office order; they are not entirely without money, though they could bear a little more, and not find it burdensome; but they are only wifeless, childless, friendless, and homeless. They number in their ranks fellows of colleges, half-pay officers, briefless barristers, government clerks, and nondescripts; and we have chosen Mr Luckless White as an extreme case of the last. He burrows in a street leading out of the Strand; he has a sleeping-room in a regular lodging-house, where the inmates, himself excepted, are continually going and coming. These are usually men in the military, naval, or clerical profession, so that a certain degree of gentlemanlike atmosphere is diffused over the various apartments, and Mr Luckless White is so far contented. But as the twenty-four hours are divided into day and night, during the latter of which only it is the custom of humanity to sleep, he is much put to it to spend the former. He has scarcely any society; the friends (we speak conventionally) whom he might visit being either too wealthy for him or too poor; for do all he can, he cannot swell his income to more than L.150 per annum, which is too little to allow him to mix with the rich, whilst it is not enough to permit of his exposing himself to the more than probable demands of his poorer acquaintances; he is therefore doomed to a selfish and solitary existence, and we have just seen how he commences the task of getting through his day. It may not be uninteresting to the curious to learn how a man can manage that on L.150 a year; we will therefore enlighten them on the authority and with the permission of Mr Luckless White. In the first place, he pays ten shillings a week for his room—that makes L.26 a year; then he spends L.24 a year upon clothes, and it is astonishing how well a careful man may dress for L.24 a year (for pardon us, ye shades of Stultz and Buckmaster! coats may be very well cut, at a third of your price, in Holborn, and elegant trousers, at half your figure, in the Strand); so there are L.50 gone out of L.150. Furthermore, he deducts L.5 for boots, to which he is very attentive, avoiding stony places, and walking at that leisurely, self-possessed pace which exerts no undue strain upon the upper leather; and L.2 for gloves and hosiery, leaving himself L.93 a year for alimentary necessaries, locomotive expenses, and sensual gratifications.

He breakfasts in Chancery Lane, at that well-known confectioner's where rising barristers lunch cheek-by-jowl with attorneys' clerks; where the stout old gentleman, who is strongly suspected of making his own hat and trousers, so little do they resemble the cut of common men's, shews a Briton's independent spirit by talking as if he were in a gale of wind, or as if he were addressing the deafest of adders; and where the very polite gentleman in the very bright spectacles begs the obliging young waitress 'to be so kind as to allow him to have a currant-bun, please.' Nor is it expensive breakfasting in this Bohemian fashion, though Materfamilias may suppose that it is: our homeless friend has his cup of chocolate, his slice of ham, and his roll, and all he pays is eightpence; notwithstanding that the room in which he sits is of ample dimensions, with a semi-cylindrical roof of variegated glass; that he is waited upon by an elegant young lady, whose back-hair is correctly gathered into the comeliest of nets, whose manners are rather distinguished than otherwise, and whose inquiries after the state of what she terms his ''ealth' are soothing to a homeless man; and that he may remain—as he does—for at least an hour and a half without exciting the evil passions of the benevolent proprietress, whilst he wonders at the talent displayed in the leading articles, the powers of imagination and invention evinced in the foreign correspondence, and the general information which is afforded him in the many columns of the *Times*. At about twelve o'clock, he issues forth to his daily wanderings; perhaps he makes a call upon one of his homeless brethren, who is a little better off than himself, having chambers in the Temple or in Gray's Inn, and his name in the Law List, who writes reviews for periodicals, and who is only too glad 'if a fellow will drop in for half an hour, and have a cigar and a quiet chat;' or peradventure he takes an hour's stroll in the Park; or it may be he finds his way to the office of the *Gorgon*, and prevails upon the editor of that widely circulated paper, who pulled in the same boat with him at the university, and who has a 'ticket for two' to the Crystal Palace, to accompany him to Sydenham, take a ramble through those delicious grounds, which every year put forth new beauties, look out upon that lovely view of distant hill, and wood, and church-spire, and gaze with ever-fresh delight upon that airy pile, more wondrous than the 'stately pleasure-dome' of Kubla Khan. But this, of course, is only once and away. His usual method of proceeding is a stroll until half-past one, then a sandwich and a glass of beer for lunch (price 4d.), and afterwards the British Museum. O noble dome in Bloomsbury! architects may laud thee, men of letters may thank thee, men of taste may admire thee, but none can love thee like the homeless gentleman! The refugee from foreign tyranny, and the refugee from native ennui, alike fly to thy kindly shelter! Many and many an afternoon has our poor friend Luckless White beguiled the hours in that grand retreat; against it he has but one complaint, that it harbours men uncouth and gross, who make strange noises in their horrid throats, and then expectorate upon the floor; *he* says they are foreigners; we hope they are; but once we saw and heard—O fatal truth! —a man exactly like an Englishman. . . . . However, there is a limit even to the delights of reading, not to mention that the hours during which the countless host of books is visible are also limited. At five P. M., then, our homeless friend leaves his hiding-place, and walks to and fro until his dinner-time at six; and now, where is the homeless one to dine?

Not at those elegant erections where champagne of fabulous vintage is sold at prices which make the affluent smile complacently, and the indigent sneer sardonically; not at Verrey's, not at Epitaux's, not at the Wellington, not even at Simpson's; but in that well-known street in Leicester Square, at the famous place *à manger* which the proprietor, with pardonable pride, denominates a hotel, and which ribald wits profanely call a 'slap-bang.' But what is a 'slap-bang?' It is a dining-room where they cut your meat (excuse the coarse expression) from the joint (pardon the word), and bring it to you straight, or 'slap' as the vulgar say, with bread and vegetables, and beer if you will, and Mr Luckless White wills, and likes his pint of beer; and such rice-pudding as he obtains at his 'slap-bang' he declares, my dear madam, upon his word of honour, your cook could never make. So, then, he dines, and he has much mirth during his dinner, for he is a man of observation and humour, and fails not to amuse himself with the two brothers who dine, and quarrel, and wrangle, because one was five minutes after his time; or with the gentleman who nods familiarly at nothing, and always has his place reserved for him, and talks confidentially—though in a somewhat exalted tone—to himself, and counts up the cost of his refection in a very audible voice, remarking to vacancy that he has had a (expletive) good dinner, and that, condemn him (briefly), he forgot they'd raised the price of old ale, or he would have taken porter, and who ultimately delivers himself of what is popularly known as 'the Yorkshireman's grace.' Nor here nor elsewhere does our friend forget to watch the way in which some folks conjure with their knives and forks; he takes a lively interest in the famous knife-trick, more astonishing than the feats of Indian jugglers, in

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which the performer, with a recklessness petrifying in these days of advanced civilisation, disposes of pease and gravy solely with the assistance of a knife, without inflicting any ghastly wound upon either corner of his mouth. But there is an end even to pantomimes, and Mr White is forced at last to leave the festive scene. He calls the reverend-looking head-waiter, who, if rumour have anything credible in it, can walk up a room with fifty human beings on either side, and announce, without the least hesitation or the least mistake, the amount of food and liquor which has been consumed by every individual in it, and whom you might as well attempt to deceive in the matter of an extra potato, as mislead Arithmeticus in the multiplication table. Mr White then pays his humble account—'One shilling and fivepence, please, sir; you had cheese, I think?' and twopence for the waiter—how one can give so reverend a being twopence, we leave to philosophers to explain—one shilling and sevenpence in all; and so he takes his departure, having spent during the day, you will observe, Mrs Housewife, exactly 2s. 7d.; which, by actual multiplication, as those contemptuous mathematicians say in their odious algebras—as if multiplication were not a difficult undertaking—amounts to 18s. 1d. a week, or, by the same arduous process, L.47, 0s. 4d. per annum; so that he has left, as will be seen by exercising your talents in the matter of subtraction, L.45, 19s. 8d. to 'do what he likes with.' How much of this Mr White devotes to the S. P. G. Society, we never heard; but suppose we say the odd eightpence, he has then L.45, 19s. to squander partly, and partly to hoard in case of illness.

The evening is exceedingly difficult to get rid of in London. Mr White declines dining out or going to evening-parties, being afflicted, he maintains, with a chronic cold; and, indeed, if it were not for the cold, he asseverates that it would cost him in cabs and white kid gloves considerably more, to avail himself of his thoughtful friends' 'kind invitations,' than to go to the French play or the opera. So far as we can understand, he not unfrequently honours the pit of some theatre with his presence at half-price (one shilling), which is almost a matter of necessity, seeing that he, in literary slang, 'does the drama' now and then for some well-conducted weekly paper. Nevertheless, his evenings, on the whole, are dull. He certainly belongs to a club—the Saunterers, who meet at the Sceptre—but the regular time of meeting is only one day in the week; and even then, poor White complains that it is very like every other tavern, except that you pay a guinea for the privilege of sitting in a particular room, and calling yourself a Saunterer; so that he derives but little consolation from that. He longs for the home of days gone by, and his heart sinks within him at the dreary night. He never felt his utter desolation, as he remarked to us, so completely as one day when he was compelled to purchase towels. He had never contemplated so frightful a shock. Buttons he had sewn on in comparative contentment; holes he had darned with comparative complacence; but to have to buy towels had never struck him even as a remote contingency.

Sunday perhaps is his saddest day: he goes to the great church hard by his lodging; he watches those rooms with windows looking on to the chancel, in one of which the great banker sits, and in the other the grandees from the Admiralty, and he feels he is not of them. He looks around upon happy faces of tradesmen, whose work for the week is over; of strangers, who come to their favourite preacher; of domestics, who sit in missus's pew—for 'missus' goes into the country on Saturday—and he feels he is nought to them. He prays in company, but he prays alone, for he sees not a soul who has sympathy with him, for they are none of them 'homeless gentlemen.' Can nothing be done for this manner of man? He has the habits of a gentleman, but hardly the means; he is fairly educated, but yet no genius; he is anxious to wed, but mammon forbids it; and he longs for home, but he cannot find it.

THREE STARTLING SITUATIONS.

My existence, I am happy to say, has not been what any conscientious 'gentleman connected with the press' would feel himself justified in calling 'checkered.' I did not begin life as the heir to a dukedom, find myself at twenty-one to have been illegitimate, and eventually in a position to dictate to some popular author, from the sick-ward of a union workhouse, the interesting raw materials for his novellette, *The Falling Star*. Neither did I begin life a lad in the knife-house, and

> Creeping up from high to higher,
> Become on Fortune's crowning slope,
> The centre of a Ward's desire,
> And fit with Aldermen to cope.

The prayer of my godfather for me was like Agur's that I should have neither riches nor poverty; he left me that much-abused inheritance—which, to a reasonable man, is nevertheless the best in the world, since it enables him to pursue all good objects for their own sake—'a moderate independence;' and I have kept it ever since.

Hence, O reader, it is in vain to expect from this comfortable quill either soaring flights into the Empyrean (with a large E), or down swoops into the Abysms. I know no more of palaces than I do of prisons; and yet I have had my three 'startling situations' too. Most mortals who have grown to be men and women have had some experiences always afterwards observable to their minds-eye in the level road of their existences, even if they be but the being pitched out of a merry-go-round at a fair, or the having proposals of marriage tendered to them by a black man; and why not I like the rest?

First, then, I have had the privilege of beholding a spiritual manifestation—three distinct, or, at all events, separate ghosts at the same time. This happened on my way from Calais to Paris in the winter of 1832. The boat, as it always does when I am in it—a proof of my honest assertion that there is nothing about me unlike what belongs to the majority of my fellow-creatures—had made an exceedingly bad passage, and I landed upon the shores of France with a vacuum within me that I had yet no desire to replenish. Had it been otherwise, there was very little time to do it, for the diligence, unlike myself, quite full inside, was upon the point of starting, and I climbed up in a miserable condition beside the conductor. How he screamed, gesticulated, and cracked his prodigious whip like a demon-driver, it is not necessary, and would be painful to me to describe. I fell asleep as soon as I could, and forgot him; and when I woke again, he was asleep too, and the horses were going at their own sweet will, and pace, which latter in in France a very moderate one. I felt cold and hungry enough, but yet so faint as not to seem equal to the effort of waking the driver, and urging him to push on a little faster to the next roadside inn; so faint, so drowsy, that no earthly thing, I think, short of an upset could have roused me up, or awakened my interest. No earthly thing, perhaps; but what was that running along the hedge—on the top of the hedge—upon the left hand; running along by the side of the diligence, and yet a little in advance, so as to turn back and look at it, and at me? *That* woke me soon enough, and most thoroughly. What business had Mary Rosa, my little ward—who had lately been left a widow with two children, and whom I had bidden good-bye to only a few days before—what business, I say, had *she* to be running atop of a roadside hedge between Calais and Paris at midnight, always keeping

her head turned round, and her eyes fixed upon me? There was not the least doubt of it being Mary, although I had never seen her with that look of pain and entreaty on her face before. I am thankful to think that she never had to ask anything, either for herself or others, twice from me. She never looked before her, but glided swiftly on along the hedge; and when a gap or gate intervened, seemed to leap it without any spring or unusual exertion. When her eyes were not on mine, they were fixed on one or other of the two fore-wheels of the diligence; and, presently, I leaned over to see what was attracting her in the left-hand one. Georgy was there—Georgy Ross, her eldest son, revolving with the wheel, and upon its rim, disappearing and coming up again as though he were bound to it, with his white face upward towards me and her, but with shut eyes. His brother Charles was on the other wheel, I knew, although, of course, I could not see him; and, presently, upon the great empty front seat, where there was room for four beside the driver, there lay stretched on either side of me those same two boys, in long white dresses, which—since they were dead, poor things, as it subsequently turned out—might have been shrouds. I had scarcely time to put my hands out, right and left, and *through* each of these forms, to feel the bare cushion of the seat, when the driver, with a burst of *sacrés*, woke, and lashed the horses, calling them pigs and demons. Then the children and their dear mother vanished from my sight for ever. Being of a phlegmatic, or—as I prefer to call it—of a philosophical disposition, I simply entered in my note-book, writing it there, as I sat in the clear moonlight, 'Curious illusion produced [December 14, 1832] by hunger and fatigue.'

Nevertheless, as I sat at breakfast in Paris on the morning of the 19th, I received word by post that Mary Ross and her two children were all dead of typhus fever. 'Mary,' the letter said, 'kept asking for you, William, as though you could have saved her little ones, and even after they were out of the reach of earthly aid. She herself did not survive them more than a few hours. They all died on the 14th!'

My second 'startling situation' was not a ghostly one, although the locality was far better adapted for such a phenomenon than the high-road to Paris—a fine old manor-house in Staffordshire, that had been a petty stronghold in the time of the civil wars. Rupert had sallied out of it at the head of his rakehelly Babeaters, and Cromwell had stormed it with his Ironsides, smiting Agag—that is to say, its then possessor, Sir Jasper Seton—hip and thigh. He was cut to pieces in the great hall, which is now the music-room, or was, in the days I knew it; and the clash of steel is still to be heard there in wild winter midnights, although I cannot say that I ever detected it myself, for certain. There were, however, the most mysterious nightly sounds in that old house, whose furniture, though good and costly, was throughout, from garret to still-room, exceedingly ancient. I never was, indeed, in any dwelling-house where Antiquity had it so much her own way. It was full of unnecessary and unexpected flights of stairs, of tortuous passages, of long, dark, slippery galleries, and especially full of lingering echoes, always dying out, and never dead. Nine-tenths of the mysterious noises came, of course, from these same echoes, but who made the other tenth, and set the noises going, was a problem not so easily solved. Who emptied sacks of potatoes every night down the wide uncarpeted oak-stair in the aforesaid music-hall, was quite an open question; for everybody agreed, though there were no potatoes to be found there, that that was the operation which the disturbance most resembled. Who went about, and seemed to listen—with list-slippers on—at the chamber-doors? Who rang the drawing-room bells when nothing was wanted, and everybody had gone to bed? My answer, on account of the philosophic character of my nature, was always Rats. The house so swarmed with them, that it might have been called Rats Castle. The arras in such of the chambers as were not in constant use was rat-eaten as well as moth-eaten. The wainscots were riddled by rats; and they were only kept away from the provisions of the household by a patent safe, that was the one modern contrivance in Burlby Hall. Nevertheless, the old place was the very home of Christmas hospitality, and had for me, who did not care for rats, only one source of annoyance: I dared not indulge in two of my usual customs—getting up early in the morning, and sleep-walking at night, for fear of being shot by Captain Seton—the eldest son of Sir Arthur—who, enraged by the state of terror in which the female portion of the domestics were plunged, perambulated the house at all hours with a revolver, wherewith he had pledged himself to put an end to all disturbers of the household peace. His sisters, being Setons, were, of course, afraid of nothing; but I confess that, for my part, I did not like that six-barrelled implement of the young dragoon at all. The nightly noises, however, were no whit decreased by this amateur-watchman; and one December night, when a grim north-easter was trying doors and windows from without, and the rats were at work as usual with their potato-sacks and list-slippers within, he added considerably to the general tumult by ringing a huge hand alarm-bell—which he had had placed in his bedroom in case of such an emergency—and all the inmates of the mansion flocked to the summons as bees are gathered by the hivesman. We found the captain in his dressing-gown, in the centre of the western gallery, standing by an ugly mark in the panelling, which he had made with the muzzle of his pistol.

'Here he is,' cried he: 'the fellow went through here, I'll take my oath! I heard him listening at my door, and was out in a minute, taking a snap-shot at him, but the thing missed fire.'

'Heard whom?—heard whom?' inquired Sir Arthur.

'I don't know; how should I?' replied the young man. 'Perhaps a ghost; or if not, somebody who was never so near being a ghost, I'll warrant him, as he was five minutes back. I'll have this panel broken in. No, father, we'll not leave it till to-morrow, if you please; that's how these things go on—let's do it at once. There's a pickaxe in the stable-yard; go and fetch it, Thomas.'

So the pickaxe was brought, and—Sir Arthur unwillingly assenting—we broke up the black oak panelling into a hundred splinters, and then through a thick stone-wall, without a hinge or entrance, as it seemed, of any kind in it, into a chamber, of the existence of which no person in the house had ever known. A *modern* chamber—a small sitting-room, barely furnished with chairs and table of a date of construction later by at least two hundred years than anything in the house, except the patent safe; but there were no windows to the room, nor any means of ingress that could be discovered, save that very rough one of our own. I do not think that either ghost or burglar could have affected us all more strangely than the sight of that untenanted and unknown modern room. It is still to be seen in the west gallery of Burlby Hall, the sole approach to it—for so the Setons will have it—yet lying open between the splintered planks and broken stone-work, as when it was first found. The mystery concerning it and its occupants—if any—is still unsolved, and the rats make just as much noise about the grand old place as ever.

My third remarkable adventure occurred to me in broad daylight, when it is especially creditable to a situation to be 'startling,' as mine undoubtedly was. I was in Chester, residing with my family, consisting of my wife and a grown-up son and daughter, in temporary lodgings, three stories high, but otherwise

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very convenient. It was ten o'clock in the morning, but, I am ashamed to say, we were still at breakfast, for we were away from home on pleasure, and had fallen into all sorts of idle habits. Our conversation happened to be upon an incivility my wife had met with in the town on the preceding day. Some coal-heavers were uncarting coal upon the pavement, and the roadway being very wet, she had asked them to desist from their occupation for a moment, so that she might pass. They did so, but not without one of them observing: 'And how do you think we should get our work done, missis, if we was to wait for *every* fool as goes by?' We were expressing our hope that this gentleman's remark was not an exemplification of Chester manners, when the third window of our room—that furthest from the breakfast-table—was violently thrown open, and the head and unclothed shoulders of a man thrust themselves inwards. My son and I were so overcome with astonishment, and the ladies with terror, that it must have been nearly a full minute before I stooped down for the poker, during the whole of which interval he made the most hideous grimaces it is possible to conceive. Independently of these, his natural ugliness was excessive, he being perfectly bald, and of a bright scarlet colour—such a complexion as I had never before seen on any man. As I ran at him, poker in hand, he slammed down the window, and before I could open it, was out of sight. Wonderful as had been his appearance, his disappearance was far more so, and indeed inexplicable. The window which had been thrown up was a half-window—that is to say, it was common to our room and the next to it, which also belonged to the same house, but was at that time uninhabited and locked up. Having satisfied ourselves by a thorough search that the apparition was not in this apartment, there was nothing left but the conclusion that he had made his way along a narrow ledge of not more than *four inches broad*, to some other house to the right of ours, and that with the most excessive quickness. The ledge was at least forty feet perpendicular above a crowded street, with no other resting-place between it and the ground, and in full view of all passers-by, some of whom would have been surely attracted by the spectacle of a naked scarlet man balancing himself upon next to nothing over their heads. The matter indeed seemed inexplicable, but still I felt it my duty to persevere in my investigations, since the minds of both my wife and daughter had been greatly shaken by the occurrence, and if I could only find some reasonable explanation, I knew that half that mischief would be done away with. I spared, therefore, neither pains nor money to this end. The police were set to work; a reward was offered for the discovery of the person who had committed the outrage; and all passengers through the street in question upon that morning, between 10 and 10·15, were exhorted to come forward and witness to any peculiar appearance visible at that time and place. All, however, was in vain, until about a fortnight afterwards. The subject was by that time avoided by us as much as possible, while the ladies were present; but one forenoon, while my son and I were speaking of it as the maid was laying the luncheon-cloth, he observed: 'Do you know, father, I have been thinking a good deal about the odd appearance of that horrible man's head, and I have come to the conclusion that it was not bald at all, but *shaved*.'

'Good,' said I. 'I'm pretty sure, my lad, you're right; and in that case, he must have been an escaped lunatic. This gives us a clue'——

'Please, sir,' interrupted the maid with a courtesy, 'Mr John Stokes, at No. 23, av ad is ead shaved lately for scarlet fever.'

'For *scarlet* fever,' cried I; '*Eureka, Eureka!*' and I clapped my hat on, and rushed off to No. 23 like a lunatic myself.

Mr John Stokes was still grievously ill, and not to be seen by anybody but his lawyer, said the servant.

'And am I not his lawyer, my good man? Can't you see?'

So I went up, as I had conjectured would be the case, to the third story, the same in which was our own sitting-room in No. 19. Poor Mr John Stokes was lying in bed—and luckily, fast asleep—with the identical shaved head and scarlet face that had been so impressed upon all our memories.

'He has been delirious for days, poor fellow,' said the nurse; 'and it would be a pity to wake him for any business matter—would it not?'

I said that it would be a great pity, and that it was not to be thought of; and then asked whether the sick man was ever left alone.

'Never, sir.'

'Are you quite sure of that?' said I severely.

'Well, sir, I may say "never;" that is, except just for my going down stairs for his breakfast.'

'And what time does he breakfast?'

'Well, sir, about ten o'clock.'

'Between ten and a quarter-past, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the astonished nurse; 'just so.'

The window nearest to our house was, I found, unbolted. It was clear that Mr John Stokes—who afterwards got well of his fever, and, I hope, recovered his hair—was the apparition that had so spoiled our breakfast a fortnight ago, and set our digestions wrong ever since.

The only mystery remaining was how, even in delirium, human feet could have gone so swiftly and surely upon that narrow ledge along the fronts of three broad houses, and how they could have remained invisible to any eyes save ours.

THE CROWN OF ROSES.

FAMILIAR, yet from other lands, the pleasant echo comes,
The quaint and olden mythic lore from distant vine-hung homes,
Of galas in the greenwood shade, when on a festal-day,
A fair rose-chaplet crowned the maid of whom the elders say,
That she in virtue most excelled, her choice the 'better part;'
By whom the elders watched and prayed lest pride might turn her heart,
While warning words the good priest spake, reminding her of One
In whose most perfect life the grace of meekness brightly shone.

The crown was formed of roses white—o'en so tradition told—
And it was treasured afterwards, and better loved than gold;
For when the summons came to those who owned the valued prize,
And they had fallen asleep, released from earthly pangs and sighs,
Reposing with a placid smile within their narrow bed,
The faded wreath again was placed beside the honoured dead,
Exhaling perfume rich as if from freshly-gathered flowers,
Pervading all the quiet room before the burial-hours.

O pleasant legendary lore—memorial pure and sweet—
Melodiously in simple rhyme the listener's ear to greet;
As fancy swift each void can fill, and humble faith may dare,
The myth to realise as one in which we claim a share,
For oral repetition when the stars rejoice our sight,
And angels hover o'er the fold as day dissolves in night:
And when night comes—the night of death in its corruption sown—
May we to incorruption wake, and an immortal crown!

C. A. M. W.

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A STOLEN PLEASURE.

I AM travelling back some years; how many, it is not necessary to state precisely. Let it suffice to say that I, the present writer, was then of much more limited proportions, and that those were attired in a bottle-green suit; my friend and sworn ally, Bicknell Secundus, rejoicing the while in a bright-buttoned blue jacket, with pepper-and-salt sequels. London, I am bound to admit, was not quite so black or broad a blot as it now appears upon the map of England. Green grass was then where granite paving-stones and brick and mortar dwelling-places are now. Suburbs had not been hauled in nearly so 'taut;' you could yet see their junction-points, could trace where the stitches came and tacked them on, as it were; they had not yet surrendered all individuality and character, to be merged in and swallowed up by the giant city, their neighbour—ever growing, strengthening, and multiplying in every conceivable way. Doubtless, the building interest of the day had looked upon the pleasant outlands with notions of seizure and conversion; and unfinished streets, or sketches and embryos of streets, stretched out occasionally, *antenna*-like, or in the manner of a blind man's hands groping out before him, ultimately to grasp and possess. Still, London was smaller. Time was younger. I was certainly both younger and smaller, and Bicknell Secundus was in like plight; and yet, it is pleasant to think that perhaps, after all, it was not so very long ago.

We were day-pupils of a public school in the heart of London. We were both in the same class, and being probably at that time each about the age of ten, were joint sufferers under the difficulties of certain Latin commentaries upon an early war in Gaul; were utterly regardless of the poetry of Ovid in our efforts to melt that bard down into the vernacular; accounted the Greek Delectus an ingenious instrument of torture for youth; and altogether entertained low views touching the benefits of classical education. We had played together, we had fought together, we had studied together, we had been caned together—could a school friendship have firmer foundation or tighter bonds?

My parents being in India, I was placed under the charge of a Miss Brewer, a lady who made it her especial occupation to receive as boarders in her house children of similarly forlorn circumstances. Her establishment was, in fact, a warehouse for the stowing away, as bonded goods, of a number of infant exports to, and imports from, the colonies—her connection being chiefly with the East Indies. She undertook no educational duties in respect of her protégés, but for certain fixed payments contracted to board, lodge, clothe them, and attend generally to their bodily welfare. Her house, small but commodious, was pleasantly situate at Islington, and occasionally densely populated by young gentlemen (some with very dark complexions), recently shipped from the east, or in process of packing up and departure for that distant shore. The front windows of the house looked flush on to the narrow, clear-running New River of old Sir Hugh Myddleton, while at the further end of the street was a wide prospect of meadow-land, the domain of a great cow-proprietor, reputed to be unable, through the influence of some peculiar destiny, to retain in his possession more than nine hundred and ninety-nine cows—death always pouncing on the thousandth cow whenever its purchase was attempted. I remember lying awake at night fancying myself that cow-proprietor, and revolving a variety of schemes in my mind to defeat the malignant spell, and possess a thousand cows in spite of it.

Miss Brewer was large and majestic-looking, perhaps over fifty in years. She always wore a cap with dull pink ribbons, and a black stuff dress fitting closely to her stout frame. She was high-shouldered, and had no waist worth mentioning. But fat had not brought her happiness. She was a melancholy woman; a smile had never been seen to gleam, even for a moment, over her cloudy countenance. She had heavily moulded features, lowering brows, and large, dull, opaque eyes, of a moist and tearful disposition. Her erect carriage and stout presence threw into prominent relief the large gold watch she wore at her girdle. There were two words ever in the mouth of Miss Brewer—these were, 'bile' and 'responsibility.' 'I 'm a martyr to *bile*,' she was constantly complaining. 'Everything turns to *bile*.' 'I should be a happy woman if it was not for *bile*.' 'My *responsibility* is fearful.' 'No one can appreciate how alarming is my *responsibility*.' 'No terms can repay me for my awful *responsibility*;' and so on. For the alleviation of one or other of these her distresses, I remember that she was incessantly swallowing pills. Making no account of time or place, she would tilt back her head to what seemed almost a dangerous angle, and jerk into her mouth, and dispose of with a resonant gulp one, or two, or three at a dose, and then, resuming her ordinary position, look around her grimly calm as though nothing whatever had transpired of any particular note. This always seemed a wonderful feat to me, with whom physic-taking was a very different business, to be begun with fear, and spasms, and shivering, carried on with much grimacing and nose-holding, and closed with plentiful applications of red-currant jelly or preserved ginger to efface all

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unpleasant reminiscences. Miss Brewer had a systematic punctuality in attending to the requirements of her boarders. At stated periods, we were taken to the hairdresser, to the dentist, to the tailor. At Christmas, a snuff-coloured suit was invariably ordered for me; at midsummer, one of bottle-green. On the first Monday in every month, large cupfuls of senna-tea were served out to, and rigidly enforced upon us, Miss Brewer regarding that beverage in the light of a healthy refreshment and stimulant to youth. Altogether, there can be no doubt we formed a thoroughly well conducted and disciplined household.

At the time of which I am relating, it so happened that, by some combination of circumstances, I was the only boarder at Miss Brewer's establishment. Other of her 'youthful charges,' as she delighted to call us, were on their way out, or home; but for a short time her responsibility was limited to the custody of the present writer. Not that this appeared to lighten her cares in any way, or to reduce the amount of her pill-taking. 'One is just as much trouble as a dozen,' she would exclaim. 'Elbows off the table. Sit up: gentlemen always sit up. I hate a round back. Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentleman ever sneezes at dinner-time. Don't fidget your feet about. Gentlemen never play the devil's tattoo. Dear me, who would have my responsibilities? No wonder I'm subject to bile.' Then, to the plump servant, memorable for her very little twinkling eyes, and her large, high-coloured elbows: 'Caroline (with staccato distinctness, 'Ca-ro-line'), take away the things, and give that boy's hair a brush; I'm sure it wants it.'

I begin to think that I had a dull time of it at Miss Brewer's. The youthful charges did not highly enjoy their situation; there was very little play amongst us, for Miss Brewer would have no noise. Occasionally, the dark skins fought together, or with me, but the conflicts were invariably stopped by sudden irruptions of Miss Brewer, and great boxing of ears. No wonder that even my educational pursuits, fraught as those were with agony, were more pleasurable than the hours passed under the surveillance of Miss Brewer. True, the annoyances in connection with the construing of Ovid were great, but then came the solace of long conversations with my great friend, Bicknell Secundus, and protracted walks round that small, paved, hemmed-in, city playground, with Bicknell's arm round my neck, and my arm round Bicknell's neck. I had a great respect, a high admiration, a tremendous affection for Bicknell. I thought him an authority upon every question—a model—an oracle; he knew so much more than I did, he had seen so much more than I had. Imprisoned at Miss Brewer's, what was my acquaintance with the world? Bicknell was always advising me to run away from that lady, and join my father in India. It was only a difficulty, I think, about having but half-a-crown to commence the journey with, that hindered me from the attempt. Then he was a link between me and the life outside the school and Miss Brewer's. He had been to evening-parties, where the company had supped off Twelfth-cake, and custards, and crackers, and characters, and negus; ay, and, believe me, champagne! He had danced quadrilles—*he had waltzed!* I think he had been in love, too, with a young lady, who wore straps to her shoes, and open-work socks, pink-ribbon ties in her light amber hair, a coral necklace, and red ribston-pippin cheeks. He had been to the theatre, too. He had seen 'at "the Lane,"' he said, 'the *pantermine* of *Harlequin Three-fingered Jack;* and *Harlequin Will o' the Wisp, or the Demon Grub and the Fairy Butterfly,* at "the Garden."' He was ahead of me in all sorts of ways. *I* had never been at an evening-party; *I* could not dance; *I* had never even seen champagne. *I* had never seen a 'pantermine;' I had not even been inside a theatre. Why should Bicknell Secundus enjoy all these experiences, and I not? Would Miss Brewer let me go to the theatre? he asked. Certainly not; she did not approve of pleasure of any sort. I should have the whole of last Sunday's first lesson to get off by heart for proposing such a thing. Bicknell said I was a flat to stand it, that was all.

The seed of insubordination had been sown; mutiny began to rear its head. I pondered for many days and nights over Bicknell's pleasures and Miss Brewer's asceticism. The result was—apart from severe canings from Dr Black, and certain morning headaches, which procured me strong and nauseous decoctions of Miss Brewer's favourite senna-tea—the result was my saying to Bicknell Secundus one day after morning-school: 'Bicknell, I've made my mind up.'

'Have you? What! to run away to India?'

'No; to see a "pantermine."'

'Well, you are a stoop! (An abbreviation of stupid.) They don't play "pantermines" now; it's only at Christmas.'

'Don't they? Well, I don't care. I'll go somewhere; I'll do something.'

I think I was nearly crying. It was disappointing certainly. To have brooded over the project so long, to have quite made one's mind up, and then to be defeated in this way. Why didn't they play 'pantermines' all the year round? I did so want to see a 'pantermine;' and then Bicknell's reception of my pet project was unsympathetic, and cold, and wounding. (I think now that he was a dull, poor creature, Bicknell. I lost sight of him when I was removed from that city school. But last Lord Mayor's show I saw a fat, red, blank-faced man in a green barouche taking part in the procession. The countenance seemed in some way familiar to me, but I could only recollect it vaguely and incoherently. About a week afterwards, as I was shaving one morning, a memory flashed upon me just after I had put on the soap—'That man in the green barouche was Bicknell Secundus,' I said, and continued my toilet rejoicingly.)

I had friendly relations with the plump servant of the small twinkling eyes and the high-coloured elbows. She opened the door as I returned home from school.

'Caroline,' I said to her.

'Hush!' she whispered. '*She* can hear; the parlour door 's open.'

'I want to speak to you,' I murmured in a low mysterious voice.

'*She's* going out. Come down in the kitchen afterwards.'

I nodded approval of the proposition.

'Wipe your shoes!' cried Miss Brewer from the parlour—'gentlemen always wipe their shoes.'

I entered. *She* was sealing a letter.

'I hope you were perfect in your *Cæsar*,' she said, blowing out the taper. She then took two pills in a most unflinching manner. 'How dare you put peg-tops in your best jacket pocket! Let me catch you doing it again. Learn your Latin grammar. I'm going out for half an hour; a little walk will do my bile good.'

She moved out of the house in a slow queenly way. I was soon down in the kitchen.

'Caroline.'

'Call me Cal,' she said, 'there 's a dear; it 's more friendly like.'

'Well, Cal, then, I 'm going to the play.'

'To the the*ayter*? You 're never.'

'I just am though.'

'*She*'ll never let you.'

'I 'll go whether *she* lets me or no.'

'You will?'

'Yes, I've got a shilling, Bicknell 's got a shilling; we can go with that, can't we? Won't it be jolly! *She*'ll think I 'm gone to bed; then I 'll sneak out, and she 'll never find it out.'

'But how will you get back?'

'You 'll let me in, won't you, Cal, dear?—there 's a duck—and *she* need never know anything about it.'

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Cal looked perplexed. 'It 's as much as my place is worth.'

'Oh, you will, Cal. I never have any pleasure. Other boys go to the play, why shouldn't I? Bicknell Secundus goes to see "pantermines," why shouldn't I? Oh, you *will* help me, won't you, Cal, dear?'

'Give me a kiss,' said Cal. But she was still hesitating. 'I wish I could go with you.'

'I wish you could, Cal,' said I.

'But, Lor' bless you, *she* wouldn't hear of it—a nasty, stingy, cross, mean, old thing: there, that 's what *she* is. "Muss be home by nine," says she whenever I goes out, which ain't often, 'Evan knows. Why, when I was at my last place, the Mountjoys—Ah, that was a situation if you like! "Mrs Mountjoy, 'm," says I, "may I go out for a holiday?" "Certainly, Caroline, you may," says she. "Please, 'm, I should like to make it eleven," says I; "I wants to go to the play." "Make it twelve," says she, "if you like, and see it all out." *That* was somethink like, you know. Ah, Mrs Mountjoy was a real lady; no mistake about that; and Mr Mountjoy was a gentleman: there, that 's what he was.'

I was afraid that she was running off into a series of legends, setting forth the advantages of her situation at the Mountjoys, which I never could comprehend why she surrendered, as it seemed to have suited her so well in every respect.

'Do help me, Cal,' I urged.

'Will you love me for evermore if I do?' asked Cal, for she was of a romantic disposition.

'That I will,' I said, and I kissed her again.

'But suppose you should be lost?'

'Lost! Get along with you; how should I be lost? Ain't I eleven next birthday?'

'Where was you thinking of going?'

'Well, I hardly know. I shall leave Bicknell Secundus to choose.'

'Let me choose,' said Cal; 'and I say Ashley's. Oh, it is lovely! Why, the 'orses, bless them, the pretty creatures, they goes on just like human beings: they does everything but talk. Why, they goes to bed, just as you or I might, puts on their night-clothes, fires off pistols, rings bells, eats their dinners, and stands on their hind-legs and dances for all the world like Christian people. Oh, do go there; you *will* be pleased. Oh, it's downright fust-rate. Hush! there 's missus's knock; get up into the back-parlour, and be going on with your *Julius Cæsar*, or you'll catch it for being down here.'

And so Cal joined the conspiracy. But a heavy trial came soon.

'Bicknell,' I said, 'I'm going on Friday. Miss Brewer is going out to drink tea at the minister's, and I've arranged with Caroline, and I'm to get out that night, and go to Astley's, and she'll let me in.'

'Well!' said Bicknell. I was amazed at his want of interest.

'You're coming too, ain't you?'

'What part of the house are you going to?'

I had not studied much that part of the business.

'I don't know. I've got a shilling.'

'Then you can only go in the gallery.'

'Well, I'll go in the gallery.'.

Bicknell Secundus put on a grand air. 'A gentleman can't go in the gallery.'

I grew angry. 'I've made up my mind, and I shall go. Do you want to back out of it?' I asked him.

'You see, it will cost a shilling,' he said; 'and—and I want to buy a cock-linnet, and I can get a good one for sixpence, and have sixpence over towards a cage. I don't like going to the play unless the governor pays for me.'

'Then you won't go?' He turned away silently.

'Bicknell,' I cried, 'you 're a sneak!'

I was in a great rage. He told me to call him that again. I asked him what he would do. He said I should see what he would do. I called him a sneak again. He then said I'd better hit him, that was all. What would he do? I should soon see what he would do. I did hit him, more than once, and suffered no severe results. I pronounced him a coward and a sneak, and quarrelled with him for ever.

I was left to my own resources entirely then. Should I give up? No. Cal was still faithful, and why should I yield? I was nervous, anxious, trembling, but I would not abandon the enterprise.

Which was the best way to go to the theatre? I must walk, that was evident; I had no funds for coach-hire.

'When I lived at the Mountjoys,' said Cal, 'I always went to Ashley's over Westminster Bridge.' So it was determined that I should go over that bridge to the theatre, and that I should keep to the open thoroughfares as much as possible, and avoid all attempts at short-cuts. I was to make my way from Islington to Gray's Inn Lane, and so reach Holborn, from whence I was to proceed by way of Chancery Lane into Fleet Street, and progressing along the Strand, reach ultimately Westminster Bridge and the theatre.

'You can't fail to find it when you get to the bridge; it's as plain as a pikestaff then, and as straight as a harrow,' observed Cal.

I said I thought I should be all right.

'If you feel at all timersome,' she went on, 'I'll ask Jim the baker to put you in the right way.'

I did not think it was at all necessary.

'I know Jim would do it if I asked him.'

But I declined, perhaps rather arrogantly, all aid from Jim the baker.

'Well, then, good-bye, and God bless you. I'll sit up. Only you must come home ever so gently, and don't knock nor ring, nor nothink of that kind, or you 'll wake her up, and there 'll be Old Boots to pay; but just stand in front of the airey railings and whistle. You can whistle, you know; can't you? Of course you can. Well, whistle *It's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year*. Whistle it loud enough for me to hear in the kitchen, and I'll come up and open the door.'

So I parted with Cal, the good creature kissing me warmly, and insisting on my taking sixpence with me in addition to the shilling I had to pay for my admittance. 'You 'll want refreshments, you know, let alone a bill of the play, which you 'll bring home for me to read. You'll be sure to, now, won't you? Go to the play and not have oranges! Who ever hear of such a thing? Of course you must have oranges. You 'll find them come in delicious between the acts; and mind and remember everything, and tell me ever so much about it when you come home. I wish I was going with you. Good-bye. Bless you!'

And so I went on my way, setting off running hard, of course, as who would not have run on such a mission? I could hardly believe it. I was really going to the theatre! I should soon be equal with Bicknell Secundus, the sneak, the coward! And did the people I met know where I was going? Was Astley's written upon me anywhere visibly? And suppose I should meet Miss Brewer! My! shouldn't I run; and would bystanders interfere and capture me at her bidding? And how would a police constable act under such circumstances? Here was Holborn! Had I got my shilling all safe? Yes, there it was, right enough. On we go then. Astley's for ever! Who cares for old Brewer? *She*'s safe enough over her third cup of tea at the minister's.

The Astley's of the time I am narrating was not, of course, the Astley's of to-day. Hippodrama was a younger and less ambitious, but possibly a more favourite entertainment, more regarded as marvellous and beautiful than it is at present. The house was smaller; the effects more limited, I daresay; and the stage and circus cramped and confined. But was not the audience crowded, hot, steaming, and grandly

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enthusiastic? generous in its approvals? Was not Mr Gomersal, in a gray coat and shining boots, mounted on a white charger, taking snuff copiously, and doing noble duty in Lambeth as General Bonaparte? 'Discipline, gentlemen, discipline,' quoth Mr Gomersal on the eve of his losing the battle of Waterloo—'discipline, gentlemen, and the battle's ours!' Was not Mr Widdicombe, the riding-master, with Byronic neck-tie and military trousers, flicking Mr Merryman in the ring, and receiving the sallies of that worthy with an obtuse condescension that had something noble in it? Was not Mr Stickney performing daring yet graceful acts of equitation on a bare-backed steed? And lastly, was not the great Mr Ducrow—was not he a shining light at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre in the days gone by? Ah me for five-and-twenty years ago! before the fire came and destroyed the theatre; before a public existed that knew not Ducrow, and neglects its hippodrama.

I reached the theatre at last. I had made some erroneous detour in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, but soon regained the right track. The gallery-door was already open. I purchased a bill at the door—my first play-bill! I was positively grateful to the seller to think that one's first play-bill should be only a penny. I remember afterwards, however, finding that I had not received quite the full change out of Cal's sixpence. I mounted the gallery-stairs, my limbs trembling the while, and my heart quivering about like a fish on a hook. How reverently I peeped at the gentleman who with stolid indifference received my shilling at a pigeon-hole, rung it to ascertain its goodness—it was a moment of extreme anguish; suppose it had been a bad one!—and then gave me a copper counter. I had a period of doubt as to what I was to do with that counter. Do people cherish these as tokens of their visits to the play? thought I. I was soon undeceived. I proceeded on my ascent, and a stern man—the check-taker, I have since had reason to believe—suddenly seized me, and wrested the counter from my grasp. 'Up with you!' he said. 'Look alive!'

It seemed ill-natured and severe, his manner; but I forgave him instantly, for the thought came over me that he, poor wretch—ay, and the other man below, who took my shilling, Heaven help him—both were doomed never to see the performance; to be within sound of it, yet never to approach nearer—horrible—O —— But I was in the theatre.

Who remembers the smell of old Astley's? like a shut-up stable, in which the horses had been eating oranges all night. Yet I thought it balmy and delicious. At the moment I entered, the gallery was not full, though it became crowded enough afterwards. I felt rather dizzy and confused, and was happy to sit down in the first seat I could find.

'Come down here, skipper,' cried a rough voice. It came from a gentleman with a large cloud of hair crossing his forehead, and a massive semicircle of whiskers adorning the lower half of his face. He looked intensely brown, and bright, and good-humoured, and was indeed a sailor with a shiny hat stuck somehow on the back of his head, standing up in the front row of the gallery.

'Come here, skipper; here's loads of room by me; ain't there, Bess?' he inquired of the warm-faced young woman at his side. I came down the rows of seats, rather nervous about falling over into the pit, I own. Half-way, the sailor caught hold of me, and lifted me down.

'Sit between us,' said Bess, moving to make room for me.

'This here's my sister;' and the sailor pointed to Bess. I thought it behoved me to say something, so I remarked that I was glad to see her looking so well.

'That's a good 'un,' laughed Bess.

'Ain't he prime?' inquired the sailor. Between them, they seemed to regard me as a great joke. I thanked them for giving me so good a seat.

'Now, we're all right and comfortable, we shall go on jolly,' remarked the sailor. 'We've the best seats in the house, that's what we've got. Strike up, fiddlers!'

I took out the play-bill. The sailor was much interested. I commenced perusing the programme. This was regarded as a very ridiculous business.

'Ain't he rich?'—in a loud jocular whisper to Bess over my head. 'It's all shamming, you know.'

'Can you read,' Bess asked of me, 'really?'

'Yes; certainly.'

The sailor took off his shiny hat and pointed to the band, on which were some gold letters. 'What's written there?'

I read aloud the word *Calliope*. The sailor looked serious, put on his hat again, and whistled.

'Edification's a wonderful thing. I can't read myself; no more can't Bess. You see, we wasn't ever taught. You're a scholard. I wish I was. Do they ever cane you now at your school?'

I said they did sometimes.

'Well, if your master ever tries it on you again, you do this ere. Don't square up at him, because then he'll see what your game is; but get your leg quietly at the back of his; plant your foot firm, like this, d'ye see, and strike out hard with your right. He's sure to go down, flat as a flounder, and he won't try on caning you again, I warrant you.'

'They're going to begin,' said Bess, as she wiped her warm face with the play-bill, and taking off her bonnet, hung it on to the gallery railings.

It was an evening of intense enjoyment. I regret that I am unable to give an accurate syllabus of the entertainment. I recollect that this had a strong connection with the crusading interest; but the title of the drama has quite escaped me. One gentleman, I know, on a cream-coloured charger, personated Godfrey de Bouillon, and but for an unhappy tendency to drop his *h*s, acquitted himself admirably. He was always sure of the cheers of the gallery, whereas we always groaned at the 'Paynim chief'—on a horse the colour of blotting-paper, covered with ink-blots—of whose conduct we had the most unfavourable opinion. With most eager interest we watched the fortunes of the heroine in white muslin, energetically loved by a youthful Red-cross Knight of gallant mien, and also by a tall Saracen—in crimson trousers, spangled jacket, yellow boots, and an overpowering turban—who perpetually flourished about a large scimitar in a dangerous and painful manner. The lady was for ever in the hands of one or other of her admirers—now captured by the Pagan, now rescued by the Christian. How angry we were in the one case, how joyful in the other! When she plaintively pleaded to the heathen for mercy, for pity, Bess fairly broke into tears.

'Don't be a fool,' cried the sailor; 'bless yer, they're only hacting!'

'Ah, but it's mortal cutting,' explained Bess, who soon forgot her tears, however, when the comic gentleman came on. I am inclined to think that he personated an Irishman, but I should not like to be positive. How we screamed with laughter whenever he mentioned, which he was prone to do, how deep was his regret that he had ever quitted 'Ackney Wick to travel in the east, and related his nervousness on the subject of alligators! What rounds of applause we gave when the lady in white muslin fought a broadsword combat with some of the Paynim host, and, when just as she was fainting, the Red-cross Knight leaped down a precipice, turned the tide of victory, and dealt death-blows to each of her assailants! The horses pranced, and curveted, and ambled, and pattered about the stage, just as Cal said they would do. There was much addiction to red-fire upon small provocation, and the drama closed with

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the storming of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, in which event the big drum played a prominent part. I am afraid it was not all historically correct, but it was nevertheless greatly interesting from the point of view of the sailor, Bess, and myself. Between the acts there was much discussion and conversation touching the story under representation, of which we all entertained different views. There was considerable eating of oranges also, and various other articles of refreshment; a gentleman in a fustian coat sitting behind me indulging himself with a pair of pettitoes; bottles were freely handed about, and strongly fragrant they were; but Bess prohibited any proffer to me of refection from such sources. We were all warm, very warm, and hilarious, and comfortable, when Mr Merriman bounded into the neatly saw-dusted circus, and greatly multiplied our joys. How transcendent was his humour! how superb his facetiæ! Then came the Sylphide, who went over the streamers and through the balloons. But let me not dwell longer on *that* delicious delusion. It cannot be that *that* Sylphide had the rudely coloured cheeks, and the super-solid ankles of the Sylphides I have seen since that evening. No; *she* was angelic, be the modern Sylphs of the circle what they may.

We stayed out the whole performances, even to the 'laughable farce' which followed the circle feats and closed the entertainment. Then the green curtain fell. I had accomplished the great deed—I was on a par with Bicknell Secundus—I had been to Astley's. Now for home—ay, and old Brewer! For four hours I had never once given her a thought!

'Where are you bound for, mate?' inquired the sailor.

I explained that I was going to make the best of my way back to Islington.

'Islington? that 's nor'-east, ain't it, Bess?' Bess said it was.

'You 're never going all that way all by yourself?' Bess went on.

I answered stoutly that I so intended.

'Poor dear,' remarked Bess, then whispered the sailor.

'*Of* course,' jerked out the sailor, nodding his head sagaciously. 'You can get home to mother's all right by yourself? *of* course. Now, then, skipper, I 'm bound your way.' Bess whispered him again.

'*Of* course;' and he stooped down. 'Get on deck, and we 'll go along like the wind.'

I soon found myself mounted on the sailor's shoulders. He bent for me to kiss Bess, and exchange 'good-nights' with her. Then away we went, Bess waiting on the kerb-stone and watching our departure. I looked round when we had got a few yards off, and could perceive her still there, waving her hand. I took off my cap and waved that; the action seemed to please her very much.

'Now, then, over Westminster Bridge,' cried the sailor as he ran along. 'You 're the man at the hellum, you know; mind the steering. Now, is it luff?'

And so we went on, the sailor running, and I, on his shoulders, directing which way we should turn. We advanced up Chancery Lane, and were soon in Holborn, in front of a gorgeous pie-shop.

'We anchor here to wittle,' said the sailor, and we *stopped*. 'What pie are you for, mate? A mutton or a heel?'

I said I thought I should prefer a gooseberry.

'*Bless* you!' cried the sailor, 'do you think you can keep it on your stomach? Well, perhaps it's to be done. For myself, I 'll have a kidney.'

We partook of these regalements, and then were on our way again. We were soon at Islington, the sailor not in the least tired, apparently, though he had run *all the* way.

'Please, we 'll stop here,' I said: 'this is Miss Brewer's.'

'*Oh, this* is Miss Brewer's, is it?' remarked the sailor vaguely. 'Well, I thought as much.'

'I 'm not to knock or ring, only to whistle.'

'Oh, only to whistle! Why, it 's like a burglary.'

'I 'm to whistle *It's my delight on a shiny night.*'

'I don't know the *toon* myself,' quoth the sailor rather despondingly.

'Don't make me laugh!' And I whistled the air according to arrangement. The kitchen blind was slowly drawn up, and I could see Cal looking cautiously up to where we were standing in front of the railings.

'That 's Cal,' I whispered.

'Oh, *that's* Cal,' answered the sailor, as though his mind were much relieved by the intelligence. 'Well, she seems a good sort.'

'Hush!' said Cal, as the street-door opened slowly and noiselessly, and she appeared on the step. 'Don't make a noise. Who 's the man?'

'He 's a friend,' I whispered. 'He 's brought me home.'

'Bless him, then!' cried Cal emphatically.

'Thank you,' said the sailor simply. 'Good-bye, skipper. I hope we may go to the play together again.'

'Shake hands;' and I put out mine. He grasped it heartily.

'Go in; there 's a dear,' said Cal. However, she stayed out for a moment longer herself. I think the sailor must have paid her some absurd compliment, for she came in decidedly blushing. She shut the door very quietly, and I took off my shoes, to make no noise as we went down stairs and gained the kitchen.

'I've got a delicious cup of tea, and such nice thin bread and butter, and a new-laid hegg. Don't talk now, my dear; you must be awful hungry. How did you enjoy yourself? Wasn't it beautiful? Oh, this here 's the play-bill! "Red-cross Knight; Siege of Jerusalem; Chariot drawn by twelve cream-coloured steeds." Oh, it must have been prime! Oh, how I wish I had been there, and how glad I am you've got safe back again! I've been thinking of you ever since you 've been away.'

I did justice to the repast Cal had prepared. I made feeble efforts to describe some of the spectacular glories I had witnessed. Suddenly came the sound of some one descending the kitchen stairs.

'Gracious, here 's missus!' cried Cal, starting up, with a white frightened face. There was only just time for me to escape into the back-kitchen when the door opened, and a large figure, draped in white like Lady Macbeth sleep-walking, and holding aloft a brass flat chamberstick, stalked into the room. 'Oh, if Miss Brewer finds out that I've been to Astley's!' thought I, as I shivered in the back-kitchen.

'What *does* this mean?' asked Miss Brewer in peremptory tones.

Cal seemed to be gasping for breath, and unable to answer.

'Ca-ro-line,' continued the stern, stormy voice, 'why don't you answer? Is this a time for a respectable servant to be out of bed?'

'Oh, 'm, please, 'm'——

'No equivocation.' (With heightened indignation.) 'Who is here?'

'No one, 'm.' (Oh, what a story, Cal, thought I, in the back-kitchen.)

'I heard voices as I came down stairs.' (Oh, if old Brewer should discover that I had been to Astley's!) Cal found her voice.

'O please, 'm, I was talking to myself, 'm; and I thought the clock was wrong, 'm. I didn't know it was so late, 'm; and I sat up, 'm; and I had all my stockings to mend, 'm; and'——

'Silence!' roared Miss Brewer; and in a moment she was in the back-kitchen, and I was discovered and dragged out into full publicity. 'You audacious boy,' cried the stern voice; and there came the sound as of the boxing of ears, and I felt an acute pain dart through my head.

'Go up stairs, sir, this instant.' I made good my escape.

'For you, Caroline, how dare you have the boy

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down here? Remember, this day month'—— I heard no more. I was up stairs, getting into my small bed with amazing rapidity, frightened, and pained, and tired, but with one great and triumphant consolation —I had been to Astley's, and Brewer did not know it!

Presently, I could hear that lady reascending the stairs.

'My awful responsibility!' she groaned out in a tone of extreme depression. I wondered how many pills she would take after that.

I was closely watched for some days. All communication with Cal was cut off by Brewer. One night, however, I thought I heard some one outside the house trying to whistle *It's my delight.* I did not dare go to the window, but I looked at Cal, who was bringing in the tea-urn, and she was palpably blushing. Brewer left the room for a few minutes.

'I 'm going,' said Cal; 'but it don't signify. I shall give up service. We 've already spoke about the banns. Which do you like best, sailors or bakers?'

'Sailors, of course.'

'Then sailors it shall be.'

Miss Brewer returned. I did not understand at the time what Cal was talking about. I have since thought that she meant she was going to be married. She left Miss Brewer's a month after my night of stolen pleasure; and whether my friend the sailor, or Jim the baker, was the happy man, I hope, with all my heart, that she was a happy woman. I am sure that she deserved to be so.

THE DOMESTIC ELECTROTYPE.

HAVING in former papers brought before the readers of this *Journal** plain and simplified methods of plating with silver and gold by electricity, we now propose to draw attention to that branch of the art in which its wonders are displayed chiefly by a deposition of copper and its combinations. To the amateur, this is perhaps the richest field of labour within the domain of electro-metallurgy; it is not expensive; and all the manipulations connected with it are, after a very little practice, both easy in themselves and certain in their results. We have had satisfactory proof that our former attempts to introduce this art into domestic practice have not been unsuccessful; indeed, we know that our simplified substitute for Daniell's Battery has been adopted by professional artists, such as jewellers, working on the small scale; although it is, of course, inapplicable to the large operations of the factory.

The word 'electrotype' is used to express the art of depositing copper from its solutions, or salts, by aid of an electric pile, or battery, so as to obtain copies in that metal of any object which is susceptible of being moulded in the usual way. Thus, coins, seals, medals, engraved plates, &c., may be reproduced with unerring exactness, and represent, to all intents and purposes, the original from which they are taken. In this way a cabinet of coins and medals may be formed, not only of such as the operator may be enabled to borrow for the purpose, but also of those of which he may obtain impressions in wax or other plastic substance. It must be obvious that this latter circumstance extends our field very largely; and we would venture to suggest that amateurs might promote their mutual objects by exchanging their impressions with each other. A central dépôt might be established in the larger towns, where, by depositing one, the person so doing might be allowed to borrow another for use in copying; and it is probable that those who possess good collections would allow a set of impressions to be taken, for once, which would serve for any quantity of work. Impressions in sealing-wax might also be exchanged through the post, made up in small chip-boxes; one stamp would carry several of them.

* Nos. 106, 127, 196.

Perhaps the most effectual method would be for some tradesman connected with art to undertake the sale or hire of casts and impressions for our purpose. Such a one would know best how to form a collection, and once formed, it would offer inexhaustible resources to amateurs.

The first thing required for the process, is a good impression of the object to be copied. This may be taken in sealing-wax, bees-wax, stearine, plaster, and gutta-percha. For ourselves, we prefer either the first named or the last of these substances. The best and finest impressions are made with gutta-percha under a screw-press, as this gives great sharpness and finish to the article: in all cases, it requires considerable pressure. A *good* seal in wax will also answer every purpose. Supposing, then, one of these moulds to be formed for trial, from any ordinary coin; a little of the border should be softened by careful exposure to the flame of a candle, and the end of a thin copper wire, about a foot long, inserted, so as to form a connection between the object and the battery; the surface of the impression must then be rubbed carefully, by means of a brush, with *plumbago* in impalpable powder, and a high polish produced. This powder must come well up the wire, as the deposit depends upon it. The mould should have no black-lead (plumbago) on any part but that on which the metallic deposit is intended to be laid; it should be wiped off all the rest, or the parts brushed over with a very *thin* solution of wax and turpentine. This mixture is also useful in a general way in 'reserving' or protecting all those portions of any substance on which it is desired that *no* deposit should take place. Thus, in replating a spoon, it will be found that the inside of the bowl has lost little or none of its silver in wear, and it is a saving of useless cost to 'reserve' that part, as well as the hollows, generally, of plated goods. The mould, prepared as above, is now ready for use.

On the other hand, we require a 'bath' composed of a solution of blue sulphate of copper. This is a cheap salt, and to be had at any druggist's shop. It should be pounded up and dissolved in hot water, suffered to stand and cool, and be passed through a close calico filter into the bath—a fourth part of pure water to four of the *saturated* solution of sulphate. A large tumbler will do to begin with; and in this bath the 'simple pile' may be set up, the mould suspended in the blue liquid, the connection between it and the zinc of the pile being formed by means of the wire before described. A good method for this is to twist the wire, which *should be soft*, by having been heated to redness in the fire, round a thin bit of wood, which is to be laid across the top of the tumbler, to support the mould; and then having made a 'nick' with a pair of scissors in the top of the zinc sheet, lay the wire into this nick, taking care only that the metals shall be in actual contact.

As some readers may not before have used the pile, we shall give brief directions here for making either of those which we recommend for use.

The simple pile is made as follows: Take any glass tube of a suitable size and length; tie a bit of moist bladder on one end, and a bit of sheet-lead to the side, so as to enable it to *catch* on the edge of the bath; fill it nearly with a solution of salt and water, and plunge the bladdered end in the blue solution, or bath, above mentioned. A strip of sheet-zinc must be cut (with scissors) to go into the tube, and a few inches longer than it. Holes must be made through the zinc, at intervals of about an inch, through which a nail or bit of wire may be thrust, so as to give it support on the edges of the tube. As the zinc wears out below, it can be let down further by changing the support; and this also admits of the quantity or surface of zinc exposed to the saline solution being regulated. We find, for larger work, a common lamp-chimney an excellent tube; but for the small scale it is a capital

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plan to cut the bottom off a two-ounce phial bottle, tie the bladder on the other end, and use it as a tube. The bottle can easily be cut by tying a string round it a little way from the bottom, seething this with spirit of wine or turpentine, setting fire to it, and allowing it to burn out, and then plunging the bottle into cold water. This generally cuts it off clean at the place where the string has been tied.

In this sort of battery, or pile, it is seen that the object to be acted upon and the electrical 'cell'—that is, the tube with salt water and zinc—are both in the bath or copper solution. In the other sort of pile, a different arrangement takes place. The electric action goes on in a separate vessel, and is conducted by wires to the bath. Thus, a vessel of the same copper solution has the same tube as we have been describing set up in it; a piece of copper is connected with another by about a foot of soft copper-wire—for this, penny-pieces will answer, if pierced—and one of these pieces is plunged into the solution with the pile, the other into another vessel of the same solution. On the other side of this latter vessel, the object is suspended as above, and its spare length of wire is then brought to the zinc in the pile. In this case, the copper of the piece suspended in the same vessel as the object—that is, in the bath—is electrically dissolved, and the strength of the solution is maintained thereby. In the other case, a small bag of cloth, containing crystals of the sulphate, should be suspended in the *upper* portion of the bath: the gradual solution of these will prevent exhaustion. After the pile has been in action for an hour or two, it is well to remove the object, and see whether all is going on well. If, owing to any defect in the preparation, there should be flaws or imperfections, it is far better to begin afresh than attempt any repairs; nevertheless, if there be but one mould, the defective part may be again coated with the plumbago, and, care being taken that no other part is touched by it, again exposed in the bath.

A general rule of great value is, that all the risks of imperfect deposition are avoided by giving *motion* to the object in the bath; and it is well to do this, if time permits, at least at first, so as to insure a good beginning. Another rule is, that the whole apparatus should be 'overhauled' *daily*, the salt water of the pile thrown away, the tube well washed out, and then refilled. The bath liquid itself should be passed through a calico bag into a clean vessel; and if it be agitated and mixed twice or thrice during the day, so much the better. The bag of sulphate crystals before mentioned should in no case be forgotten or neglected.

The *time* necessary for a proper deposit will vary according to circumstances. If the electric current is too strong, the metal deposited will be brittle; it is therefore by far the best plan to be patient, and give the particles, as it were, leisure to group themselves in the mode most favourable to their mutual adhesion. It will require several days—from two to four at least—to perform the operation properly.

When the deposit is thick enough, the object is washed in clean water; and the metal will generally separate from the mould, which may be used again, if carefully handled. This is one advantage, among many, in using gutta-percha. It is understood that the edges of the coin or medal are represented as well as the face, but also, that only one side can be copied at a time. If the obverse of the medal be worth copying, it must be done separately.

If all this is well done, the result will be a perfect reproduction in copper of the original, if a medal or coin, in which the figures stand out in relief; or of a seal, if taken from a mould in wax or *gutta*. If the seal itself is used, we shall have a *matrix* only, which, coated with plumbago, to prevent absolute adhesion, may be used as a mould in the way now shewn. It is advisable to *bronze* the face of each copy, not only for beauty, but because the copper itself has a raw look, which is disagreeable; and we give two modes of doing this. Take a wine-glass full of water, and add thereto five or six drops of nitric acid; wet the copper, previously well cleaned in a lye of potash, with this liquid; let it dry, and then expose it to heat until the desired brown tint is acquired. The same may be done with the plumbago powder and heat; and for green tints to imitate old bronzes, the coins can be exposed to the fumes arising from a few grains of chloride of lime in a covered vessel until they assume the desired colour. This last is an excellent method with busts, small figures, &c., made in copper, whether electrically or otherwise.

Such is the mode of electrotyping which we recommend as a highly amusing and interesting pursuit for those who have a little leisure at their disposal. It only remains to point out, in conclusion, a few more of the many applications of which this art is susceptible.

Fruits, such as melons, cucumbers, &c., can be copied in the following manner. Tie the stalk of the fruit round with a soft wire, and polish the whole, stalk and all, with plumbago equally divided; immerse it in a copper bath of suitable dimensions, and let it take on a coat of copper for several hours; then cut with a proper file a round hole of half an inch in diameter, or three-quarters of an inch, round the stalk, and allow all the moisture which will come to drain off; turn this hole upwards, and leave the fruit in some dry, warm place, or bake it in a cool oven till the inside becomes perfectly dry; it may then be bronzed, and placed as an ornament wherever desirable.

Copies of soft fruits, flowers, and of reptiles, as lizards, &c., may be made by imbedding them in a paste composed of one part of *unburned* lime-powder to four of plaster of Paris. This, when the specimen is placed in it, should be gradually dried, and then brought to a red heat, to destroy its contents; a small hole must be made, to allow of the extraction of any ashes, &c., which may remain; and then the hollow may be filled with 'fusible metal,' or with wax. The fusible metal consists of one part tin, one lead, and four of bismuth. It melts at a very low temperature—less than that of boiling water.

When the mould is filled, and quite cool, it may be plunged in water, which, causing the lime to swell, breaks up the mould, and releases the cast within. This may now be coppered over and bronzed as above; and then, a very small hole being made, the metal or wax can be recovered by boiling in water.

Wishing to avoid prolixity, we shall only give one more process—namely, that of copying small busts in copper. This may indeed be effected by saturating plaster-busts with oil, wax, or tallow, preparing with plumbago, depositing a *thin* coat of copper, and bronzing. If the cast is really a good one, this leaves little to desire.

A marble or metal bust may be copied as follows: soak a pound of glue—or any other requisite quantity—in cold water till quite soft; then place the glue in a metal or stoneware vessel, and plunge this in hot water in another vessel until the glue liquefies completely; add a quarter of a pound of treacle, and mix well by stirring. If the bust to be copied is in plaster, sand, shot, or some other heavy matter, must be put inside, to increase its weight, and the hole at the bottom stopped by pasting thick paper over it. It is then placed in a vessel of suitable shape which has been oiled: a tin canister will do very well for this, or it may be made of cardboard. The bust should be below the edge, and the liquid glue and treacle poured in so as to cover the bust about an inch. It must now stand twenty-four hours, and then be set free by inversion upon a table. The glue is then cut with a sharp knife along the back and over the head of the figure, *towards* the front, until, one person holding open the sides, which are elastic, the figure is taken out by another. The sides then collapse to their

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former position, and a piece of strong paper is tied round the mould, to keep it in place. It is obvious that the inside of this is a complete mould, and it is filled with a composition of wax and stearine, poured in just as it is *on the point of cooling*. When this is cool, it may be removed, and other casts taken in the same way. Each of these may be coppered and bronzed, so as to be nearly if not quite, as good as the original; but in all busts, the coppering should be *thin*, such as may be laid on in a few hours, as, when thick, the proportions are distorted. When finished, the waxy composition should be melted out in boiling water, and the interior space filled with liquid plaster of Paris, to give solidity. As a general rule, however, it may be observed, that the facility of obtaining good casts in plaster from the artists who make them, offers an almost unbounded field to the electrotypist, who can at small cost convert these into bronzes of great beauty, by attending to the directions given above.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XVII.—HORSE-DEALING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE firm of Marsden and Ripon, Builders, Marycross, had of late progressed amazingly. They had purchased the house which they previously rented, along with its articles of furniture—which were six in number. The junior partner now superintended the cutting-down, and the senior partner the running-up departments. They built vast numbers of huts for the goldseekers, and were obliged to keep several horses to take their cart, full of planks, many times a day, to the diggings. They thus cleared thirty-seven pounds ten the first week, deducting all expenses, and exclusive of their little Undertaking transaction; and seemed to have sunk their shaft into the right spot for the nuggets at last. Their horses, however, cost them exceedingly dear, and the bad roads soon used them up, so that they grew unserviceable. They had to buy their horses now instead of borrowing them; and this matter soon became their chief consideration. One magnificent black mare, which had cost them ninety pounds, was found to be unable to carry a load down hill, and to lie down whenever she was touched with the whip; she also went lame the second day after her purchase, and caused the partners to be convened and a full financial conversation. It was therein decided that the animal should be taken to Melbourne, and there parted with to the weakest purchaser at the highest figure, and another horse and more convenient cart brought back instead. Marsden, who from coming of a country gentleman's family, knew a good deal about horses, and had rather a passion for deceiving his fellow-creatures in that line, was to take this charge upon himself, and to leave Ripon behind to manage the business.

'I will just step into Old Simon's,' said he, 'and see whether he wants anything from town, and start the first thing in the morning. We ought to be able to pay our expenses on the journey, at least, by carriers' work.'

Old Simon kept the only store in the station, not much bigger than the odds-and-ends shop of a small English village, but it was a post that gave him a good position in the settlement; and besides that, he was of himself a man of some mark. He lived alone, and managed his affairs without assistance, although he was very little short of eighty years of age. A long white beard, descending almost to his middle, did its best to impart to him a benevolent expression, which, however, the fire that still lurked under his shaggy eyebrows not a little marred. It was conjectured that Old Simon had not always been engaged in such peaceful pursuits as at present, and that the ancient scars still visible upon his bronzed forehead and hairy arms were scarcely the records of an unbroken commercial existence. Whatever he had been in his hot youth, however, nothing could be more quiet and sober than was the old gentleman's behaviour now. He had never had a quarrel with any of his neighbours throughout the half-dozen years he had been among them, and some of them were difficult customers to deal with, too. His talk, which never alluded to his previous circumstances, was at all times reserved; but his advice had been freely offered to the Building firm upon its first settlement at Marycross, and had been of great value to them. In particular, he had shewn a kindness towards Marsden which he had not been hitherto seen to exhibit towards any other person, and that young gentleman reciprocated his good-will, and openly pronounced that 'the old buffer was a regular trump.' His store lay a little apart from the other buildings, and was generally quiet enough, for no liquor was sold there, which would otherwise have made it a general rendezvous. As Marsden drew near to it that evening, he was therefore surprised to find it full of people, and the scene of much excitement and turmoil. An American gentleman, one of a band of his fellow-countrymen who had recently arrived at the Marycross Diggings, a little way gone in liquor, and a very great way gone in native ill-humour and insolence, was holding forth to a company there assembled upon the propriety of 'chawing Old Simon up for good and all.' Having been steadily refused some article which he had insisted upon buying at considerably under cost-price, he had resented it as an encroachment upon his personal freedom and independence.

'I guess you've lived too long, old man, *you* have. You'll have to stop it precious soon, I guess you will. It won't do with *my* countrymen, and that's a fact.'

A murmur of patriotic satisfaction from the American portion of his auditory followed these noble sentiments. The rest were silent, and rather pleased than otherwise, as most persons are with any dramatic performance which they witness gratuitously. The old storekeeper himself stood behind his little counter with his eyes wistfully watching for some expression of good-will towards him; but he watched in vain.

'I guess a ducking would make your beard grow, old man,' pursued the American, pointing to a huge butt of precious water, which stood just within the door, for sale. 'Am I to have those fixings, or am I not?'

Old Simon did not utter a word, but grim Defiance flashed from under his eyebrows, 'No!'

'You won't, stranger?' continued the other with a malicious drawl, and producing his revolver. 'Do you know that this is rather a dangerous wippon?'

'Not now,' remarked a quiet, decisive voice immediately beside the speaker, and the same instant Robert Marsden had plucked the pistol from his hand, and cast it into the butt a fathom deep under water. 'No shooting old men here, my transatlantic friend.'

Half-a-dozen revolvers were at once drawn from their belts and pointed at the daring young Englishman, and the most awful threats and imprecations showered upon him by the infuriated American and his friends.

'You won't see me shot down by a lot of Yankees!' exclaimed the young man coolly, addressing the Marycross portion of his audience with that easy confidence which seldom fails to carry its own warrant. 'Thank you, gentlemen. I thought you would never let *that* be. We're seven to six, so the survivor will be upon our side when each has killed his man.'

Old Simon, who had vanished in some mysterious manner beneath his counter, now reappeared, and spoke for the first time. 'Pray, let there be no bloodshed under this roof, and above all, for my sake, young gentleman. If the man's revolver is hurt, I will give him a better one, but let us have no murder done, for God's sake.' The old man's words had

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little weight with either party, but the time consumed in listening to them was of value in stopping the immediate broil.

'It seems to me,' observed an Englishman quietly, 'that it would be more according to common sense—although I'm as game as any man for a general scrimmage—that the two as made the quarrel should fight it out. What say you, my young mister?'

'I say, with all my heart,' observed Marsden carelessly; 'but we must make haste about it, for I start to-morrow at sunrise.'

'You'll not do that, I reckon,' responded the Yankee savagely; 'I guess you'll be catawampciously chawed up this night, you will.'

'Come out, you chattering jail-bird!' replied Marsden, who was not in a conciliatory frame of mind, and whose contempt and hatred of the Yankee race was at all times extreme. 'Take off your coat, and hold your boastful tongue. Put your stabbing-knife away, there, and double your fists as much like a man as you can.'

This mode of fighting was objected to by the other party, as not being of a sufficiently sanguinary character to suit their man, and gratify the stomach of his great revenge; but the crowd which had by this time been drawn together outside the store from the village was overwhelmingly English, and hailed the proposal of a match at fisticuffs much in the same manner as the more poetical portion of the Australian public upon a more recent occasion welcomed a daisy. It was redolent to them of the old country, and awoke all sorts of pleasant reminiscences.

'A ring, a ring!' was shouted, and the two combatants stepped forward into the speedily formed circle of spectators. Robert Marsden was seconded by his junior partner, who had been attracted like the rest by the disturbance, and was surprised enough to find his friend the moving cause of it. The Yankee was the peculiar care, not of one, but of all his countrymen, who each bestowed upon him their particular advice and instruction in such phrases as, 'Gouge him!' 'Gouge the darned crittur's eye!' 'Whittle that ere skunk to chips!' with other encouraging adjurations. The antagonists were stripped to their waists in a few seconds, and exhibited sufficient contrast to have been taken as types of their respective races. The Yankee was tall and bony, with little flesh or blood, but years and exercise had given him a superiority in respect of muscle, which stood out of his hard long arms like lumps of iron. The Britisher was rather less in height, and what the 'Fancy' designate as somewhat 'fleshy;' but his limbs had the litheness of youth, and worked together with a unison and mutual understanding that are scarcely attainable without some practice in the art of self-defence.

Many a time, before his residence at Teesdale How, had the young lad responded to the challenge of 'Will you meet me after four?' addressed to him at his public school by some boyish rival; and many a time had he settled that question of supremacy in his own favour behind the fives court wall, and in the presence of a discerning though youthful public. Not otherwise, then, did he 'go in' at his present antagonist than as one confident of victory, and with a mind bent solely upon inflicting condign punishment. His eye had little of that caution with which it had been wont to regard the evolutions of Jones *major* or Brown *minor*, when he had found himself opposed to those redoubtable young heroes, but rather glanced with the expression denominated 'mischief;' nor did his eye do injustice to his intentions. He would have fought a drayman of his own country about a dispute of who should have the wall, with the most perfect good-humour; but this bloodthirsty Yankee, who had ill-treated a poor old man of fourscore, and had even threatened to whip *him*—Robert Marsden—was a foe deserving quite another sort of treatment. He was determined to shew him that there was ample revenge to be got out of even a pugilistic encounter, if one only knows how to set about it. He therefore, for the first three rounds, contented himself with aggravating his opponent by a series of taps administered to his more prominent features, at the same time taking care to prevent the other's furious blows from reaching *their* destination. Then, when the unfortunate knifeless Yankee was reduced to the condition of a maddened wild beast without claws or teeth, he undertook the operation of taming him, which was indeed a very interesting spectacle. Sometimes he would drive him back upon his seconds, like an obstinate nail into boxwood, with blow after blow delivered upon his astonished forehead; and sometimes he would stand his own ground, and keep his enemy at arms-length with steady hitting, as the rock repels the wave. His grand *coup* was obliged to be made earlier than he had intended, for fear of his almost exhausted antagonist giving up the contest. The infuriated Yankee had husbanded his remaining strength for a final rush at the throat of his foe, wherein, of course, he did not confine himself to the rules of *Fistiana*. Marsden suffered him to approach within distance, dashed his outstretched arms away, and received his transatlantic head 'into chancery.' Nothing further needs to be narrated to British ears. When Mithridates Pontus Chips (which was the American gentleman's name) dropped out of that well-known place of durance, he looked like a bread-seal, very inaccurately stamped. There were the traces of a certain original design about his countenance, but that was all; the rest was as dough, which had been more than sufficiently kneaded.

'I am afraid,' said Ripon as the two friends walked away amid the British cheering, 'that this victory will, sooner or later, cost us dear.'

'Victory,' echoed Marsden disdainfully; 'I did but beat a vicious hound.'

'There is a whole pack of them, however,' replied Ripon gravely, 'and the misfortune is that they are all blood-hounds.'

At this moment a hand was laid upon Marsden's arm, and Old Simon entreated him to come into his store a moment, as he had something to say to him.

'To be sure,' said Marsden gaily; 'that American beggar put our Melbourne business quite out of my head.'

As soon as they were within the store, and the door was closed, Simon wrung the young man's hand with an energy not to have been expected from one of his years, and exclaimed almost passionately: 'My life will not be a long one, lad, but as long as it lasts, I am your friend for what you have done this night. If they had touched so much as a hair of your head, they should all have perished here and then. See,' cried he, lifting up the inner partition of the counter, which hung upon a hinge; 'that barrel yonder, under the store, is gunpowder. When I saw them cock their revolvers at your head, I had that match-box at the bunghole; had they slain thee, they would all have passed to judgment the next minute.'

'And you,' exclaimed Marsden, struck by the fiery life that still dwelt in the speech and action of the ancient man; 'would *you* not have perished also?'

'Ay,' returned Simon solemnly, 'my soul would have gone to witness against them in the same hour. It has been ready long. Why,' asked he, observing Marsden's look of astonished horror—'why should I have hesitated to destroy a nest of murderous knaves, or the heartless cowards who would have let them shoot thee down? I have sent better men to their deaths before now for far less reasons. Did I seem afraid, think you, when yon bully threatened me? I have stood a storm of bullets from a dozen such as he, and never blenched. Forty years of bloodshed teach a man to look down a pistol-muzzle without much blinking.'

'I did not know you had served,' replied Marsden

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with interest; 'but I always thought you a plucky old fellow, who might very likely have done his duty in that line.'

'I was once just such a dare-devil, handsome, reckless young fellow as you, young gentleman,' said the old man admiringly; 'and that perhaps it is which has always drawn me to you; but I came to shame, and brought others to it likewise. I was a selfish, bold, bad boy. Served? Yes, I have served in his majesty's navy, for I was a mutineer at the Nore; but there were worse things than that to serve, upon the high seas in those days.'

Old Simon paused a little at this place, and when he resumed, he dwelt no longer upon his experiences. 'I have been many things in a long life, however, and now you see I am but a feeble, garrulous old man. Nevertheless, I know these Yankees well; ride you armed to-morrow, and bid your friend be on his guard whom you leave at home.'

Having delivered himself of which cautions, in a serious tone, but yet as though he spoke, after all, but of those dangers to which all men are more or less exposed, the old man plunged at once into commercial matters; described what articles he wished to be purchased for him at Melbourne; and having settled the price to be paid for their carriage, he parted with his young friend at the house-door with a second hearty shake of the hand.

Early the next morning, Robert Marsden was on the driving-seat of his vehicle, not a cart, as we have hitherto called it, for no cart could live upon the Bush-roads, but that sole importation from the United States which can be said to be popular in Australia, a Telegraph. It is not an elegant conveyance, but runs lightly enough; and the big black mare, in spite of her lameness, soon left the monotonous murmur of the Marycross Diggings behind her—that peculiar lullaby which is produced by a thousand cradles, the hum that the hive gives forth while the golden honey is making.

The way for the most part was sterile and uninteresting, although the hills were pretty thickly timbered, the trees being chiefly those unpicturesque ones called stringy-bark. The road was lonely enough, relieved only at rare intervals by the human face divine, itself scarcely recognisable amid those forests of hair which flourish so luxuriantly upon the razorless Digger. Whether he had started too early for them, or whether the American gentlemen had had too much of our hero already, there were no signs of danger from Mithridates Pontus Chips and Company, and Marsden's revolver remained in his belt throughout the journey. On the banks of the winding but now streamless creeks through which he had often to pass, with even their water-holes dry and bare to the sun, there was generally a solitary inn or squatter's hut, where the universal 'nobbler' of brandy and a snack of food were to be procured; otherwise there was certainly nothing in that day's drive to console the exile for the loss of Westmoreland scenery, if he had chanced to have been looking out for the picturesque instead of Bushrangers. The absence of inland water in summer-time would always prevent much of Australia from taking a high rank in the scale of natural beauty, though the yellow grass and parched-up vegetation which accompany such droughts did not otherwise mar its features. Bacchus Marsh, with its fine land and cheerful home-looks, was however at last attained, and the black mare was glad enough to rest her swollen legs there.

The next day's journey was more attractive, with green grass growing upon at least the surrounding hillsides, with pleasant farms upon their spurs. The long soft slopes of the Pentlands, too, were refreshing to his heated eyes, with that glorious view at their termination towards Melbourne and Port Phillip which has delighted so many hearts little used to feel the charms of scenery. Then the road grew barren and uninteresting again for miles. Of trees, indeed, there were none, but to a Caledonian's eye there was, in one place, an excellent substitute for them in that which combines the beauties of tree and flower—the Scotch thistle. Some emigrant from North Britain, more patriotic than prudent, had lately imported that valuable commodity into the colony, and it was already increasing and flourishing on a foreign soil as only a native of its own country could have done. It absolutely topped Mr Robert Marsden on the driving-seat of his Telegraph, and tickled the ears of the lame black mare as she went by. Soon cottages began to dot the waysides at no great distance from one another, and a district was entered into wherein dwellers of twelve miles apart no longer designated one another neighbours. Then villages were passed through, in whose streets there seemed, by contrast to the recent scarcity of population, the inhabitants of a town. Presently, traffic began to throng the roads in carts drawn by bullocks or horses, with quite a hubbub of inland trade in sugar or flour; then a labyrinth of street-lines and allotments partially filled up, to which the by no means sluggish stream of immigration was expected to flow and settle; and at length, Melbourne itself.

Emerald Hill is not the most aristocratic portion of the colonial capital, and would have been disclaimed as a residence by Mr Robert Marsden but a few months ago; yet thither he was now bound. Life in the Bush is a forcing-house of experience; and the young man had now his course of proceeding clearly before him in his ingenious mind. He obtained lodgings, which were by no means of a detached and independent character, under canvas, and tethered his poor mare, upon whose account he had sought the abodes of men, to a peg of the tent. This was a far cheaper proceeding than going to a Melbourne hotel and sending Black Bess to a livery-stable, and under present circumstances, it was pretty nearly as safe a one. Black Bess's legs were just now about three times their usual size, and would scarcely have tempted a horse-stealer, while the cart, which had never been cleaned since Marsden had possessed it, was even less attractive. He, however, applied a couple of setons to the quadruped, and a couple of pots of black and yellow paint to the four-wheel, and after due time, with most satisfactory results in both cases; only the setons left a bald mark upon the mare's legs, which would have been a sad blemish indeed, had not her master, who had become quite an artist with his brush, laid on a little black paint of the required intensity, and rendered her, to all appearance, as flawless as ever. Her lameness, too, disappeared almost entirely, although it was more than probable it would be reassumed with work; and the *tout ensemble* of mare, and cart, and driver, as they appeared in the horse-market some fortnight after their arrival, at a spanking trot, partook of the nature of metamorphosis.

How much did he want for the whole set out? inquired a wary purchaser, with that hypocritical air of carelessness which rogues in horse-flesh can never throw off, even when they are dealing with one another. One hundred and forty pounds did he? He (the would-be purchaser) seriously hoped that he (the would-be seller) might get it. The proprietor—who was not come half across the globe to be 'chaffed' by a colonist—thanked him warmly for his good wishes, and replied cheerfully that he rather thought he should. There was certainly no other mare on view so powerful as that big black one, with her magnificent coat (of paint) and splendid (up-hill) action. The driver never so much as touched her with the whip as she trotted from bottom to top of the steep ascent.

'If she 'll take that load of bricks yonder up that hill,' observed the wary purchaser, who, in spite of his previous sarcasm, hung about the desired 'set out' as a wasp hangs round a sugar-basin, 'I 'll bid you a hundred and twenty pounds.'

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'My price is one hundred and forty,' replied the young man, yawning. 'There is no horse here who can take that load up there, whip him as you will. My mare shall trot with it to the first turning, three-quarters up, and I'll put the whip in your own hands.'

'Will you take me up with you?' asked the man suspiciously. 'I should like to be with you when it was done.'

Marsden shook his head, and walked the big black mare away—she was a beautiful walker—before the other's eyes.

'If you *will*,' cried the enraptured beholder, running after him, 'I'll pay you the money—the hundred and forty pounds—in the cart, as soon as you get there.'

'Done!' exclaimed Marsden; 'I'll agree to that.'

The bricks were pitched into the Telegraph, a little to its detriment; but that, reflected the young man, was the look-out of the *next* proprietor; the bidder climbed into his place and held the whip, while Marsden took up the reins with a good heart. He knew that the black mare would get the bricks up the hill, but he also knew that she would never bring them down again. Up she flew at a good round trot, to the admiration of everybody, and before she had reached the appointed limit, the purchaser expressed himself quite satisfied, and proposed to return and close the bargain.

'To make you perfectly sure about it,' said Marsden, 'and so that we may have no botheration afterwards—for I am the last man to overreach a fellow myself, and hate a squabble—I'll take her *round* the turn, and then we'll settle.'

'You'll never get her there at this pace, surely,' observed the other, 'for it runs right off the hill at right angles; but if you do, you'll not find me complain about her price.'

It was indeed rather a difficult feat to perform, powerful as the black mare was; but it was better than attempting the impossibility of getting her down again; and it fortunately succeeded. One hundred and forty pounds were paid to Marsden for the 'set out' in that same by-road, and the young man, surrendering his property at once, got out of the vehicle, and walked away with a pleasant 'good-bye.' As he reached a neighbouring eminence, he could not refrain from a glance backward, to see how Black Bess carried her load of bricks down-hill. She ventured a very few paces apparently with extreme reluctance, and upon her new purchaser's innocently applying the whip, she calmly laid herself down, and remained immovable. There seemed to be a considerable amount of shouting and passionate action, as it was; but as Robert Marsden observed to himself, as he looked up at the gathering clouds, that state of excitement would be nothing to what would supervene in the evening, when the rain came down and washed the legs of Black Bess cleaner than was desirable.

THE SCIENCE OF SICK-NURSING.

It is said that that numerous, and, to most of us, very formidable class of persons of which Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig are such notorious members, have never forgiven Mr Charles Dickens for his *Martin Chuzzlewit*; that they have sworn over their pickled salmon and 'cowcumber' to have revenge upon him; and that if they ever have to night-nurse *him*, his 'slime-draughts' will be administered with a roughish hand, and his 'piller' be pulled away to make the cushion for their arm-chair with a considerable jerk. The sick-room fraternity will now have another name to enter upon their black books, in that of Miss Florence Nightingale.* Her persuasion is that the symptoms and sufferings generally attributed to disease have often nothing to do with it, but are owing to the want of fresh air, of light, of warmth, of quiet, of cleanliness, of punctuality, and, in short, of proper attendance. 'If a patient is cold, if a patient is feverish, if a patient is faint, if he is sick after taking food, if he has a bed-sore, it is generally the fault not of the disease but of the nursing.' The very first canon of nursing, according to this authority, is one which almost every person who has ever entered a sick-room must be aware is sadly neglected; namely, *To keep the air the patient breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him.* Even in admitting air into the sick-room or ward, few nurses ever think where that air comes from. 'It may come from a corridor into which other wards are ventilated; from a hall, always unaired, always full of the fumes of gas, dinner, of various kinds of mustiness; from an underground kitchen, sink, wash-house, water-closet, or even, as I myself have had sorrowful experience, from open sewers loaded with filth; and with this the patient's room or ward is aired, as it is called—poisoned, it should rather be said. Always air from the air without, and that, too, through those windows through which the air comes freshest. From a closed court, especially if the wind do not blow that way, air may come as stagnant as any from a hall or corridor.' With a proper supply of windows, and a proper supply of fuel in open fireplaces, fresh air is easy to secure when the patient is in bed. Never be afraid of open windows then. 'The idea that people catch cold in bed is a popular fallacy. With proper bed-clothes and hot bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a person warm in bed, and ventilate him at the same time;' but be very careful of this warmth towards early morning at the period of the lowest temperature of the twenty-four hours, and at the time when the effect of the preceding day's diet is exhausted. All this requires only common sense and care; 'but,' says Miss Nightingale, 'in no one single thing perhaps is so little common sense exhibited in all ranks as in sick-nursing.' What do you think of *that*, Mrs Prig? How do you relish *that* remark, O cantankerous Sairey?

Not, however, that it is these humble persons who are alone to blame. There is an extraordinary confusion between cold and ventilation in the minds of the best educated nurses, in the affectionate sister, or the devoted mother, as well as in the hired attendant. To make a room cold is not necessarily to ventilate it, though many a nurse, who finds a sick-room close, will let out the fire, thereby making it closer; or open the door into a cold room without a fire, or an open window in it, by way of improving matters. Again, how wide-spread is the delusive notion—shared by the writer of this present notice until yesterday, and by nineteen-twentieths of its readers—that the night-air is dangerous. 'What air can we breathe at night but night-air? The choice is between pure night-air from without and foul night-air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities, night-air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand in towns shutting the windows during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to making night the best time for airing the patients. One of our highest medical authorities on Consumption and Climate has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night.'

There is a Circumlocution system, it seems, in the sick-room as elsewhere, under which it is not 'the

* *Notes on Nursing: What it is, and what it is not.* By Florence Nightingale. Harrison, Pall Mall.

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thing' for the nurse to interfere with the duties of the housemaid, nor the housemaid with those of the charwoman, however great be the necessity for immediate action. If the nurse declines to do *anything* for her patient 'because it is not her business,' says Miss Nightingale, 'I should say that nursing was not her calling; that such a person has not the *making* of a nurse within her.' Even *idle things*, devices to save trouble, come in for her reprobation. Never use pastilles nor 'disinfectants,' as they are absurdly called, of any kind. The offensive thing itself must be removed, and that immediately. 'Fumigations are of this importance only, that they make such an abominable smell as to compel you to open the window.' How little understood, and yet how truly valuable are the observations of this Queen of Nurses upon noise! It is not the noise that disturbs the patient, but the voice pitched in that peculiar low solemn key, which is vulgarly supposed to escape a sick man's ear. A whispered conversation just outside the door, or in the same room, is absolutely cruel, for the patient's attention cannot but be strained to catch it. 'Walking on tiptoe, or doing anything very slowly, is injurious for the same reason. A firm, light, quick step, a steady, quick hand, are the desiderata; not the slow, lingering, shuffling foot, the timid uncertain touch. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such; quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite compatible.' All those wild-Indian devices of extreme caution and silence, in short—practised by Mrs Nickleby of old, and which, as was truly observed by her biographer, are calculated to disturb the nerves of an invalid rather more than the entry of a horse-soldier at full gallop—are to be avoided. Nor is the noise and rustle of the nurse's dress to be unconsidered. Let us see how this sensible lady handles that windbag Crinoline, and contemptuously explodes it.

'It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us "woman's particular worth and general missionariness," to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any "mission" or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick-room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles—only a man can cross the floor of a sick-room without shaking it! What has become of woman's light step?—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for?'

As a set-off against this severe reprimand, it will be pleasant to many a wife and sister to learn that the idea of the hurtfulness of flowers in a sick-chamber, which has hitherto often prevented them from performing little acts of loving grace, is erroneous. 'The folly and ignorance,' writes our uncompromising authoress, 'which reign too often supreme over the sick-room, cannot be better exemplified than by this. While the nurse will leave the patient stewing in a corrupting atmosphere, the best ingredient of which is carbonic acid, she will deny him, on the plea of unhealthiness, a glass of cut-flowers, or a growing plant. Now, no one ever saw "overcrowding" by plants in a room or ward. And the carbonic acid they give off at nights would not poison a fly; nay, in overcrowded rooms, they actually absorb carbonic acid, and give off oxygen. Cut-flowers also decompose water, and produce oxygen gas. It is true there are certain flowers—for example, lilies—the smell of which is said to depress the nervous system. These are easily known by the smell, and can be avoided.'

There is not the least attempt, on the part of Miss Nightingale, throughout this interesting volume to disparage science, or to underrate the value of medical aid. It is only ignorant amateurs in sick-nursing who are for putting off calling in the doctor as long as possible, and even they are not commonly so obstinate when it is they themselves who are ill. But she insists upon the truths which observation and experience teach, let theory say what it will. 'Observation, and not chemistry,' says she, 'must decide sick diet. . . . The reason why jelly should be unnutritious, and beef-tea nutritious to the sick, is a secret yet undiscovered, but it clearly shews that careful observation of the sick is the only clue to the best dietary. . . . . The stomach of the patient is guided by other principles of selection than merely the amount of carbon or nitrogen in the diet; and nature, observed at the sick-bed, teaches us that living chemistry—the chemistry of reparation—is something different from the chemistry of the laboratory.'

This little volume treats of the sick-room only, but does its work there, as might be expected from what we know of its author, thoroughly well. There is nothing too minute, too insignificant—as it might appear to one who knew her subject less—for her to notice. There is a way of dusting a room, and a very common one it seems, which is not dusting; namely, 'the flapping the dust from one part of a room on to another with doors and windows closed. What you do it for, I cannot think. You had much better leave the dust alone, if you are not going to take it away altogether. For from the time a room begins to be a room, up to the time when it ceases to be one, no one atom of dust ever actually leaves its precincts. Tidying a room means nothing now but removing a thing from one place, which it has kept clean for itself, on to another and a dirtier one.* Flapping by way of cleaning is only admissible in the case of pictures, or anything made of paper. The only way I know to *remove* dust, the plague of all lovers of fresh air, is to wipe everything with a damp cloth.'

Lastly, Death is mentioned, but only to be dwelt upon for a few sentences, for when *that* is in the chamber, it can no longer be called a sick-room. 'In acute cases, much interest in their own danger is very rarely felt by patients. In writings of fiction, whether novels or biographies, these death-beds are generally depicted as almost seraphic in lucidity of intelligence. Sadly large has been my experience in death-beds, and I can only say that I have seldom or never seen such. Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state.'

Upon the whole, this book is one of the very few that we have ever seen to which the ordinary language of puff-reviewing can be legitimately applied: it *is* 'a volume that no household should be without.' The subject which it treats of is most interesting and important to all, while the exceeding Common Sense of the writer rises almost to Genius. She is a little 'savage' at times, as women are apt to be in cases where they are perfectly certain of having the right upon their own side; but, on the other hand, it is doubtless an obstinate and stiff-necked class of persons that she is principally addressing. Moreover, the amateur, or lady-nurse, is often at least as incapable as the professional female, nor does her social rank by any means take her out of the reach of Miss Nightingale's lash. Hear this, O nurses of Scutari, and whomsoever's head it shall fit among

* 'If you like to clean your furniture by laying out your clean clothes upon your dirty chairs or sofa, this is one way certainly of doing it. Having witnessed the morning process called "tidying the room" for many years, and with ever-increasing astonishment, I can describe what it is. From the chairs, tables, or sofa, upon which the "things" have lain during the night, and which are therefore comparatively clean from dust or blacks, the poor "*things*" having "caught" it, they are removed to other chairs, tables, sofas, upon which you could write your name with your finger in the dust or blacks. The *other* side of the "things" is therefore now evenly dirtied or dusted. The housemaid then flaps everything, or some things, not out of her reach, with a thing called a duster—the dust flies up, then re-settles more equally than it lay before the operation. The room has now been "put to rights!"'

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you, let her wear the cap: 'It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse.

'This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was "past keeping the pigs."

Yet popular novelists of recent days have invented ladies disappointed in love, or fresh out of the drawing-room, turning into the war-hospitals to find their wounded lovers, and when found, forthwith abandoning their sick-ward for their lover, as might be expected. Yet, in the estimation of the authors, these ladies were none the worse for that, but, on the contrary, were heroines of nursing.'

CURIOSITIES OF JUSTICE.

In the good old times, when

Wretches swung that jurymen might dine,

the judges not unfrequently resorted to what the law aptly enough termed the *peine forte et dure*—namely, 'pressing to death' for refusing to plead. This system continued in vogue till 1772, when an act was passed by which any one refusing to plead should be deemed guilty, the same as though by verdict of a jury. The 'press-yard' at Newgate, and perhaps at other prisons, yet, we believe, retains its name, albeit it is no longer used for its original purpose. We have before us a curious print representing a criminal in the act of being pressed to death. He is extended flat on his back, his arms and feet drawn apart at full stretch, and secured to staples in the floor; a piece of plank is on his body, and on that a number of heavy weights.

There seem to have been two kinds of criminals who formerly refused to plead to their indictments: the one, men of property, who, by suffering death by pressure instead of by hanging, preserved their landed estates to their children or heirs, which would not have been the case had they pleaded and been found guilty by the jury. The other class were ignorant, determined men, who foolishly imagined that by obstinately refusing to plead, they should eventually escape the punishment due to their offences.

When no argument could induce a man to plead, the judgment of the law was read over to him as he stood at the bar. It was thus worded: 'That the prisoner shall be sent to the prison whence he came, and put into a mean room, stopped from the light, and shall there be laid on the bare ground, without any litter, straw, or other covering. . . . . He shall lie upon his back, his head shall be covered, and his feet shall be bare. One of his arms shall be drawn with a cord to one side of the room, and the other arm to the other side; and his legs shall be served in the like manner. Then there shall be laid upon his body as much iron or stone as he can bear, *and more!* And the first day after, he shall have three morsels of barley-bread, without any drink; and the second day he shall be allowed to drink as much as he can at three times of the water that is next the prison-door, except running-water, without any bread; and this shall be his diet till he dies; and he against whom this judgment shall be given forfeits his goods to the king.'

The last time that this punishment was inflicted was, we believe, upon a shipmaster, charged with piracy, who, to save his landed property to his family, remained mute when called upon to plead.

In January 1720, two highwaymen, named Spiggot and Phillips, refused to plead, unless the effects taken from their persons when they were apprehended were restored to them. This was refused, and they, on their part, adhered to their resolution. Thereupon they were sentenced to be pressed to death; but when taken into the press-room at Newgate, Phillips was terrified, and begged to be taken back to plead, which, as a mercy, he was permitted to do, although in strict law he could have been denied the request. His companion, however, was pressed, and bore the amazing weight of three hundred and fifty pounds for the space of half an hour, but when an additional fifty pounds was added, his fortitude gave way, and he also begged to be allowed to plead. The evidence on the trial was perfectly conclusive, and the two men—both of whom were very hardened robbers—were duly hanged at Tyburn.

The following year another, highwayman, named Hames, likewise refused to plead to his indictment, alleging as a reason, that 'the people who apprehended me seized a suit of fine clothes, *which I intended to have gone to the gallows in;* unless they are returned, I will not plead, for no one shall say that I was hanged in a dirty shirt and ragged coat.' In vain was the dreadful alternative explained to him; he continued stubbornly mute, and was taken to the press-room, and bore a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds for seven minutes, when he cried out to be taken back to the court. He there pleaded 'Not guilty,' but was convicted and hanged.

A far more remarkable and more cruel case than the preceding occurred at Nottingham assizes in the year 1735. A poor creature, commonly reputed to have been deaf and dumb from infancy, was arraigned on an accusation of murder. Two witnesses—who were subsequently known to have borne him ill-will—swore positively that they had heard him speak; he was therefore called upon to plead guilty or not guilty. 'A lawyer represented his case most feelingly to the judge, but the law on the subject being supposed to be imperative, he was taken into an adjoining room, and actually pressed to death; continuing, says a register of the times, obstinately dumb to the last.' The latter fact, we think, most incontestably proves that the wretched being was naturally dumb.

In another instance—and it is the last we shall cite on the subject—a man was pressed to death, who assuredly was an impostor, so far as his pretended dumbness was concerned. His name was Matthew Ryan, and he was tried, or should have been tried, for highway robbery, at the Kilkenny assizes, in 1740. When in prison, he affected to be a lunatic; and in court, counterfeited dumbness. The judges impannelled a jury to try 'whether he was mute and lunatic by the hand of God, or wilfully so. The jury returned in a short time, and brought in a verdict of "Wilful and affected dumbness and lunacy." The judges on this desired the prisoner to plead; but he still pretended to be insensible to all that was said to him. The law now called for the *peine forte et dure;* but the judges compassionately deferred awarding it until a future day, in the hope that he might in the meantime acquire a juster sense of his situation.' But this delay had not the intended effect. He refused to plead when next brought up, and was pressed to death two days subsequently in Kilkenny market-place. 'As the weights were heaping on the wretched man, he earnestly supplicated to be hanged; but it being beyond the power of the sheriff to deviate from the mode of punishment prescribed in the sentence, even this was an indulgence which could no longer be granted to him!'

During the whole of the 18th century, the gallows bore profuse crops of awful fruit, and the hangman had incessant occupation. Now-a-days, one can hardly realise the fact that within the memory of many yet living, six, ten, fifteen, and even more men, were

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hanged at one time and one place! In a book printed only about fifty years ago, we have an engraving, 'an exact representation,' it is called, of the 'new scaffold' at Newgate, with ten men hanging at once! On the 23d of April 1785, *nineteen* men were executed together, and not one for murder! Most were hanged for robberies and burglaries, and no less than three for returning from transportation before their time had expired. On the 10th of November, the same year, *eighteen* were hanged in front of Newgate, and not one for murder; and on December 1, nine more were hanged, all for robberies and burglaries. The bodies of murderers, we may remark, were almost invariably given to the surgeons for dissection—unless ordered to hang in chains—and they were *publicly* exposed to the gaze of young and old on the dissecting-table of the Surgeons' Hall, Old Bailey.

It was a very ancient custom for the bellman of the parish of St Sepulchre's to go beneath the walls of Newgate on the night prior to the execution of condemned convicts, and ringing his bell, to recite these admonitory lines:

> All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
> Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
> Watch all, and pray; the hour is drawing near
> That you before th' Almighty must appear.
> Examine well yourselves; in time repent,
> That you may not t' eternal flames be sent.
> And when St Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
> The Lord above have mercy on your souls!
> Past twelve o'clock!

St Sepulchre's bell tolled on the morning of execution, and the cart used to stop before the church, whilst the bellman again did his office by ringing his bell and repeating certain lines. It would appear, however, that a clergyman ought to have been, and originally was the reciter of the verses, for in an edition of Stowe's *Survey of London*, printed in 1618, we read that 'Robert Doue, Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, gave to the parish church of St Sepulchres the summe of L.50, that after the several sessions of London, when the prisoners remaine in the gaole, as condemned men to death, expecting execution on the morrow following; the clarke [the clergyman] of the church shoold come in the night-time, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lye, and there ringing certain toles with a hand-bell, appointed for the purpose, he doth afterwards (in most Christian manner) put them in mind of their present condition, and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefore as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church, there he standeth ready with the same bell, and after certain toles, rehearseth an appointed praier, desiring all the people there present to pray for them. The beadle, also, of Merchant Taylors Hall hath an honest stipend allowed to see that this is duely done.'

It was also customary for the cart to stop on its way to Tyburn, that the malefactors might be presented with a bowl of ale—their last draught on earth. This custom prevailed in the county of York later than anywhere else; and a curious anecdote is told of a saddler of Bawtry, who 'lost his life in consequence of declining the refreshment; as had he stopped as usual, his reprieve, which was actually on the road, would have arrived time enough to have saved him. Hence arose the saying, that the saddler of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his ale.'

It is startling to read of mere boys being hanged for offences which, now-a-days, would probably be punished by a few months' imprisonment, or by seclusion in a reformatory. Peter M'Cloud, aged *sixteen*, was hanged at Tyburn, May 27, 1772, for housebreaking. Another boy, not sixteen, was hanged for murder at Wisbeach, July 13, 1807, and we notice his case on account of the very extraordinary expedient used to render him penitent prior to his execution. This boy had committed a most atrocious murder at Whittlesea, by killing a child, aged twelve, in revenge for the child's mother having accidentally thrown some water over him! The hardened young wretch threatened to murder the clergyman who attended the jail, and any one else who dared to approach him; and so ferocious was his conduct, that it was necessary to chain him down, hand and foot, in his dungeon, and even then he behaved in a frightful manner. We will quote what followed in the words of the narrative before us: 'At length, to prevent the termination of his existence in this depraved state, the expedient was devised of procuring a child about the size of the one murdered, and similar in feature and dress, whom two clergymen unexpectedly led between them by the hands into his cell, where he lay, sulkily chained to the ground; but, on their approach, he started, and seemed so completely terrified, that he trembled in every limb, cold drops of sweat profusely falling from him, and was almost momentarily in such a dreadful state of agitation, that he entreated the clergyman to continue with him, and from that instant became as contrite a penitent as he had been before callous and insensible.' What would be the comments of the press on such an affair as this, had it occurred at the present day?

The manner in which prisoners, both before and after conviction, were allowed to conduct themselves in prison, was disgraceful in the extreme. Those who had money, seem to have lived much the same as though they were in a tavern, treating their fellow-prisoners and the friends who came to visit them with dinners and suppers—drink being supplied to an extent often sufficient to intoxicate the whole party. We could give many curious anecdotes of the actions which various doomed malefactors were permitted to perform. One Avershaw, after being sentenced to death—which he richly merited—no sooner got back to prison than he procured some black cherries, and diverted himself by using their juice to paint on the white walls of the room in which he was confined a number of sketches of the highway robberies he had committed; 'one representing him running up to the horses' heads of a post-chaise, presenting a pistol at the driver; another, where he was firing at the chaise; a third, where the parties had quitted the carriage; and another, in which he was described in the act of taking the money from the passengers, and being fired at, while his companion was shot dead.' We are not surprised to learn that this man died impenitent, 'laughing and nodding' to his acquaintances in the crowd on his way to Tyburn. A highwayman, somewhat resembling him in character, actually shot dead Mr Spurling, the head-turnkey of the court at the Old Bailey, in the presence of the court! He did this because Spurling would not let him speak with a woman, an acquaintance of his, then on her trial for coining. The woman encouraged him to do the deed, and the horror-stricken court instantly arraigned them both for the murder, of which they were of course convicted on the spot, everybody present being witnesses of the deed. They died desperately wicked.

A robber named Hartley, who was convicted, with a comrade, of robbing, in the open fields, a poor tailor of twopence and his clothes—which they stripped off, and bound him to a tree—adopted a most extraordinary expedient with a view to save his neck. 'He procured six young women, dressed in white, to go to St James's, and present a petition in his behalf. The singularity of their appearance gained them admission, when they told the king, that if he extended the royal mercy to the offender, *they would cast lots which should be his wife;* but his majesty said he was more deserving of the gallows than a wife, and accordingly refused their request.' He was hanged at Tyburn, May 4, 1722.

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One would naturally suppose that a man who had suffered all the horrors of hanging, just short of actual death, would never risk the gallows again; but such, in one case at least, was not the result. A housebreaker named Smith was hanged at Tyburn, December 24, 1705, and when he had hung *nearly fifteen minutes*, the people shouted, 'A reprieve!' He was cut down, bled, and recovered! When asked what his feelings had been, he replied, in substance, that 'when he was turned off, he for some time was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upwards; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze or glaring light, which seemed to go out of the eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down, and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain, that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down.' Ever afterwards, he went by the name of 'half-hanged Smith.' This fellow soon returned to his former evil habits, and was again tried at the Old Bailey for house-breaking; but the jury brought in a special verdict, leaving the affair to the decision of the twelve judges, who decided in favour of the prisoner. Even this second wonderful escape did not deter him from resuming his malpractices, and a third time he was to have been brought to trial, but the prosecutor died before the day appointed, and thus he once more got free. Nothing is known of his subsequent history.

It would appear that when the body of a convict was not specially ordered for dissection, or to hang in chains, he could dispose of it whilst living, for among the papers of a Mr Goldwyr, surgeon, of Salisbury, was found a letter, addressed to him by an unhappy and friendless criminal, lying in Fisherton-Anger jail, and bearing date October 3, 1736. It is as follows:

'SIR—Being informed that you are the only surgeon in this city (or county) that anatomises men, and I being under the unhappy circumstances, and in a very mean condition, would gladly live as long as I can; but, by all appearance, I am to be executed next March, having no friends on earth that will speak a word to save my life, nor send me a morsel of bread to keep life and soul together until that fatal day; so, if you will vouchsafe to come hither, I will gladly sell you my body (being whole and sound), to be ordered at your discretion; knowing that it will rise again at the general resurrection as well from your house as from the grave. Your answer, sir, will highly oblige yours, &c., JAMES BROOKE.'

We are not aware what crime Brooke had committed, nor whether the surgeon complied with his piteous request.

So late as the year 1751, a man named Colley was executed and hung in chains for being a ringleader of a mob who ducked a poor old woman to death for being a 'witch,' at Tring, in Hertfordshire. Her husband was ducked at the same time, but he survived. The curious part of the affair is, that the leaders of the mob on this occasion acted so openly and deliberately, that they previously employed the crier of Hemel-Hempstead to give notice, paying him fourpence for the job, and giving him a paper to cry from, of which this is a copy: 'This is to give notice that, on Monday next, a man and woman are to be publicly ducked at Tring, in this county, for their wicked crimes.' The notice was also given at two neighbouring towns, on their market-days, and the overseer of Tring removed the two helpless old people to the workhouse, in the first instance, and subsequently to the vestry of the church, to protect them from their threatened fate. On the day appointed, five thousand people assembled, and almost tore down the workhouse ere they were convinced their intended victims were elsewhere. They searched every part of the house, 'examining the closets, boxes, trunks, and *even the salt-box*,' and 'swore they would pull down the house, and set fire to the whole town of Tring, except Osborne and his wife were produced.' They at length learned where the old people were, and the result has been told.

A PROPOSAL FOR A NEW COMPANY.

IT is the glory of our age that the cry of real distress seldom, if ever, fails to arrest attention, and to draw forth an amount of sympathy proportioned to its just demands. Recent events have proved this to demonstration. Refuges have been provided for the homeless, and much good may it do the poor forlorn ones! Model lodging-houses have been also built for the comparatively poor, who can still afford to pay a trifle for decent accommodation. The quality of this mercy is not strained; 'it blesses him that gives, and him that takes;' for it confers a boon absolutely beyond price on the receiver, and it remunerates the giver in the shape of dividends at 6 per cent.

I am far from intending to complain of all this; on the contrary, I hope that I, and the truly afflicted and suffering class to which I belong, may consider it a precedent; as holding out a hope that, when our case is fairly made known to a humane and generous public, something may be done for us also. As a class, we may be described, generally, as a sort of simple 'people from the country,' who having occasion to pass a week or fortnight in London, or some other great town, find ourselves shot from railway trains or steamers upon that 'howling wilderness'—a populous city. Nothing can be more truly homeless than is our condition in such a case. Our social position, as well as our taste, forbids that we should avail ourselves of the shelter of the low third-class hotels, which abound near railway stations; and our circumstances oppose a barrier no less insurmountable against our rushing blindfold, with a family-party of three or four, perhaps, into the tempting but dangerous repose of the grand caravanserais at Euston Square, King's Cross, or Paddington. We well know that the accommodation of these hotels leaves nothing to be desired, but requires purses far heavier than ours confessedly are; and eschewing, for the same reasons, 'West-end lodgings,' we have nothing for it but to take refuge in the city. There, in some tributary of the 'resounding Strand,' we find ourselves installed in due time, and in full possession of all the well-known comforts of the 'cheap and nasty' system, only that the proportion of their ingredients is very unequally mixed—the cheapness holding no adequate ratio at all to the nastiness.

I shall not attempt to describe, in detail, all the grievances of the harpy's den, as seen and experienced by us middling gentry when in town. Distinguished pens have blunted their points upon the leviathan scales of this monster evil; but just as it was, until lately, with the decent working-people who could pay for a clean bed if they could get it, so it still is, unfortunately, with us. We have no alternative, and so we submit. We have but a choice of evils, and we choose the lesser. It is, after all, easier for us to supply bodily and mental endurance, than it is to find money; and thus we go on, patiently suffering almost without a complaint.

We note with something of a shudder, on arriving at one of these dens, the cold and sweet expression of face which is engendered by a constant system of 'scheming and man-trap,' as the landlady takes our dimensions and directions for 'the chop.' In due time, we make acquaintance with the leaky kettle, which looks like a lump of smut and feels like one of lead, and which seems always to grow heavier as it gets empty; with the tea-pot, which looks 'settling down by the

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head,' as sailors say; the cut-down wine-decanter, now doing duty as a handsome sugar-basin; the frowsy curtains; the lumpy beds; the keyless lockers; and the dingy, dirty, comfortless look of the whole concern. All this, and the overcharges of every sort at the last, we know but too well; only, up to the present time, we have had, as I said, no alternative. While the exigencies of their social position keep many of our friends hovering about the regions of Belgravia, ours no less imperatively demand that we should be domiciled east of St Martin-in-the-Fields; and it is because I, and many others, think that the remedy is quite easy, and at hand, that I venture to come forward with a proposition which, if listened to and acted upon, will doubtless be attended with infinite benefit to all parties concerned.

I find it impossible to believe that the rents that we now pay for these city dens would not remunerate most amply—and far better than other speculations have done, and are doing—those who should take up, as a simple matter of commercial investment, the supplying lodging-house accommodation to those who are in daily need of the same. May I be permitted to illustrate this position by calling in evidence a few indubitable facts?

In the large country town where I reside, I inhabit a ten-roomed house, in a good situation, for which I pay L.50 per annum. In London, I pay L.1, 10s. per week for a very small and ill-furnished sitting-room and bed-room, quite destitute of even a pretension to comfort. I could get a house of the same sort as my own, furnished respectably, for L.100 per annum—L.75 being the London rent for two rooms, as aforesaid. Now, making all possible allowances, the disproportion here is most evident; in other words, it is clear that the rent which I pay in London ought to be sufficient to reimburse very handsomely any capitalist who would consider the matter as an *investment*, and not as the means of deriving an existence out of a grinding system of extortion.

The ten-roomed house above alluded to, might easily have been so constructed as to have admitted of four apartments fully as good as my London one, and, for that matter, far better; with the kitchen range for its own necessary uses as a common property. Taking the first two floors at L.1, 10s. per week each, and the other two at L.1, 10s. together, the rent of the house would be L.4, 10s. per week, or L.234 per annum; or call it L.200, in round numbers, so as to allow a margin for contingencies. This sum, at 5 per cent., represents a capital of L.4000; and if we subtract L.500 for furniture—a most ample allowance—it will leave L.3500 as the cost of the building. I am informed by a respectable tradesman that the house I am speaking of could be built for about L.1000; so that the result of this calculation brings out a repayment of L.200 annually for an outlay of L.1500. If, then, we take off *half* that sum for drawbacks—such as taxes, repairs, 'idle times,' &c.—we shall still have a ratio of reimbursement such as no company now receives from any other source, and which I defy any practical man to disprove. In fact, the profits of this lodging-house trade must be enormous; or how could shoals of sharks and flights of harpies batten on it as they now confessedly do? It was just so with the old city receptacles; a rent of some hundreds a year was wrung out of an outlay of a few pounds, and the surprise was as great as the pleasure when it was discovered that the model-houses would *pay*.

I could enter much more largely into figures, if I were not afraid of becoming wearisome; I shall, therefore, only add one more statistical observation. Tempting as is the statement which I have been enabled to make, founded on facts coming under my own observation, and forming parts of my personal and daily experience, it may yet be urged as a still stronger inducement, that what I have described as the possibilities connected with our house of very moderate dimensions, might be put forward in still stronger terms if applied to a building on the grand scale. Whether we regard the greater number of floors which could be covered by one roof, or any other of the many advantages which always attend upon large building operations, when well conducted, it is evident that this circumstance is all in favour of the company, as compared with the individual speculator.

I would point to those noble establishments named at the beginning of this paper, as shewing visibly to all men the sort of 'model lodging-houses' which I have mentally in view. I would propose that something like these should be built, in connection with each of our principal railway termini, by the efforts and capital of one or more joint-stock companies. In these, the present arrangements of 'furnished lodgings' should be strictly carried out, affording the same privacy, quiet, and control over expenses as are now, professedly at least, afforded by private dwellings.

One mode of obviating an inconvenience complained of at hotels, would be the construction of a good number of separate entrances, so that the publicity inseparable from one great common doorway would be avoided. The fatigue of mounting to a fourth or fifth story is much felt in the new hotels; this might be obviated by the adoption of the simple contrivance of a 'hoist,' so well known in our great factories, and which forms an essential appendage to many of the great private residences on the continent. This would be a great convenience to many persons, with whom the ascent is now the only difficulty in selecting rooms on a high level.

I am far from wishing to include all lodging-house keepers in the censures implied in this paper. I am well aware that there are honourable exceptions; but that the general case is as I have stated it, is borne out by universal testimony. I confess I am sanguine enough to think that a great social improvement might be made, if this matter were taken up by some influential parties in the money-market. Like all real ameliorations, it would benefit all parties alike; and I look forward with hope to the day when we of the middling class shall have, along with the new era of comfortable travelling at fair prices, the quiet and privacy of the ordinary lodging-house, combined with a scale of comfort equal to that obtained in first-class hotels.

THE PALACE FOUNTAIN.

The fountain with its silvery dance,
And its merry rise and fall,
Is trying to sprinkle the sun-gilt roof,
And to top the garden-wall.
Oh, up and down it goes all day,
Pale in the broad sunlight—
A voice in the whispering hush of eve,
A moonshine jet by night:
This fountain with its silvery song,
Whispers and babbles the whole night long.

It casts to the winds its tossing froth,
With a merry come and go;
It leaps, as gay as a gamboling child,
Rambling where spring-flowers blow.
In its broad-hewn marble basin,
Its opal bubbles rise;
And here and there in the cold blue air,
Its arching rainbow flies:
This fountain with its silvery song,
Whispers and prattles the whole night long.

WALTER THORNBURY.

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NATURE'S MIMICRIES.

THERE is likeness or imitation in almost everything we see. The roses on the wall shape themselves into Turks' heads and bushy-whiskered Moors; the flowers on the chintz curtains fold themselves into children without arms, and old men without legs; chairs are twisted into the similitude of frantic acrobats performing impossible feats; and sideboards stand like sturdy Dutchmen, square and solid, or mince like gallants of the time of Louis Quinze, all bows and ruffles, tags, point, and embroidery. Even Nature herself follows suit, and recasts a happy idea in many moulds. A favourite trick of hers is to make some men with faces like cats, some like horses, a great many like camels (I saw at the *Conversations-haus* at Baden four elderly ladies of the Baden aristocracy, sitting in a row, and every one of them was a camel from brow to bust), an infinitude like birds, while every variety of dog has its type, and what the French call 'false seeming,' in the first large assembly you enter. Crows, eagles, sparrows, ridiculous snipes, and voracious kites; robins, pugnacious, self-assertive, and genial; pies, inquisitive and variable; parrots, hook-beaked, noisy, oriental—have I not seen them all scattered about among my dear friends, with cats, cows, and horses intervening? Monkeys are even nearer and more numerous. But here the likeness is two-sided—the monkey imitates the man, and the man is often only the enlarged copy of the monkey.

Ages and ages ago, the *Simia Polycomos*, the king-monkey, with his magnificent *chevelure*, prefigured in the primeval forests the European fashion of the full-bottomed wigs. Before ever a perukemaker dreamed of canons or queues, of pig-tails, full-bottoms, or rolls, the *Simia Polycomos* shook out his flowing locks in the sun, and let the warm forest-airs dress them according to the fashion. The pretty little marmoset, too, carried ruffs at the side of its head long before our great ladies wore broad flapping frills to their caps; and carries them to this day, when our fickle fashions have dressed the heads of our human marmosets in quite a different manner. The *Pithecia Satanas* has a well-developed beard, and his hair falls naturally apart over his forehead like a man's; many wear long gloves or mittens such as our grandmothers wore in their prime; the *Ateles* or Spider monkeys do everything that belongs to their name but spin cobwebs and live in cells; the comical-looking Kahau (*Simia nasalis*) shews his long nose, dwarfed chin, and sunken brow regularly twice a year in my house when he comes to collect a certain tax; and many an old negro, timid, gentle, and beseeching, might pass for the bigger brother of the soft-mannered *Pithecia melanocephala*.

Other things also imitate man, both in look and action. The sloth bear is like a wild eccentric artist about his head, round which the fur flows in such rich luxuriance; the spectacled bear looks much as if he had been to a prize-fight and got his eyes blackened by the 'Champion;' the cobra has spectacles as distinctly marked as those on your respectable nose, O my venerable friend! and the capuchin baldhead (*Coracina gymnocephala*) is for all the world like a dear old priest or poet; unless, indeed, the censorious could see in him a nearer resemblance to the Father of the Marshalsea, or to that inimitable old humbug, the owner of the rents of Bleeding Heart Yard. By the by, there is another coracina (*C. cephaloptera*, or winged-head), who has a splendid head, with two very notable human imitations growing thereon. The fringed flying lizard has petticoats and lappets; and the argus has a cluster of feathers hanging from his head wonderfully like coloured lace and jewels; while very many of the foreign peacock and pheasant tribes have ruffs and head-dresses, exactly like what court-milliners would make for court-ladies. The tailor-bird first weaves his own cotton thread, then sews up his nest; while the *ploceinæ*, the sociable birds—such as the republican and sociable weavers—build bird-towns, not quite like the bird-town of Aristophanes though, and live in a happy state of harmony and communism. The secretary bird has a wild fall of feathers from his brow, which give him a very æsthetic look; the Pie de Paradis is in full court-costume, resplendent with burning jewels, and brave with ruffs and trains; the condor wears a lady's boa—what nurses call 'pussies' when they speak to little children; and the *Chlamydosaurus Kingii*, a lizard, has a hood and a plaited frill, very elegant and very strange. All the lizard tribe are more or less uncanny. The siredons have queer fringed gills that give them quite a ball-room look; especially the axolotl, one of the queerest of them all; and all the tribe, but especially their first-cousin, the *Proteus anguinus*, have odd little childish hands and arms, that look as if they had been made as first experiments, to be followed up by the perfection of the human idea. Like first experiments also are those odd bowing figures, those extraordinary, sketchy, human forms, who toss and bow and wave and plunge about the mouth of the tube of the sabella, with arms and head and shoulders all complete, but fastened to the ground by their two legs run into one.

But Nature does not stop at human imitations; she incessantly repeats herself through all her creations, and takes one model in succession for various

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purposes. She makes a land-creature with short ridiculous fore-arms, forced to hold itself upright, and to carry feckless-looking *pattes* dangling before it; and she makes the same kind of thing on the water, only a trifle more absurd, and infinitely more ungraceful. The kangaroo and the penguin are virtually cast in the same mould, modified only according to their element. She puts horns into some of her four-footed creatures, and, not to let her feathered children be behind-hand, she runs one right from the brain of the horned screamer, the *palameda*, while she sticks up mock ones, made out of gristle and feathers only, on the heads of the horned owl, the harpy eagle, and some others. Almost every species of birds has a crested member among them, as a diversion from the original type, and to knit them all up into a chain of mutual likeness; and she ties ruffs round their necks, and tags trains to their tails, and on some she fastens spurs, and on others she stitches frills, and sends them forth into the woods glittering with organic gold and jewels. She makes them all, one after the other, foretell the future things of men. Long before the first Greek strung his lyre on the tortoise-shell lying on the sea-shore, she shaped one out of the tail of the gorgeous *Menura*, the kingly Bird of Paradise of the antipodes; and when Welsh bards were unknown, and the harp of Erin lying mute in the dusk of the future, she stamped a harp on the back of the seal, and laughed to think of the time when man's wit would discover its music. Before the Indians hollowed out their birch-bark canoes, she made a boat of the bill of the *Cancroma cochlearia*, the boat-bill *par excellence*, also one of the venerable looking sleek monkish birds, with his feathers flowing laxly from his brows; and, or ever the sons of Adam fashioned themselves spoons for their cock-a-leekie, the *platalea*, or spoonbill, had shewn them the best shape possible for the purpose. She dabbed a little red wax on to the wing of the *Bombycilla*, or waxwing, before Hyde arose or the virtues of shell-lac and carmine were discovered; and she tasselled the ears of the booted lynx and the caracal centuries before the college-lads stuck tabs to their trencher-boards. Not content with these prophetic capers, she puts wings to a reptile, and makes of the *Dactyloptera*, or flying gunard, one of the abnormal creatures she delights in; the *Blennius ocellaris* she deludes into fancying itself a sea-butterfly, making a clumsy kind of beast with scaly spots for peacock's eyes, and slimy fins for the downy wings of *Io Vanessa*, so lately feeding upon nettles in the garden; in the *Platax vespertilio* she tries her hand at a fish-bat, and in the spider-crabs she messes up arachnidæ and crustacea together.

Much more does she do in her workshop of the great unfathomable, fertile sea. Full of strange things has she made it—things that seem to be the first blotched, ungainly efforts of her early youth, before she had learned to use her hands deftly, or had developed by education and experience the whole facility of her plastic power. The *blennius* was such a blurred outline of the future graceful butterfly; and in the *cheironectes*, that queer-looking scaly barrel met with out a-walking over the rocks in tropical sea-places, are rudely symbolised feet and legs—about as perfectly as a child would have symbolised them, in those four-square scratches set to the edge of the doll's petticoat on his slate. In the hippocampus is the distorted image of the future race-horse head; in the eel is the idea of the snake; in the torpedo we have the power which took Galvani and Volta so many years to perfect; and in the sea-mouse, one of the *annelidæ*, we have a fanciful and faint, but not wholly imaginary, resemblance to the little brown earth-mouse that nibbles at our cheese by night, and scampers noisily through the rubble of the walls by day. Among the seals or *Phocidæ*, we get many first ideas, many early conceptions and rude experiments in the great laboratory of the universe, but all executed with the same indifferent success. The sea-lion, the sea-cow, the sea-calf, the sea-elephant, the sea-leopard, the sea-bear, have severally a certain resemblance to the more perfected animals of which they are the prototypes; but they are all sketchy and unfinished, mere first draughts done roughly in crayons, with very little made out, and nothing shaded off. Then the seals must needs imitate other things. One, whom I have already handled, carries the photograph of a harp on his back; another is marbled; and a third wears a crest somewhat like a soldier's helmet on his head; while all have come in, at various times, as the probable originals of the fascinating mermaid, who lives under the roots of the sea, and lures young men down to destruction with her songs and golden hair. And speaking of sketchy things, what in the world is the whole tribe of *sepiadæ* like but the pictures done by savages and children of ghosts and bogies? Their staring eyes, long waving arms, deformed bodies, biting beaks, and mighty suckers make them weird and frightful enough. There is one, the *Onychoteuthis Banksii*, exactly like a New Zealand idol, with its unformed imitation of a draped human figure with stays, and its head all eyes and waving feathers.

The very sea-weeds are imitative, and prefigure earthly and human things. Those broad green and purple fronds are more like ribbons than anything else, while the little tufted bunches of red and white and violet and yellow lie marvellously close to feathers, crusted over by the salt sea-wave. The sea-egg (*Echinus*) is another imitation; and when you go down to the polypi and the mollusks, not to speak of the microscopic creatures, you find the likeness of most things lying round you. The sea-fan waves its graceful leaf slowly in the stream; the wonderful little rod (*Virgularia mirabilis*) shews its ornate loveliness to any one who will stoop to find; and the masses of flower-bells, feathers, beaded chains and twisted braids, fringes, jewels, jacks-in-boxes, bird's heads, and the like, defy calculation. Look at the extraordinary forms assumed by the *acalephæ* or sea-nettles—the jelly-fish—with their fringed tentacles and what seem to be the roots and stem of the mushroom, fretted into the mouldings of the Corinthian column. They are always changing, even to themselves, and give but little promise when seen as only lumps of coloured jelly, of the marvellous beauty to which they can unfold. Some are covered with loose fringe that hangs down like the fringe from a lady's parasol; others have a mushroom top, with a stem all flounced and furbelowed; others, again, throw out long leafy tentacles, which hang pendant from the dome; and one is an umbrella, with the oddest of sticks and most unserviceable of handles. Many are delicately white, and lie on the sea like crowding flakes of half-melted snow; but when they spread themselves out into their fringed disks and ornate domes, they change to all imaginable colours, and glance in the sunlight like a handful of living jewels. Take the sea-flowers, too, the *actiniæ*, and see what wonderful likenesses shape themselves out of those odd bits of flaccid flesh. Here is a daisy, with its white petals and golden heart; there a cucumber, a little prickly perhaps, and with a feathered head such as earthy cucumbers never wear, but no doubt of excellent flavour; here is a bed of mesembryanthemums of all hues, purple and blue, violet and pink, and yellow and green; and there a dianthus, with its broad white flower fringed and cut round the margin, just like the white pink growing in your sunny southern border. A mollusk, the *Bursatella Leachii*, is like a highly ornamented heart, with a pennatifid frond waving gracefully from the rent in the

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side. Again, look at the madrepores and corals, with their flower-like shapes and flower-like hues; at the fossil encrinite or stone lily, so graceful when in life; at the zoophytes and infusoria, also so like to flowers in their strange revealings; and then turn to the shells, or rather to both shell and animal, and see what wonderful things we get out of them. One shell is like a helmet—Pallas Athene herself might have taken the model of her own from it; another is like a cup; a third is a shield; while the creatures underneath are like anything you please. There is the argonaut with its staring eyes and long lithe arms, now shooting through the water like an arrow, now crawling elfishly on its head at the bottom, now spreading out its sail-arms, now flourishing its row-arms, and always with the most graceful shell that Nature ever made, helping it to stand forth as one of the world's wonders of beauty—well, the argonaut is like any and everything. You may look at it till you see in it the type and emblem of almost every bit of natural work scattered through the world, while through every change peers out an elfish face with two huge staring eyes, that look at you with weird meaning, and seem to threaten you with wild unearthly horrors if you disturb its rest. There is the *Haliotus tuberculatus*, again, with its animal fringed and pinked and ruffled to perfection, and with its shell just like an ear—indeed, it *is* the sea-ear; and there is the *Isocardia*, or heart-shell; and the two *solens*—the razor-shell, and the knife-shell; while among the cowries we have a minute French roll, a harp and a spindle, a weaver's shuttle, a music shell, and a shell that is like a poached egg, a mole cowry and a vetch cowry, a small-pox cowry, a false spindle; and, last of all, a 'rough tear,' hardened into chalk and glaze. Then there is a woodcock's head (*Murex haustellum*), and a tulip shell (*Fasciolaria tulipa*), a marine-trumpet (*Triton variegatus*), with the oddest-looking animal inside; a top (*Trochus ziziphinus*); sea-eggs like grapes (the eggs of the cuttle-fish), while the beard or byssus of the muscle is like fine silk, and can be spun into gloves or purses; and the sabella inhabits a tube almost exactly like the case of the caddis-worm. The stickleback, the goramy, and the hasser, build nests like birds, only that they are open at both ends, and that the fish swim in and out, at will; 'the cat-fish swims about in company with her young, like a proud hen with her chickens; and the sun-fish hovers for weeks over her young, protecting them against danger.'

In stones, the agates claim a large share of natural likenesses. Ribbon, moss, landscapes, and blood spots, are all distinctly figured in the various specimens which popularly bear their names; while cornelian, which is also an agate, is the colour of flesh: whence indeed it takes its name. Opal gives us no bad imitation of cats' eyes—its changing light not inaptly imaging the strange lustre of those of our favourite tabby purring loudly on our knee; and the deep blue sapphires are paler than were thine eyes, oh my Irish love! when joy and love lit them up with the fires which never dull or die. In the pudding-stone, we get no such very bad imitation of a coarse-grained pudding roughly spooned together; and in many of the white figures lying through the black and gray marbles, we may trace the forms of the half of animate and inanimate creation. I remember a black marble chimney-piece in the old vicarage where I was born, which used to be an endless book of pictures to us children. There was wealth abundant there: a cat's head, with a collar round the throat; a rabbit; a baby's face and a baby's cradle; a horse; a bird; sundry old men much battered and deformed; rings, purses, bags, and ruffles, swords and shoes, chairs, thrones, stools, and tables; in short, likenesses, more or less correct, of half the things about. Then there is a ruin marble—yellowish, with brown lines and shadings that represent old castles and towers crumbling to decay: and an oolite marble, gray with speckled dots, like the roe of a fish suddenly petrified for ever; and the beautiful *Pietra stellaria*—a flower-like marble, studded all over with the discs of the madrepore; very lovely and very suggestive.

Among the insects, there is a firetail-fly that, cuckoo-like, lays its eggs in the nests of other insect-mothers; and there is a caterpillar that sets his defying arms a-kimbo, and bids the whole world look out for the consequences: he is the 'mask' of the soft, gray, modest, puss-moth; and there is a 'woolly bear,' more like a bit of Berlin wool roughly 'teased' than a bear; and a magpie-moth, but with gay ribbons fluttering through the orthodox black and white; and a caterpillar, just like a stick—one of the loopers—a little brown fellow, who fastens himself on to a tree or decaying branch, whence he swings stiffly, for all the world like a dead dry twig not yet detached. There are other stick-insects, not caterpillars, called *Phasmidæ* or spectres, of the orthoptera order, which are also just like sticks and dry twigs, with their wing-covers rounded so as to sit close to the side, and which thus do not betray the presence of organs scarcely natural to withered twigs. There are leaf-insects, too, Soothsayers, of the tribe of the *Mantidæ*, also orthoptera, and as precisely like leaves as the others were like twigs. They are of all varieties of tree-hues—from the pale yellow of the opening bud, to the rich green of the perfect, and the dusky brown of the withered leaf. 'These amazing insects,' as Sir Emerson Tennent calls them, can scarcely be distinguished from the trees and grass where they lie. Their wings are like ribbed and fibrous follicles, and every joint of their legs expands into broad plaits, like a half-opened leaflet. They rest on their abdomen, and drag themselves along by means of their legs, which lie so flat on the ground that no one can see them as the creature moves slowly along. The eggs, strange to say, are precisely like seeds—brown, pentangular, with stems, and punctured in all the intersections. An insect like a leaf laying eggs like seeds, may surely rank as one of the strangest of all the natural imitations in the world! There is also a tree-frog, the *hyla*, green and leaf-like, who hops about from bough to bough, and swings himself by his hind leg which does duty for a stalk, very much as a loose leaf might shake and swing in the evening air. The death's-head moth carries his *memento mori* printed on his back in the skull and cross-bones, which people make out from the markings; and the queer little *membracidæ* are horned and helmeted creatures that trot along as if dressed up for a masquerade. The diamond beetle (*Curculio splendidus*), and the gold beetle (*Buprestis*), are literally and without exaggeration living gems. The golden and brilliant wing-cases are taken to make those wonderful embroideries of the Indian zenana, while the lustrous joints of the legs are strung on threads for necklaces and bracelets. Some of the other metallic and gemlike beetles—the *Elateridæ*, for instance (in which tribe we find the fireflies) and the *Lamellicorns*—are also used as women's ornaments; so that these insects may safely come under the head of natural imitations, seeing that they are as brilliant in sheen, of like hue, and used for the same purposes, as sapphires and rubies, emeralds and topazes. The tortoise-beetle, one of the *Cassiadæ*, is also very brilliant. 'It is like a ruby encased in pearl,' and is quite startling for its purity and depth of colouring; but it cannot be turned to any ornamental purposes, for all this glory goes when it dies, and leaves it only a dull brown husk, like a small tortoise in shape, with the outer case overlapping the body, and the legs drawn up under it. Another insect, the *Planaria geoplana*, is a curious creature, 'of a light-brown above, white underneath, very broad and thin, and has a peculiarly-shaped tail, half-moon shaped—in fact, like a grocer's cheese-knife.' There are carpenter-ants, who make corridors

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and pillars, halls and chambers, in the living wood, and stain them afterwards ebon-black; and there are mason-wasps and carpenter-bees. The *oiketicus* makes a nest like the Roman fasces—it is called Lictor from the circumstance—binding round it stems of leaves, twigs, thorns, and sticks, which it fastens with threads till it looks like a bundle of rods tied together. There is a cicada, which is called the knife-grinder because it makes a noise just like a knife-grinder's wheel; and there is a mole-cricket with paws like a mole.

Among plants, the orchids claim most attention. There is a spider orchis and a bee orchis, an orchis like a fly, one like a man, another like a lizard, and two more like a butterfly and a frog. The Spirito Santo plant of Panama, *Peristeria elata*, shews the figure of a dove with outstretched wings descending gently to the lip, and the knotted fibres of the roots of *Neottia nidus-avis* make the dove a nest for its repose. There are others equally curious. One has a fleshy hood, *Prescottia colorans;* another is the very image of a swan, with arched neck and gently elevated wings—this is the *Cynoches ventricosum;* the *Catasetum viride* opens a beautiful capote, with bows and strings complete, and just the thing for a well-grown fairy in a summer's evening; the *Gongora fulva* is a sober-coloured Cap of Maintenance, with peaked and pendant flaps behind—a kind of poetised and floral coal-heaver's cap, and the *Oncidium papilio* is in all things exactly like a butterfly crawling over the dark-green leaves. The snowdrop tree, the *Halesia*, gives us a rich gathering of snowdrops on its branches; and a *Lecythys*, the *Couroupita Guianensis*, has huge round masses like cannon-balls, as the fruit residuum of its large deep rose-coloured flowers. The root of the mandrake, *Mandragora atropa*, is like the figure of a headless man, walking rapidly on footless stumps; indeed, much more like a man than anything that the ancient Mexicans have graven on their monuments, or than what the North American Indians write upon the leaves of their birch-bark mystery-books. The columbine bears a dove within its purple petals, and the spider has a congener in the *Tradescantia* as well as among the orchids. Butter, bread, tallow, and milk have their respective trees in the *Bassia butyracea*, the *Artocarpus*, the *Stillingia sebifera*, the *Pentadesma butyracea*, and the famous cow-tree, which has a century of names, and which is only a great nettle after all. The horseshoe vetch, *hippocratea*, has, very unnecessarily, seeds in the shape of a smith's shoe; the horse-tail grass, *hippuris*, is as much like a horse's tail as it is like grass; while the ribbon-grass is prettier and more becoming than half the ribbons turned out of the mills at Coventry. The ice-plant is a mesembryanthemum, covered with a hoar-frost which the sun does not melt nor the rains dissolve; and the *Daphne lagetta*, or lace bark-tree, has a thin inner membrane, which, when macerated in water, is found to be cut and perforated and meshed into something like enough to lace for Charles II. once to wear in a cravat, frill, and ruffles. The elephant has a proto-foot in the radical leaves of the *elephantopus;* potatoes are sometimes shaped like kidneys, so are other things, notably a vetch, and some of the seeds of the *leguminosæ;* there is a red lotus with a flower like a rose, a fruit like a wasp's nest, and seeds like olives; and a pitcher-plant, the *nepenthe*, which draws its own water from the well of the dewy night, and fastens down the lid to keep it sweet and untainted by the wandering Bedouins of the air. The *Ficus elastica* is called the snake-tree as well as the India-rubber tree, because its large thick roots start up out of the ground in all manner of convolutions and contortions, just like so many snakes twisting over the earth; while all the flowers of the papilionaceous plants are more or less like the first sketch of the butterfly, whose name they bear. Looking down among the lichens, we find a cup and a trumpet, a letter lichen, a map, and a hair—a god's hair, Jupiter's beard; while 'the agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,' shape themselves into mitres and nests, clubs, cups, and caps, cages and umbrellas, snake-like stems and one-legged creatures frilled and ruffled like the best. There is a fungus like the most exquisite cut lace; and many of the more edible kinds imitate 'things which they are not' in smell as well as in shape. They smell like nectarines and like cheese, like cucumbers, roast-meat, nuts, and cayenne-pepper; and, side by side with them, the hedge-wound wort smells of carrion, and the orris-root of violets. There is another carrion plant which I remember reading of, a beautiful thing, gorgeous with scarlet colouring, and proud in its regal form, but of such disgusting odour that no one would care to take it from its tropical bed; and there are as many 'false smells' altogether, as there are 'false seemings' in nature. But these are not easily demonstrable in an article, for human nostrils have independent modes of action, and refuse to follow their neighbour's lead. What smells of violets to one is like garlic to another; the odours which some drink in as lovingly as Namouna drank in the flower-scents by which she lived, to others are nauseating and unwholesome; and so we go on, each in his own way, and sniff or smell, snarl or lick according to our nature, and the kind of heart and brain within us. And, by the by, to complete this rapid catalogue, the human heart carries within it the likeness of a tree, and the brain has the semblance of a frond, beautifully marked.

OUT OF TROUBLE.

The pleasant sun has not shewn his face to us beclouded and befogged Londoners for some eight days past. We are living just now in a kind of vapour-bath—an atmosphere that one might compare to cold steam—which not only wraps us round, and gets into our stomachs as we walk the streets, but invades our houses, depositing a varnish of dew on the walls of hall and staircase, where the moisture runs down in streams. In addition to the cloudy mist, which is everywhere, there is a dark-brown marsh-fog rising up from the river, and doing its best to travel northward against the heavy wet vapours in possession. As I go down from my home in Islington (not 'merry' now, but lachrymose to the very chimney-tops) to my den in the city, I meet the fog coming up in the guise of a brown mud-wall, and almost as opaque: it is so well defined as to its limits, that I can, and do, poke my walking-stick into it before I enter it myself. When I am in it, I feel warmer, but a trifle asthmaticky, and I smell the Isle of Dogs, with just a *soupçon* of tar in a state of decomposition. As a thirty years' Babylonian, I don't care a straw for the fog—I prefer it, in fact, to the cold, damp, influenza-giving vapour—only, one would like to see a little plainer where one is going, and to have light or transparency enough to navigate the crossings, which are rather abundant. Hereabouts is the approach to Crib College, an institution exceedingly well known in London, and which is patronised quite as much as its founders desire by those unwilling students for whose benefit it was intended. At this distance, I ought to see, and but for the fog I should see, the vanes of the College mill revolving high above the lofty walls that shut in the College grounds, and whose continuous revolutions afford evidence to an interested public, that the pupils within are not idle, but sedulously climbing the ladder of knowledge.

I arrive in front of the College gates just as the

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clock is about to strike nine, and I am reminded by the spectacle that awaits me there, that this being Monday morning, I am just in time to witness a partial break-up of the College pupils, who at this very nick of time are about leaving the arms of their dear *alma mater;* or, in other words—Crib College being Cold Bath Fields Prison—I happen to be present at one of those petty jail-deliveries which take place with undeviating regularity on this dreary-looking spot.

There are perhaps a hundred people waiting in the purlieus of the prison, all anxiously watching for some well-known face which has been absent for a longer or shorter period from the home-circle, or—leaving home out of the question—from the society of their friends, and which is destined to emerge from the prison-door within the next half hour. They are a motley and a melancholy band, who do not consort much with each other, save in small, scattered groups of twos and threes, and who for the most part seem rather to avoid recognition than to seek for sympathy. Many, indeed the most of them, are of the vagabond, almost beggarly class; and you may notice that of these the very lowest and most squalid are the boldest, the noisiest, and most demonstrative. They it is who, penetrating the enclosure, flock round the prison-doors, where they beguile the time with equivocal jokes and unintelligible slang, and narratives of their own experience in the College; for some of them have been in trouble themselves, and would account it but squeamishness to sophisticate the fact. They form a striking contrast to those downcast expectants who linger, sheep-faced, afar off, affecting to be casual spectators, and but rarely turning their eyes in the direction of the prison.

There goes the bell, striking the hour of nine; and, lo! the small door opens, and forth steps a female but not very feminine figure, draped in a fragmentary collection of garments, to which all the College ablutions and fumigations have failed to impart an air of decency. The wearer, who, all unabashed, lifts a bloated face to the general gaze, and responds coarsely to the coarse jokes that greet her reappearance, has been undergoing a month's penance, for the fifteenth time or so, for one of her drunken frolics attended with mischief. Bet Broil has a constitutional weakness in favour of 'wine-vaults,' and when she happens to be much under its influence, her organ of Destructiveness becomes excited. Of late years, she would seem to have nourished especial enmity against the Plate-glass Assurance Company, her exploits principally consisting of smashing assaults on shop-windows, which said Company has to make good. Bet, they say, is perfectly honest, scorning to steal a penny or a penny's worth, and she works hard at 'charring' and the wash-tub for her living, and is perfectly harmless when sober. Judging from her face, however, her wretched make-up, and her demonstrative assurance as she quits the College, her sobriety will be but of short duration. Her friend, who has been waiting for her, and who like herself struts with a rather defiant air, is not, we fear, likely to work her reformation.

As they are walking off together in the direction of Leather Lane, the door opens again, and out steps Charley Mullins. Charley is a pickpocket, aged sixteen, and has been of that adventurous profession for more than the half of his short life. His appearance is hailed with a buzz of applause from the chattering clique who throng round the entrance, and by a tender embrace from a pale-faced girl of thirteen, who has already united her fate with his. Charley, as he responds to her affections, cocks his off-leg in the air after the manner of Mr Jeremy Diddler in the farce. His head is horribly close cropped; his glossy black curls are gone, and he makes his appearance almost as bare-headed as a barber's block; but his dear Nancy has provided for the emergency, and from the recesses of her garments she produces a crushed wide-awake, and punching it into shape with her little fist, claps it on his head, where the shadow of the broad brim effectually conceals the ravages of the cruel shears. A round number of the juveniles file off with Charley, in honour of whose restoration to society—he being an especial favourite—they will spend the day in jollity, and at night will hold a raffle for his benefit down at Snarley's, in Whitechapel. A first-rate 'wipe,' prigged for the special purpose by little Piper, Charley's pet pupil, will be put up for competition; and the total proceeds, which may amount to fifteen or twenty pounds, will be handed over to the favourite, to enable him to lie by for a short period, or to rusticate a few months if he thinks fit.

You would not take the next person who comes forth for a collegian at all; you would rather fancy him a gentleman-visitor, or an officer of the institution, he has so deliberate a manner, and carries himself with so lofty an air. His garb is of the finest broadcloth, and the fashionable close suit is enveloped in a kind of cloak-like surtout, which flows gracefully round his slender limbs as he strides somewhat superbly through the throng. There are some, however, among the outsiders who know him well enough, spite of the loss of the splendid beard and whiskers and magnificent moustache which adorned his sallow face when, three months ago, he stepped from the College van at these sombre portals. That is Mr Marmaduke Slott, the swell smasher, the railway card-sharper, the pigeon-plucker, the bank-cheque sophisticator, and, in brief, the slipperiest customer with whom the police detectives ever had to deal. Slott ought to have been penally settled nine years ago, and he would have been long since disposed of, but that he is such a clever dog there is no convicting him on a capital charge. A score of his catspaws at least have been drafted off to the Isle of Portland or to the hulks, while he, their cunning principal, has remained unscathed. He owes his three months' confinement for a trifling offence to his notorious complicity in crimes for which he has escaped all punishment. When his back is turned, a good many eyes are gazing after him, and some very significant pantomime is exchanged between the knowing ones.

A very different subject is the next who makes his appearance. There is a loutish air about him, and his face bears the expression of one whom adverse fortune has cowed to cravenness, while goading into spite. He wears the fustian coat of a workman, but wants so altogether the workman's independent gait, that it is evident there is but little real work to be got out of him. As he comes forth, he looks round with a half-maudlin, half-savage stare; and when he emerges from the group round the door, his wife, with a rather hesitating step, comes forward to greet him. A couple of half-starved, tattered, and barefooted children are holding by her skirts, and even they are seen to shrink from the outstretched hand of the father, which, it is but too plain, is associated in their infant minds with something very different from fatherly caresses. The wife clutches his arm, and would lead the miserable man to her home, where, spite of her grinding poverty, she has prepared food and such welcome as she could for the father of her children. But they have barely reached the iron gates when they are joined by a couple of fellows who have been on the watch for the new-comer, and who, without a thought for the wife and children, seize each an arm of the husband, and lug him off in another direction. It is in vain that the woman begs and beseeches her infatuated tyrant to shake them off and come home. They, and he too, respond to her entreaties with hoarse mockery, and laughter, and jeers; the woman, driven desperate, resorts to blows and screams, and there is a brawl at the prison-gates, and a mob gathers round the wretched wife as she sinks

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exhausted to the ground, while the dastard husband slips away through the fog with his tempters, and ere long will be again their simple tool and the scapegoat of their crimes.

And now a cab, which for the last half hour has been standing off just at the corner of the road, drives up to the prison-gates, to meet a young gentleman-like fellow, who, making his exit from the prison with his handkerchief to his face, walks rapidly to it, and plunging in at the open door, sinks out of sight in a moment. The widowed mother of the youth sits in that cab. He was the pride and hope of her life. For his sake, she has for long years impoverished herself and his fatherless sisters—sparing and pinching, first to pay for his education, and then to establish him in life. Placed at length in a merchant's office, where, by industry and integrity, he had the opportunity of repaying the sacrifices she had made, and of rising ultimately to respectability and wealth, he has fallen into vicious company and vicious habits; he has racked her with anxiety and apprehension; and has finally brought shame and dishonour to her hearth, by an act which has blasted his own prospects for ever, and beggared his family; for in that sad home to which they are hastening, the hapless inmates have parted with every comfort, almost every necessary of life, to avert the full penalty of his crime, and to save from utter degradation him who was so long the idol of their hearts.

The next vision is that of a young fellow who leaps out of the portal like Harlequin through a stage-window, but instead of attitudinising before the spectators, takes to a swift pair of heels, and is off like a shot. The omnibus that rattles past towards Gray's Inn is not half so fleet as he; in a minute, he has outstripped it, and vanished beyond in the embrace of the friendly fog. Judging from his costume, and from the fact that he has the grace to be ashamed of himself, he is probably some artisan more unlucky than criminal, whom some unsober frolic, some outbreak of temper, some fracas with the police, or perhaps a mad spirit of rivalry in daring, has consigned to temporary probation in the College, and who, having received his lesson, will not be likely in a hurry to need a repetition of it.

In no way resembling him is that loafing, petti-fogging thief and area-sneak, committed to the tread-mill for some door-mat affair, who comes forth with a grin, and who, all unconscious of shame, deliberately strolls off to the nearest gin-shop with his companions-in-waiting, to qualify the sweets of liberty with a dram.

Thus, one after another, the liberated denizens of the College emerge into the foggy air. Thieves, drunkards, wife-beaters, vagabonds, smashers, and various other students of humanity and honesty, come forth at nine o'clock, to enter once more upon the stage of the world, and testify to mankind what the discipline of the institution has effected towards their enlightenment and reformation. It is worthy of note that, with the exception of our friend who galloped off so fast, there is hardly a single one of the liberated band who is not waited for and welcomed on his restoration to society. Many who appear to walk off alone are yet joined by some sympathising friend ere they have gone many yards from the gates, and some have whole families in attendance to congratulate them on their freedom. Perhaps it is owing to the presence of so many sympathisers outside the walls, that we fail to recognise here the prison philanthropist, who should be on the spot to pick up any friendless wanderers from the path of rectitude, and lend them a helping-hand while they attempt to recover the right way. He is not here to-day; he is, however, represented in some sort by a middle-aged, sober-faced individual, who, furnished with a bundle of small square tracts, glides about among the throng round the door and amidst the several groups, distributing his missives to those who will receive them. It is not always that those just enfranchised will deign to accept them; perhaps they think there is something personal and invidious in the offer at such a moment. Their refusal, however, does not deter the good man from repeating the experiment with others; and as the outsiders as well as the liberated come in for his donations, he manages to dispose of a considerable quantity of his little documents in a very short time. The drift and tendency of them all, if they were perused and carried out in practice, would certainly be to deprive the institution of any accession to the number of its inmates; and we can but wish the donor God-speed in his laudable endeavours in that direction.

THE MANIAC CRUSOE.

Perhaps, of all the British colonies, the Bermudas are the least known to the stay-at-home inhabitants of the mother-country. Travellers speak and write of visiting the Bermudas, or Bermuda, quite indifferently. Shakspeare speaks of it—under the name of Bermoothes—as being 'still vexed'—which proves that it was the subject of considerable dispute even in his day. Thomas Moore came back from it with that mysterious 'chest-complaint'—defalcation in public moneys caused by his deputy, we believe—which has been the topic of so many evil rumours and worse puns. There is, in short, a general vagueness in regard to this respectable little colony, which atlases themselves are not very ready to dispel. Those persons who do not expect to find it in the neighbourhood of the Madeiras, almost invariably resorting to the map of the West India Islands, and—we need scarcely observe to the present intelligent Reader—completely without success.

The three hundred and sixty-five islands which form the Bermuda group, although entirely without fresh-water, and almost as flat as pancakes, are yet exceedingly fair; their cedar-covered shores fringing bays of the most exquisite beauty, wherein the tropic sea takes every colour from the various tinted coral rocks below. It is a pleasant trip, in that unequalled climate, when the wind is hushed, and the ocean forbears for a space to leap wrathfully at the surrounding reefs, to sail from isle to isle of that delightful archipelago, and explore each Liliputian domain. Deep water lies around every one of them, so that a ship of the line as large as themselves can sail between any two. Each with its cedar-forest, and tiny harbour defended by breakwaters formed by the laborious coral insect, is complete in itself—a fairy kingdom, especially adapted for picnic parties of moderate size; or for a pair of lovers; or in many cases—so infinitely small are some of the Bermudas—for half a pair. When I was a midshipman in his majesty's ship *Juventus*, stationed at St George's, I often let the tropic breezes carry my little boat to whatever yellow sands they pleased, where I would disembark, and take possession of the miniature territory in the name of Boyish Romance, and hoist my flag of blissful Independence there for the live-long day.

Compared with almost any other place on earth, such a spot was 'Dreamland, gorgeous land' indeed; but contrasted with the accommodation for midshipmen afforded by a man-of-war in the neighbourhood of the tropics, it really seemed—as a brother-middy, who must have had plum-cake in his mind, I fancy—like a little wedge cut out of heaven itself.

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On one of these excursions, I landed upon Cedar Island—one of the very smallest of the group, and quite uninhabited—and after securing my boat in a little creek, wherein the azure wavelets rose and fell, as if in sleep, over a garden of blooming coral, I proceeded as usual to enact the part of Robinson Crusoe; that is to say, I loosened my dirk in its sheath, and commenced my exploration of the island, in order to make myself certain that if I was not, legally speaking, 'lord of all I surveyed,' there was at least nobody on the spot just then to dispute the fact. This was all romantic fanciful nonsense, I do not doubt; but since I have got completely rid of Romance and Fancy for these fifty years, I may confess my youthful weakness without a blush. I was a lad of very little judgment, I am afraid, in any way, and treated Billy Brown—who was the son of the captain's clerk—just because I liked him, with a greater warmth than the Hon. Marmaduke Percy—also in our mess—whom I used in those days even to consider a sneak; but when I say that I have been 'posted' for some years, and shall soon be an admiral, it will be easily understood that I discarded those indiscriminating habits before it was too late.

Life, however, let the salt-water Cynics say what they will, is not *all* blarney and ship-seeking; and I protest—poor, enthusiastic, without-interest-with-the-first-Lord little middy as I then was—that I was pushing through the odorous woods of Cedar Island with as happy a heart as ever I carried upon the day when I first got my second swab on my shoulders, when such a terrible cry burst forth within a few yards of me, that it froze my young blood within me, and haunts my old ears yet.

I have heard the roar of wild beasts by night when I have camped beside their drinking-places in the desert, with my trusty rifle for my sole companion; and I have heard the one piercing scream of a hundred drowning souls, whose vessel, struck amidships by our own in dark mid-ocean, was taking her final shuddering plunge; but neither sound was so frightful as that cry. Complete stillness had preceded it—for the dreamy lapping of the listless wave could not penetrate the thick grove wherein I stood, and the air had no strength to stir its heavy hearse-like plumes—and as inviolable was the quietness that followed. I heard my own heart beat quite audibly, and cautiously threading my way back to the boat—for, like a prudent commander, I did not mean to suffer my retreat to be cut off by the unknown foe—I trod on a dead stick, and it cracked like the firing of a pistol. As I reached the margin of the wood, the terrible cry broke forth again, filling sky and sea, but this time I was not so terrified; with sunlight and the open air returned the consciousness that I was an officer in his majesty's navy (age 14), which, truth to say, in the dark cedar-wood I had somewhat lost sight of, and bound to fear neither Man nor Frenchman, which latter, in the days I write of, occupied the place now usually reserved in the like boastful asseverations for the Devil. I should certainly deserve to be broken by court-martial if I suffered myself to be driven off the island by a voice—*vox et præterea nihil*—however discordant. I turned again into the pigmy forest towards the spot whence the sound had proceeded, with my dirk in my right hand, ready to pick the teeth of whatever monster it might be—for the yell could scarcely have come from a human throat. Though I advanced with extreme circumspection, it was impossible to see above a couple of paces before me; and when the terrible cry broke forth for the third time, it was within a few feet of my ear. It was succeeded by a trampling of footsteps, the frantic impatience of which could be detected even upon the mossy ground on which they trod, and then there followed a hideous clanking, as of iron chains. I had at the moment little doubt but that it was the Enemy of Mankind himself, and no other, who was thus exercising his lungs and legs upon this retired spot; but curiosity overcame terror, and reflecting that if I was a good boy, as I intended to be, I should in all probability never have another chance of seeing him, I passed between two cedar trunks that grew very near together, and beheld the following phenomenon.

Within a small open space or clearing, evidently made by the hand of man, there sat and gibbered, with a curious clatter of his teeth, the most frightful object that my eyes had ever looked upon. With my present knowledge, I should have set him down at once as a specimen of the gorilla; but plunged in the dark ignorance of fifty years back, as I was, I still clung to the opinion I had originally entertained of his being Auld Hornie. He had no visible horns, it is true, but he wore a tail whose length report had by no means exaggerated; a long and ragged black beard covered his face almost up to his fiery eyes; his bare hairy arms were beating a monotonous measure upon his lap, which I set down as 'the Devil's Tattoo;' and to complete his Satanic character, as described by both philosophers and divines, he had a good deal of the Woman about him. He wore her bonnet, at least, torn, and frayed, and filthy to a very extraordinary degree, and her petticoats tattered and draggled; but beyond these, truth and gallantry alike compel me to admit that all resemblance to a lady ceased.

The prevailing expression of his forbidding face was that of intense malice—malignant hatred of all living things—but while I looked at it, fascinated by its exceeding horror, it changed to one of exulting fiendish triumph; and with a cry similar to his other yells, but ten times more frightful from the action that accompanied it, he leaped at me with his arms in air, and his black hands stiffened like talons. I could not run although it was, very literally, to save my life; and only when I saw that he had fallen short of his spring, half-strangled by a chain that was round his middle, and which, attached to a huge cedar behind him, I had taken for his tail, did my faculties slowly recover from their stupefaction. Supposing these iron links held out, and so long as I avoided the clear space which was the limit of his tether, I felt myself safe, and thankful, indeed, that I had not unknowingly trespassed within that fatal circle. Huge bones were strewed about it in plenty, though whether of man or beast, I could not tell; but how they had got there did not then awaken my wonder, so entirely was I wrapped up in the movements of the mysterious being before me. Having failed in his murderous attempt, he did not renew it, but retired slowly towards his prison-tree, which was situated in the centre of the space, and appeared to forget my intrusion altogether. There was a short stump of a cedar which had been unscientifically felled, beside it, and upon that he proceeded to enact what I afterwards identified with the most awful scene of the drama of his evil life. He took up a small billet of wood, and approaching the stump, appeared to regard something upon it, which I could not discern—which, indeed, was not there at all—with an air of mockery and insult; he pointed at it, spurned it scornfully with his foot, seemed to whisper to it gibing questions, and finally throwing back his bonnet so as to expose his entire countenance distorted with passion, he struck down at the impalpable substance with the billet, and uttered the frightful cry which had at first so startled me. The whole pantomime, hideous as it was, was far too real to be a mere act of animal imitation; and the Satanic theory being abandoned, I felt also confident that no ape of the woods was before me, but the form, grown wild and bestial, of what had been once a fellow-creature. There was little doubt of his being both mad and dangerous, but it was certainly a most cruel and unjustifiable act to keep him thus chained upon an uninhabited island, to become daily more and more assimilated to the brute creation;

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and I jumped into my boat at once, determined, upon my arrival at St George's, to immediately make known what I had seen to the proper authorities.

Since my landing on Cedar Island, however, a breeze had sprung up contrary to my course, and by the time I reached the harbour, it was close upon the hour when I was engaged to dine with Mr Merton, one of the principal inhabitants of the town, which was then the seat of government. The second-lieutenant of the *Juventus*, and a great patron of mine, was of the party; and finding myself opposite to him, I took occasion to ask across the table whether he knew anything of Cedar Island and its one awful inhabitant. I received for answer such a kick upon my young shins as only lieutenants can inflict, and midshipmen endure; whereby I understood that the subject was not one to be publicly discussed, and, indeed, as it was, my question seemed to freeze the conversation for several minutes. After dinner, however, and while the company were seated in different groups smoking their cheroots in the huge veranda looking on the sea, my naval superior took occasion to tell me that I was the most lubberly young jackass, in respect to the spoiling of an agreeable party, that had ever been foaled; after which exordium he was good enough to render me his reasons.

'You've been talking of a rope in the house of a man whose father was hanged, youngster,' he began; 'and I advise you to pitch into supper to-night, as it will certainly be the last meal you will put your young grinders to in this house. This very Mr Merton, whose hospitality you have so shamefully abused'—here the second-lieutenant grinned like a badger in spite of himself—'was a little more than fast in his hot youth. He had not only those vices on which these good Bermuda folks look with such charitable eyes, but on one occasion he was very nearly joining one of the settlements yonder, where people wear their rings made of iron instead of gold, and round the ankle instead of the finger. He broke the law, and was, in short, within a very little of being a convict. Before that, however, he had been so bad a man of business, that his father, who still loved him tenderly, would not keep him in his office, but employed as chief clerk, in his place, a creole, named Blagden, whom he had raised from a very humble position. I remember the fellow well, a handsome chap enough, but with a wicked, unforgiving eye—one to whom it would have done a world of good to have taken a voyage in his majesty's ship *Juventus*, with your humble servant officer of his watch, I reckon—and without one ounce of gratitude in his composition. Not satisfied with having ousted our friend here from his natural position, he tried to poison his father's mind against him, so as to be made heir in his stead; but failing in that, and always in want of money for certain diversions of his own, he robbed his employer to the extent of some four thousand pounds. Old Mr Merton very properly prosecuted him, and the villain was sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years. After his doom was pronounced, he told the prosecutor in open court that he would be even with him yet; to which the old gentleman is said to have replied, that he hoped he (Blagden) might get the chance—that is to say, the opportunity of revenging himself, after twenty years, upon him (the prosecutor), who was at that time more than sixty years of age.

It was almost immediately after this that our host here got into trouble with the authorities. What was his exact offence, I do not know, but it was not so serious but that there was a doubt whether he ought to have been committed—as he was—for trial. Mr Merton, senior, who, like many fathers who blame their sons, was far from liking other people to find fault with them, was beyond measure infuriated at the disgrace thus fixed upon the young man, and swore revenge against the magistrate, one Mr Frederic Miller, who happened to be a personal enemy of his, and whom he therefore concluded to have committed his son from feelings of malice; and this indeed seems probable, since in the end the prisoner was acquitted of the crime in question. In this passionate state of mind, Mr Merton, senior, loaded his pistols, and rode away towards his enemy's house, with the intention, doubtless, of making him fight a duel there and then. Upon his road, he had the misfortune to meet with Mr John Miller, the magistrate's brother; and an altercation ensuing, and that gentleman angrily espousing his relative's part, old Mr Merton lost what little temper he had left, and pulling out a pistol, shot him dead. Now, although he always declared that this meeting with John Miller was accidental, and that that person had first struck him with his riding-whip, he thought it extremely probable that he should not be believed. Many persons, as he was well aware, had heard him vow vengeance that very day against Miller—without mentioning whether it was Frederic or John—and it occurred to him, in his excitement and flurry, that that would condemn him; and having, in short, taken a hasty view of what was certainly a very ugly business, the old gentleman made up his mind to be off, and not stand his trial. His disappearance of course saved him for the time, but was doubtless worse for him afterwards, since it was taken as a proof of his guilt. An active search was made for him for a week or two, and then the authorities gave it up, concluding, naturally enough, that he had embarked in one of the numerous vessels which, bound for all parts of the world, were starting almost daily from St George's.

'Within a month of the manslaughter or murder, however, Captain Stone, the head of the police, received an anonymous letter, asserting that old Mr Merton was still upon the island, and for certain reasons, also given in the communication, was even yet probably in his own house. Captain Stone therefore walked down to this very house that afternoon, and having been shewn into that same dining-room, where you have just made yourself so pleasant, narrated his errand to our host yonder—who was out on bail—and his mother, who were sitting together over their dessert.

"You may search the house, captain, if you will, with all my heart," replied Mrs Merton, "but it has already been done by your subordinates: you cannot imagine, I should think, that my poor husband would be foolish enough to hide in the very place where everybody would be looking for him."

'The captain bowed, took advantage of her permission to go over the place, and presently returning to the dining-room, expressed himself satisfied that all was right. Though he took his leave and walked away, however, it was only to return to a spot under cover of some shrubs, where, unseen himself, he could command a view of the dining-room window, which, as you know, opens upon the garden. He had observed, during his brief visit, *three* dessert plates upon the table—which is one more than is necessary for two persons, you see—and being of a curious turn of mind, he wanted to find out what was done with the odd one. Presently, he saw Mrs Merton—the same old lady who sat at the head of the table this very day—heap up this third plate with a quantity of fruit, and, looking straight out of the window all the time, stretch down her hand with it under the table, and bring it up again with no plate at all. Then Captain Stone rose up from behind the bush—at which she gave a most dreadful scream, poor woman—and walking straight up to the window, opened it, and pulling aside the dinner-table, discovered a certain trap-door, which I do not doubt was under your own feet an hour ago.

'This place of concealment, constructed during some panic concerning a black insurrection, had only been

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known before the writing of the anonymous letter to one person beside the Merton family—namely, to the creole Blagden. Captain Stone lifted the trap, and took the poor old man—so unshaved, forlorn, and haggard, that he would not have recognised him under ordinary circumstances—and carried him off to St George's Jail. He had not been a popular person before this misfortune befell him, but the public feeling was a good deal excited in his favour, especially on account of the manner in which he had been taken under his wife's eyes; so that when he was condemned to be beheaded—which was the capital punishment of the Bermudas in those days—there was hard work to find an executioner. This office was always hateful to the islanders, and whoever performed it, was accustomed to be disguised by wearing a mask and dressing in female costume. Upon the occasion of Mr Merton's execution, however, and in spite of the strong sympathy evinced for him, the wretch who had volunteered to perform the office of headsman behaved himself with cruel indecency, leaping and dancing in his hideous masquerade before the face of the criminal, as he was led up to the scaffold, and exciting thereby the horror and indignation of the spectators. Poor Mr Merton, however, took no notice of his proceedings until the time had come for him to lay his head upon the block; then, indeed, a shudder passed over his pallid face, as the executioner stooping down and pulling aside his mask, disclosed the malignant countenance of his creole clerk!

"I told you I would be even with you, and I am," yelled the wretch as he struck the fatal blow; and holding up the severed head before the crowd, he uttered such a cry of gratified malice as chilled the hearts of all who heard it'——

'I have heard that cry,' said I, interrupting the lieutenant; 'I saw the whole scene of that execution played out to-day.'

'It is like enough,' replied he; 'for the man you saw upon Cedar Island was certainly he. The convict had greedily volunteered for this frightful duty, as being the highest pleasure that was left for him, but the matter did not turn out altogether as he expected. The people would have torn him to pieces upon the spot, lunatic as he plainly was—for the scene had been too much for his own frenzied brain—had it not been for the military, and were only soothed by the promise that he should be confined for life, in his executioner's garb, as you beheld. Winter or summer, wet or fair, there will he remain, a victim in mind and body to his own ingratitude and lust for vengeance. The whole story is not without its moral as regards the punishment of evil-doers,' added the lieutenant drily; 'but nobody but a midshipman, I suppose, would have thought of asking for the narration of it in the house of one of the principal sufferers.'

BOWS AND ARROWS.

Englishmen needed not the authority of Napoleon III. to assure them that British archers constituted the best light infantry of their epoch; nevertheless, since the emperor has intimated this much in his treatise, *Sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie*, the testimony may be accepted as a guarantee that Britons do not overrate the prowess of their archers. The long-bow could only have been developed into a formidable weapon of war under the circumstance of two favouring conditions: a race of great physical force; and a government not afraid to permit the existence within it of an armed populace. Now-a-days, it is considered that, under the pressure of military necessities, a clod-hopper can be drilled—*metamorphosed*—by three months' training into a moderately efficient soldier. The fact is, that the act of shooting with fire-arms involves the exercise of but little physical force; and as regards the skill involved by small-arm practice, even rifle-shooting, which implies the highest development of that skill, can be acquired in a much shorter time than that necessary to make a proficient in the use of the long-bow. The old English archer only acquired his dexterity by commencing when a child. Bows and arrows were his sport and pastime, as balls and bats are of English children now.

Various English sovereigns had the sagacity to foster the practice of archery by every available means. Well, indeed, might they do so, considering the salutary dread in which the long-bow's cloth-yard shaft was held as a military weapon. Here attention may be drawn to a very significant fact. Archery, as a military system, could never have been developed as we find it under the circumstances of a mere standing army. If some medieval Enfield lock small-arms factory had turned out long-bows in the reign of Edward III.—bows all studiously made to one unvarying pattern, constructed of equal strength and equal length—English archers might have gone forth to battle, indeed, but they would have made sorry shooting. The bow in those days was a *lar*, a sort of household god; it was a pet weapon, accommodated after many a trial to the exact height and strength of the individual who had to use it. No modern sportsman, luxuriating in his eighty-guinea Lancaster double-barrelled rifle, could be more fastidious than was the old English archer in regard to his bow. Archery-practice, for many centuries, was prosecuted in England with a degree of assiduity only comparable to rifle-shooting amongst the modern Swiss and Tyrolese; and if a fat buck got pierced illicitly now and then, the offence was winked at, in consideration of the military advantages secured to England by the practice of archery.

In truth, however, the long-bow was a weapon not well adapted to sporting. It could lay no just claim to the accuracy of the arbalist, or cross-bow. The old English archer would have been laughed at, indeed, who should fail to hit a man 200 yards away; but he would have been held excused for missing a fat buck's head at that distance—the head then, as now, being the object of aim, lest the venison should receive injury. The long-bow, as the Emperor Napoleon III. aptly remarks, furnishes an illustration of the well-known mechanical axiom, that what is lost in power is gained in velocity. An archer could discharge no less than twelve arrows per minute, whereas an arbalister in the same time could only shoot three bolts. True, a bolt had greater penetrative force than an arrow for equal distances; but considering that an arrow, at 200 yards, could go quite through an oaken plank from an inch and a half to two inches thick, the penetration of it must generally have sufficed. The full complement of ammunition for British infantry at the present time is sixty rounds; the old English archer was less favoured in this respect, he being only able to carry twenty-four arrows. But the arbalister was still in a worse position; in consequence of the weight of his ammunition, he could only carry eighteen bolts. An archer's accoutrements were compact and handy; those of a cross-bowman cumbrous and straggling. The long-bow, vertically held, permitted archers to stand almost shoulder to shoulder; whereas the bow of the arbalist, mounted transversely, necessitated a loose order of marshalling, and, moreover, presented the serious inconvenience of necessitating exposure to adverse weather. Casing up a

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cross-bow was, owing to its shape, impossible; whereas a long-bow might be put under cover with no difficulty.

The long-bow may be considered a purely *English* weapon; that is to say, it only rose into eminence after the various conquering races which invaded this island had amalgamated into one people. Whether the Normans possessed the long-bow, on their arrival among us, is still a disputed point; certain it is, they habitually used the arbalist. The Saxons possessed a sort of long-bow, indeed, but it was an instrument of altogether insignificant power, by comparison with the tremendous weapon which achieved such conquests as Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.

There was another cause for the excellence of the English archers beside their physical strength. The middle and lower classes had acquired an importance, through their great charter, not participated in by any other contemporary people. It was the tendency of political institutions on the continent to restrict military service to the noblesse; whereas in England, Magna Charta elevated the middle and lower classes into a position of military equality with those socially above them. The right of general armament being conceded, it is easy to imagine causes for determining a predominance of the long-bow, as a weapon for the middle and lower classes. At once cheap and powerful, it necessitated neither horse nor armour. Freemen could grow adepts in its use, though that use could never be efficiently acquired by forced dependants.

The battle of Crecy affords the earliest noteworthy occasion of the power of British archery. The results of that celebrated encounter, though most disastrous to our enemies, did not fill them with that amount of respect for the long-bow which they afterwards acquired. The result of Poitiers, ten years later, opened their eyes. The inferiority of the arbalist to the long-bow was then fully recognised; so that, about the year 1394, the French lower classes were enjoined to supply themselves with the English weapon, and to practise archery. According to the testimony of Juvenal des Ursins, they succeeded so well in their new war-exercise, that they bade fair to excel their English rivals, which, we are coolly informed, stirred up the jealousy of the cavalier order, who beginning to fear the archers might grow too powerful for them, put down the bow-practice.

He who desires to make himself acquainted with what the long-bow could really accomplish, will do well to scan the records of that transition period when archers and musketeers were found acting in the same ranks. Naturally enough, each weapon had its partisans, and they recorded their opinions in language of no small energy. An impartial scrutiny of this branch of literature can hardly fail to beget the impression that the archers had the best of it. They could make ten or twelve shots to a musketeer's one, and even more, under favourable circumstances. Long-bows were light to carry, and arrows could not be 'blown up,' whereas the ancient musketeer staggered along under the weight of his firearm; and his ammunition was subject to explode with a facility which modern riflemen little dream of; for be it remembered, the ancient musketeer carried his gunpowder almost loose, in dangerous propinquity to a piece of smouldering rope's end, which served him for a match. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the now antiquated flint-lock was, in that epoch, entirely unknown. The fact appears tolerably well established, that, out of a given number of hits, musket-balls caused more *immediate* deaths than a corresponding number of hits from arrow-shots; but, on the other hand, arrow-shots were the more fatal. The rankling wounds caused by a barbed arrow-head were terrible. They would be considered terrible by military surgeons of the present day; how fatal must they have proved in the hands of medieval practitioners!

The greatest complaint advanced against the practice of musketry by advocates of the long-bow, was the lack of effect of musket-shots against cavalry horses. It was contended that, if a horse were killed outright by a musket-shot, well and good; but if not, that the animal took no immediate notice of the injury: it never became unmanageable, which was a great point lost. On the other hand, a barbed arrow, sticking in a horse's side, however insignificant the wound caused by it, drove the animal frantic. For the horseman to remain seated was impossible—off he must come. Doubtless this statement is not overdrawn. History collaterally substantiates it. Whenever foreign chivalry had to encounter British archers for the second time, they invariably dismounted, and did battle on foot. The necessity of doing so was taught the French at Crecy, so that ten years subsequently, at Poitiers, the French cavaliers, sorely against their will (for they thought there was a loss of dignity in the matter), offered battle for the most part on foot. Three hundred men-of-arms, however, remained in the saddle, so that they might be in readiness to fall upon the broken English archers. Their services were not required, as it turned out; and for the rest, horses and riders were almost annihilated by English cloth-yard shafts. In all the battles at about this period wherein the English were concerned, the archers were of greater avail than all the chivalry. On some occasions, the latter shewed some little jealousy at the secondary part they were made to play in the field of battle; but as surely as they tried to place archers in the background, so surely did a reverse happen to vindicate the archers. For example, in 1421, the battle of Baugé was fought; although, as we were beaten on that occasion, one does not hear much about it. The defeat was mainly attributable to the cavaliers having taken it into their heads to begin the battle without any aid from the archers.

The real shortcomings of the long-bow had no reference to its capacity as a projectile, but to the difficulty experienced by archers in defending themselves when their arrows were exhausted. Archers were excellent light infantry—nothing more. Pikemen had to be mingled with them in certain proportions, one-third being about the usual complement. During the reign of Charles I., an attempt was made to combine the pike with the bow in a compound weapon, as the musket and bayonet are used in combination now, a spear-head having been attached to one extremity of the bow. Whether the adoption might have got into vogue at an earlier epoch, is questionable; but firearms having arrived, by the time of Charles I., at a certain development, the scheme of *pike-bow* never came into use. The mere proposition of attaching a spear-head to a bow shews expressively enough how stiff and powerful an English war-bow must have been. The musket, from the first, readily lent itself to the double application of a projectile weapon and a pike. Musketeers were, about 1671, furnished with daggers fitting into the muzzle, thus suggesting the present bayonet. This weapon, in its modern form, was first employed by Marshal Catinat in 1693 at the battle of Marsaglia, on which occasion the slaughter was immense. Notwithstanding this success, it was not until two other great victories had been achieved by bayonets—namely, the battle of Spires in 1703, and that of Calcinato in 1705—that they were adopted by other nations.

As soon as the bayonet was modernised and rendered handy, the pike, of course, went out. It was abolished by royal ordinance in France in 1703, with the sanction of Marshal Vauban. There is no fighting civilised nation which does not lay claim to the bayonet as its own peculiar weapon. Let not the bold Briton solace himself with the belief that he is

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par excellence a bayonetist. It was the pet arm of Souvaroff, who highly eulogised it; and the French of late have added still further terrors to the bayonet by making it cut as well as thrust. Something has been said of late about bayonets, when fixed, helping to deflect a ball and damage shooting, but, in reality, they do nothing of the kind.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A SERIOUS PIRATE.

HAVING thus achieved his main object, Marsden purchased another horse and cart at a reasonable rate in Melbourne, and lading them with his various purchases, retraced his steps with an exulting heart towards Marycross. Nor must we judge the young man too harshly for his want of penitence for the wrong he had done to the purchaser of his black mare. No man that has had much to do with horse-flesh is a moralist; and, moreover, Robert Marsden's principles were of that not uncommon sort which are dependent almost entirely upon circumstances. With two thousand a year, and a house in the country, his honesty would have remained irreproachable; but being poor, he was little better than one of the wicked. His conscience had peeled off with every shock of Fortune—not being protected by any effective moral buffer whatever—until there was but a very thin coating left of it indeed. It was essentially a conscience for fair weather; and the outside gloss of 'social position' being removed, the delicate fabric went to pieces with great rapidity. There was, however, no palliation for his chuckling as he did over his successful roguery, as he drove along. It whimsically occurred to him, that whatever might be said against the mare, must needs be exaggerated; for he knew, and none better, that with all her faults, *she was not so black as she was painted*, and this doubtful *jeu d'esprit* afforded him fits of merriment. With money in his pocket, and with money making in the building concern, and with having thoroughly outwitted a horse-dealer—with all things having worked, and working, well in short—why should not Mr Robert Marsden have been hilarious? Alas, alas! Fate has the grimmest reasons of her own no mortal can fathom! Nemesis was awaiting the poor young fellow as he drove along with the smile upon his lips, and the blithe twinkle in his eye, evoked by the coming recital of his tricks to his appreciatory partner. Into what Limbo such never-fledged anticipations drop, we know not, but there has been certainly an enormous brood of them since credulous Eve ate of the apple, which might have grown by the Dead Sea for any good to be got from it. When Marsden got to Marycross late on the second evening, and after his fortnight's absence, there was no Miles Ripon to whom to tell his story, and no roof-tree to tell it under. Friend and home were alike departed, for poor Miles had been murdered and buried, and the house that had sheltered him was but a heap of cold wood-ashes. Marsden pulled up his new purchase upon her haunches, and surveyed the desolate scene with such a passion flaming in his heart as dried up, perhaps, certain springs of good in it for ever. Six months ago, he would have mourned the untimely fate of an only friend, and over the havoc which had been wrought upon what had been, upon the whole, a pleasant home; he would have 'set the law in motion,' and placed the affair in the hands of the best detective; but now, and in Marycross, he released his jaded steed, and tied her to the nearest tree, looked carefully to the caps of his revolver, and took his way to the American quarter of the Diggers' camp. The moon shone brightly upon the half-dozen huts which formed the Yankee settlement, but there was no sign of life to be seen in any one of the first five; they presented the appearance of having been suddenly quitted by their inhabitants, but whether voluntarily or upon compulsion, it was impossible to tell; if the former, their absence would be only temporary, since cooking-vessels, and even uncooked food, lay about the floors and on the simple shelves. The sixth hut was similarly deserted by the living, but the shadow of a dead man suspended from a neighbouring tree fell across the lintel. When he had walked up to this ghastly figure and satisfied himself that it was indeed that of Mithridates Pontus Chips, Marsden drew the first full breath that he had drawn since he had become aware of the foul wrong that had been done to him and his.

'I knew you would come here,' said a low husky voice beside him, which his ears at once recognised as Old Simon's. 'I have waited here every night since it was done. They said you would surely come to the store and ask first, but I knew you better. I stood by the poor young fellow until they knocked me down with a pistol-but, but what was an old man like me against so many? It was at night—the second night after you left—when the murdering thieves set on him, and we could get no help. I had shut up my store, and was at your house when it happened—for happen I knew it would—but we could get no one else to watch with us. They wanted *you*, they said, and since they could not find you, they shot poor Miles. He told Chips to his face that you would come back soon, and follow him as sure as death; and after the coward shot him, he would have fled the place for fear of you; I raised the Station on him, however, and we Lynched him as you see. He died there whining and howling like a dog.'

'And the others?' inquired Marsden sternly. 'Where are the rest?'

'They are hundreds of miles away by this time, beggars and outcasts; henceforth, no diggings are safe for them to dwell in, and we did not suffer them to take so much as a pannikin away with them. All that is here is yours—it was voted so—materials for a better hut than that which has been burnt; but I would persuade you, if I could, to dwell henceforth under my roof. All your goods, or nearly all, had been removed thither in safety. I got Ripon to let me have them in keeping the very day you left. Cheer up, my friend, cheer up, for you are young, and may do well yet.'

'Not here,' replied Marsden with a groan; 'not at Marycross, by the grave of my murdered friend—for he was my friend, and faithful and true to *me*. He has been avenged in part, and that was the sole work that could have delayed me in this accursed spot. I am sorry to part with you, old man; I thank you kindly for what you have done, and what you have striven to do, and I will stay with you a day or two before I go, and while I make my final arrangements, if you are really so disposed. Pah!—let us leave this Carrion. How wretched is it that things so contemptible can do us so much evil!'

'Ay, sir,' said Old Simon, as they walked together slowly towards the store; 'but we must remember that there is another side to that matter. The mouse sometimes assists the lion. The decayed, decrepit old man often supplies to youth the means of living in happiness and comfort. You would not guess, I reckon, that it is in my power, now, to place you, in

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all human probability, above the reach of Fortune's malice.'

'You have got some poison in your store, old man, I reckon,' replied Marsden bitterly.

'I have a secret, lad, to possess which most men of your age, ay, and some of mine, would hazard life and barter limb. I swear to you that I know where more than one hundred thousand pounds is to be had for the digging away of a few feet of river-sand; not in Australian nuggets, but in good coined gold of the Spanish empire.'

'Can you tell me, by the by, what moneys I have expended on your account since I was in Melbourne?' answered Marsden quietly; 'for I have had the misfortune to lose the memorandum.'

'I can,' replied the old man calmly, and evincing no astonishment at so abrupt a question; 'and I will.' And with that he went through the commissions with which he had intrusted Marsden, with the correctness of one who has the invoice in his hands. 'I know,' said he, when he had finished, 'why you have demanded this of me; and I hope I have convinced you that Old Simon at least keeps his wits.'

'You have,' said Marsden gravely, 'and I believe you therefore; for I do not think you would lie to me. Do you mean to tell me more of this hidden treasure?'

'I will tell you this night, lad, this very night, for my time is getting short for telling of anything, and it has been upon my tongue to reveal it to you again and again. But for me this bloodshed would not have happened, and I owe you such reparation as lies in my power.'

They had reached the entrance of the store by this time, and Marsden was stepping in, when a curious proceeding of the old man drew his attention, and almost reproduced a suspicion of his want of sanity. Old Simon heaved up with some difficulty a huge flat stone which always lay at the door of the log-hut, poised it for a few minutes over his head, and then let it fall to the earth with a heavy thud.

'I came to this place at threescore-and-ten,' said he, observing the young man's look of wonder, 'when most men are thinking of their graves, and every evening, for eleven years, have I lifted up that stone to see how my strength decays. I had an especial reason in doing so this night, and have an especial pleasure in feeling that some strength yet remains to me.' Old Simon locked the door behind them, and producing two strange-shaped pipes, some rare tobacco, and some excellent Hollands, observed, in apology for the moonlight, that neither fire nor candle could shew whether a tale was true or not, and that for his part he preferred to spin a yarn in the dark.

The listening to him through the dead silence of that night, only broken by the hoarse voice of the ancient gray-beard, telling of things that happened before the young man's birth, but when the narrator himself had been even then a middle-aged man, seemed to his auditor to be like listening to the voice of Time itself. There were long pauses when Old Simon's breath grew short, or when, as it seemed, he was rejecting such experiences of his life as did not bear upon his present subject, and nothing was heard sometimes for minutes saving the puffing at the antique pipes with carven heads; but whether it was that the theory of Mr Onslow Bateman concerning tobacco did really hold good, or whether the listener's personal interest in the subject was too great for weariness, certain it is the morning sun shone in upon the pair without exhibiting a trace of fatigue in either of them.

'It is unnecessary to commence three generations back,' began Old Simon, 'and to tell you what I was at your age, or what I did; to me, such a retrospect would not be pleasing, and to you, who only see what I now am, it would be as though I talked of some third person with whom you had naught to do. Enough to say that I was a British seaman, who served with Nelson—"our Nelly," as we used to call him—in more than one engagement, but with whom the discipline of a man-of-war did not for long agree. I was a mutineer and a deserter. I was a privateersman, and then I was a pirate. I joined the famous Captain Mitchell in the Spanish Main, of whom, even at this distance of time, you must have heard—a man who fought under Carthagenian colours in the war against Spain, but who had always his black flag on board, with the death's-head and cross-bones, nevertheless. It was a wicked, cruel life we led, but it was a stirring one; one to which the risks and dangers of these Diggings are no more to be compared than is a puff of south wind to a tornado. I never thought of being sorry for anything then, nor of any duty save that to myself and to my captain; but when all one's companions are dead—half of them swinging still, too, in iron chains—one can't help thinking differently. Jack Bryde, Jefferson, and I, were, with the exception of Mitchell himself, the greatest dare-devils, if not the worst, of all our crew. That drew us four together perhaps, for companionships are often forged of very queer metal. Our station was in the Caribbean Sea and off the mouth of the Magdalena River, when news came to the captain, by a certain hand, of a vast booty that might be gotten by a few determined fellows such as we were, and he confided it to us. Less than four could not possibly have managed the matter; more than four would have seriously diminished the shares of the plunder, for every able-bodied man amongst us had an equal profit, whether he was on the quarter-deck or before the mast, and therein lay the great charm in the life of a bucanier. The captain might shoot you down like a dog, and would do so if you disobeyed him in action, or so much as muttered at his commands while at sea; but we all had a voice in the sailing orders—as to where we should watch for prizes, and when we should go into port—and were all equal, one with another, except on rare occasions. We four, then, were to make this expedition, unknown to and independently of the ship's company, and to take the risks and profits on our own heads. The great news consisted in this: that the people in the interior, becoming alarmed at the disturbed state of the country, were sending away their gold home to Spain; and in particular, that a large treasure was coming down the Magdalena in canoes the ensuing night from Santa Fé de Bogotá, to be shipped on board of a Spanish man-of-war which would be waiting for it at the river-mouth.

That same evening, therefore, we took one of the ship's boats, and, armed to the teeth, sailed up ten miles or so, and there waited all next day, in hiding, upon the right bank of the river. It would have seemed a wild eerie place enough, I daresay, if the errand we had come upon had been less important and risky, and we could have thought about anything else. The banks of the river were pierced by long winding creeks, which ran into swampy lagoons, with low black islands in them, which were, however, nothing but vast masses of water-fowl, which would rise with clangour and flutter as we approached, and then settle again at a little distance on. Hundreds of pelicans, gaunt sentries of all this watery wilderness, fished on by the river-side as we went by, as though they knew our business had nothing to do with theirs; and alligators in swarms swam lazily about our boat, or lay like dirty logs under the roots of the few mango-trees by the creek-sides. Above the creeks, the luxuriant vegetation sometimes formed a complete arch, and it did so in our hiding-place; but except the mango-trees, there was no tree in sight save one—a tamarind-tree close by upon our left. You must remember well that tamarind, lad, for it has golden roots! Presently, from our place of concealment, we saw one of the large canoes of the country coming slowly down-stream, from the direction of Santa Fé. These are about fifty feet long and five wide, and are

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generally manned by some half-dozen natives. There were six on board of this one, beside a Spanish commander, or Padrone, in charge of the treasure. About twenty feet of the centre of the canoe was covered over with a framework of poles, and thatched with mats, but the Boxes in search of which we had come were placed on the open deck. At sight of these, we looked to the priming of our pistols, loosened our cutlasses in their sheaths, pulled swiftly out of cover upon the doomed canoe, and boarded her like incarnate fiends. Mitchell shot down the Spaniard, I myself killed two of the poor natives, and the other four wretched creatures took to the water, and were picked off by our guns as soon as they shewed their heads. In ten minutes we had murdered seven of our fellow-creatures—not in cold blood, indeed, but in blood madly heated with the passionate desire for gold; and with all that sin laid upon our souls, despite that blood-watering, our work was fated after all to bear—at least for us—no fruit whatever. The canoe was scarcely ours, and had drifted but a little way down the stream, when we heard the measured stroke of a man-of-war's launch coming up the river. We knew at once that it came from the Spanish vessel, and had been sent to meet that very boat we had just captured. We turned the head of the unwieldy craft as fast as we could, and lowering the sail, lest it should attract their eyes, even in that dim moonlight, we put out the long sweeps, and pulled away as fast as we could, with our little boat in tow, into the sheltering creek. Through the leafy canopy we watched the great launch go by, so near that we could even hear the disappointment expressed at the weary distance the rowers had to pull to meet the treasure, and their curses upon the sluggish boatmen, who were lying dead in the stream beneath them while they spoke.

As soon as she had gone by, we carried the gold to land with a great deal of difficulty; it was in eight enormous boxes, each weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, made of thick planks of cedar, and bound with green hide. We had little time to lose, but we could not forbear from bursting one of these open with our cutlasses, and laying bare its precious contents. We found it full of Spanish gold doubloons, with their edges packed so closely together that Jefferson had to prise one out with his clasp-knife in order to loosen the row. To have carried any quantity of it away in our then circumstances would have been madness, but each of us took a handful of the coin and filled our pockets with it. Then we dug a vast hole in the light sand with our oar-blades, and buried the whole of the treasure beneath the tamarind-tree. That was more than a score of years ago, lad; but, to the best of my belief, that money has never since been fingered by mortal hand. We scuttled the canoe, and sank her, and rowed out cautiously to the mouth of the river in our own boat. Our thoughts, in spite of our great danger, were all running upon the mighty fortune each one had obtained for himself, and upon what each would do with it. I remember *my* notion was, that I would be no more a pirate, but would make my last home in peaceful Devonshire—where my first had been—and within hearing of those old cathedral chimes. Only when Jack Bryde spoke of what he would do at Carthagena, and all the vice and folly he meant to plunge in, I said that I would join him, for one, for my good intentions were so extremely new that I was ashamed of them.

'All of a sudden, as we neared the river-mouth, where the sea breaks into huge rollers, and vast logs and pieces of wood are thrown up by it momently, all along that coast-line, Mitchell made us pause, and bade us each swear that none would venture back to the treasure unless in company with the others, as well as call down curses upon ourselves if any such thought was harbouring in our breasts. At this, Jefferson began to blaspheme like a madman, saying that he was not one who would ever play false with his friends, and that might he die if he had ever meant otherwise. And it was strange enough that, in the midst of this, he fell down in the bottom of the boat, as if with a sun-stroke, although it was near midnight, and presently yelled so, that we were afraid his cries would attract the attention of the Spanish watch on board the vessel round which we had to creep before we could approach our own. He was dead, poor fellow—the first of the four to go—within five hours after we were on board, of yellow fever, and did not enjoy his golden secret long. After that, we had seven days of the most dreadful storm that I ever remember; we lay-to for all that time with the smallest possible amount of canvas, and with the helm lashed. Not only were the windows of Heaven opened as though for a second Deluge—and there could certainly have been no wickeder folks in the first world than were our ship's company—but, for minutes, the whole sky was fenced off into black patches of cloud by zigzag hedges of lightning, like great fiery snakes diving into the sea, which in their course downward sent up lesser snakes from every fork of them. Sometimes on the tops of the masts and down the stays, small balls of the same electric fire were to be seen, which with the lightning would so illuminate space that for a second or two every rope and spar could be seen; after which the darkness could be felt again oppressive as a weight.

'I am no coward now, lad, and certainly had steady nerves at the time I speak of, but I was fairly scared. It seemed to me as though a curse had fallen upon us through butchering the crew of that canoe; and every night I dreamed of it, and seemed to have one of those cedar-boxes, bound with green hide, lying on my heart. I told Mitchell of it, who cursed me for a lily-livered fool, and bade me calculate what eight boxes of gold, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds or so, would come to in London at fifty sovereigns the pound. A hundred thousand pounds is a great sum, it is true, but it cannot bring content, I reckon, nor even purchase a man sleep o' nights. If I had had it and spent it, I could not have felt more regretful about that money, although, indeed, it was fair enough booty, since we were at open war with the Dons. We got safe out of the storm, but it was only to fall into Spanish hands, near St Thomas, where Captain Mitchell and seven of our men, who were recognised as notorious pirates, were hung. I saw their bones hanging there months afterwards, and heard them dancing in the wind in their iron fetters. There are no bucaniers or pirates in those parts now, I am told; and it is likely that I am the very last of that evil race. Jack Bryde and I were prisoners like the rest, and being taken to the mainland, were carried about the country with the troops for six months and more, always in company. At last we made our escape together in a small boat, and put to sea, when the brig *Fortune*, of St Johns, New Brunswick, picked us up, and brought us to that port in safety. There we got our living for a very long time how we could; I for my part happier than I had been for many a day, only Bryde was always harping upon the buried treasure by the Magdalena River, and urging me to go with him and dig it up. At last, more to please him than because I had any great desire for it myself, I agreed to take advantage with him of a vessel about to sail for Jamaica, from which island an opportunity would probably occur of our getting to Carthagena or Santa Martha. Jack Bryde was in great spirits that I had given my consent to this, although unwillingly; and upon the eve of the ship's sailing drank pretty hard, and came down to Reid's Point—where we were to embark—very light-headed. When I got there, I remembered that I had left my tobacco behind; and as there was still time enough, I went back for it, and was away about an hour. On my return, I met

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some sailors carrying out something from the vessel, whose sails were just beginning to be spread. This was the dead body of my poor mate, Jack Bryde, who had fallen over the side of the vessel, and struck his head against the boat alongside. Then I feared that this was the judgment of God upon us still, and that I must needs be the one to suffer next. Instead, then, of going by that ship, I took passage in an Australian bark, and landed in the New World, there to live, I hoped, a new life and a better one to the end of my days. Until I saw you, I never wished to enrich any one with this secret, and far less to enrich myself. I have seen no less evil come of much money since I have been here, than when I was on the Spanish Main. You, however, are different from most men; you will know what to do with a sum like this: it will reinstate you, perhaps, in a regretted and lost position. I see that I read your hopes aright, lad. Well, did I not tell you that what seems but a weak helpless creature can sometimes do a strong man good service? It is almost always worth one's while to do a kindness; and you see what you have done for me already bears at least some promise.'

'A hundred thousand pounds!' muttered Robert Marsden; 'that is a fortune indeed!'

'Ay, my good lad, and all to be got by digging away a little sand under a certain tamarind-tree on the Magdalena River.'

'And how shall I find the tamarind-tree?' inquired the young man gravely.

'I have still some little strength, as I said, lad; and sooner than money which might do so much good should be lost for ever, I will even go with you myself,' answered Old Simon.

A PEEP AT THE MINING DISTRICTS.

We have in our mind's eye, as we write, a grimy hole in the side of a hill, dotted with stunted oak, hazel-bushes, and bramble. It is not a large hole—not by any means large enough to admit of a man entering it upright. Out of it oozes a dirty, red-brown fluid, which mingles with, and moistens and soaks the black smudge around and in front, and flows down over the adjoining turnpike, to the horror of the pedestrian, a stream of liquid coal-dust. Rank leaves grow in its neighbourhood, and the atmosphere is raw and unhealthy. The impartial sun himself seems to shun the place; and if ever, by any chance, he directs his radiant glance on it, it is but to withdraw it again in a moment in disgust. Altogether, one shrinks from it, and turns away from it; yet over these rank leaves, through that black puddle into that grimy hole, many men pass day by day—men who would have been tall, straight-limbed, shapely men, but who, from the necessity they are under of entering that hole, are bent, bandy-legged, misshapen beings. Children of ten and twelve years of age follow into that dark hole every morning; weird-looking, stunted creatures they are, already bowed down by their unsuitable labour, as men are bowed down by old age.

That hole is the entrance to a West Riding of Yorkshire coal-pit, that extends horizontally into the hill; and if we stand by a short time, we shall see these children—little old men, they look—emerge black and soaking wet as the surroundings of the pit, each pushing before him a loaded wagon, not large, but too heavy for his child-strength, which he no sooner empties on one side, than he splashes back through the mud into that confined aperture, to enter which, even he has to bow his head. Poor child, he ought to have been at school; but here he must work eight or ten hours per day in his wet dirty clothing, and feast off an indigestible 'pasty,' composed of unsweetened bramble-berries or sour apples, or off fat bacon and sodden bread, with a drink of muddy 'home-brewed' to swill it down. His grown-up companions dine off similar fare. What he now is, they were; what they are, he shall become. Now, he stoops to push his 'hurly' to the mouth of the pit, where he gets just a glimpse of the sky during his working-hours; in a short time, he shall grovel on his belly or his back, or crouch on his knees, to pick the mineral for other children to wheel away, without a solitary peep at the empyrean from the time he enters until he comes out—that is to say, if he be not killed by an explosion, or a falling of the roof, or other accident common to coal-mines, before he reaches the years of manhood. This is by no means improbable, as a few figures from a parliamentary return will demonstrate clearly enough. In Yorkshire alone, between March 1856 and November 1858, no less than 219 lives were sacrificed by casualties in coal-mines, and this number does not include fatal accidents in which only one life was lost in each case. We may, therefore, presume to add twenty more lives to the number of fatalities, which would give a total of 239 lives lost in one coal district of England, in a period of not more than two years and eight months.

According to the doctrine of compensation, the miner should have something in return for this hard, dirty, disagreeable work and danger. Has he really so? Let us see.

All that can be said of the miner's home is, that it is not quite so uncomfortable, unhealthy, dirty, and dangerous as the coal-pit. On the side of the valley opposite the coal-pit, of the entrance to which we have attempted to give an idea, stands a mining village. The road from the pits to it was first down the muddiest of lanes; then down a footpath through the fields, whose native clay, mingled with coal-slack, stuck to the feet like snow-balls; then over a dirty red-brown stream, by means of slimy, red-brown stones, up more clay field-paths laid with slack equally sticky; and, finally, up some slippery stone steps, worn and broken by the miners' long use of them as scrapers to take the more salient 'muck,' as they term it, from their shoes. Once at the top of the steps, you are in the centre of the village. Parallel to the stairs we have ascended, others descend to a public well; the landing-place, as it may be called, is therefore about as agreeable to the wearers of shiny boots as the path through the fields. To the right, in a sort of angle formed by the meeting of two roads, stands a beer-house, with dirty-green outside shutters thrown back to the wall, and a dirty-green door three-quarters open. The pipe-clayed sanded passage is soiled with the marks of colliers' dirty feet, and the beech-table, seen through the half-open window, is studded with the bottom marks of pint-pots. It isn't by any means a pleasant-looking retreat; but it is better than the collier's home, and this fact, together with his love of drink and company, makes him a pretty frequent visitor. To the left is the store where the miners obtain their necessaries, generally on 'tick,' from pay-day to pay-day, their improvidence preventing most of them from ever being a week beforehand with their wants. At one side of the door, stands an open bag of flour and a box of candles; at the other, a calico-print and a cotton-handkerchief overhang a sack of potatoes and a half-keg of butter, set on an empty sugar-barrel. Conspicuous in one window is a parcel of split-pease, some uncleansed currants, and a few pair of woollen stockings; in the other, a sample of coarse tea jostles some sandy-looking sugar, which, in its turn, infringes upon a roll of fat bacon. These

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are the principal edifices in the village. The colliers' houses are small and low, with an air of squalor and a feeling of damp about them. The flags that pave the floors are in a dilapidated condition. The chairs are equally so, and are tossed down anywhere, without the slightest regard to order; and one of them bears unmistakable evidence that it was recently used as a baking-board. A lot of unwashed crockery stands on a greasy table, and a few cakes of sour 'snapping-rattle' hang over some strings stretched between the joists. A turn-up bed, painted to resemble maple, stands on one side of the room; opposite to it, a chest of mahogany-coloured drawers; and in a corner, a paintless, headless cradle, suspended above which is a wheezy German clock. As a general rule, there is no book or periodical to be seen. The houses are of course badly drained. Outside, in front, is an almost stagnant sewer, throwing off its malaria; and at the back there is a pigsty nuisance. No wonder that fevers now and again decimate these ignorant, hard-worked, improperly fed, badly housed people. This is no fancy picture; neither is it a description of things that once were, and now have no existence. It is a truthful portraiture of what exists to-day.

The poor collier children who are born in these unpromising places are unusually smart. A Wesleyan minister, unacquainted with the district, asked one of these urchins, who was returning from his labour in the mine, if he could tell him the way to a certain place, which we may call Oldmill. 'Ay,' he said, ''am beawn there mesen (I am going there myself).' The clergyman then entered into conversation with his guide, in the course of which he asked him what he did for a livelihood. The boy told him; and in return inquired what he did for a living. 'Oh, my little lad,' replied the minister, 'I shew people the way to heaven.' 'Well, aw never heerd o' sich a thing,' said the boy in astonishment; 'heaw can yo' shew fowk that far road, and thee doesn't knaw the way to Oldmill?'

The last annual report of Mr Tremenheere, the commissioner appointed, under parliamentary sanction, to inquire into the condition of the mining population, shews, however, that education and cleanliness are slowly creeping into some mining districts. Educational prize-schemes have been established in many places, with a view to stimulate miners to send their children to school, and the children to learn when they are there; but these are not taken advantage of to such an extent as is desirable, and might have been expected. The great bulk of the children are removed from school before they have been sufficiently grounded in elementary knowledge. Mr Tremenheere is of opinion, and in this he is supported by persons of influence in the colliery districts, that nothing but a legislative enactment will insure a fair measure of education for the children of miners; though educational means have been afforded to, and in some degree made use of by, men at present employed in the capacity of foremen. There can be no doubt that, with properly educated and qualified overmen, viewers, &c., the casualties in coal-mines would speedily decrease.

It may be an incentive to collier-boys to mention, that there is an excellent prospect for those who distinguish themselves at school. Educated men are much in demand at all collieries. One of the gentlemen connected with the very extensive works of the Messrs Baird of Gartsherrie (who have shewn great anxiety to improve the condition of their workmen) said to Mr Tremenheere: 'We have always acted on the principle of drawing from our schools when we want to fill up vacancies of trust connected with our works. Of such we have about 50, the salaries attached to which are from L.70 to L.150 a year, and some higher; and there are frequent changes, many being drafted off to other works, on promotion, as it were. The other day we wanted one, on a vacancy occurring, but no youth was found sufficiently qualified, although mathematical and other useful instruction is offered at our schools, and several boys are in the classes where these branches are taught. They, however, frequently leave school before they have sufficiently qualified themselves, although their parents could well afford to keep them there longer. We have a direct inducement to look out for well-qualified lads for those situations of trust, and *merit and ability cannot escape us.*' The manager of the numerous large pits of Messrs Merry and Cunningham says: 'In Ayrshire alone we have forty pits. We want one underground foreman, who must be a man of superior knowledge, and an overman on an average for each pit; in some pits we have two. We have great difficulty in getting such men; we have to pick them out among the common colliers. There is no class of men worse to get than a good underground man, or overman.' Mr Galloway of the Barleith and Dollar collieries says, that out of fifty applications for an underground foreman, of which he was recently in want, only three were worthy of a moment's consideration.

And yet, in face of such facts, the majority of parents are selfish enough to sacrifice their children's future prospects rather than forego the trifling produce of their ten-year-old labour. The present looms so largely in the eyes of these people, that it entirely hides the future; and their children grow up to be nothing more than common miners, when, with two years' more schooling, and a little after-application, they might have risen to be managers with an excellent salary, and much lighter labour.

Girls' schools have also been established in some of the mining districts. In addition to the usual elementary instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c., special prizes are given by the committee of the Birmingham Association, 'for sewing a shirt-sleeve, 7 inches long, 8 inches wide, with a gusset 3 inches square, and a piece for the wristband, 5 inches wide and 3 inches deep; the material to be white calico of 6d. a yard, well scalded. For running with darning-cotton the heel of a woman's stocking at the price of 8d. a pair. For knitting the heel of a worsted sock. For darning linen; for patching linen. For the best examination in Tegetmeier's *Manual of Domestic Economy.*' At Gartsherrie, a school has been established during the present year 'to train young females in the art of housekeeping, at least so far as this consists in the proper selection and careful cooking of food, in the washing, dressing, and mending of clothes, and thorough cleanliness.' We augur much good from these efforts to instruct those who are to be the future wives and mothers of colliers. Many a man is now driven to the public-house by the untidiness and general incapacity of his wife. By her want of management, his earnings are needlessly and foolishly squandered. Discomfort, debt, and the overwork of children are the consequences; whereas, had she been intelligently thrifty, they might have lived in comfort, put aside occasionally a little money for a 'rainy day,' and have been under no necessity of withdrawing their children so early from school.

In connection with the training institution for girls at Gartsherrie, is a boarding-house for unmarried men. It is under the charge of a matron; and Mr Tremenheere describes it as scrupulously clean and comfortable in all parts, the bedrooms and bedding especially presenting a striking contrast to those of ordinary lodging-houses. There is a washing and bath room, in which a warm bath can be had at any time; and there are conveniences for drying wet clothes. 'The charge for all this is 3d. per night, or 18d. per week. Nevertheless, it is almost sufficient to make the establishment self-supporting. For food and washing, as well as lodging, the highest charge is 10s. a week, for which the meals are: breakfast—coffee, bread and butter, ham and eggs; dinner—broth,

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beef or mutton, and potatoes and bread; supper—tea, bread and butter, and cheese. The lowest at present is 8s. 6d., the difference in the diet being porridge and milk for breakfast and supper; and if any lodger prefer a less expensive dinner, he can have it.' Arrangement is also made for supplying dinners to any of the work-people, not inmates, who may desire them.

Many improvements, we are glad to learn from this report, are being made in the house-accommodation for miners in certain districts, particularly in Scotland. Attention is being paid to drainage; the houses are being built more commodiously, and on plans that take decency into account; and it is satisfactory to know that 'experience has shewn that by a judicious outlay, excellent accommodation can be provided for labouring-men and their families at a rate which affords a satisfactory return upon the capital.' The fever, which proves so fatal in many mining villages, being, as Dr Simon expresses it, 'essentially a disease of filth,' we may expect, as a result of these better houses, a decrease in the rate of mortality.

At Gartsherrie and Eglinton, the houses of the employés of the Messrs Baird have gardens attached, which the colliers now take a pride in keeping neat, though, when the gardens were at first introduced, some of them were allowed to lie neglected. 'The gardens,' says Mr Tremenheere, 'attached to the rows of colliers' houses of the Barleith and Dollar collieries (Mr John Galloway's), the Annandale (Mr Finnie's), and the Caprington (Mr Cunningham Smith's), in Ayrshire, can scarcely be exceeded in neatness and the mode of cultivation. At the former, a narrow bed on each side the door afforded room for roses, carnations, &c., to ornament the front of each cottage. The roadway was underdrained, and kept quite clean. Each garden, corresponding in width to the front of the cottage, was enclosed, and each had its small grass-plot. At the bottom of the garden, and consequently well removed from the house, was the ash-pit, and every proper convenience. Premiums of L.1, 10s., and 5s., are offered for the best kept cottages and gardens; and a card, with an ornamental design printed in colours, is given with each, and is much valued by those who gain it. It is framed, and hung up in their cottages. At Annandale, also, there were flowers in profusion all along the front of each house. The plots in front of the houses at Caprington were laid out with as much taste as could be seen in any gentleman's grounds; they are neatly bordered with box, and the paths made of a light-coloured material from some adjoining lime-works. The flowers were very various in kind, and in great perfection. 'The emulation among themselves rendered an offer of prizes unnecessary. The refining influence of a taste of this kind, and the counteraction it affords against debasing enjoyments, are obviously as much within the reach of the colliery population as of any other, wherever duly encouraged by their masters.'

There is evidently a desire on the part of the masters generally to treat their men in a much more rational way than was customary a few years ago, and on the side of the men there is a growing disposition to regard the masters less as tyrants than they formerly did. They are both beginning to see that their interests are identical, not antagonistic; that what is ill for the master, is not good for the man; and *vice versâ*. There are still, however, causes of dissension on both sides. The men have still to complain of the 'truck' and 'butty' systems, and the masters of combinations and strikes. To get rid of these grievances, the men must distrust those stump-orators whose gain is their misery, and masters must not rely so much on the reports of their agents. As far as possible, all grievances on either side should be stated personally, for the more frequent the personal intercourse, the less likelihood of misunderstanding.

THE END OF IT ALL.

The night is over—open wide the shutter;
The night is over, and the dismal rain;
Only the wild winds sob, and wail, and mutter
Like mighty spirits tired out with pain.
The storm is over; I lie still and wait
For an old friend I have not seen of late.

The dreary, dreary years since our last meeting—
The long, dark shadows of remembered things,
Thank God, those phantoms of the past are fleeting
Before the sweep of the Death-angel's wings;
So I can lie in peace, with failing breath,
And calmly wait till you approach—or Death!

'Twas very dreary when, of all forsaken,
You left me trembling in the cold alone;
But Death was kinder far, and he has taken
The hand you dropped so coldly from your own,
And leads me—closing my world-wearied eyes—
To his still shore, which hath no memories.

What will it matter, when we meet in heaven?
We shall not hear Life's angry billows roar;
This little bark, too rudely tempest-driven,
Casts anchor sooner where the storms are o'er.
E'en now, those waves have left on Memory's shore
Meek thoughts, like pearl-shells scattered, nothing more.

And, oh, forgive her, as I have forgiven,
Who came between us with her cruel art!
It will not matter, when we meet in heaven,
That our brief lives on earth were spent apart.
And then to love—and know that love is vain—
What wonder she was mad with rage and pain!

Methinks I should know something of that sorrow,
Burning like fire on the heart and brain.
I, too, with trembling hand, have sought to borrow
Mirth's blushing roses for a brow of pain,
Though all these dreary years the world's cold eye
Has never read my secret—but I die.

But, ah! my dear old friend, 'tis almost over,
The long, long struggle between pride and pain,
And neither slandering foe nor doubting lover
Has power to grieve me any more again:
For God's great angel having touched mine eyes,
I read the meaning of those tears and sighs.

We shall not meet; my latest hours are flying;
Ere sets yon sun upon the darkened land,
Yet will I clasp one flower close in dying,
That you may take it from my cold, still hand,
And keep it as a sign of wrong forgiven,
And a mute pledge that we shall meet in heaven.

Nay, not of wrong forgiven, but as a token
From a true heart that loved you to the last,
Whose faith, though sorely tried, was never broken;
So you may, turning from that dreary past,
Look onward, with a firm untroubled brow,
To the fair land where I am hasting now.

M. L. P.

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ADOPTED IN ANDAMAN.

SOME persons are born to be discoverers, and others have discoveries thrust upon them whether they will or no. Captain Cook was of the former class, and sepoy convict No. 276, otherwise Doodnath Tewarry, is of the latter. He has had an experience enjoyed by no man living—save the aborigines themselves—of becoming acquainted with Andaman society, and we propose, without his permission, to make that experience public. The Andaman Islands—as that not very large segment of the human race called Everybody knows—are situated in the Bay of Bengal, and constitute an archipelago of two large islands and a great number of small ones, three or four of which latter have been used since the sepoy rebellion as convict dépôts. The Great Andaman Island, of about 140 miles long and 20 broad, is at no great distance from these; and the sepoys, under the mistaken impression that it forms a part of Bengal, or, at least, of Burmah, are perpetually swimming over to it, and (when they are lucky enough to be able to do so) swimming back again. The extreme thickness of the tree-jungles which cover nine-tenths of this island renders it almost impenetrable, they being composed of trees as straight as arrows, of from thirty to forty feet high, though their roots cannot expand much beyond one foot, and are found twisted together like so many coils of rope. The foliage is confined to the top of the trees, the trunks of which are leafless and branchless. The whole island is supposed to consist of uninterrupted hills of some 500 feet in height. There seems to be no grass whatever, and a great lack of water, there being no rivers, but only brooks, which in the rainy season are torrents, and in the summer are dry. There are no wild animals except rats, snakes, and very little pigs, unless we include the aborigines, all attempts to establish any sort of intercourse with whom have signally failed. We have had settlements—off and on—upon the Andaman Isles since 1791, but no man save Doodnath Tewarry, and one more, has ever yet escaped alive out of the hands of the islanders. The stations which we now hold at Ross Island, Chatham Island, and Viper Island, are the prisons of some 1600 sepoy convicts, who seem scarcely to dislike their locality less than the authorities themselves, notwithstanding that they risk life and limb, and often lose them, in their mad attempts to escape. It is indeed a hideous place of exile, unbearable to Europeans, and baleful to almost every man who has ever experienced another climate. Nevertheless, the soil repays cultivation, and there are already luxuriant crops of cucumbers, spinach, and pumpkins. The Garjan, or wood-oil tree, is the staple timber of the archipelago, rising 100 feet high without a branch, and topped with splendid foliage. The wood of the jungle trees is very hard, so that the axe flies off them as from a stone; but they are luckily hollowed out by the white ants, and thereby afford opportunity for blasting. The convict-system is, as far as possible, made self-supporting, and the men buy stores with the wages of their labour: the intention is eventually to colonise the mainland (as the Great Andaman is called) to the south of Port Blair, the harbour, which is protected by Ross Island, much as Oban in Argyleshire is by the island of Kerrera; the distance between them being about 800 yards, which can, of course, be easily crossed by a good swimmer.

There are the strangest mixture of classes among these convicts. Among the commonest budmashes is (or was) the pretender to the throne of Munipore, a poor, delicate wretch, half Bengali, half Assamese, who joined the Chittagong mutineers; a zemindar of Bulundushukur, who once paid a lack of rupees per annum to government; and a deputy-inspector of schools at Shahjehanpore. All are treated alike: all lose caste from the moment they touch the convict-ship, as they can get no water, save from the common pump, or from the hands of the European guard; although in the settlement the poor creatures are permitted to keep up caste among themselves. One of these fanatics, going to deck-side of the transport, under pretence of sea-sickness, cast himself into the sea, and was drowned. In the eyes of the convicts, matters would not have been much better with him had he reached his destination; and on the first establishment of the colony, escapes to the mainland, or Great Andaman Island, were almost literally incessant. Some of these fugitives would reappear after a few hours, or even a day or two, and beseech to be taken back again, which of course was done; but after that period, it is evident from the following narration that they may be set down as dead. One fellow endeavoured to persuade the superintendent that he had been with the natives for a couple of days, but his account has many points of suspicion, and does not tally with that of Doodnath Tewarry, about which there can scarcely be any doubt. His report was forwarded to government by Dr Walker himself, the superintendent of the Andaman settlements; and the substance of it—for there are several portions of it unfit for publication anywhere except in a Blue-book—runs as follows.

Doodnath Tewarry, sepoy of the 14th regiment of native infantry, being convicted of mutiny and desertion, was sentenced by the commission at Jhelum to transportation for life, and labour in irons; and having been received into the penal settlement at Port Blair on the 6th of April 1858, escaped from Ross Island on the 23d, and *after a residence of one*

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year and twenty-four days in the Andaman jungle, voluntarily returned to the convict station at Aberdeen, near Port Blair, on the 17th of May 1859. He escaped with no fewer than ninety others upon rafts of felled trees, bound together with tent-ropes; Aga, a convict gangsman, of limited geographical knowledge, having assured them that the opposite shore was within ten days' march of the capital of Burmah, under the rajah of which place it was their intention to take service. They reached the so-called mainland, and having penetrated the jungle a little, were joined on the second day by a large body of convicts, who had escaped at the same time from Phœnix Bay and Chatham Island. They were then counted by Aga, and found to be 130. For fourteen days they progressed with exceeding slowness through the jungle, knowing not even in what direction they moved. Sometimes their wanderings led them back to a place which they had passed days before. All the food and necessaries secretly prepared for this expedition had been lost in the passage of the channel. For eight days they had almost nothing (the narrator says absolutely nothing, which seems impossible) to eat; afterwards, those who could climb the tall branchless trees got a little of some pleasant fruit like the Indian Ber. Water was very scarce, and only found in the form of small springs oozing through the sides of hills. A few men had saved their axes, and with these the stems of a huge creeping cane were cut, and so some water obtained. Twelve of the party, through hunger and thirst, were left during this period to die. For thirteen days, they never came upon the aborigines, although they found their deserted sheds. On the fourteenth day, at noon, and about four miles deep in jungle, they were surrounded by about 100 natives with bows and arrows. The convicts offered no resistance, but endeavoured to supplicate mercy by signs and attitudes, which were utterly disregarded. There were a great number of killed and wounded when Tewarry took to flight into the dense jungle, with three bad arrow-wounds, on the eyebrow, the right shoulder, and the left elbow. Shoo Dull, another (Brahmin) convict, who was wounded in the back, fled with him, and together they got along a salt-water tidal creek to the seashore, where they were joined by a convict of the Kurmee caste, an hour afterwards.

They passed the night there, and in the morning were seen by a party of natives (a tribe of some sixty men, women, and children), who were embarking in five canoes. The savages pursued them into the jungle, and firing killed Tewarry's two companions, and wounded himself. He assumed death, and was pulled out of his hiding-place by the leg; but on making supplication to them by joining his hands, they retreated a short distance, and fired at him, wounding him in the left wrist and on the hip. He again assumed to be dead, and on their taking out the arrow from his hip, again besought them to spare him, which this time they did. They helped him into a boat, and put red earth, moistened with water, round his neck and nostrils, and over his body and wounds, a lighter-coloured earth, and took him to a neighbouring island. This island is named Turmooglee, and Tewarry (being shewn a chart) opines it to be about eight miles from the south-west coast of what he now knows, by bitter experience, to be the Great Andaman Island, and not the Burmese peninsula. It is one of those called in the map the Labyrinth Islands. During the entire year he was away, Tewarry was always wandering about with this tribe, from island to island, or to the mainland, never staying in any one place. While he was with them, he wore no clothes whatever, shaved his head, and in all respects conformed to their customs, enjoying throughout the best of health, save for his wounds. Most of them healed in about a month, except the elbow-wound, which was three months getting well. The aborigines never exacted service from him; but for a long time looked upon him with great suspicion, and to the last never permitted him, even in sport, to take up a bow and arrow; they always told him to sit down and be quiet, if he attempted it. When he had been among them some four months, Pooteah, one of the elder natives, made over to him as wives, his daughter, Leepa (aged twenty), and a young woman of sixteen, called Jigah, the daughter of Heera. Before young ladies marry, they are considered to be common property among both married and single Andamen; but when they have husbands, they henceforth behave themselves with the greatest propriety; even widows are never known to smile upon the male sex again. Tewarry supposes that he saw about one quarter of the Great Andaman Island during his wanderings, and certainly as many as 15,000 natives in all. They generally live in the jungle bordering upon the sea-coast, for convenience of procuring fish, shell-fish, and fresh water, though some inhabit the banks of salt-water creeks in the interior. All penetrate it for pigs and fruits, but usually return to the coast at sunset. The whole population is migratory, moving in troops of thirty to three hundred individuals, but are all one tribe, and use the same language and customs. The deaths were not so numerous as the births; from which circumstance, it may be supposed, that the population is increasing. They are not cannibals, nor do they eat uncooked animal food; but they have no idea of a Supreme Being, and go about entirely naked—their coats being only of paint. The *trousseau* of the Andaman brides is very inexpensive, and the marriage-service the reverse of ceremonious. No preliminary arrangements of any kind are made at all. If any of the seniors of the party think that a young man and a young woman should be united, he sends for them, and marries them himself; the consent of either party is never asked, nor does the wedding company—except when there are two wives—ever extend beyond these three. Doodnath Tewarry beheld five marriages, and they were all alike. Towards evening, the bride, having painted her body in stripes, with her fingers, smeared with red earth, moistened with turtle-oil, sits on leaves spread on the ground, by way of carpet or bed; while the bridegroom, similarly painted, squats on *his* carpet of leaves, a few paces off. They thus sit silent an hour, when the person who unites them comes from his hut, takes the bridegroom by the hand, and leads him to the bride's carpet, and having seated him on it, without speaking, presents him with five or six iron-headed arrows, and then returns to his hut, leaving the newly married couple alone, who remain sitting on the carpet for several hours longer, in perfect silence, until it be quite dark, when they retire to their private residence. In Tewarry's case, there was not even the ceremony of the arrows, but without a word being said upon the subject, he was seated by Pooteah, one fine evening, between Leepa and Heera, to whom the chief pointed with his hand, and addressing the young man, observed, 'Jiree jog!' and left the spot immediately. They were not even painted (complains Tewarry), nor was the least fuss made about them whatever.

The women remain in the encampment cooking and making fishing-nets, while the men hunt pigs in the jungle; the former have often to go several miles for fresh water, which they carry in large bamboos—two at a time—from six to nine feet long, and weighing from 80 to 100 lbs.; all the interior partitions of the bamboo, save the last, having been destroyed by the introduction of a smaller stick. They also catch shell-fish, and the fish that the receding tide leaves in the pools, with their hand-nets. The aborigines do not allow a particle of hair to remain on them; and the females, acting as barbers, shave them cleanly and quickly, with a small chip of bottle-glass (the spoil probably from some shipwreck, or lucky raid upon the settlement), of the size of a bean, but as thin as the blade

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of a penknife: the piece of glass is struck sharply on the edge with a hard stone to chip it thus finely. Red earth, mixed with turtle-oil, seems to be the Andaman panacea for all diseases. The whole body of both sexes is tattooed—except the head, neck, hands, feet, and the lower part of the abdomen—by being incised with small pieces of bottle-glass; the operation is performed by the women, on children of eight or ten, during January, February, March, and April. These months are selected because they form the wild-fruit season, wherein there is no necessity for the children to go into the salt water after fish, which would render the tattoo-wounds painful. The operation is done by degrees, and takes two or three years to complete. White earth (like lime) is smeared over the wounds, which heal in three or four weeks. No colouring matter being inserted, the effect is to make them of a paler hue than the surrounding skin. The women rub the men with earth and water in the evening, to keep off the mosquitoes, but do not pay so much attention to their comforts generally, says Tewarry, as Bengalese wives. They carry their children in slings made of the inner bark of trees, and behind their backs. They cut the green leaves for bedding, and palm-leaves for thatching the huts, with a sharp shell called Ota, with which also they sharpen their arrows. They occupy old huts, if they can; nor need we wonder, since four days is a long residence for these gentry in any spot, and hut-building is hard work for the ladies.

Doodnath Tewarry, judging by his own height, which is five feet nine and a half inches, conjectures the native males to be about five feet five inches, and the females five feet two inches; nor did he ever meet with any one so tall as himself. The men and women are so alike in feature, that from the face alone their sex can not be determined; but they are both what would be considered in Hindustan (says the ungallant sepoy) exceedingly ugly. So healthy and strong are the females, that the day after childbirth they are able to accompany the troop on foot, as usual. The new-born babe is drenched in cold fresh water, and its wet body dried by the hand, heated over a fire, quickly and gently. Any woman who is suckling takes the new-born child for a day or two, and feeds it. The child remains without any covering whatever, like the parents, unless it rains, when a few leaves are sown, with rattan for thread, and placed around it. The reason of Tewarry's leaving Andaman society was, that he might give information of an intended attack by the savages upon the convict station at Aberdeen. He did so—travelling with the attacking party along the sea-coast—and set Dr Walker on his guard but just in time; nor can we reasonably complain of our adventurer's behaviour in doing so, although the wretch left his beloved Leepa, it seems, in an interesting situation.

Doodnath Tewarry has doubtless had his reward, ere this, in a free pardon; and certainly we owe him something for one of the most curious and entertaining narrations that ever yet got into a Blue-book.

THE SOCIETY OF DILETTANTI.

Charlemagne, the wisest of conquerors, fully appreciating the inconvenience and danger of leaving learning in the exclusive possession of the priesthood, endeavoured, as soon as he had consolidated his power in the west, to obviate that evil. He formed an association of the principal members of his court, to promote the study of orthography, grammar, mathematics, history, rhetoric, and poetry. The royal palace was the place of assembly. Perfect equality being the rule of the society, each member chose some purely literary title, in no way suggestive of his real rank and dignity, by which he was to be known and addressed. The monarch himself became David; Alcuin was merged into Flaccus Albinus; while others adopted the names of Homer, Pindar, Augustine, and similar celebrities. Their labours were not thrown away; they laid the foundation of the French language by reducing the incongruous admixture of Gothic, Celtic, and Latin, then spoken, into some order and regularity. The reformed dialect, but for the strenuous opposition of the clergy, would have become the language of public worship; as it was, it became the idiom of romance and poetry. The influence of the association made itself felt throughout the empire. A taste for knowledge and learning was created and diffused, and the way prepared for the emancipation of the realm from the darkness of barbaric ignorance.

On the revival of letters in the fifteenth century, associations of a like nature became a salient feature in the social life of Europe; and more especially was this the case in Italy. Not a city of any pretension in that peninsula but could boast of at least one such society. Some of them adopted quaint devices and names: such were the Humoristi (humorists), the Addormenti (sleepers), the Insensati (fools), and the Lincei (lynxes). This last directed its attention chiefly to physical science, and numbered Porta, Colonna, and Galileo among its members; but its existence was a short one, ending with that of its founder, Ceci. The Academy of the Arcadi, raised by Crescimbini in 1690, from the ashes of that formed by Christina of Sweden during her residence at Rome, proved the most successful of the Italian societies. Every member, on election, assumed a pastoral name and birthplace. They met seven times a year in the gardens of some wealthy noble, under the presidency of their 'general shepherd.' On these occasions, each Arcadian was expected to read or recite some original composition of his own, cardinals and ladies alone being privileged to employ a deputy. The Arcadi still exist, and have established branches in the most important cities of Italy.

Germany imitated the example of Italy with poor results; in France, the new societies were eagerly welcomed. One small association of nine persons held in Paris was destined for great things. Its modest doings attracted the attention of Richelieu, at whose suggestion it was transformed into a public institution, and spite of the opposition of the parliament, established as such by letters-patent in 1635: so originated the French Academy, the most authoritative of all academies. Literary, scientific, and artistic *réunions* became the fashion in Paris; and from the inauguration of the Hôtel Rambouillet to a late period, the *salons* of that capital were the headquarters of poetry, satire, wit, and genius.

But triumphant as these associations were upon the continent, the Channel seemed an impassable barrier to them. Englishmen, a club-loving race, were ready enough to associate together for the more sensual enjoyments of the gourmand and bon-vivant, but shewed little inclination for more refined sociality. Rare Ben's sons of Apollo eschewed the discussion of things serious, and declared for all mirth, and no matter; Dryden was the oracle of a set of good-fellows; but we look in vain for any equivalent for the academies of Italy and France, in which men of kindred pursuits met to interchange ideas; or where statesmen, priests, scholars, philosophers, poets, and ladies met on neutral ground, each contributing a share to the common fund of entertainment.

In 1734, a number of wealthy gentlemen who had travelled in Italy, desirous of encouraging at home a taste for the objects from which they had derived so much pleasure abroad, formed themselves into an

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association under the name of the Dilettanti Club, subsequently changed into the Society of Dilettanti. This Society consisted of some fifty members, each of whom paid five, and in some instances, ten guineas as entrance-fee, besides an annual contribution of one guinea as 'face-money.' Fines were levied when a member's income was increased by inheritance, legacy, marriage, or preferment. Thus, Lord Grosvenor paid five guineas on his marriage with Miss Leveson Gower; the Duke of Bedford eleven guineas on being appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and 13s. 4d. on becoming a K.G. The office of Secretary of State was appraised at L.21; Treasurer of the Navy, at L.10, 10s.; junior Lord of the Admiralty, at L.9, 19s. 6d.; ambassador to congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, at L.21; a cavalry colonelcy, at L.2, 2s.; and the recordership of Huntingdon at the low figure of 2½d. The members dined together once every month from February to July.

Our great man of letters, Horace Walpole, ill-naturedly declared the qualification for membership was 'being drunk,' some recollection of which probably induced the Dilettanti, in the introduction to their first important publication, to avow that 'it would be disingenuous to insinuate that a serious plan for the promotion of arts was the only motive for forming this society; friendly and social intercourse was undoubtedly the first great object in view; but while in this respect no set of men ever kept up more religiously to their original institution, it is hoped this work will shew that they have not for that reason abandoned the cause of *virtù*, in which they are also engaged, or forfeited their pretensions to that character which is implied in the name they have assumed.' It must be remembered the word 'dilettanti' did not then bear the contemptuous meaning now generally but unjustly attached to it. It is not to be denied, however, that the first public efforts of the Society were rather unfortunate. Some of its prominent members undertook the management of the Italian Opera, to the great pleasure of Lord Middlesex, the great profit of certain Italian singers, and the great loss of the subscribers. In 1736, the Dilettanti contributed towards the erection of Westminster Bridge, once the pride of the river, now rapidly disappearing before the advances of Mr Page's iron *chef-d'œuvre*.

It was not long before the Society made its first step in the field on which it was to reap so much honour. In the year 1748, James Stuart—better known as Walking Stuart—and Nicholas Revett, two painters studying at Rome, issued *Proposals for Publishing an Accurate Description of the Antiquities of Athens;* and receiving some encouragement, they proceeded in 1751 to Athens, and commenced delineating and measuring the architectural remains of that city and the adjacent neighbourhood. During the four years they were absent from England, they were elected members of the Dilettanti Society, and on their return, received liberal aid from the association, to enable them to publish the result of their labours; indeed, if it had not been for that assistance, it is doubtful if the splendid *Antiquities of Athens* would ever have seen completion. The appearance of this noble work caused a revolution in public taste, and the eyes of architects were opened to the beauties and merits of the hitherto vituperated art of Greece.

Roused by the sensation created in the artistic world by Stuart's *Antiquities*, the Society, finding itself in the possession of a considerable fund over and above what was requisite for current expenses, determined upon devoting it to the further illustration of Grecian architecture; and it was resolved 'that a person or persons properly qualified should be sent with sufficient appointments to certain parts of the east, to collect information relative to the former state of those countries, and particularly to procure exact descriptions of the ruins of such monuments of antiquity as are yet to be seen in those parts.' In accordance with this resolution, the sum of two thousand pounds was appropriated for the service of Messrs Chandler, Pars, and Revett, the three gentlemen selected to proceed to Greece and Asia Minor on behalf of the Society. The headquarters of the expedition were fixed at Smyrna, and twelve months given them to examine the ancient remains within eight or ten days' excursion from that town. The instructions drawn up for the guidance of Dr Chandler, who was appointed head of the expedition, were plain and simple. He is told 'to procure the exactest plans and measurements possible of the buildings, accurate drawings of basreliefs and ornaments, and take such views as you think proper, copying all inscriptions, and remarking every circumstance which can contribute towards giving the best idea of the ancient and present state of those places. . . . . It is expected that you do report to us whatever can fall within the notice of curious and observing travellers; and we hereby direct, that from the day of your departure from hence, to that of your return, you do, each of you, keep a very minute journal of every day's occurrences and observations, representing things exactly in the light they strike you, in the plainest manner, and without any regard to style or language, except that of being intelligible.' The results of this expedition were given to the world in a volume of inscriptions, two volumes of travels in Greece and Asia Minor by Dr Chandler; and finally, in the *Antiquities of Ionia*, a work yet unsurpassed for accuracy and beauty, and invaluable to the students of ancient architecture. The first volume of this splendid book was published in 1769. The lord of Strawberry Hill and Cliveden, who saw with horror the growing taste for Grecian art, sneeringly advises travellers 'who are industrious and correct, and wish to forget nothing, to go to Greece, where there is nothing left to be seen but that ugly pigeon-house, the Temple of the Winds; that fly-cage, Demosthenes's Lantern, and one or two fragments of a portico or a piece of column crushed into a mud-wall; and with such a morsel and many quotations, a true classic antiquary can compose a whole folio, and call it *Ionian Antiquities*.' The second volume was published in 1790, and the work finally completed by the appearance of a third so late as 1840.

In 1809, the Society produced the *Specimens of Ancient Sculpture preserved in the several Collections of Great Britain*, the plates of which were engraved by Henry Howard, Andrea Tendi, William Newton, John Agar, and William Evans, under the superintendence of Messrs Towneley and Payne Knight, the latter of whom wrote the dissertations upon the history and symbolical language of ancient art which accompanies the engravings. Five years afterwards, having cleared a thousand pounds by the sale of some land in Cavendish Square, the Dilettanti despatched Mr William Gell, Mr Francis Bedford, and Mr John Gandy to Asia Minor, to examine any architectural remains yet uninvestigated, particularly those of Samos, Sardis, Aphrodisias, Hierapolis, Laodicea, Telmessus, Patara, and Cnidus. The two architects received two hundred pounds a year each, and fifty pounds per month was placed at Mr Gell's disposal. This proved inadequate; and further calls were made upon the Society's funds, till, at the return of the expedition, it found itself in possession 'of more numerous and important documents relating to Grecian architecture than had been produced by the united efforts of all Europe for the last thirty years,' but without the means of publishing them. Fearful of being anticipated by foreign rivals, each member subscribed fifty guineas towards the formation of an Ionian Fund; and the literature of England was enriched by the *Unedited Antiquities of Ionia*, which has been well described as 'the fullest and most accurate representation of important remains of antiquity hitherto given to the world.' A humbler

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but by no means despicable result of the last expedition sent forth by the Society, was the appearance of the once popular Road-books of Gell, the worthy precursors of the more perfect Hand-books of Murray.

When the trustees of the British Museum were reluctantly compelled to decline the purchase of the beautiful specimens of Grecian art known as the Bronzes of Siris, the Dilettanti started a subscription, and so raised eight hundred of the thousand pounds required; the trustees found the remainder, and the bronzes were added to the national collection. A volume of engravings from them, accompanied by an archæological essay by Chevalier Bröhsted, was published by the Society. The last work produced under their auspices was Mr Penrose's able and scientific *Investigation into the Principles of Athenian Architecture*, in which the optical refinements exhibited in the construction of the Parthenon and other Attic buildings are carefully and clearly elucidated.

While engaged in making the merits of ancient art better known, the Society of the Dilettanti were not entirely neglectful of the home interest. As early as 1748, they had under earnest consideration a scheme for the institution of an academy for the encouragement of painting and sculpture, and it was mainly through their influence and exertions that the charter of the Royal Academy was eventually obtained. In 1774, they sent out two students, recommended by the academy, for the purpose of studying in Italy and Greece, and defrayed their expenses for three years.

Considering the wealth and position of its members, it seems scarcely consistent that the Society should have no better home than that to be found in a tavern; such is, however, the case. In 1747, a site was purchased in Cavendish Square, the stone selected, and the foundation paid for; but for reasons unknown, the idea was relinquished, and the land disposed of thirteen years later, at a premium of a thousand pounds. They next thought of erecting a building in Piccadilly after the model of the temple at Pola, and petitioned the king for a grant of land between Devonshire and Bath Houses, or to the west of Cambridge House. This scheme was also abandoned, and an attempt made to obtain a home at Montagu House, previous to its conversion into the British Museum. Failing in this, they gave up all idea of securing a worthy domicile, and have remained contented with their quarters at the Thatched House, in St James's Street.

As a matter of course, the majority of names inscribed on the rolls of the Dilettanti Society are but little known outside the boundaries of the world of wealth and fashion; nevertheless, it has not wanted members whose fame as statesmen, artists, scholars, wits, and pleasant companions, has penetrated beyond the golden circle. Among its members we find Charles James Fox, Lord Holland, Lord Palmerston, Lord Morpeth (the present Earl of Carlisle), Joseph Windham, Mountstuart Elphinstone, William Mitford, Samuel Rogers, David Garrick, George Colman, Harry Conway, George Selwyn, Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Laurence, Martin Shee, Joseph Banks, William Gell, Athenian Stuart, Payne Knight, Gally Knight, Francis Horner, Colonel Leake, Sir George Beaumont, Sir William Hamilton, and Sir George Staunton.

Thus far the Society of the Dilettanti have not belied their professions; quietly and unostentatiously, they have done more for the improvement of modern art than any government in Europe. Professor Kruse, in his erudite work on the Geography and Antiquities of Greece, distinguishes five periods of the acquisition of knowledge respecting the land of art: '1. That in which Greece tells her own story through her poets, historians, and geographers; 2. The Roman dominion; 3. The Byzantine empire; 4. From the fall of Constantinople to the foundation of the Dilettanti Society; and 5thly, From that period to the present time.' So that if we overrate the debt due by the world to those who

> pursue
> The shade of fame through regions of virtù,

we sin in good company.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XIX.—LITERATURE AND POLITICS AT THE MANOR.

ALTHOUGH Robert Marsden and Ellen Bateman were breathing 'in converse seasons,' time was advancing with each at the same rapid stride. She took no count of time save by its *gain*, by how much nearer it might be bringing to her the man she loved; while he took no account of it at all, considering so much of his life as lost which was spent so far from the sun of prosperity, and from all which was pleasing to his nature. He wrote to her pretty regularly—the only correspondent that he had, since his father had died about the time that he himself had landed in the New World—not with burning ardour indeed, for how ridiculous would be his position if that prolonged letter-carriage should at last terminate in the person of Lady Ryder instead of Miss Ellen Bateman, a possibility to which he could never quite shut his eyes—but with affection and tenderness; making blithely light of his privations, and always ending with the assurance of his final prosperity. He was too proud to confess of failure even to her he loved best. These letters, easily, not to say thoughtlessly written, were the young lady's chief mental food; pored over again and again, with all the attention of a commentator, lest some divine meaning of the writer's should by any means be let slip; treasured with all the loving selfishness of a literary antiquary, who has some ancient manuscript, of small importance perhaps, as some might think, but his own and his only, out of which he will vouchsafe scraps to certain favoured persons, but never—no, never—suffer the precious document to leave his hands, or to be perused by the eyes of others.

Many months, even years, had gone by since the two parted, but she retained the memory of his farewell look as though it had been given yesterday, and the impress of his loving lips as fresh and perfect. Nobody had kissed her since; for one's father and sister, in such a case, of course, are nobodies, and indeed, even of those, Mr Onslow Bateman was not very demonstrative in that way, but rather preferred the being kissed by others; and we are not prepared to say—with such an authority as his upon the other side—but that the passive sensation has not even a greater pleasantness about it than the active. Little Miss Ryder kissed Ellen, it is true, every morning and evening, but it was rather a lip-tangent than a kiss which *she* administered. Men could not possibly have shaken hands as those two saluted each other. The fingers would certainly have refused their office, and only an open slap with the palms have been accomplished. Women who don't love one another can, however, behave in a wonderfully affectionate and sisterly way, and substitute 'My dear' for 'You hussy' with great dexterity and naturalness. They neither deceive each other nor themselves by these delicate hypocrisies, it is true, but rather embitter their mutual relations; and when they get to bed, narrate to their confidantes what an artful puss that girl is, or how that that dreadful old woman is as false as her front-hair. Miss Ryder, who would have cried with vexation had Ellen been engaged to the baronet, was indignant beyond measure because she had slighted his addresses, and preferred somebody else. According to the little old lady, nothing was good enough for her Charley; and, indeed, she had reason to think well of the honest

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young fellow. She was one of those persons rarely found out of England, who, though very intimately connected with wealthy people, are left, through family pride and love of hereditary grandeur, almost entirely unprovided for. A home at Rudesleigh, which had been impossible to her during the late baronet's time—who had made the manor utterly scandalous by his manner of life there—was offered to her at once upon Sir Charles's succession to the place; and if he had at first thought more of the necessity of having a lady to keep house for him, while the Misses Bateman were his guests, than of obliging a relative with whom he was but scantily acquainted, she was now, at all events, mistress of the hall in her own right, having obtained the sincere and affectionate regard of her nephew.

She had none of that jealousy which would have filled most female bosoms at the idea of a race of strangers like the Batemans occupying the manor-house so long. It was right that dear Charles should consult his own happiness in every respect, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that Mr Onslow Bateman should be necessary to that happiness; for surely so accomplished a person, thought little Miss Ryder, did not—out of the atmosphere of a court—exist. He would be just as agreeable, just as polite, just as enchanting, in a word, to an old woman like herself, as she sat knitting muffettees—an occupation she most diligently pursued even in the height of summer—in her low arm-chair in the drawing-room, as he ever shewed himself to be to the most brilliant of the young ladies of the county. As to Miss Florence, her own darling Florence! Heaven forbid that anything should ever happen to take *her* away from Rudesleigh; and she looked upon that young lady's attempts to achieve independence as a species of insubordination, in spite of being convinced by her superior powers of controversial argument. 'If *I* had a son,' thought Miss Ryder, a supposititious case to which she would frequently give utterance, to her Charley's intense amusement, 'Florence Bateman is the girl above all others whom I should like for a daughter-in-law.' The only apprehension that *she* felt about that dear girl's future was, that she would never make a thoroughly good knitter or netter (for Miss Ryder was great in both those arts). Florence had too heterodox a method—very likely from having so much writing-work—of holding her fingers. But the old lady would not have had her give up her writing either, even to obtain excellence in that sublime art. Little Miss Ryder's happiest moments were spent in listening to Florence's manuscript verses, which never failed to draw copious tears and rust her knitting-needles. They were not perhaps always very discriminating tears, but they welled up from a heart full of love, and would have gained her entrance into Paradise, even if she had not long ago earned her admission-ticket in a hundred different ways. It is our private belief, indeed—although it must be confessed that she did not quite give one the impression of one of Mr Thomas Moore's Peris—that our dear, kind-hearted Miss Ryder had never been turned out of Paradise at all.

It was her custom, every Saturday morning after breakfast, to drink at the Pierian Spring 'turned on' by Florence Bateman in the boudoir from her rather voluminous 'commonplace-book;' for that title was printed somewhat obtrusively at the back of the sacred volume, since, like most young poets, she had a shame as well as a pride in her divine vocation. Although Florence was always pleased to read her productions—for the sweet girl was but human after all—the balance of satisfaction certainly lay on the side of the elder lady; *her* pleasure had no sort of alloy, whereas her inopportune sympathies and interpolatory remarks sometimes discomfited the young authoress not a little. The good old lady had never written a verse in her life, and did not understand what infinitesimal vibrations will shock the souls attuned to harmony. She made nothing of getting up to shut the window, upon pretence of a draught, no matter how thrilling the passage in recitation; and if she dropped her needle, she would either obviously give up her whole mind to the finding of it, with a laborious pretence of not doing so, which was harassing in the extreme, or would flop down upon her knees at once, before the unfortunate Poetess could arrive at a proper halting-place. It always seemed to Florence, indeed, that these interruptions took place just where the pathos was most pathetic, and the sentiments required the deepest and most sustained attention; while the total unconsciousness of crime in the offender was perhaps the hardest to bear of all.

It is a Saturday morning, and Miss Ryder is, as usual, in the Temple of the Muses, with the Priestess about to commence the opening rhyme. There is something in the latter's aspect, on this particular occasion, which to acuter eyes would perhaps betoken a mind not ill at ease; but the old lady has not got her spectacles fitted to her satisfaction, and is setting them right with her forefinger; and then there is the netting to take up at the proper place, so the look is not observed; therefore Florence, after a little hesitation within herself, determines to postpone her communication till the morning's work is over: it is so disagreeable to begin an unpleasant subject without so much introduction as 'What is the matter?' or, 'What makes you look so pale, my love?' Yes; she will wait a little.

'Well, Florence, and what is it this morning, my darling? What is the name of the poem, please, before you begin? I always like to know the name of it first, because it helps one so to find out what the poetry means; does it not, dear?'

'I daresay it does,' replied Florence laughing; 'but I don't think that ought to be necessary, and I am afraid it's the poet's fault if it is, my dear Miss Ryder. I am afraid, too, the name will not very much help anybody this time. It is called, *Where is He?*'

The little old lady put down her work upon her knees, and sliding her gold spectacles a little way down her nose, looked over the tops of them in unaffected wonder at her companion. 'Dear me, what a very extraordinary title, my love! Why, it's more like a question than a title, isn't it now? Where is he? Where is *who?*'

'Well, dearest,' replied Florence, still laughing, but a little damped at not being able to get past the very title of her poem, 'it is about somebody who is supposed not to exist, but who, we yet hope, will do so some day, you know.'

'Oh, thank you; now I see,' said the old lady, replacing her glasses, and setting to work with an air of great contentment; 'I see now quite easily; to be sure; how stupid of me. Why, of course, that evidently means a Baby!'

'No, it does not, indeed,' exclaimed Florence indignantly; 'it's nothing of the sort; it's a—it's a—— It's impossible, indeed, to tell what it is without reading the whole poem, however. It is a very short one, I promise you.'

'I wish it was longer,' said the old lady rapturously. 'Pray, begin, love.'

'Very well, then, this is the first line:

'There are, I trust, who love me well,
The kindly hearts about my home'——

'I should think there were,' exclaimed the listener, producing her pocket-handkerchief; 'why, we all love you; of course we do: what nonsense talking about *trust;* you *know* we do. That is very pretty, though—"The kind of hearts about my home."'

'The kindly hearts about my home,'

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reiterated the Poetess with great distinctness.

'For all that smile and speech can tell
Of gracious thought, I need not roam.
Such friendly deeds are rarely done
As my kind friends have done for me;
I count them not by one and one,
And there are more I do not see.
I know, God help me, I have nought
Of worth within, or rich desert'——

'How can you write such dreadful stories, Florence?' cried the old lady, wiping first her eyes and then her spectacles. 'No worth, indeed! God help you! Why, of course, he'll help you. But I am interrupting you, I know; and it's all so beautiful, only I am longing to come to *him*.'

'I know, God help me, I have nought
Of worth within, or rich desert
Whereon might Pride boast, "This is bought;"
My moods are shifting, manners curt'——

'Manners what?' inquired the little old lady sharply.

Florence, not without a blush, repeated the mendacious adjective.

'Curt? The very best manners *I* ever saw, my dear child, not excepting even those of your accomplished father. If anybody else had written such a thing of you, I should have said it was libellous.'

'What right have I, thus knowing all,
Keen-conscious of this weighty debt,
To see but dreary void—the Pall
Of the dead friend I never met?
To shudder lest, in years to come
—But few, I feel, and swift, I pray'——

'Then you are a very, very wicked child, indeed,' exclaimed the little old lady sobbing. 'But, pray, go on; it's very pleasant, and makes me cry like I don't know what.'

'I dream again some heart my home,
And wake to curse the truthful day?
I know not: but' ——

Here the attention of the somewhat abstruse Poetess was drawn, in spite of herself, to her auditor, whose feet had got out of her netting-stirrup, and who was attempting to recover the same by a series of gymnastic manœuvres, intended to be unobserved, but which were, in reality, obtrusive in a very high degree. 'I beg your pardon, my love: ah, that's it at last!' cried she, successfully sliding her foot into its usual receptacle; 'I wouldn't have stopped you on any account. Pray, go on.'

'I know not: but could such be found
As Heaven hath given, and hath to give,
Methinks he'd lift me from the ground,
And teach my sin-fraught soul to live.

And that's all,' observed the Poetess in conclusion, and to remove any doubt upon that point which might remain in the mind of her auditor; for certainly nothing is more unpleasant than the 'Well, and what then?' or the 'What are you stopping about, my dear?' when one has really reached the end of one's poetical tether, and as we had fondly imagined, with some little success in the way of *finish*. 'That's all, dear, and how do you like it?'

'I think it's charming, love; most charming, I do assure you. And I am so pleased to find what *He* turns out to be after all.'

'I am *so* glad,' exclaimed Florence with quite a little blush of pride, 'for I was afraid you would have found it a little difficult. I know the poem is not so clear as it ought to be; and sometimes, indeed, I am tempted to believe in my dear old editor, who tells me that Prose is my vocation rather than Verse. But it would have been hard to tell who it was one wanted—the sort of ideal friend who seems so needful—without reading you the whole poem. Did you guess who it was, soon, my dear Miss Ryder?'

'Yes, dearest, of course I did: I had it at almost the very first starting; for what makes young ladies discontented with their friends, and all that belongs to them, but the want of a Lover? I have felt it myself once upon a time, although you may not believe it. Of course, you meant a husband; a *Mr Wright*, as Charley calls him. *Where is He*, indeed? I'm sure I wish I knew.'

Nor, in spite of all the poor girl's blushes and protestations, would little Miss Ryder accept of any less obvious interpretation of her transcendental poem.

This controversy, however, afforded that opportunity for which Florence had been waiting, to speak upon a certain subject which was oppressing her mind.

'Talking of lovers,' said she, 'do you know that my sister Ellen has had great news this morning?'

'Indeed,' replied the old lady, in a voice so quiet and so cold that it might have belonged to anybody rather than the impassioned and affectionate speaker of a few moments before; 'I hope it 's good news.'

'Robert Marsden is coming home immediately; is probably on his way to England at this moment.'

'Oh,' replied little Miss Ryder, without any display of excitement even at such intelligence as that.

'And he returns after three years' absence with a very large fortune.'

'Then I suppose it *is* good news,' observed the implacable old lady.

'I cannot tell that,' said Florence sorrowfully; 'I only hope for the best. There must be a great deal of good in Mr Marsden, since almost everybody likes him, and my dear sister certainly loves him with all her heart.'

The interest which little Miss Ryder took in her netting during this part of the conversation was so intense and absorbing that she was quite startled—being in no way prepared for such a spectacle—when a beautiful face, all wet with tears, looked up to her suddenly from her own lap, and Florence Bateman besought her, on her knees, to be less hard with sister Ellen, and not to strive to steel against her a heart that was meant to be touched by all sorrows of the young.

'My dear Florence, I am sure I did not know that your sister had a sorrow,' replied she, a little mollified; 'I am glad to hear that she has more feeling than I gave her credit for. I can, however, do nothing for her that I know of in the way of comfort. Why doesn't she learn netting, now?'

'You can do something for her, and for me too,' said Florence coaxingly; 'you can beg Sir Charles to ask Mr Marsden to Rudesleigh.'

'And why can't she ask Charles herself? No, that wouldn't do, to be sure, silly, wrong-headed girl that she is. But why shouldn't *you* ask him, Florence? I am sure you would only have to hint at such a wish.'

'I 'd rather not, I 'd much rather not,' returned the girl with heightened colour. 'My—that is, our obligations to Sir Charles are already too deep. That is one of the reasons why I am anxious that this marriage—since it is to be—should take place as soon as possible. Is it not enough, my dear good friend, to say, "I wish it; pray, do this for my sake?"'

'It is, my love,' returned the old lady; 'and I will do your bidding; but it is not a pleasant mission, is it, to get poor Charley to ask the young man down to Rudesleigh to marry the girl whom he has set his own heart upon?'

'That was a very long time ago,' observed Florence quietly; 'and besides, they are two such old friends.'

'Friends, and in love with the same girl!' remarked the little old lady scornfully. 'Well, for my part, I don't believe in such friendships.' Then, kissing the beautiful face which still looked up at her with gentle reproach, she added, tenderly: 'But there, it is no

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satisfaction to one to be in a passion in your company, Florence, and I won't be a cross old woman any more.'

Marsden and Ryder had not parted on very cordial terms, it is true, for each had a grievance against the other; the former had been too successful in love, and the latter in money-getting; but both these causes of jealousy were now removed. The young baronet had given up all thoughts of obtaining Ellen Bateman for his bride, from the instant that she had given him plainly to understand that her affections were pledged to his friend. He had suffered as most men of strong feelings do suffer—for to how few of us does it happen to marry our first love?—but its healthy nature soon recovered itself. He forgave most freely, most generously, in convincing himself that he had nothing to forgive; but he did not forget, insomuch that to secure her happiness who could never be wife of his, he would have made any personal sacrifice. To continue his intimacy with her future husband was the surest method of making himself of use to her, should any necessity arise; and besides that, though he distrusted the young man's stability of character—thought him but too likely, as he expressed it, 'to go a regular mucker'—he had a real regard for the companion of that happiest epoch in his life, the palmy days of Lakeland and young love.

Miss Ryder, therefore, to her great astonishment, found her nephew quite willing, and even pleased to invite Robert Marsden to Rudesleigh; and it was understood that the young millionaire from over seas was to come thither as soon as he landed.

There were two other persons at the manor-house beside Charles and Ellen who looked forward to the young millionaire's arrival with considerable interest—Mr Onslow Bateman and Mr Hardy Wentworth. This latter gentleman would have been considered by most listeners, no matter what topic his eloquence chanced to be adorning, what is called 'a superior man.' He was not very much better on one subject than another, and, indeed, greatly prided himself upon having no sort of sympathy with any subject. He was an aristocrat in so far as he despised all persons of low condition, and who were not 'in society;' and he was a democrat, insomuch as he hated people with handles to their names, whom the world would ignorantly worship in preference to Mr Hardy Wentworth. He had even by no means a high opinion of his own 'set,' intellectual men about town, fast philosophers, and persons of condition, who 'fed upon sauces,' political, theological, and literary, and despised plain roast and boiled; nor, with many acquaintances and several sycophants, was Mr Hardy Wentworth known to possess so vulgar a matter as a friend. After a certain, hard, dry, critical fashion, this gentleman was a good judge of a man, just as one might be of a horse, and he was attracted to Mr Onslow Bateman at once, as to 'a fellow worth knowing;' strange to say, however, he utterly overlooked, or did not know how to estimate his *bonhomie*, and ascribed to mere force of intellect the social success for which he was far more indebted to the geniality of his disposition. During frequent visits to Rudesleigh, he had sounded the ex-tutor as far as his plummet would go, upon a certain semi-literary, semi-political undertaking, which was about to be entered upon by himself and some of his London acquaintances, and found him willing enough to join them. A new Paper was to be started, which was to revolutionise Politics and Literature, if not to abolish them—as at present understood—from off the face of the globe; and Mr Onslow Bateman was to afford it his unquestionably valuable assistance.

The two worthies finally settled the matter over a game of billiards one September night, after their host had retired to his bedroom, under pretence of being fatigued with partridge-shooting. Ryder did not care to play at billiards with either his venerable friend or with Wentworth, insomuch as they could both give him at least twenty-five points in fifty, while they only gave him ten. Mr Bateman, in particular, had not forgotten an art for which he had been distinguished in his earlier days, and which he had since had many opportunities of practising at the residences of his aristocratic friends. The possession of a billiard-table is not a bad test for separating the upper landed gentry from the lower, and is certainly a much more practical and satisfactory one than any distinction to be found in Burke. The billiard-room of Rudesleigh was sacred from the profanation of smoke in the daytime; but every evening, as Mr Bateman was wont to observe, civilisation reasserted itself there in the finest regalias.

'The *Vampire*, a political and literary paper, whose object will be to point out the errors of modern journalism, and to protect the public morality,' observed Mr Wentworth, quoting from its prospectus, and missing an easy white hazard, 'may be obtained on Friday next at all newsvendors.'

'The proprietary,' observed Mr Onslow Bateman, continuing the quotation with great gravity, while in the act of attempting a cannon off three cushions, 'have no pecuniary aim whatever, but will direct their efforts solely to the elevation of opinion.'

'By Jove,' cried Wentworth, 'that's a bold stroke; and what a game it leaves!'

'Yes,' returned Mr Bateman, taking advantage of the improved position of the balls; 'I'm afraid that makes the necessary fifty,' and he put the red ball into one pocket and the third half-crown he had won from Mr Wentworth into another. 'I break the balls, then; and by the by, who writes your first leader?'

'Verjuice leads off with a stinger against Derby.'

'Poor fellow!' observed Mr Bateman pathetically. 'See, they're both in balk, and you have little or nothing to play at.'

'Lord John is left for me,' pursued Wentworth; 'and Cracker is to pitch into Pam.'

'I thought there were to be four leaders—or misleaders, as perhaps will be remarked by the vapid and irreflective—who writes the fourth?'

'Verjuice, again, I think; but whoever of us is the most bilious is always to write the fourth article: it is the one we are to keep perpetually standing against Quaker Bright.'

'That is correcting the errors of journalism with a vengeance. And how about the protection of the public morality?'

'Well, that is to be done mainly by the literary staff; their censorship is to be tolerably severe, I understand. Cracker has given us one capital notion: at least one of the books selected for review is to be immoral. We shall only quote for purposes of rebuke, of course; but we *shall* quote. It is melancholy to think how the highly educated classes relish anything with a *soupçon* of impropriety about it. Among the lower classes, it is said that a newspaper without police reports would never circulate at all; but we are going to leave *them* out altogether, you know, "from motives which the proprietary trust will not be unappreciated."'

'And where do you get your general news from?'

'From well-paid and intelligent correspondents over the whole world—the correspondents, that is, of the *Times* newspaper.'

'Excellent,' observed Mr Bateman smiling, 'and not expensive. Your staff, then, is completely made up, is it?'

'It is not, nor is it meant to be,' returned Mr Hardy Wentworth. 'Our contributors will be more numerous and varied than ever newspaper had before; because our columns will always be open to the expression—no matter from what quarter—of manly politics and rigorous criticism.'

'Slasher and Crasher, eh?' remarked Mr Onslow

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Bateman as he put away his cue, and lit his bedroom candle. 'Upon my word, the scheme looks extremely promising, and particularly if we can get our young Australian millionaire to help it.'

The success of the *Vampire* was indeed, as had been predicted by the sagacious Mr Hardy Wentworth, in a very few months pronounced complete; not only by the proprietary, who published its stamp-returns in every number, in very readable type, but by the public, whose morals it protected, and by the press, whose errors it corrected. Everybody abused it, it is true; called it 'too bad' and 'shameful,' 'unprincipled' and 'inconsistent;' but still the very folks who wondered most 'how anybody could read it,' read it themselves. It was for no little time the theme of political conversation; all the newspapers extracted its articles, for each found in the columns of the *Vampire* a philippic directed against the peculiar object of its own animosity; while the Wits averred that they had confidence in its French articles, since they were manifestly written in gall, and declared a policy to be unnecessary to a journal which could insure its life without one.

And yet the following conversation took place at Rudesleigh Manor one evening concerning this most prosperous print.

'I wonder, my dear Ryder,' observed Hardy Wentworth, who had been extracting for the young baronet's delectation some exquisite passages from that still novel venture—'I wonder you don't patronise our journal yourself. It would be that object in life for you which you seem to me so much to want.'

'Thank you,' replied Ryder drily. 'Whatever void there may be in my poor existence'—he began to stammer and blush in an unaccountable manner, so that the ex-tutor had to intervene, with, 'Wentworth thinks that a void in one's existence is like a broken window, which you can stuff a copy of the *Vampire* into, and so remedy.'

'He does,' asserted the extricated baronet, laughing; 'and besides, each of you has a copy sent him of that paper, as it is. If every country-house takes in as many as this, the *Vampire* must be a pretty good property.'

'We get it rather cheap, you see,' observed Wentworth grimly; 'and there are a good many who obtain it upon the same very reasonable terms.'

Mr Onslow Bateman laughed loud and long, as though Mirth itself were tickling at his heart-strings, and in a manner scarcely to have been expected of one who had sunk his entire savings—all the property he had in the world—in the journal under discussion. 'What *I* complain of in the *Vampire*,' said he, with tears in his eyes, 'is its enormous stamp-returns.'

'But that must be a good sign, surely,' observed Ryder simply.

'Not if you have to buy the stamps, and yet not sell the copies,' explained Hardy Wentworth. 'The fact is, nobody will read a newspaper unless they are previously convinced that everybody else reads it: a great circulation must be first arrived at, and then people begin to take it in.'

'That is something like the sucker of my old pump in the back-yard,' observed Ryder: 'you must make it a little dampish at first, before it draws. If your pump doesn't work after all, the water with which you fed it would be all thrown away, I fear.'

'Which would be a pity, where water is scarce,' replied Wentworth, shrugging his shoulders, and playing the devil's tattoo on the great bay-window.

'And yet,' observed Mr Bateman in a confidential voice, 'it seems ridiculous, after having dug so deep, to lose all for the sake of a few bucketfuls. It is "letting well alone" with a vengeance, and in a most unusual sense.'

'There is also another proverb,' remarked Ryder drily, 'concerning the imprudence of throwing good money after bad.'

'Ours is not absolutely bad,' argued Mr Bateman with unusual earnestness; 'I could shew you the books, and let you see how the whole thing stands, if you wish. Our success at first was enormous, really enormous; the late decrease in our circulation is one of those unaccountable phenomena which *will* occur in journalism; and in the meantime our stamp-returns must be kept up, or else we lose our advertisements. Our writing is just as good as ever. No human being can account for these aberrations.'

'I don't know that,' replied Ryder doubtfully; 'it seems to me the thing is not so unnatural. At the first start of a universally abusive paper, it pleases more persons than it disgusts; but presently, when everybody's turn has come round to be ill-treated, it disgusts more people than it pleases. There are also—although Wentworth yonder denies it—not a few persons in the world who have no relish for—for'——

'Bitter aloes,' suggested Mr Onslow Bateman gloomily.

'Exactly,' responded Ryder, with a smile at the candid admission. 'I own to you that if it were not for the personal interest you two gentlemen take in it, I would not have such a paper brought into my house.'

Over Mr Onslow Bateman's countenance there passed a sudden expression of positive anguish—agony; a look totally foreign to anything Ryder had ever beheld in that pleasant face before. It was only for a moment, and was succeeded by the ex-tutor's ordinary placid smile; but the beholder never forgot it. In after-years, he likened it to the peering forth of that Fox's head whom the Spartan would have hidden from every eye, though it was gnawing his very vitals. At the time, he was shocked to think that his outspeaking might have produced it, and was hastening to express his sorrow; but Mr Bateman stopped him merrily with: 'Tush, tush, my friend; you are perhaps right enough, and, at all events, could never hurt with even a just sarcasm such a rhinoceros as myself. I confess, however, I am disappointed; for I had hoped you would have joined us, and saved the sinking ship with some of your floating capital.'

'My dear friend,' replied Ryder earnestly, 'I would not lend one farthing for any such purpose. If *you*, however, desire to borrow of me, I need not say that what money I have to spare is at your service; nor is it any concern of mine to what use or abuse you put it.' Here, as if unwilling to prolong a discussion that was agreeable to neither party, the young baronet left the room; and Mr Hardy Wentworth, who had been keeping up a continued stream of melodious whistling in the bay-window throughout the foregoing conversation, stopped his song as suddenly as any thrush who sees a worm, to ask: 'How is it, Bateman; is the *Vampire* to live on?'

'It is,' replied the ex-tutor with all his customary cheerfulness of voice and manner; 'the creature is to have more blood to suck.'

SICILY AND ITS TUNNY-FISHERY.

At the extremity of Europe, far away to the south, as most people know, and surrounded by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, lies the island of Sicily, the Trinacria of the ancients. Seen from the sea, it appears a mass of rocks, broken into every fantastic shape, and shooting their pointed pinnacles high up into the sunny sky.

It is difficult to imagine that those jagged sterile mountains enclose fertile valleys and plains bringing forth 'corn, and oil, and wine in abundance,' yet so it is; the soil is still rich and fertile, as in the days of the Romans; but it is another kind of fertility from that to which we are accustomed; there are no green pleasant meadows, no fields of waving corn, and the change of seasons makes but little difference in the landscape. The orange and lemon groves are ever

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green, and the olives also, though of another tint. Plantations of fig-trees and vineyards slope down to the sea-shore, and the corn is sowed between the vines. All the stony, barren land, even high up in the mountains, is covered by the Indian fig or cactus, that singular plant, the leaves of which grow out of each other, and the fruit out of the *leaves*. In Sicily, it serves with the aloe for hedges to the vinefields. Persons who have only seen specimens of it in the hot-houses of Kew, or elsewhere, can form no idea of the gigantic size it attains in this its native clime; its leaves are twelve or fourteen inches long, and more than an inch thick; from one leaf shoot out five or six others, in the form of a fan, and these produce the figs, four or five being set round the edge of the upper part of each leaf. This fruit forms the principal food of the lower classes during many months of the year, and much resembles a sweet pear in taste. A few of these figs and a piece of bread make a good meal for a Sicilian.

The bread, that best and most necessary gift of Heaven, is excellent; sweet and good, without any admixture of alum or any other drug. I do not remember to have ever eaten any like it, except in my native city of Bristol, where, at some of the bakers', a particular kind of bread, called *red wheat*, could be procured, of which one could indeed eat and be thankful.

Of the luscious grapes, I will only say that when, on my return to Paris, I was recommended to try, as a luxury, a dish of the famous *Raisin de Fontainebleau*, which every one pronounced to be excellent, I supposed my friends were joking, so insipid and watery did the fruit seem to me by comparison with that of Sicily. There are, of course, many varieties of grapes, as well as of wines made from them, in the island; but that best known is Marsala, which, when really unadulterated, is little inferior to Madeira. The disease has been very prevalent amongst the vines of late years. Sulphur is perseveringly and successfully used in their cure. I have seen the fruit three times attacked, and as many times restored by this means during the same spring. People are employed to go about and dredge the bunches with the sulphur powder. This remedy was, I believe, discovered by the Sicilians, and the antidote to the malady being ready at hand, it is not surprising they were the first to apply it.

In vain the eye seeks, in Sicily, to repose itself on our English forest-trees. How often have I gazed out on its tropical vegetation, and longed for the spreading oak, the noble elm, and graceful ash of my native land! Here they are unknown. The evergreen cork and pepper tree, groves of olives of a whitish-gray tint, intermixed with the lemon, the orange, and fig tree, of a deep rich green, cover the land. The quantity of oil produced from these olives is immense; and it is well it is so, in a country where there is little pasture-land, and where no sort of care is or ever has been bestowed on the rearing of cattle; consequently, the meat is very bad—almost unwholesome; and there is little or no butter or milk except that given by the numerous herds of goats which seek their scanty meals high up amongst the rocks. The cows and oxen subsist, in a great measure, on the rind of the Indian fig, and the dried leaves of the maize or Indian corn. At a certain season of the year, the sheep are fed on the rind of oranges and lemons, from which the juice and spirit has been extracted, chiefly for the English market.

The manner of living and eating of the Sicilians forms as great a contrast to our English ideas as can be well imagined: the people, rich and poor, eat of things as far removed from our notions of what is fit for table, as would be the diet of the cows and sheep from the ideas of any well-bred English animal of those species. In walking one day through the streets of Palermo, I came upon some people surrounded by a number of bushel-baskets, piled high up, with what appeared to me at a distance round white pebbles. On approaching nearer, I found they were common garden-snails. I asked for what purpose they were intended, and was informed they were a favourite article of food with the Sicilians. Close by was a fire made between four stones, and a large iron *crock* or pot set thereon full of this aliment, hitherto unappreciated by me, but which was in process of preparation for sale for the benefit of the public, by being boiled with some green herbs and tomatoes. I afterwards had the advantage of partaking of this dish at the table of a Sicilian noble, who, with his family, sucked the snails out of their shells with delight. I forced myself to eat two of them out of politeness, of course, as it is considered want of good-breeding to refuse *any dish* in Sicily. The entrails of fowls are carefully washed, cooked, and served up. The polypus we call star-fish, which attains, in these seas, a prodigious size, also serves as an article of food. I have seen some full five feet across from one point of the star to another; it is eaten boiled, and resembles hard salt gristle covered with slime.

In the spring, broad beans are eaten, raw, after dinner; also a kind of turnip, raw likewise; in the winter these are replaced by large uncooked fennel roots. Asparagus grows wild in the fields and gardens, none taking the trouble to cultivate it; it is exceedingly bitter; this remark applies to many other vegetables, but the bitterness is in some degree disguised by the manner in which they are served up; for the water in which they have been boiled being squeezed out, is replaced by a plentiful supply of lemon-juice and olive-oil.

Some families who have travelled, live in the French style; but I have heard of a French cook, that was brought out by a Sicilian gentleman, who, when he saw the scanty manner in which the Palermo market was supplied, and the quality of the viands exposed for sale, threw up his arms in wild despair, and declared he had nothing left to do but to hang himself. I one day saw an English bottle-jack, which had been offered for sale in the palace in which I resided; it was being exhibited everywhere as a curiosity. They called it a *clock*, and were lost in amazement at the perfection to which the arts and sciences were carried in England, which they pronounced to be a wonderful country. I merely remarked that it would be useless to purchase the clock, as it would be next to impossible to procure the joints it was its duty to roast. People seemed to agree with me, and the machine remained unsold.

During the winter months, good veal from Sorrento is brought over by the steam-boats from Naples to Palermo, and is bought up at a high price by the gentry. The native beef is always eaten stewed, or in the form of sausage-meat, otherwise it would be too hard for any teeth or any digestion. The Sicilians are, however, even greater macaroni-eaters than the lazzaroni of Naples, and in this way console themselves for the want of meat. Every one begins dinner by eating a large plateful, piled as high up as it can be handed to him; and as it is prepared with extremely strong cheese, oil, tomatoes, and a kind of very bitter fruit, fried in slices, it is a portion formidable for any English man or woman to get through. When such is the ordinary fare in a palace, it may be imagined what it must be among the poor, and one can well understand the enormous benefit bestowed on them by the tunny-fishery.

The *thon*, as it is called in French, or tunny, is a fish but little known in this country, as it never visits our shores. In Paris, it may be seen exposed for sale in small quantities, preserved in oil, but never fresh, for even with the aid of the Marseille Railway it could scarcely reach Paris before spoiling—the season of the fishery being principally in the

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hot months of May and June. This fish, whose flesh is very solid, some say resembling veal, forms in Sicily the chief food of the lower classes during the summer, and is a source of wealth to some of the richest Sicilians. It is migratory, proceeding in shoals like its smaller brethren, the herring and mackerel. In the early part of April it begins to leave the ocean, entering the Mediterranean by the Strait of Gibraltar. The thon, notwithstanding its great size, is a timid fish, and likes smooth water; for this reason, and for the facility of finding the small sardines, anchovies, and marine-plants on which they feed, they coast along the shore, taking refuge in rough weather in the numberless gulfs and bays formed by the sinuosities of the land, and where the sea is often unruffled when it is agitated outside. They thus proceed on their journey, and are caught in great numbers on the coast of Sardinia and on the Ligurian shore; but where man makes the greatest havoc in their ranks is on the coast of Sicily.

I should premise that it is the intention of the tunny to coast along the shores of Italy, go through the Strait of Messina, and pass the summer in the Black Sea. It often happens, however, that when they arrive at the strait, the agitated state of the water, caused by the meeting of the current from the Adriatic and that coming through the strait—the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients—frightens them so much that it induces them to change their route, and coast round Sicily, intending to reach the Black Sea by that longer but calmer voyage: this is the reason they fall a prey in such numbers to the Sicilians, who have their prisons of net-work ready to receive them.

Neither time nor expense is spared in getting these ready for sea, and the amount of both required may be inferred from the following figures: the nets are 1400 or 1500 feet long, nearly 300 wide (in parts), and from 50 to 100 feet deep; in fact, for three months before the fishery begins, hundreds of men are employed in repairing the boats and other gear, and in making new nets. In many parts of these, very great strength is required, for the fish they are to enclose measure from 5 to 7 feet long, and their girth is nearly as great.

In this country, where there are no rope-manufactories, the proprietor of the tonnara has to procure ship-loads of *sparto* or Spanish grass from Valencia, and hemp from the Naples market, and then to make his own ropes, afterwards to be converted into nets; so that the courtyard of one of the most ancient and magnificent palaces of Palermo is seen to serve all the purposes of a rope-walk, whence the produce is conveyed to Solanto, where the making of the nets begins.

Solanto is a promontory covered with small cottages, the dwellings of the fishermen engaged in the tonnara, and which cluster round an ancient Norman castle, the residence of Blanche of Castile during her sojourn in those parts, and now the summer habitation of the proprietor of the fishery. It stands on a projecting point of rock, in a highly picturesque situation; from its balconies, the fish may be seen swimming in the waters below, and the view stretches far over the sea, away to the Lipari Isles, and along the coast to the point of Cefalù.

This settlement is in full activity from March till July. The men enter into an engagement with the proprietor of the tonnara in the month of February; they agree for a certain amount of daily wages, and, after all expenses have been paid, and a certain profit secured by the owner, they get a percentage on the extra profits: they are thus deeply interested in the success of the affair. As soon as the heat sets in, they no longer sleep in their houses, but lie down on the open beach, and start up to their work at the first break of dawn. About the first week in April, the nets being completed, are put into large boats or barges, with an abundant supply of large stones and anchors. It is necessary that the water should be comparatively still for the letting down of the nets. There are strong under-currents in the Mediterranean, called, in the Sicilian dialect, *rema;* and as it is absolutely necessary the nets should stand perpendicularly in the water, and form *walls* of net-work, it would be useless to sink them while these currents prevail, as they would be forced into a slanting position, and the chambers could not be formed. Watchers, whose duty it is to look constantly down into the water, are therefore set to announce when the rema ceases; and as it is quite uncertain at what moment it may terminate, the boats and men are kept in readiness from the break of day to evening, in order to put off at any instant, and profit by the favourable moment for lowering the nets; until this can be accomplished, all is at a stand-still. Sometimes a delay of many days takes place, for these currents are of most uncertain duration and return, and many anxious eyes are bent on the shining surface of the sea, when troops of fish are beginning to pass by, and no prisons are ready to receive them!

At length the wished-for signal is given, and the boats having arrived at the appointed spot (about a mile from the shore), the stones and anchors are made fast at intervals to the lower edge of the nets, in order to sink them to the bottom, the upper edge being floated by pieces of the cork-tree; they are cast into the sea by two boats' crews, parting from one point, and lowering them in such a manner as to form a succession of *squares*, loud cries of joy announcing the completion of each *chamber*. To understand this term, it must be remembered that we have said the nets form *walls* of net-work, openings being left between each chamber by which the fish are to enter, and which can be closed at will, by raising from the bottom to the top of the net, a door or curtain which lies reefed below till the fish enter; it is then drawn up behind them, thus preventing their escape. Finding the opening to the second chamber, they enter, and are enclosed by the raising of a curtain, as in the first; and so they go on through the several chambers, until they reach the last and fatal one, called the 'chamber of death.' At the bottom of this last room is a square of net-work, immensely strong, called the *leva*, exactly fitting to the four sides of the net-walls; this can be raised and lowered at pleasure.*

It may not be generally known to English readers, that St Anthony is considered as the patron of fishermen; to account for which the Sicilians say, that one day he began to preach to the heathens; but as they remained incredulous, he turned round and addressed the fishes, who came out of the water in crowds to listen to him; on which the people who witnessed the miracle became converted in great numbers. As soon, then, as the nets are fairly in the sea, the protection of St Anthony is implored, and a large branch of olive, some ten feet high, which has been previously blessed in the church, is fixed in the centre of the tonnara. The priest then makes the circuit of the nets in a boat, pronouncing a blessing as he goes. This is the last preparation, and to the Sicilians, the most important, for their religion enters into all they do.

The nets, then, being fairly established, and in perfect order, two watchers are placed at the opening of the first chamber, to announce the entrance of the fish. The men lean over the edge of the boat, having a tarpauling spread over their heads, to screen them from the sun, and to throw a shade on the water, on which they drop a little oil from time to time, to render it smooth; by these means they can see what is passing in the blue depths below. The watchers are relieved every three hours, and remain at their

* The object of forming these numerous chambers is, that one troop of fish having entered and advanced into the second chamber, the first is opened to admit new-comers.

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post immovable and in perfect silence from before dawn till evening. When they see a troop of fish enter, they close the entrance to the nets; the tunnies go round and round till they come to the opening into the second chamber, and so on till they arrive at the chamber of death. The men then hoist a signal, which, being perceived on shore, a red flag is run up on the castle tower, which is saluted with cries of 'Bandiera a Solanto!' (The flag at Solanto), and the boats put off with the men requisite to weigh the net.

Sometimes the fish remain hours, or even days, in the centre divisions of the nets, and will not go to the last, as if they knew the fate that awaited them there; and there is no means known either of forcing or enticing them forward—they must be left to themselves. I was once present at a very large 'take' of tunnies at Solanto.

The graceful three-masted launch of the proprietor put off from the shore one morning early, when the red flag on the castle tower announced that fish were in the chamber of death. She bounded, propelled by six young rowers, over the sapphire waters, more deeply blue than the sky overhead, and we were soon at the scene of action. The movable floor of network (leva) was being rapidly hauled to the surface of the water; the fishermen uttering loud cries of joy, as their practised eyes already perceived in the blue depths their monstrous prey in great numbers. The flying-fish, which by chance had got into the net, sprang high into the air, and were caught by the lookers-on. The scene soon became painfully and intensely exciting. We could see the imprisoned victims rushing wildly round and round, trying to escape, and casting the water, lashed into foam by their struggles, high into the air. At length, when the net was within six or eight feet of the surface, it was made fast at the four corners, and the battle began. Each man seized his sharp hooked weapon, and plunging it into the fish, dragged them, with loud shouts, alive into the boats; blood spouted in great quantities from the wounded creatures, covering the men, and reddening the waves for a long distance round. The butchery continued till all were taken; the efforts of two or three men being required to secure each fish, as they are very strong. Once out of the water, however, they soon die.

People of all ranks take the greatest delight in this scene, and come from long distances to witness it. They do not call it *fishing*, but *killing*, as in fact it is. The boats are towed to the shore, and the fish are sold to dealers from all the neighbouring towns and villages, some buying one fish, some two or three, according to the population to be supplied.

The first take of tunny that I witnessed was on the 17th of April; the number in the net was found to be sixteen. They were sold on the beach at Palermo for a sum equal to L.70 sterling; this large price, averaging nearly one shilling a pound, was obtained because it was the first haul of the season. The greatest activity prevails during the first half of June. Prayers are offered up daily to St Anthony, from the 1st to the date of his fête, the 13th. He is entreated to implore from Almighty God a plentiful take of fish; and as in the height of the season, the tunny fetches only a farthing a pound, it may be imagined what a boon it is to people eating little or no meat. Immense quantities are salted down, and form the winter provision, whilst a considerable portion is exported.

This tonnara of Solanto (eight miles from Palermo, by land) is one of the best on the coast of Sicily, from its position, having a large gulf before it, into which the tunny is sure to come. That of Signor Florio, called *Arinella*, is less productive; but it has the advantage of being nearer the capital, consequently, there is less expense attending the fishery, and better prices are obtained. The fish which remain unsold on the beach of Solanto at the ringing of the 'Ave Maria' (at sunset), are taken in boats to Palermo. The voyage is about ten miles by sea, and is sometimes attended with difficulty and danger; the cape Zaffarana having to be doubled, where boats and cargo together are sometimes lost. When a large haul is secured on a Saturday morning, quantities are sent off to Naples by the steamer, which always leaves on that day.* This tonnara formerly belonged to the kings of Naples. The grandfather of his present majesty often superintended it in person, and amused himself for hours, sitting on the shore, bargaining for his fish with the dealers. The average profit obtained may be reckoned at a thousand a year. Sword-fish are sometimes taken in the net with the tunny, or alone; these are not dragged into the boats with hooks, but carefully towed ashore after them. Their flesh, which is much superior to that of the tunny, is sold; but the roe is carefully preserved for the private eating of the proprietor, as it is considered a great luxury.

On the 29th of June, St Peter's Day, the tunny-fishery ends. The nets that have formed the chambers are cut, sink to the bottom, and perish. The *leva*, which is the strongest part, as it has to support the whole weight of the fish, as it is raised through the water at every successive haul, is carefully laid up, and with some slight repairs, serves for the last scene of existence to tunny of other years.

A PURSUIT OF JUSTICE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A THRILL of delight shot through my frame as I turned my back upon the camp at Aldershott, bidding adieu to bigwigs and wiggings, monotony and drill. I had lived long enough in a place not unlike a penal colony to know how to appreciate 'leave granted,' to command my own movements, and dispose of my own time for a day. Light-hearted as a boy just 'let loose from school,' I mounted the omnibus, and in due time arrived at Farnborough Station; joined a knot of happy men, bandying jests, and comparing lengths of leave of absence upon the platform. There was crabbed Major Spider, walking off with his two months in his pouch; Captain Fly, with one month in the cap-pocket of his shooting-jacket; and Lieutenant Quick, with his fortnight doubled up along with his railway-ticket. The shrill whistle of the engine interrupted the conversation. 'Train!' was the word, and 'Places!' the countersign, and we scrambled into the carriages.

I had not obtained leave of absence on the plea of 'urgent family affairs,' but I had business enough to transact for the family I had left behind me. Sundry commissions had been thrust upon me at the last moment. Captain Tick asked me to carry his watch to Dent's; Smith reminded me of his new sword-knot; Jones wanted crowns for his tunic; Brown, a

* The evenings of Saturday and Sunday are always devoted by the family of the proprietor to amusement, in which the fishermen and their daughters are allowed to have a share. A dancing-master, accompanied by two musicians, is brought from Palermo, who generally set us dancing interminable quadrilles: not the stiff kind of walk now indulged in by English and French society, but a really lively *dance*, composed of the figures of the ordinary quadrilles, Caledonians and Lancers mixed up together, he calling out in bad French each evolution that had to be performed, and keeping us in continual movement. All the village-girls dance polka, waltz, and mazurka, as well as any lady at Almacks, on the evenings in question. They were allowed to come with their fathers and brothers to *see* the dancing—the gentlemen of the household choosing one of them from time to time for a partner; very often several of them were called on to make up the number for an English country-dance. Amongst themselves, the tambourine is the favourite instrument, to the music of which they dance the Tarantella.

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cheese-cutter for his cap; and Robinson handed me a check for Fortnum and Mason for his sausages, potted game, and honey. I was entreated to call at Craig's Court upon certain gentlemen to whom we were all indebted. I had been invited to escort the Fitzjessamines to the horticultural *fête*, or flower-show, in Regent's Park. I had a *mem.* in my note-book, to call on Bill, or Mr William Sikes, dog-fancier, in the New Road, or see his right-hand man—in velveteen shooting-jacket, with capacious pockets, ankle-jacks, and smalls—touching the mysterious disappearance of Rags, the dog of the regiment, a wiry-haired terrier, absent without leave; not reported at the heels of the officer of the day, at the men's dinner-hour; and seen last in Captain Yelper's company upon the Farnham Road, near a gipsy camp. A gipsy girl had offered to tell Captain Yelper's fortune; Rags had lurked behind in the hop-poles. We flattered ourselves that the scent was strong enough for the keen nose of the dog-finder.

'Vauxhall—Wauxhall!' bawled the porters as we glanced at the forlorn and dilapidated property; and had hardly time to think about the green fire rockets, and rack-punch of nights gone by, ere 'Tickets' were demanded, and the train ran into Waterloo Station.

There goes Major Spider shuffling off to a cab, bag in hand, without stopping to say *au revoir*. Fly has hailed a hansom; Quick tells a porter to engage a four-wheeler—every man, eager and anxious to cut away from the railway, makes the most of his time.

I wanted change—silver for a sovereign. Cabby couldn't 'do it.' He pulled up at a public-house in the road. I entered the bottle-department. The young lady in ringlets and ribbons had just rebuked a stunted and elderly costermonger in fustian whose moke and cart were at the door. He wanted a pot of *fourp'ny*, but was told by the princess of bottles of all colours, with becoming dignity: 'Young man, this is the bottle-department—the pewters on the other side!' The vendor of carrots and oranges slunk out abashed. I got my answer also—'We can't oblige you.' Cabby whipped his old horse to another house of entertainment: in vain, 'No change—no change!' was still the cry. Cabby opined that money was 'werry tight on the Surrey side.' I agreed with him; and as a *pis-aller*, told him to stop at a baker's shop. 'It's no go, your honour,' said he. I stepped into the shop, and once more I preferred my petition, or attempted to negotiate an exchange of the precious metals—in vain. The old woman presiding over the rolls and biscuits shook her head; she said: 'Every one wanted change.'

I cast an eye upon a raspberry-tart; I ate it. I seized hold of a sausage roll, and tendered the sovereign in payment. I had fairly eaten my way to the change, and out it came from the depths of the till—four half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences, more or less covered with flour and dust. 'Bravo!' said I to myself, as cabby cracked his whip, and rattled over the stones westward ho! I had lost a glove in the train, and stopped at a hosier and glover's in the Strand to purchase a new pair. I threw down some silver. The glover caught up half-a-crown, smelt at it, then banged it down again upon the counter, exclaiming to another gentleman in black, who was rolling up men's merinos: 'Look here!' 'Hit him again!' responded the supervisor of the woollen department. 'It's the worst I have heard for a long time,' drily remarked a third gentleman in black, busily engaged in silks, or folding and unfolding handkerchiefs. I looked from one speaker to another, and inquired: 'What's the matter with it? Do you mean to say it's a bad one?' 'That I do,' said glover No. 1. 'The worst I ever tried,' remarked hosier No. 2. 'Nail him!' mysteriously muttered the roller up of silks.

Fortunately, I had 'money on my person,' and could pay for the gloves in sterling coin of the realm. Nevertheless, I had tendered a bad half-crown to a respectable tradesman, who looked at me as one man might look at another while still uncertain about letting a *smasher* go loose to practise upon society afresh. Had a policeman passed the door, I might have been handed over to him. It behoved me to tender some explanation. I said I knew where I had gotten the counterfeit coin. 'I daresay you do,' remarked the glover with a sneer. 'It was on the other side of the water,' said I. 'Surrey side, *of course*,' chimed in the folder of men's merinos. The glover coughed, and hemmed, and exchanged winks with his assistants, and the trio joined in a jeering fit of laughter.

I left the shop in a towering passion, and as I doubled my fist in a paroxysm of rage, split one of my newly purchased kids from thumb to little-finger. I rushed back to the baker's shop, holding that rascally coin in my hand, sooth to say, not at all improved by the glover's rough handling. The head of William IV. had received sundry scratches upon the royally retreating brow; the lion upon the reverse side had been deeply bitten into by the hosier's canine tooth. The metal looked white enough, but it felt greasy to the touch. I found the baker's wife, or shopwoman, up to her elbows in the business—serving customers, weighing quarterns and half-quarterns of that compound of fusty flour, bean-meal, potatoes, alum, bone-dust, and lime, called cheap and wholesome bread in the great metropolis; the loaves were light, and required make-weights, which usually fell to the lot of half-starved children, clinging to their mothers' lank skirts. 'Did you say biscuits, sir?' inquired the shopwoman, as I muttered some words, intended for her private ear, over the counter. I was compelled to speak out, and was astonished at the cool and deliberate way in which she took my communication. 'Was I not mistaken in the shop? There were other shops in the neighbourhood.' She would call Mr M——, the baker. '*He*,' she added significantly, 'would speak to me;' and presently Doughnails himself emerged from the lower regions. A glance at that man's beetling brow, uncertain eye, sickly skin, bare and spider-like arms—stuck upon his hips akimbo—his defiant attitude behind his basket of rusks, convinced me that I had but small chance of negotiating an exchange of bad for good money. He began by contemplating the coin with a curious and meditative air; held it up to the light, as if he was not sure that it was not made of glass; put it into a brass money-tester upon his counter, bent it, then affected to catechise his wife or shopwoman loftily, and with a magisterial air. 'Did she ever see that coin before?' The woman of course responded meekly that she 'never had *see'd* it.' 'Of course not,' said Mr Doughnails, turning to me with great asperity and indignation. 'We don't do those sort of things here. No, sir; try it on elsewhere—an old game, sir—a stale dodge.' Hereupon I felt myself called upon to remark that it was bad enough to be robbed, but to be insulted was unpardonable.

The loud words had already attracted public attention; a crowd began to collect at the door. 'It won't end here,' said I, 'depend upon it.'

'Leave the shop!' bawled the baker, white with virtuous indignation.

'Don't upset yourself about such a trifle, my dear,' interposed the shopwoman.

'Your name?' I insisted—'your name?'

'Look over my door for it. I'm not ashamed of my name; all the world can see it!' responded the baker.

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Here a poor miserable-looking woman, with a child in her arms, and a half-quartern loaf in her skinny hand, attempted to create a diversion in the baker's favour, whereby she might earn a crust for her children. 'O please, mem,' she exclaimed, 'did you see my change, mem—the change you gave me rolled up in paper, mem? I put it on the counter just as this *person* [myself] came into the shop, and it 's gone—O dear, O dear!'

'Send for a *pleese*man!' suggested another stanch customer; and in the midst of the clamour, I left the shop, vowing that I would post off to the magistrate, and was further advised by Mr Doughnails to 'go to Bath, get my head shaved, and my ears put further back.'

I looked about the streets for a policeman for some time. As usual, the blue-coated conservator of the peace was not to be found. Near the New Cut I discovered the glazed top of a hat slowly emerging from some area-railings; then the red beefy cheek rose level with the pavement; a constable of the K division stood before me, while a maid-of-all-work secured the area-gate behind him. The policeman said that he could not 'leave his *beat*' to conduct me to the police-court; but he favoured me with a few directions how to find that court, which helped to bewilder me. I was to go straight ahead as far as the Compasses; then bear to the right, as far as the Globe; take the second turning from the Goat's Head, and inquire.

I knew but little of the topography of the Surrey side, and had occasion to make sundry inquiries at all manner of seedy, mouldy-smelling shops. The streets were full of dirty people; and many bad cases of drunkenness were visible in the vicinity of the numerous pot-houses. Attempting to shorten the distance by making short-cuts, I got into labyrinths of dirty lanes and by-streets, but emerged in Kenington Lane, close to the police-court, at last. I walked on and on, yet nothing like a court of justice did I see. The houses looked shabbier, the pavement broken, the road almost deserted. I was evidently getting into the country again, and inquiring at a little general shop, had the satisfaction to hear that I must have passed by the court, and left it nearly a mile behind me. Turning into an obscure passage, flanked by pot-houses, and a dilapidated coffee-shop, I entered the station-house, had an interview with the sergeant on duty, and shewed him the battered half-crown, which he turned over, and rapped upon his desk. He had seen a few 'bad bits o' money' in his time, but this was about the worst 'case.' He would advise me to step into the court with it. I entered a large waiting-room at the end of the passage, and was presently in the midst of a crowd of dubious-looking litigants, and the friends and witnesses of people 'in trouble.' There was a predominance of ladies. The softer sex mustered strong—weird, wretched-looking widows in rusty black bonnets, with a fair sprinkling of black eyes to match, swollen noses; men dogged, dirty, and dejected; children in arms all squalling. Eager eyes were turned towards a small gloomy portal in a corner, where, leaning upon a half-door, a policeman on duty guarded the narrow entrance to the court.

The prospect of 'biding my time,' upon the fair principle of 'first come first served,' startled me not a little. There was a hole, a goodly gap made in my holiday by this precious half-crown already. I wavered upon the threshold of justice, when the Cerberus at the half-door beckoned to me. 'Step inside, sir,' said he; and I entered the gloomy passage, strongly smelling of damp greatcoats, half-smoked weeds, and vapid beer. More of the force appeared inside. A door was pushed open, and I took off my hat in the presence of his worship, a very unhappy-looking middle-aged gentleman, coolly nursing his left leg as he leaned back in his chair. The little court was hot and crowded. There was a clerk, and an inspector of police, and a sergeant of the force, and an orderly man calling out 'Silence in the court,' and a seedy-looking man taking notes in a long book as the representative of the British press. The case of 'Jealous Wife and Drunken Husband' was just on. It was a complicated affair of assault and battery, threats to murder mixed up with pledging a gold ring, and vending said pledge to a third party. There were 'faults on both sides,' and language intemperate—upon which the magistrate admonished, rebuked, and threatened; then there were appeals to Heaven, and a good deal of flat contradictory evidence, and threats of cap and nose pulling exchanged, and again his worship interposed. In a lull in the storm, I took occasion to ask the clerk's opinion about the half-crown, and it was freely given. He never saw a 'worse one,' &c. This was not the information I sought. 'Oh, if I would wait for ten minutes, he would speak to his worship.' The *ten* minutes was half an hour good, and even then his worship had to sign certain documents, which took him ten minutes longer. When his worship did vouchsafe to hear me, he cut me short before I had spoken two words. He said that end of the Road was beyond his jurisdiction, and that I should have gone to another court.

I retreated hastily from the presence of this Midas, and turned myself towards Southwark. Before I got into the Westminster Road, the clock struck three, and there was no lunch at the club for me that day. I groaned. I hailed a cab, and it occurred to me that my friends in Craig's Court dined early; still I was determined to punish the baker; no, rather than that beetling-browed braggadocio should escape, I would forego the pleasure of escorting the delightful Fanny Fitzjessamine and her sister to the flower-show; indeed, I doubted if I was in a fit and presentable state to play the part of walking-gentleman to such pretty belles. 'Was it the Brighton Station you wanted?' inquired the cabman, as, having driven up and down all manner of cut-throat lanes, he turned into that crowded thoroughfare at the foot of London Bridge. I had asked for the police station, and he had driven me to the railway station. I called to a policeman, and he gave it as his opinion that it was too late to do anything to-day; he said he would advise me to 'take it up to the Mint.'

'The Mint! Where's the Mint?'

'Somewhere near the Tower, I have heard,' said the cabman. I had some vague recollection about having read that some case of *smashing* had been prosecuted by the solicitor of the Mint. Then, after all, it was to the Mint I should have gone at first. 'In for a half-crown, in for a pound.' I told the cabman to whip to the Mint. We were now upon London Bridge, forming part of the quadruple procession, the glorious jam, the *block* of vehicles, omnibuses, carts, wagons, cabs, trucks, all densely wedged together upon the bridge. I had therefore to sit and listen to the chaff, the stale jests, the jibes, the jeers bandied and exchanged between the drivers of the several vehicles, the cads, the passengers. Full twenty-five minutes were lost in abortive attempts to get into King William Street; and at the corner of Fish Street Hill a horse had fallen, and the road was blocked. Four o'clock was at hand; and the last clerk would have taken his departure from Craig's Court by that time; the doors would be shut, the safe locked up, and no money forthcoming. I turned my back upon the quarter of the town in which sovereigns are presumed to be as plenty as blackberries in a thicket, and commanded the cabman to gallop for his life up Cannon Street, Fleet Street, the Strand. I would pay him handsomely if he would set me down at Charing Cross in twenty minutes. Nothing loath, cabby plied his whip. We had soon rounded the corner into St Paul's Churchyard,

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sighted the top of Ludgate Hill, and fallen into another solemn procession; now we advanced in the rear of a sedate Brompton 'bus; now we halted for ten minutes while a wagon, a coal-cart, a flock of sheep, and a drove of oxen obstructed the road at Blackfriars. St Dunstan's clock chimed four while we were still in Fleet Street. It was now too late to do any business in the West End. I got out of the cab, and dismissed the cabby with an admonition, after a wrangle about the fare.

In no very enviable frame of mind I approached Temple Bar, and remembered that I had promised to call upon an artist and engraver in that part of the town. He lived in an adjacent court, and as if my day was to be devoted to the courts, I resolved to look up Digwood Briars. The artist was at home. 'Father's up stairs,' said Briars junior. I found the lad in the midst of an unsavoury game of trap-ball in the kennel of the gloomy old court, which served as a playground and pleasure-garden for at least half a hundred pale, noisy, and ragged children of both sexes, merry as kittens—climbing about the old stone-steps, rusty iron railings, or tumbling over the scrapers and gratings as they romped and chased each other from pillar to post. The boy was glad to see me; he shook hands with me, forgetful of the state of his fingers—he had been building a grotto of oyster-shells, cemented together with clay from sundry flower-pots which adorned the window-sill in front of his mother's parlour-window.

I found Briars in his studio, or garret, at the top of the rickety old house. His nose was close to a block of box, at which he picked and scraped with his graver; he wore a greasy black shade over his eyes, and looked more cadaverous, care-worn, and dejected than ever. He said he was hard at work clearing out for a spirited oilman who had taken a fancy to have his shop-front and a portion of Bishopgate Street put upon his bags and wrappers. Briars said business had been very slack, but now he had his hands quite full; indeed, he was worried out of his wits by impatient customers. He had sat up for several nights over a set of fly-and-beetle-traps, for which patents were being taken out; he still regretted he was not prepared to give me my block yet; but he had taken it up and laid it down, counting upon my generosity, &c. Four months ago, I had given him an order to engrave the outlines of a knapsack and belts, I then was very urgent to get it out of his hands, to send it with my article upon certain accoutrements to the *Cracker;* but now the *Cracker* was dead, and its last report exploded in thin air. I was no longer anxious about the diagrams of the knapsack. I told Briars he ought to get assistants—journeymen, apprentices. He shook his head; he had tried that game, got good wood spoiled, and drawings thrown back upon his hands. I then compared him to Briareus; told him there was work enough before him for one hundred instead of *two* hands. There was boxwood on the table, boxwood on the floor, boxwood on the chairs.

'Tom, where's your manners?' exclaimed Briareus to his son; 'why don't you hand a chair?—Pray, sit down; you look fatigued,' said Briareus. Tom, why don't you clear a chair for the capting?'

'The boy grows tall,' I remarked.

'A weed, sir—a weed,' said Briareus, continuing his work; 'backward in his schooling, sir.'

'He'll pull up for lost time yet, I daresay.'

'Idle, sir—very,' said Briareus; 'fonder of gunpowder than of his book.'

'He must be a soldier,' said I. 'How's the battery, Bleatings?'

'Don't encourage him, sir; he did some damage with the brass cannons you kindly sent him: shot the feet off two pair of his mother's stockings *a airing* by the kitchen-fire, and'——

'Holes, father—only holes in one, and the heel was out of the other before!' whined Tom.

'Don't contradict me, sir! Don't mind him, capting; he's a very careless boy grown of late, as, if his mother was at home, you would hear.'

I now shewed Briareus the *half-crown;* and after he had condoled with me upon the misfortune, and talked the matter over, we hit upon a plan for getting rid of the coin. *Justice* being voted out of the question, and rewards and punishments placed in abeyance, *imprimis*, Digwood Briareus engraved the baker's name upon one side of the coin, and the number of the shop upon the other. Then Tom went down to the kitchen, and hunted out an old condemned kettle of goodly proportions. He filled this utensil with cinders as directed, ramming the débris well home with a poker. Anon, we knocked off the spout, and beat out the handle; then I took pen, and ink, and paper, and composed *a note* to the baker and his wife, put it into an envelope with the half-crown, and covered it up neatly with the lid, rolled sundry old newspapers round the vessel, and sent Tom out for more brown paper, twine, paste, and sealing-wax. Anon, the parcel assumed a most interesting and imposing appearance. So well papered up, tied down, waxed to perfection, by Briareus's advice, we covered it with mysterious directions—'This side up, with care,' &c., '*viâ* Bombay, Marseille, Bendigo, Ballarat,' &c. The baker's name in several places; and when the job was done, we surveyed our handiwork with complacency. We pictured to ourselves the baker's delight—his surprise on receipt of this parcel *per* Parcel Delivery Company. He would carry it into his back-parlour; the old woman (having paid the carriage) would be most anxious to look at the contents; friends might drop in, well-wishers and good customers be asked to step in and witness the ceremony of opening this *casket* of untold gold. It might flash upon his (Doughnails) bewildered brain that he had some relation at the Diggings; or that a runaway apprentice, enlisted in the Company's service, had married a begum, or become a nabob himself. Out of gratitude for the hard knocks and kicks he had received in the bakehouse 'at home,' he might have sent to his old master and mistress some jewels, rupees, mohurs, pearls beyond all price; and having followed the baker in imagination, we drew lively pictures of his doubts, his fears, his misgivings, his disgust as he unrolled sheet after sheet with difficulty, and came upon the note imbedded in cinders. A verse or two of that impromptu composition I preserve. Thus (to the baker's wife addressed):

> Yes, madam, you may stare and frown,
> As if you grasped a nettle,
> To see once more your base half-crown
> Before you in a kettle.

The next verses contained a savoury comparison about stale fish and cinders; and another, some wholesome advice to the baker himself. The boy took the parcel under his arm; he followed me down the rickety old stairs; he cut a caper and kicked up his heels as we entered Ram's Alley Passage—I have hopes of that boy—he put his thumb to his nose, and made a farewell gesture to his ragged companions of the court as we entered Fleet Street. He stuck to my skirts as far as the booking-office. We entered a pie-shop rejoicing, and then I heard St Dunstan's, or Bow, chime three-quarters. I glanced at the American clock in the pie-shop. Yes, time had flown—it wanted but ten minutes to six o'clock, and I was to dine with that precise and particular old man, Major Quiky at the Rag at six o'clock sharp. What a rout he would make if I kept him waiting for soup and soles! I crushed the hot gooseberry-pie in my friend Tom's hand, rushed out of the shop, threw myself into a hansom, and taking post in the procession proceeding westward at a snail's gallop, I

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had time to console myself with a cigar as I cogitated upon the pleasures of a day well spent—muttering, like Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, 'Let no man hereafter say this shall be a day of happiness.'

AËRATED BREAD.

The majority of Englishmen are so accustomed to eat fermented bread, that we might suppose them to be pretty familiar with the reason *why* the fermentation is performed. But such is not the case. People are apt to suppose that yeast imparts something chemical to the bread, in the form of carbonic acid or some other learnedly named agent. In truth, however, all that bread-eaters require is, that the bread shall be light, porous, and easily digestible. Biscuits and cakes have no leaven or yeast employed in their preparation; and they owe their difference from loaves of bread mainly to this circumstance; but still the bread owes its quality, not so much to the gas engendered during the fermentation, as to the *escape* of this gas. In striving for exit, the gas is arrested by the adhesiveness of the gluten in the dough, and thus produces the porosity which is the equivalent of lightness in bread.

Dr Dauglish, in common with many other persons, contends that fermentation is not at all necessary to the production of good bread. 'The preparation of spongy bread by decomposition,' he says, 'whether spontaneous, or commenced by the action of yeast or other ferments, is accompanied by many and great disadvantages. These arise chiefly from the extreme difficulty of insuring the particular form and extent of the decomposition most to be desired. So easily does one form of decomposition pass into another during the process of fermentation, by the slightest change of temperature, or variation in the constitution of the material acted upon, that a very large portion of flour brought to market, which has been imported from abroad, or prepared from grain harvested in damp weather—itself unobjectionable as an article of food—is incapable of being made into a light spongy bread by the process of fermentation, except by adding to it alum or other objectionable ingredients.'

The enterprising doctor has taken out three patents, for a mode of preparing bread in which lightness shall be insured by *aëration* instead of *fermentation*, and made arrangements with other parties for doing that which none but bakers can do. He is not the first to propose and to make aërated bread; others preceded him in this; but he has sought to make the operations more complete and effective. Messrs Peak and Frean, the owners of, we believe, the largest biscuit-factory in the metropolis, are conducting the manufacture of the new aërated bread, in a region far away among the depths of Rotherhithe. As a biscuit-factory alone, the place is curious and interesting; for there are troops of men and boys making 'fancy-biscuits'—Abernethy, Brighton, Maccaroon, Picnic, Presburg, and twenty other kinds; and there are navy biscuits being made by a process which is as completely automatic as anything in the cotton-manufacture itself. A sack of flour goes into a machine at one end, and after due time, comes out at the other in the form of hot, brown, well-shaped, well-baked navy biscuits. The flour falls down into a vessel; it mixes itself with water; it mutilates itself fearfully with savage-looking knives or prongs; it kneads itself under heavy metal rollers; it spreads itself out into a flat cake; it cuts itself into a batch of biscuits; it consigns away the scrap or waste to some invisible receptacle; it deposits its biscuits on a flat metal plate; it conveys this plate into an oven; it causes the plate to travel from end to end, remaining just long enough exposed to the heat; and finally, when the biscuits, by a sort of farinaceous instinct, know that they are 'done,' they fall spontaneously out of the oven into a range of baskets—and all without the intervention of one man's hand.

But to return to our aërated bread. Dr Dauglish makes carbonic acid gas to 'raise' or lighten the dough, but without producing any fermentation or decomposition. One part of the apparatus consists of a vessel in which carbonic acid gas is generated by the action of sulphuric acid on carbonate of lime. The gas is purified, and then passed into a gas-holder. Another part of the apparatus is an upright vessel, into which water is forced from a cistern, and carbonic acid gas from the gasholder; the water being impregnated by the gas, which is kept in it at high pressure. Near this condenser is the 'mixer,' a very strong globular iron vessel, large enough to contain a sack or so of flour, and provided with revolving knives in the interior. The process, then, is briefly this: a sack of flour is let down into the mixer; the air is driven out by a strong current of carbonic acid gas; the door or orifice is closed; a certain proportion of the highly compressed aërated water is admitted; and then the revolving knives are set to work, mixing and tearing, kneading and equalising, until the flour and aërated water—to which nothing whatever is added but a little salt—speedily become changed into dough. A door is then opened at the bottom of the globular vessel, and the dough is received into tin vessels or other receptacles suitable for imparting to it the form of loaves. All this is done in a wonderfully short space of time—five minutes for charging the mixer with flour; four for expelling the air; four for admitting the aërated water; four for mixing; fifteen for drawing off and placing in the oven—a little over half an hour for the whole cycle of operations.

There are certain oven-arrangements in progress, whereby the loaves of bread will travel in and out with greater facility; but the gist of the process is as above described. There is no fermentation; no time lost in causing the bread to 'rise' or become light and porous. Whether the world will best like round bread or square bread, 'crusty' or 'crummy,' we cannot venture to decide; but what Dr Dauglish announces is this—that the carbonic acid gas, in working its way through the dough, gives to it the requisite porosity without producing the slightest fermentation or decomposition. Nothing whatever is used but pure flour, water impregnated with the gas, and a little salt. It is not, we believe, put forth as 'cheap' bread, but as bread of superior quality.

IN CLOVER.

JUNE.

There is clover, honey-sweet,
Thick and tangled at our feet;
Crimson-spotted lies the field,
Blood-blotted like a warrior's shield.
Yonder poppies, full of scorn,
Proudly wave above the corn.
There is music at our feet,
In the clover, honey-sweet.

You may track the winds that blow
Through the cornfields as they go;
From the wheat, as from a sea,
Springs the lark in ecstasy.
Now the bloom is on the blade,
In the sun and in the shade.
There is music at our feet,
In the clover, honey-sweet.

WALTER THORNBURY.

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THE LATE INSURRECTION IN TURKEY.

THE scene opens at Misseri's Hotel, on the hill of Pera, the only European hotel in Constantinople, including in that great-sounding, many-memoried word as well the old triangular city of Constantinople on this side, as Galata, the old Genoese quarter, on the other side of the Golden Horn.

I was just down from the *belvidere*, or flat-roofed terrace, which crowns the pleasant hotel of King Misseri—to use Homeric epithets, 'the despotic, the strong-willed, the high-charging.' I had been up there with half-a-dozen Misseriotes, projectors, attachés, Queen's messengers, officers, clergymen, and agreeable young ladies, watching a Constantinople sunset, and the subsequent short twilight and sudden drop of night, till the black magician rods of cypresses, so lately red-hot bars of fire, stood out pillar-like and ghostly against a keen and pearly moon in her virginal first quarter. But the sunset is neither here nor there; and if I use all my palette of flame colours, even though I rose in a proper gamut, from dark dove-pink red, the colour of pulpit-cushion velvet, to the burning white of a Christmas wood-fire; yea, though I topped Titian and out-paradoxed Thinskin, the great art-apostle, I know that our kind but remorseless editor would rip it all out, as if he were a surgeon cutting out a mad dog bite, so warily jealous is he of his room. But this is between ourselves.

I would have said *entre nous*, but scraps of Latin grammar are the rage now, rather than my favourite old French exercises. Never mind, my turn will come; and then 'Old Horace,' as my friend MacStinger calls him with playful familiarity, will have his day after all, like other dogs.

Remembering suddenly with a bilious pang that I am not the Rambler, though I dine daily at Dr Johnson taverns, I return down the stairs leading from King Misseri's roof, and turning the key, am in No. 45, the small bedroom allotted me by the great king of monopoly. That room is worth describing, because it was a type of the semi-European room in general, as modified by Perote necessities and the genius of the Turkish climate. It was a gaunt, bare-boned-looking room; its floor skeleton of bare planks, for the sake of coolness, unclothed with carpet; a wiry-looking bed, looking like the first sketch of a gigantic bird-cage, has faded green mosquito curtains instead of bars, and instead of the cage wood-work, thin rods of iron painted green; the walls are stencilled with flowers; for furniture, a bed-sofa that resembled a sarcophagus, a rickety wash-stand, and a chest of drawers that served for toilet-table. The window was winged with Venetian sun-shutters. A small table for my volumes of the *Arabian Nights*, my Turkish books, with a few chairs, made up part of that total for which King Misseri, fortressed in the proud strength of a regal monopoly, had the courier's conscience to demand eighteen and a half francs a day, though he put us all (including even the Italian princess and the Moldavian boyards) on a prison fare of two meals a day.

I looked round my room for my old friends the mosquitoes. I listened for the little humming-bugle they are always practising on. I heard nothing but the creaking tramp of a restless man in No. 34 pacing overhead. I looked with regret for a scorpion, but the place was too new and whitewashed for that. My window commanded no great prospect; the blue sabre-blade curves of the Bosphorus, with its processional train of consuls' villas and pachas' palaces, were hid from me by brown-tiled roofs. The gewgaw new Italian palace of the fool Sultan, down there at Tophana by the 'Canon Gate,' the centre to which all the spider lines of a vast conspiracy, working unknown as yet to me, tended, was veiled from me by staring Frank houses, white and yellow, merchants and consuls' palaces. That fool's paradise just below there to the left, at the bottom of the steep lane under my windows—that water-side Rosherville of godless luxury and wicked waste of a wronged country's wealth down by the water's side—was at that moment, though I did not know it, standing on a black gulf of gunpowder; a great bomb-shell of ruin ready to burst hung poised over its sham cornices and meretricious upholstery. At that moment pale-faced dervishes were twining green silk bow-strings for Abdul's special edification; some ten thousand mutinous soldiers, unpaid for eight months—some said, on good authority, afterwards, *fourteen* thousand—were buzzing angrily in Pera and in Scutari barracks; pachas were whispering, moolahs were muttering; the great black devil was everywhere egging on good men to bad, and bad men to worse; and there, in a drunken sleep, over his third bottle of champagne, sat the imbecile breaker of Mohammed's law, unconscious as the pig busy in his trough is of the blue-frocked butcher who, knife in hand, is stealing round the sty. As in the palace in old fairy story, its inner life went on: the harem sang, and danced, and prattled, and made itself ill with perpetual sweetmeats; the sultan drank, and dreamed of fresh palaces; the vizier dozed over his jasmin-stemmed chibouk; the black eunuchs grinned and frowned; the slipper-bearer and the coffee-cup carrier quarrelled; the sentinels talked across the gateways, wondering why the hour had not come; and all this time the great rain-cloud, big with thunder of a people's wrath, and double-shotted with lightning

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shafts and bullets, pressed lower and lower upon that fool's house built on sand, upon that empire raised on a morass. The great death-trap was closing, the match was creeping towards the touch-hole; another moment, and there might have been but an empty room, with a blood splash near the door—but a few cinders to shew where the new palace had stood.

I am still looking into drawers and crevices, as I always do in new hotels, considering it my duty to act as residuary legatee to the last occupant of the room. It was an old Bastile custom to search in the wood-ashes and the cracks of planks for bits of writing and relics of the penultimate man; so I do it. I find only two or three yellow-flower leaves, a cigarette, and a mother-of-pearl button, which is not much, but serves to build fancies on, when——

Clash! bang!! bong!!!

Good heavens! is the house on fire, or are the gray-coated Muscovites storming this dead city? A tap at the door.

'Monsieur, le dîner.'

It is the dinner-bell; it will ring again in ten minutes. What instinct is it that makes me think there is something frightened and preoccupied in that rat-faced waiter Alexis's voice? I look in the glass, brush in hand—I am perfect—all but a *coup de grace* to the left whisker. I pace with the satisfaction of a hungry man down the long first-floor corridor. No. 41 is putting out his boots, as if he were knocked up, and going to bed; from No. 33 a family-party of English emerge. I pass between the funny old coloured engravings of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the Colosseum at Rome, where the figures are of uncrinolined ladies, with bare arms, little bolster sleeves close up to the shoulder, and waist nearly to the arm-pits. I turn down some steps, pass through a sort of hall drawing-room, filled with Venetian clocks and expensive tourists' trifles, huddled together in rather a sale-room way, and am in a moment down the two-winged staircase, and in the lower ante-room, where some thirty people are gathered for dinner.

The inane-looking red and white young Russian officer is on the Turkish sofa, whispering pretty foolish honey-moon nonsense into the pink shell ear of his Italian wife; the handsome young Jew banker, from Beyrout, is trying to settle a difference of opinion between his pale, impassive, statue-like wife and a friend, a dissipated gentlemanly Belial, who seems to my innocent English eyes painfully like the wife's lover; two American missionaries at one table are discussing the Japanese religion with a young American invalid, whose red fez covers a shaven head, the result of thirty days' fever in Damascus; two attachés, fresh from England, are examining a silver-mounted matchlock that stands near the door; while a bearded German doctor, fresh from Erzeroum, harangues upon a pretty model of one of the Bosphorus swallow-boats, that lies on a sideboard between the two windows.

The glass folding-doors leading to the dining-saloon are thrown open—King Misseri sends his herald to tell us dinner is ready—we pour in—the ladies streaming first, with silken sail and flowing ribbon—and we take our places——

Indiscriminately? Not we; no, by priority of coming. The oldest inhabitant of the hotel is at our head—the latest comer at the bottom. The places are indicated by the silver bracelet, with the number of your bedroom on it, ringing the snowy napkin that lies folded like a letter on your plate. Shy men begin at their rolls, as if they were just washed in from a raft; three nervous new-comers, in a hot bunch at my end of the table, begin to rumple their spotless napkins, and to pour out stage-like goblets of the thin prison fare of pleasantly acid Medoc, with which our lord and master, King Misseri, stints us; soup, with twiny Medusean hair of vermicelli afloat in it, is rapidly being distributed, when a pale-faced waiter, sliding in, whispers out the portly and self-confident landlord, whose general rule is, never to leave the room during dinner.

An instinct of something wrong seizes the room; the waiters, smoking soup-plate in hand, whisper in knots; the white-capped cook peers out from behind the screen that hides the kitchen-doors, his usually red burnt face white as his jacket; the *valets de place*, standing round the buffet, mutter loud in Greek, Turkish, Persian, and French.

There is something wrong! Every one at table, even the new-comers, feel it in the very air; all but one fat-faced Falstaff of an English merchant, who seizes the moment to help himself to a side-dish only put on the table for ornament. In a moment, Misseri reappears, his sly face pregnant with secrets, and slides over the padded Turkey carpet towards the oldest inhabitant at the head of the table, and whispers to him hotly, earnestly, and long.

The dinner resumes. Again the knives and forks work in unity on thirty plates. Slowly, but surely, the secret spreads round the table.

A great conspiracy had been detected—a conspiracy to murder all the Christians! How beautiful appears Christianity at a dinner-table! The European reforms were to have been choked and stifled; all the artillery were implicated—14,000 men!—soldiers and others were suspected, or known to have agreed to rise in arms; and, lastly, the sultan himself—the successor of the Prophet, the wine-bibbing, worn-out debauchee, the effete Sardanapalus of a dead nation—was to have been assassinated on his way to that great mosque of Sultan Achmed which borders on the Hippodrome.

Soldiers were now in every street and at every door, bayonet ready and sabre drawn. It was not safe to go across the bridge of boats to Stamboul. Arrests were taking place, fast as the regiments could be filed off in detachments from the great barracks on the hills of Pera and Scutari. If the Seven Towers were anything but a stately ruin, they would soon be full. Fish of the Bosphorus, leap for joy, for to-night ye shall feast on moolahs and pachas! Wild dogs of Scutari, howl in a chorused frenzy of delight, for to-morrow, at daybreak, ye shall be tugging at the gray beards of traitorous dervishes and rebel dragomans!

Silently our dinner ended; whisperingly had it passed by. The ladies, half frightened, half anxious, withdrew from us the bright starlight of their eyes, and retired to their upstair rooms. No piquet that night; no races of white and crimson balls that evening over the golden-green billiard cloth in the Armenian café; no pleasant exhibition of bazaar purchases; no competition and wagers on rival daggers and Damascus sword-blades; no cutting pennies in two, or driving Erzeroum poniards through five-franc pieces.

No; that night was spent in anxious talking, and in listening to the last rumours from without, brought us by King Misseri from the pale lips of boatmen and porters, as they came in with messages or burdens from Galata, Therapia, or Stamboul. The horror grew with the uncertainty, and we seemed (we Europeans) to have gone back at a leap to the days of Omar or of Ali. It was a disagreeable thing to be murdered in evening-dress, and after dinner seemed to me a most ill-chosen and unpleasant time wherein to have one's throat cut. As for resistance, there was not a gun in all the hotel but the ponderous, absurd, impossible matchlock, ringed with silver, that stood in one corner of the ante-room—and had stood for five years—waiting for a green traveller to try it.

One can't do much with a penknife, and there was not a poker in the place. Some talked, if the worst came to the worst, of cutting their way out; but others looked as if they thought more of cutting away. A fat clergyman present, exceedingly nervous, fell into a most singular mistake, for he sat rocking on the sofa

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by the window, saying grace. No doubt it was grace, for I could hear the words perpetually recurring, and its religious consolation cheered without inebriating me. 'For what,' the old gentleman kept saying—'for what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!'

'Amen!' said everybody, not hearing the words, but knowing it was a prayer, because of the pulpit tone of voice.

As for King Misseri, I think numerous courier sins, and extortions, and small cowardices rose with a sense of sea-sickness in his throat, and he retired for a 'little finger' of Cognac. As for Mrs Misseri, she was on her knees in a back-parlour before a small portrait of the Virgin Mary, comforted in vain by Fanny the housekeeper.

Towards night, we began to cheer up a little, for rumours more comforting came in. The conspirators (60,000 strong—how the story grew!) had kindly consented to put off the massacre of the Christians till the 4th of October: all was safe at present. The arrests were going on faster than ever. It was feared the howling dervishes would excite the mob. The pacha of Albania was to be seized, or his pachalic would revolt. They had met some of the leading moolahs walking to prison in the centre of hollow squares of soldiers. It was now discovered that the priests had had scruples about shedding the sultan's blood, and had therefore, after much discussion, agreed not to shed it, but to stone or strangle him, or both, there being as much to be said for stoning as for the pleasanter but sharper death of strangling.

Later still, toward midnight, the report grew more ghastly and lyingly accurate (always distrust a liar the more careful and accurate he becomes). A boatman had just told the oddman of the hotel, who told Antonio, the smiling dragoman, who told Misseri, that, an hour ago, as he was returning home round the old palace from fishing in the Sea of Marmora, he had heard distinctly groans and screams, and splashing and struggling, as of desperate men overcome by violence, and drowned, one after the other, with a beating of water and a bubbling gurgle. It was said that every night, for a week, these executions would take place. There could be no doubt about it; such things were common in Mahmoud the father's time, why not now? We had all heard of the substitute for the Divorce Court adopted by the Turks.

We were mute, and staringly intent with horror on the speaker, whom no one presumed to doubt, when a young Queen's messenger, Mr Lacy Rocket—who had been yawning for some time so dislocatingly wide and often, that I had thought that some massacre of the Christians would have been an amusement to him—suggested intrepidly that we should go down to the bridge and take a kyik, and spend the night cruising about, hearing and seeing as many secrets as we could. We were to charter one of those swallow-boats, as they are called from their lightning swiftness, and with lamps on each side of the rullocks, as is the Bosphorus custom, float and dart about round the old river-wall, underneath the cypresses of the palace gardens, round the galley-like beak of the old seraglio, and wherever, from sewer-mouth or water-gate, dead men with blue throats and staring eyes might wash or pour forth.

The project was timidly yet unanimously agreed to; but just as we were buttoning up to sally out, our curiosity overpowering our fear, some one suggested that the gate at Galata was closed and double-barred every night at nine; that at the same time the gates of all the various quarters of Stamboul city clanged to with one accord; that even supposing Turkish sentinels were bribed or eluded, that the patrol-boat on the river would be sure to stop and overhaul our kyik; and that, in fact, it was 'all up' with our chivalrous plan.

So to bed we went, to dream of yataghans pouring down Constantinople streets like so much liquid lightning, and to see the sultan, without his head, trying in vain to smoke his chibouk, and not knowing where to insert the jewelled mouthpiece. There my busy brain drew me forth unto the sea, and all around me, larboard, starboard, far and near, floated headless men and corpses. My whole dream was filled with a rolling heap of bodies, driven along in a fierce torrent of blood. The sky—— I woke with a start. It was a curdling gray daybreak; the only sound I could hear was the sleepy prate of the Turkish soldiers, in the little booth of a guard-house opposite the hotel; and in the far distance, down the high street of Pera, the chink and ring of the great iron-bound staves of the Turkish watchmen, a sort of noise resembling the first clink of a paviour's crow-bar, which continues without intermission during the night, and is amiably intended to shew that they (the *custodes*) are wide awake, that there is no fire, and that everything is right.

But this is by the way. Just as I had cleared away the fish at breakfast, and was working with rapid strides towards a little juicy pad of a steak, garnished with frizzled circles of my old friend, who has lately had such severe family misfortunes—I refer to the potato—Rocket, who sat opposite to me, and was washing a great bunch of chrysolite grapes in a tumbler of water, whispered across the table-cloth that he had something more to communicate about the conspiracy.

I lent him an ear—nay, two eager ears. He (Rocket) had been up early—he had found it was the right thing to do; when just as he stepped, dripping like a water-god, and was rubbing himself to a lobstery-pink with his flesh-brush, what should he hear but a discharge of muskets from the direction of the great artillery barracks on the hill. Now, he had been mistaken about some matters once or twice; had betted on Fish-hook, a brown horse he thought much too highly of, at last year's Ascot; and had once proposed to a ravishing blonde, who, he found, had been two years engaged to Muff of the Rifles; but mistaken about platoon-firing, and the sort of thing that goes on at military executions, he could not be. No, by Jove, there could be no sort of doubt about that: there was first the file-fire, running along like Screechini, that splendid creature, when she trills her fingers along the Broadwood key-board; then down again, second file; up again, third file; then half-a-dozen dropping shots to bring down the wounded, or to blow out the brains of the poor devils that were only slightly cut over—horrible—demme; and he slipped into his mouth one of the largest grapes, I think, eastern sun ever sweetened. You have seen a pigeon's egg?—very well, then.

But now to send up another firework, and give you the last rumour, and most horrible of all; but of which, if half was falsehood, half at least was truth. It was an hour after breakfast, and I was in Misseri's hall, turning over the great lined leaves of the King's visitors' book, with wondering side-glances at a notice wafered upon the wall above it, to the effect that 'The Pera Cricket Club would meet at Balthaliman, for the usual practice, on Tuesday and Thursday of that week.' Oh the pig-headed British love of habit, and of established follies—cricket in weather enough to make the ball red-hot and to blister the bats!

I read anon the entries: 'Major Damanoff, of the Russian Imperial Guards; Prince Suchanass, from Georgia; Doctor Hyperbole, from Berlin, on his way to Persia to join a German embassy; M. Bécasse, *propriétaire*—country, France; Darcy Jobson, *propriétaire*, England.'

Some one touched me on the shoulder—it was Rocket again, with his great straw-coloured bamboo under his shooting-jacket arm. More about the conspiracy—I could see it written on the very

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cigarette he was twiddling into shape between his thin thumb and forefinger.

He had just been strolling down to Banbury's, and had picked up a thing or two. Met two dervishes led by soldiers. The sultan had slept last night, for the first time since his boyhood, in the old Seraglio; he supposed for fear of the conspirators. Gabble had told him, too, as he looked in at the Ottoman Bank, that Jaffir Pacha, a fellow with no great character—in fact, a bit of a rip—had been arrested last night on account of his European leanings; that on his way to prison, in a kyik, guarded by soldiers, he had suddenly shook off the men, sprang into the water, and been drowned. None of the boats had yet succeeded in bringing up the rascal's body. With him, it was thought, so the fellows at Banbury's said, and the men at the Bitter Ale stores, perished great secrets. So Wiffen said, Wiffen the head-man at Banbury's—Banbury's right hand.

Capital story this of Jaffir Pacha; but before I had retailed it twice at the billiard-room, I was told that the whole thing was a trick, a downright slippery trick. Somebody had seen somebody, who was told by somebody, who proved to be a nobody, that that very night Jaffir Pacha was drowned in the Bosphorus he appeared wet and dirty before his wife, in a room of his palace, near Buyukdere, or somewhere alongshore, tied up his jewels, belted up his money, saddled his best horse, and was off to take ship for some Greek island where Turkish refugees generally repair; a sort of floating Leicester Square, near Scio (Show, as they call it). Diving and sinking are the same things; only that diving implies a voluntary act, and an intention to come up again to daylight. A third report represented him skilfully released by the pretendedly enraged and astonished guards, who seeing him dive, lost all traces of their prisoner, till out of the corner of one eye—left eye—they observed him clamber up the side of a convenient Greek fruit vessel, just under sail, and steer off to the land of the freest and slipperiest people of the world. Banbury had seen somebody who had seen the dead body; while Pericles, a Greek merchant, and in the dry-salting way, had seen somebody who had met the live one hurrying to Albania.

But Jaffir Pacha and his drown or dive, death or escape, were quite forgotten, when at dinner Rocket, who, when not actually on the seas between Stamboul and London, in guard of dispatch-bags, devotes his whole life to collecting political and other gossip, burst forth with news from Herne Bey himself of the examination of the conspirators.

The leaders had been brought up—this was a day or two after the night of the arrest—before the sultan himself, and confronted with his brother, whom they had intended to have raised to the throne. No complicity of the brother's had been proved; but the high bearing and insolent fanatical answers of one of the chief rebels, had so enraged a pacha present—who, perhaps, feared their disclosures—that as they went forth, under the crimson curtain that covered the door from the sultan's presence, he, the pacha, in a whirlwind of prudent, yet righteous wrath, slashed out his sabre, and lopped off the great conspirator's head.

Here one or two of the ladies screamed, and then sipped their wine in a pretty conventional bird-like way. Another man here broke in—sweeping away Rocket's last sentence, at which he frowned and knuckled his roll—with a story, also retailed from Banbury, of the examination of the smaller fry, the artillery captains, before the minister of war.

Brutally insulted, and bayonet pricked, they had been dragged from a temporary prison, the very den of filth and starvation, before the great man, not many years ago, I believe, a barber's man, or some such playful, but unintellectual trade. But, to the horror and astonishment of the officers and courtiers, pimps and parasites, not one of them had blenched or quailed, not one had betrayed even a fear of musket-barrel or sword-blade; they had stood there unshaken as Atlas; no threat or menace made eye quiver or lip whiten.

'No,' they said; 'by Ullah (Allah) we have done right; by the beard of the Prophet, it is thou, and not we, that hast defiled the Koran, and put out the sun with lies.'

I don't know how long our friend would have continued this oriental and dramatic attempt to realise a doubtful and not too veracious rumour, had not Rocket, who had from some other Banbury at the consulate also picked up a story, bore down on him with the restless tongue and charge of cavalry voice of a young barrister, and told us the end of the story in his own manner.

It was all right about the fellows' pluck—those sort of fellows always, you know, had brass enough. Stiffback, whose dragoman was present, told him that there was never anything like the cheek of those fellows. What do you think one of them, a moolah, too, did? Why, he up and told the vizier that he was a son of a dog; that he remembered him a miserable barber, hungry for *paras* (half-pence); and that if he had had the power, he would have slain the vizier's father on the grave of the vizier's mother, made slaves of his children, and sold his daughters as slaves to the butcher's men of Stamboul. This fellow they would have gagged and dragged out; but he then went on to prove from the Koran itself, which he quoted accurately, that wine was an unlawful drink, hateful to Ullah, brewed by Eblis, and the horror and abhorrence of every true believer. Therefore, as the sultan habitually drank wine, yea, even to intoxication, and was guilty of various other crimes forbidden by the law and the Prophet, it became the duty of every true Mussulman to help to depose such a monarch as worthy—no, not to live.

'Plucky, wasn't it?' said Rocket, looking round for admiration; upon which a severe High Tory clergyman present did something violent to his white tie, and groaned, 'Shocking!'

Now, as the sultan—as is perfectly well known to every Perote, from the Boots that is at Misseri's Hotel to the very valet that dresses the ambassadors—repairs nightly to a certain kiosk, lamp-lit and gorgeous, and doth there foolishly, selfishly, and sottishly bedrink himself unroyally drunk with bottle after bottle of champagne, till the said infidel breaker of the Prophet law is rolled into a strong Persian shawl by four black eunuchs, reverent of snoring royalty, and shovelled into his bed—I thought the good man's indignation a little too vehement, but I said nothing.

One thing, however, I ascertained from the various jarring rumours—that a Greek conspiracy (some said anti-European, others pro-European) had just been seized by the throat and dragged certainly to prison, and probably to death. As far as I could hear, some *fourteen thousand* soldiers and civilians had hands or feet in it. Progressive or reactionary, there were engaged in it not merely vulgar cut-throat and discontented artillerymen, but great pachas (of Albania, for instance), colonels, men of state, priests, dervishes, government employés, and, most startling of all, the heads of the universities—the sort of filtered-out saints and theologians who guide the state Mohammedanism, advise the sultan, and indeed, rising through examination after examination, are a kind of archbishops of the Turkish church, and rank next in power and influence to the great defender of Islam himself. In their rebellion Mohammedanism itself had, as it were, risen to push the imbecile son of Mahmoud from his microscopic throne.

As for the objects of the intended rebellion, it was enough for me then, being still in a chronic state of gaping curiosity, to know that the conspirators, betrayed by a young artillery subaltern, were to make the sultan appoint responsible ministers, on pain of

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deposition or death; to lock up his champagne cellar; to stop the poor sot's, the royal Sly's mad and prodigal expenditure in endless and unintermitting palace building; to get the army (eight months in arrears) duly paid; to cut down the pachas' salaries; and to resist (or increase—here men differed) European influence.

This also: no one could doubt that the conspirators, expecting instant death, and believing the sabres were then grinding for their special edification, manifested at their cross-examinations no fear, nay, rather, the proud exultation of good men, prepared to die for a good and stainless cause; that they had boldly laid their fettered hands on certain passages of the Koran, and so utterly disconcerted the time-serving judges, that they dismissed them, downcast and dumbfounded. There could be no doubt that the conspiracy had been a deeply ramified one, spreading from the loftiest mosque to the lowliest hut; and that the sultan's mad Sardanapalian palace-building and undisguised love of the white grape, were rapidly leading to that great crop which always springs up so dreadful and sudden, when a fool who builds palaces on sand takes the whim into his head to sow the whirlwind's seed.

As this was telling—that I have here shaped and shortened—a lull fell on the motley Misseri guests. Pearl-sewn slippers from the bazaar, scented Indian beads, Turkish saffron-coloured tobacco—all the day's purchases were forgotten. One only bit of news comforted us: it was a report that the massacre of the Christians, announced for the 4th, was to be put off till the 14th.

'Well, there is one thing I take my affydavy of,' said Rocket, rubbing a fusee smartly against the bottom of his boot, 'and that is, that the sultan is in a deuce of a funk, and serve him right!'

COMMON WORDS.

WHAT curious difference in meaning has the same word, according as it is spoken by one mouth or another, written by one pen or another, suggested by one circumstance or another! When the Crystal Palace Company presses into its service all the colours of the rainbow for the purpose of informing *the Public* that there will be a grand musical entertainment in honour of anybody whose name will collect a multitude, and that the tickets will vary in price from a guinea to five shillings; or that there will be a flower-show, or a poultry-show, or a man-and-woman-show, on a particular Friday—which is a half-crown day—it is clear that *the Public* alluded to must be composed of persons very different in habits, tastes, pursuits, means, and, to a certain extent, gender, from those who are respectfully reminded that the Tiverton Slasher will take his benefit on such and such a day at the Westminster Baths, upon which occasion there will be assembled a galaxy of fistic talent. Nor do we imagine that *the Public* which is requested to make early application to 'Œdipus,' who has named the winner of every race for the last three years, without a failure, has much in common with *the Public* whose attention is called to the Report of the Society for the Promotion of Social Science. Moreover, who ever feels himself included in the number of those to whom that significant sentence in the Registrar-general's Report—'the public health has suffered greatly from the inclemency of the weather'—applies? Yet every one allows that his own health *is* part of the public health. Few of *the Public* whose 'health suffers from the inclemency of the weather' have their names, ages, and virtues recorded in the first column of the *Times; that* isn't *the Public* which the undertakers are so anxious to bury at economical charges; that *Public* doesn't sit on chairs, but on door-steps; doesn't sleep in beds, but in bridge recesses; doesn't die of apoplexy, but of inanition.

But perhaps this sameness of word and difference of signification are nowhere more remarkable than in the terms *lady* and *gentleman*. 'Me and another lady was having a few words,' raises in your mind no image of those beings whose health is so eloquently proposed and so gracefully acknowledged at the Mansion House or the London Tavern; nor when you hear a railway-guard ask gruffly at the door of a third-class carriage: 'E'er a one o' you ladies want to get out at Stepney?' do you feel at all the same emotion as when the same guard says obsequiously: 'This way, miss, please—first-class.' In the first case, you sit immovable; in the second, ten to one you look out of the window of your carriage. We imagine, too, that the worthy proprietor of the two-penny wax-work to which we went in childhood, had different people in view, when he 'respectfully informed the nobility and gentry that no lady or gentleman was allowed to enter in a state of intoxication,' from the ladies and gentlemen to whom the Lord Chamberlain gives instruction in the event of their wishing to be presented to her Majesty. It would be amusing to observe a meeting between 'a doosid gentleman-like fellah,' according to the notions of Capt. the Hon. Henry Cavalry, and the same description of fellow-creature according to the judgment of Mr Scribble, the clerk; the contrast, we are sure, would strike no one more than the 'fellahs' themselves: each would search for an explanation of the existence of the other (if they had happened to hear of the book) in Darwin's *Origin of Species*. *A perfect gentleman* is by no means a constant term: it varies directly as the turn of mind of the person using it. Mrs Tubbs, the lodging-housekeeper, thereby would have you to wit of one who is unconscious of the rapid consumption with which groceries are afflicted, who is unaffected by mysterious disappearances of liquor, who believes that coal and candle can kindle themselves and burn away, and is content to examine only the total of his weekly bills. Thomas, the waiter, uses the same words to express his feelings of gratitude towards the munificent being who despises small-change; and the lady who lives in the fashionable square can find no more honourable title to bestow upon her pet minister. And now that we are upon this subject, we seize with avidity the opportunity of pointing out wherein consists—or did consist, when a coach ran between Oxford and Cambridge—the difference between an Oxford and a Cambridge *gen'l'man*, and how the Oxonian established his claim to be considered 'more of a gen'l'man' than the Cantab. The driver of the inter-university coach is our authority, and we feel, therefore, that we speak in a manner *ex cathedrâ*. 'The Oxford gen'l'man,' said the worthy driver, 'is more of a gen'l'man than the Cambridge gen'l'man, though they're both wery nice gen'l'men, and stands their bottle o' wine to me *like* gen'l'men; but here's the difference o' breedin', you see: the Cambridge gen'l'man he calls out hearty: "Tom, old boy, 'elp yourself;" the Oxford gen'l'man sits down afore me, 'elps *hisself*, passes the bottle across to me, and says: "Tom, I looks to-vards you," likewise nods.'

How various, again, are the ideas conveyed by the word *Servant*. It is often necessary to strengthen it by an epithet, such as *domestic*, before you can feel quite sure that you will be understood. Why, the man who declares in black and white that he is your very humble *servant*, is the likeliest man in the world to knock you down if you ordered him to black your boots. And when you hear anybody boasting that he serves the Queen, or that he has the honour to be one of her Majesty's servants, you never think of asking him how he likes 'the place,' or of hoping that 'he gives satisfaction.' To see a 'humble servant of the church,' too, driving about in a carriage-and-pair, with a second humble servant of the church on the box, in livery, and a third hanging on behind in the same livery, would astonish an unsophisticated creature

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who always attached the same meaning to the same word. *Ministry*, too, may be taken in more senses than one: when you hear that the *ministry* are going out, your imagination conjures up no string of reverend gentlemen taking healthful walks abroad; nor, on the other hand, when your friend, the poor widow, introduces to you, with pardonable pride, her clever son from school, and strokes his head fondly as she tells you she intends him for the *ministry*, do you for a moment suppose that the boy you 'tip' is an embryo Chancellor of the Exchequer. If a man should tell you that he took a 'bus to your house, you would by no means confound his proceedings with those of the policeman whom you indignantly observed taking what sounds exactly the same upon parting with your cook at the area-gate; in the latter case, you would probably write the word with double *s* when you sent your note of complaint to the superintendent. *Governor* is quite protean in point of signification: if a respectable elderly gentleman or a lady talk of the *governor*, you know he is some one holding a commission from her Majesty; if it be a young and not very sedate-looking individual who is talking, it may be taken for granted that paternal authority is alluded to; in any other case, you may be assured that it is one of the heads of those houses, establishments, or societies with which this great country abounds. Except at Michaelmas, it would be difficult to declare with any certainty what the meaning of *goose* might be in any given sentence; without plenty of context, or a knowledge of the person using the word, it would be easy to confound a bird with a human being, and either of those with an instrument peculiar to tailors. 'Go it, old hoss!' is a phrase, the understanding of which is materially assisted by a knowledge of the cis or trans atlantic origin of the utterer. But if we once get into the regions of slang, there will be no end to the difficulties, and they are numerous enough in what humorous patriots call plain English. We have known the name of a street to have caused an altercation, and almost a serious quarrel, between two friends of hasty temper. A. asked B. the name of a street they had just passed; B. answered Wych Street. A. endeavoured to describe it, and again receiving the same information, began to make uncomplimentary remarks upon B.'s faculties; whereupon B. retorted, and a personal rencontre was imminent, when the happy idea struck B. of spelling the word to his irascible friend. Adjectives are, even more than substantives, dependent upon circumstances for appreciation. When Lucy calls Emma *dear*, bystanders are either quite indifferent or apprehend a quarrel, according to the tone of voice; but when Lucy calls an unrelated Charles *dear* (or *vice versâ*), those who overhear the appellation immediately commence a certain arithmetical process popularly known as putting two and two together, though in this instance it would be more appropriate to join one and one together. Let no man who hears himself called a *nice* fellow, plume himself upon his merits until he has fully ascertained the force of the epithet; it may so happen that a little piece of rascality on his part has just been discovered. No one would think of trying the effect of soap and water upon a *dirty* scoundrel, though the combination might be advisable and efficacious in the case of a *dirty* boy. Mrs Puritan's *good* man will seldom be found to resemble him whom a college tutor describes as a *good* man; or whom the commercial world, and still less those whom the patrons of boxing, boating, and cricketing, pronounce *good* men; while a *good* thing, strange as it may appear, is not unfrequently unfit for ears polite. It would astonish many a one to hear the recipient of L.30,000 a year proclaimed a *poor* scholar; and there are not a few who would be equally amazed to discover that a comedian with four guineas a week was considered *rich*.

Enough has been said to shew that the curious may find food in the study of common words, and we will conclude with the history of a mistake into which a little boy once fell, in consequence of using a word of which he did not know the meaning, and from too readily supposing that his school-fellows despised the aspirate. Everybody knows that at certain public schools, when the names are called over, each boy is required to shew his acquaintance with dead languages by shouting in proof of his bodily presence the Latin word *adsum*. Now Master Jenkins had been very well brought up, and on that eventful day which saw him, for the first time, a member of the Worshipful Society of Public Schoolboys, he had parted from his mamma with a solemn promise that nothing should induce him to tell an untruth. He arrived at the sign of the birch-rod—a hostel kept not by a licensed victualler, but a Master of Arts—where he was to put up just as the inmates were going in to tea. He was invited to the meal, and accepted the invitation, though his heart was so full that he neither ate nor drank. After tea, the roll was called, and young Jenkins remarked that every boy answered adsum, or, as it sounded to him, 'ad some. His name had been previously entered, and he, in due time, with the imitative tendency inherent in human nature, uttered a shrill adsum. But now his mind misgave him. He not unnaturally supposed the boys had been acknowledging that they had partaken of wholesome refection, and it flashed upon him that he had already broken his solemn promise to mamma. He resolved at anyrate to clear his conscience, and therefore, immediately after prayers, he rushed forward, burst into tears, and exclaimed to the mystified master: 'I beg your pardon, sir—'ad none!'

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XX.—THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE.

Old Simon and young Marsden were getting on at Marycross as prosperously as any Storekeeper—except some government ones—and any Builder (totally independent of strikes) could be expected to do; but the young man was far from satisfied. Waking or sleeping, the vision of the buried treasure in the river-sand was ever present to him, and every shilling not absolutely necessary to his present wants was laid by for the expenses of a long and unknown voyage. He had begun, as we saw, with almost total incredulity in the old man's story, but during the intervening twelvemonth had gradually persuaded himself of the solid reality of this new and marvellous Golden Legend. Nor was the change without some reasonable explanation. By obtaining, at infinite cost and trouble, such works as bore upon the history of the Spanish Main and South American Republics, he had found the dates of different minute occurrences which Old Simon had spoken of correspond exactly with his narration: the period of Captain Mitchell's execution in particular was correct to a day, and that was not certainly a circumstance likely to be remembered save by an eye-witness, or one deeply interested in the circumstances, nor to be picked up by any ordinary inquirer, like the martyrdom of a calendared saint. When we, moreover, consider that Marsden very vehemently desired to believe in his venerable friend's tidings, it is not surprising that after so much corroboration he at last obtained his wish. It was on the night of the anniversary of the first narration of his story that the old man came in from his usual gymnastic exercise with the big stone, and touched Robert Marsden's shoulder as he was looking over his cash-accounts for the past year.

'My friend,' said he, 'if you are content with your present gains, which are large, and with the rest of the property in this hut, which will be yours in a

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little time, God forbid that I should urge you to start upon a difficult and dangerous enterprise, with perhaps disappointment at the end of it. If, however, you design to take advantage of my help in your search for this treasure, I must warn you that the time is short. My strength is failing, visibly, even to one who would fain believe himself above the malice of Time. I am now become that unhappy wretch of whose existence the ancient writer doubted—a man so old that he does not think he can live a year.'

'And where did you learn that, Simon?' inquired Marsden earnestly, diverted momentarily by the old man's unaccustomed style from even the enthralling topic of which he spoke.

'That is no matter, friend,' returned the other mournfully. 'When I was half your age, I had more book-learning than I have ever had since; I threw that away, lad, and much more than that—love, duty, reverence, and all things which become a man, before I left my teens. I wish for no retrospection now, except so much as may serve your present purpose. Are you for the Magdalena River, friend?'

'Yes,' exclaimed Marsden with excitement—'a thousand times yes: it is for that I have been pinching and screwing to save what you see here; it is for that I have borne with Drudgery and Wretchedness; and, and'—— The young man blushed and hesitated.

'And Solitude, or Base Companionship, as you would say,' continued the old man, 'were not I here to listen. Say on, Robert Marsden; it cannot have been otherwise. I have watched you night and day; I have seen the gold-fever heightening; I have had it myself, and know how it saps the young life within a man. What money have you in all?'

I have more than three hundred pounds.'

'Good! With what this store will yield, and my own small savings, I have nearly twice as much again. We will put the two sums together, and having gone to Melbourne, endeavour to hire a ship, if we cannot procure a passage otherwise to Santa Martha. I am ready; and since it is so settled, the sooner we are off the better for you, for the longer time I shall be able to be of use to you.'

The old man's voice was mournful, and conveyed some rebuke in it, but Marsden heard nothing of that. A river was rushing in his ears over sands of gold, and the roar and the glitter were such that for nought else had he either sight or hearing. Old Simon had something like tears in his eyes for the indifference of the lad whom he loved as his own son, but who, for his part, only loved himself.

'Let us go,' cried Marsden, 'by all means; I wish, with all my heart, that we had gone twelve months ago.'

When the two friends arrived at Melbourne, there was no vessel about to sail for the West Indies, nor did their united means suffice to hire one. Even a small schooner that plied between the port and the town, and brought goods up the river some seven miles, at the same rate per ton as was charged for the entire voyage from England, was quite out of the reach of their purse. All too scant as it was, that dwindled daily too, in spite of their economical mode of life, and the Magdalena River seemed to be further off than even at Marycross. In this strait, Robert Marsden, in whose mind's-eye the treasure was assuming ever greater proportions, and who could not apply his perturbed brain to any occupation in consequence, ventured on a hazardous experiment: he revealed the tremendous secret to a third person, one Hunter, a builder, with whom he had had some dealings, and managed to inoculate that individual with a portion of his own enthusiasm. This man was not of such a character as Marsden would have chosen to be confidential with, if he could have helped it, but there did not seem to be any alternative. Enough that he had money, and was willing to risk some of it; and the young man was well satisfied to find himself by any means fairly upon his watery way, although the guerdon of his journey was of course diminished in value by the application of the Rule of Three. Old Simon's third share, however, Marsden reckoned with reason almost as his own, and L.66,666, 13s. 4d., or thereabouts, was a very nice sort of nest-egg still to be picked up in river-sand.

He certainly needed some pleasant outlook in the future to compensate for the exceeding discomfort of his present circumstances. The schooner which had to take them about half across the world was manned only by eight persons, besides the three copartners, and yet for these the sleeping accommodation was limited indeed. There was no such thing on board as a cabin passenger, with the exception of Old Simon, who was treated as tenderly by the two treasure-seekers as though he had been the wife of the governor of Australia taking a sea-trip for the benefit of her health. Marsden had to work as a common sailor whenever the weather was anything but perfectly fair; and his only satisfaction was, that his new companion enjoyed it even less than himself. The very first day of their voyage, they took off the skin of their hands at rope-hauling; and it was a fortnight before they got their sea-legs sufficiently to enable them to venture on them from one end of the deck to the other, although it was such a very little way. The cabin where they slept—when they were allowed to sleep, and had not to keep watch—was about six feet by five; and there they also dined. The captain entitled this apartment 'snug;' but as he also denominated a sort of grating which was attached to the ship's side sometimes, and swung there frightfully, an 'accommodation-ladder,' it was evident that his opinions were peculiar, and his requirements easily satisfied. As to sea-sickness being 'a thing one gets over after a day or two,' or to the motion of a sailing-vessel producing but comparatively little nausea (as some wiseacres assert), the two younger partners experienced the complete falsehood of such theories, and envied the placid stomach of their colleague of eighty years, a thousand times; although, indeed, Old Simon was far from well, through more serious causes. Even when society on board ship is very numerous and well assorted, and every convenience and luxury are supplied in lavish profusion, a long voyage can never be aught but a great evil. There is no face one can sit opposite to at dinner for six months without satiety, and no voice that does not pall upon the ear. Conceive, then, what must have been an existence of that duration to a young gentleman shut up in a small floating-box with eight unsympathising sailors, a pirate—affectionate, indeed, but serious—and a knavish builder, who was always hugging a brandy bottle. This gentleman would often protest that Marsden had deceived him, both as to the length of the voyage and to its object; and sometimes, in mid-ocean, would entreat, with maudlin tears, to be put on shore. He had laden the ship heavily with timber, to the great reduction of the comfort of all on board, and insisted on its touching at one of the West India Islands to sell his cargo, instead of steering straight for Santa Martha: it may be supposed, therefore, that he was not a little chagrined to receive at St Thomas', in the way of profit for freight over so many thousand miles, the very modest sum of fifteen dollars. This disappointment, the brandy, and the change of climate, worked together so much for evil in the builder, that he fairly quarrelled with Marsden—with whom, indeed, he had never been on particularly good terms—though at the same time redoubling his attentions to their venerable friend. Perhaps, too, the sense of the approaching division of the treasure, if treasure there should be, affected a disposition more than ordinarily covetous; or perhaps

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the air of superiority which Marsden did doubtless assume towards him—the moneyed man—could be no longer borne; at all events his dislike got to be now manifest and undisguised, and was repaid by the object of it with quite as open and thorough a contempt.

The disposal of the cargo at St Thomas, cheaply as it went, took not a little time; and while in harbour there, an addition was made to their company in the person of one Cobra, who was to be a passenger to Santa Martha. This gentleman, a dark and austere-looking Spaniard, had been picked up and fraternised with by Hunter, as being a brother Freemason, and he soon grew very intimate with him upon the still more fraternal ground of roguery. Marsden could scarcely refuse to take him on board, since there was no one in the schooner save Old Simon who could speak Spanish—and he but imperfectly; while Cobra, who knew English pretty well, expressed himself willing to interpret for them. Hunter and he were for ever closeted together, and gave our hero not a little uneasiness. In particular, as he lay one morning smoking on the deck, he heard through the cabin-window, scraps of a whispered conversation between those worthies, which convinced him that the great secret was no longer confined to three. He had, however, his consolation in the facts that, in the first place, Hunter was a coward, and would not be likely to drive him to extremities; and secondly, and in case of the worst, that his own revolver was furnished with two barrels more than would be necessary. It would not be less easy, he flattered himself, to rob a tigress of her whelps than to deprive him of his rightful share in that great treasure, the thought of which had been the solace of so many hardships.

Old Simon had scarce moved out of the cabin throughout the voyage, except in very fine weather; but since they had arrived in the Spanish Main, he could scarcely be kept below, and never seemed to tire of looking upon the purple sea.

'Half a lifetime ago,' Marsden heard him murmur, as they sat on deck together in the island-harbour, 'and it seems only yesterday.' Then he added aloud: 'They hung Mitchell yonder behind the town, in the valley between Bluebeard's and Blackbeard's castles. The black flag had waved before then from both those ruins. Kydd lived in one, 'tis said; he who nailed his hatches down, and then lit brimstone to see which of all his reprobates would longest bear the mimic hell. I myself have seen strange sights in this blue water, lad. This beautiful spot was even in my day a nest of evildoers.'

'There are some precious bad ones here still!' observed Marsden in a whisper, and pointing with his finger to the cabin where the two inseparables were sitting over their brandy: 'it is not only you and I, Simon, and one more, who know about the roots of the Tamarind-tree.'

'Has he told the Spaniard?' inquired the old man earnestly. 'It is only what I expected of the lying villain. By the by, lad,' added he after a little pause, 'put this sealed paper into your pocket; it is my will, written in your favour, but only to be opened after my death. It is not good-luck to give one's will away, but it is sometimes safer.' The old man shivered as he spoke.

'You don't feel ill, I hope?' asked Marsden with genuine feeling, for he was touched with the kindness of the old man's manner, although he attached but little value to his bequest.

'Yes, lad, I do feel very ill indeed, and have this long time; I well know it is the sickness unto death, and do not regret it. I much desired to look upon these scenes again, and would fain not have died in these far latitudes; but now I care not when the time comes for me to feed the sharks.'

'The sharks!' cried Marsden; 'pray, do not talk like that: we sail to-morrow, and shall be on the mainland within a week. There you will recover health, I hope, and do away with the effects of this most wearisome and hateful voyage.'

'Perhaps,' said the old man, smiling faintly—'perhaps it may be so: no, thank you, lad, I do not need an arm;' and so saying, the old graybeard tottered off below, with a very different gait from that he had used at Marycross, and was received by Mr Hunter and his friend in the cabin with their customary enthusiasm.

The next day, as they sped before a favourable breeze to Santa Martha, Simon was worse, and in the evening, it was clear to all who saw him that his old eyes would never open to see land again. Marsden could not eject Hunter from the cabin, who had, as it were, a vested interest in the dying man, but he insisted upon Cobra's absence, who accordingly coiled himself on deck, after the fashion of his reptile namesake, to play the eaves-dropper as near to the open cabin-skylight as he dared. Marsden did what little he could for the sufferer, in making cooling drinks for his parched lips, and applying vinegar rags to his burning forehead; but Hunter had exhausted all *his* remedies in offering the patient a bottle of excellent brandy, and contented himself with 'watching the case,' and pouring the rejected liquor down his own throat.

'Don't you think,' whispered he to Marsden, after a long silence, only broken by the gasps and catchings for breath of the now rapidly sinking old man—'don't you think it would be well to ask him—if it would be no great inconvenience—to go over again very carefully the description of the exact spot where the treasure is? You pass two creeks,' continued he, referring to his note-book, 'on the right bank of the river; the first, four miles from its mouth; the second, two miles further; and two miles beyond that, on the same side, is the creek with the Tamarind-tree, at the foot of which the treasure is buried.'

The old man's glazing eye lit up for a moment with an expression of assent. 'Dear me,' remarked Hunter huskily, 'what a mercy it is to find our venerable friend so sensible and intelligent to the last!'

Marsden uttered an exclamation of disgust, and turning his back upon the speaker, bent down over the sick man's pillow. The dying eyes once again opened for an instant, and this time with an expression as of pained affection, or so it seemed to the spectator, who often in after-years recalled it; the lips moved for the last time in attempt to frame human speech, and the last sounds which they painfully syllabled were, 'The will, the will!'

The next morning, the secret of the Tamarind-tree, whether revealed by the Builder or not, had one less possessor, and the body of the old pirate was committed to the deep with little ceremony; and on the seventh day of their sail they came in sight of Santa Martha, and dropped their anchor in the land-locked bay of the little town. As soon as they had been visited by the proper authorities, who sealed all the lockers, &c. in the ship, they were permitted to go on shore; Marsden, who had small confidence in Cobra, taking the precaution to pocket a small Spanish dictionary by way of interpreter. The three took lodgings together in a house recommended by the Spaniard, the landlord of which, it appeared, was related to the governor of that part of the country, and could procure them leave to travel whither they would. Nevertheless, his own mansion was not expensively furnished, their apartment being a large bare room, with a stone-floor, three chairs, a small table with a game-cock (a bird greatly estimated at Santa Martha) tied to one of its legs, one grass hammock, and a place outside to cook upon. Hunter took the hammock, and Marsden slept upon the stone-floor; his rest, however, being much disturbed by lizards, whose tails were unpleasantly left between his fingers whenever he tried to pull them off his face and neck. It was necessary, on account of the winds that were then blowing along that coast,

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that a canoe should be hired, just such as Old Simon had described in his narration, and the engagement of that vessel seemed to occupy a great deal of time. It could not, Cobra affirmed, be possibly made ready for their accommodation under ten days, and in the meantime what was to be done? Hunter and himself had been invited to spend some days inland with the governor, but they regretted to say that the invitation did not include their companion Marsden. How could he manage to amuse himself during that period? Marsden took the matter very philosophically; made no complaint of their desertion of him, and merely begged for a small loan of twenty pounds, as his money was running extremely short.

'Well,' remarked Hunter smiling, 'that will not be anticipating very much of your future fortune;' and he accommodated him without the least show of reluctance.

Upon the next morning, as soon as his two companions had departed on their visit to his excellency, Robert Marsden took passage by a vessel bound for Carthagena, on the other side of the mouth of the Magdalena. There he remained for a whole fortnight, as though there were no eight boxes of gold doubloons within a few hours' sail of him, and as if Messrs Hunter and Cobra had been the most trustworthy of mankind. When, however, this period had elapsed, our adventurer, by aid of his dictionary and the builder's loan, hired a canoe upon his own account, manned by three natives and a Spanish master, and started, on a calm day, for the entrance of the long-wished-for Magdalena. The sight of its level banks and long lagoons brought back to him vividly the first narration of his dead friend, Old Simon, and seemed to afford him an earnest of the reality of that golden dream which had haunted him so long. His spirits rose with every barren mile, in spite of the warning cries of the solitary river-birds, and the melancholy clang of the clustered marsh-fowl. He passed the first creek; then the second; and presently, on the right bank of the stream, precisely where Simon had described it, he saw the third creek, which must have sheltered the boat of the river-pirates a score of years before. The Tamarind-tree was there, also, but not standing. Marsden laughed aloud as he looked upon its recently torn up trunk, and the sand all delved and cast about the place by furious and disappointed hands. As he had anticipated, the two worthies had made their way thither, so soon as they got rid of their troublesome companion, and without losing much time at the governor's residence. The ground was trodden around for several paces, and the young man almost fancied he could recognise Hunter's very footmarks. How he must have stamped with passion, to find he had been brought such a very considerable distance upon a mere fool's errand! Marsden laid himself down on the spot where the tree had stood, and looked steadily across to the opposite bank, where quite a forest of mangroves fringed the stream. He never took his eyes off an object he then selected, but re-embarking, steered the canoe directly upon it. Having landed, he sat himself down between the mangrove-trees, a little away from the river, and similarly scrutinised the position of the spot which he had lately quitted. Then he took out Old Simon's will from his pocket, and perused it for about the hundredth time.

'I perceived, dear lad,' it ran, 'very soon after our first acquaintance, that you were not quite the man to be intrusted with the whole of a secret so important as is here written; for it would not, I saw, remain in the possession of us two alone. Forgive my distrust, if you do not acknowledge my judgment, for I should be sorry that any feeling should be harboured in your breast respecting me save that of regard. In my conduct to you, I have nothing to reproach myself with—in truth, nothing. You cannot, I thank Heaven, understand what a source of comfort this is to one who has been the enemy of so many of his fellow-men. There is at least one person in the world whom I have done my best to benefit. But your mind is fixed upon your treasure, and that alone. Why, you are saying, does the old man maunder after this fashion? As I myself once was, you are impatient of all that does not immediately concern yourself. God forbid that the like harvest may be garnered by you as has been by me. The Thing you seek is not, as I have heretofore told you, on the right bank, but on the *left*, and exactly *opposite* to the tree I have mentioned. It is buried half-way between two mangoes upon the river-brink.'

Between the two mangoes, therefore, Marsden directed the astonished natives to dig with their long sweeps; but although they laboured long and hard with those unwieldy instruments, there was nothing brought to light. From the old man's account, it was evident that only a slight layer of sand had been cast over the buried treasure, therefore it was clear that they had not hit upon the precise spot of interment. Marsden did not, it must be confessed, harbour one doubt of Simon's veracity in his own mind, but yet the big drops of agonising disappointment stood out upon his forehead. Again he examined the river-bank, and a little below its rim, and beneath the water, he perceived two rotten stumps, which might perhaps, at no distant time, have been mango-trees. The stream had most certainly risen, and its bed widened there. The natives drove away a torpid alligator that lay close by, and ventured in as far as their knees; then they recommenced their digging between the stumps, and at the second stroke laid bare the surface of some solid substance: it might have been a turtle's egg, or an alligator's back, or a stone—as Marsden schooled himself to imagine—but it turned out to be a huge and heavy cedar-box, bound with slimy and rotting hide; the lid of this had been apparently, at one time, forced open; and there was a dull yellow glitter from the inside of it, until Marsden choked up its gaping tell-tale mouth with sand. There were also seven other boxes of similar size and weight. It was lucky that Mr Robert Marsden had inquired for those goods, which had so long been left till called for, when he did, as in a few more months, at most, the sand would have been swept quite off them by the swift flowing Magdalena, and they would probably have attracted attention, and been of value to other people beside the owner.

HERBAL SUPERSTITIONS.

While alchemists beggared themselves searching for the philosopher's stone, or wasted life in endeavouring to discover its elixir, and astrologers scanned the heavens to read the secrets of the future, less ambitious devotees of superstition found ample scope for credulity in the field and forest. In their eyes, the trees of the one and the flowers of the other were 'the virtues of the earth,' at once physicians, prophets, and protectors.

That men should seek among the herbs around them for remedies against the ills that flesh is heir to, was only natural; the folly lay in the *modus operandi* by which they arrived at the curative powers of the various members of the vegetable kingdom. The most popular system was intimately connected with astrology. Every plant was supposed to be under the influence of a planet; each planet reigned paramount over a certain part of the human frame, and the herbs under its influence were believed to supply the proper medicine for that portion of the body. Nicholas Culpepper was the chief promulgator of this astro-medical system in England; and his *Herbal* is still a necessary item in the stock of a country bookseller.

Another method of detecting the virtues of plants was 'by signature.' Thomas Coles, a prominent

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advocate of this doctrine, contemns 'the folly of those astrologers who go about to maintain that all vegetables in their growth are enslaved to a necessary and unavoidable dependence on the influence of stars, whereas plants were when planets were not!'—an argument more ingenious than sound, for we remember that man was when woman was not, but who denies the influence of the latter over the former? The doctrine of signatures was one of analogy, founded on the idea that 'nature has stamped on divers plants legible characters to discover their uses.' So yellow flowers were held the natural medicine for yellow jaundice; the fancied resemblance of the vervain to the human eye was considered 'no small argument that it is thereunto to be appropriated;' spotted herbs were distilled for the removal of freckles; moss 'hanging upon a tree in a manner like hair,' was thought efficacious in cases of baldness; and the tooth-like shape of henbane-seed was sufficient proof that its juice would cure the toothache. This olden edition of the formula, 'like cures like,' was carried still further. Ragwort was administered to horses, because the uneven edges of the leaves resembled the uneven motion of the animal when suffering from the staggers; and the belief that fern-seed conferred invisibility, arose from the notion that ferns bore invisible seed, in consequence of the difficulty of finding it.

The medicinal properties attributed to some plants by the Parkinsons and Culpeppers are wonderful indeed. We are told that one leaf of cinquefoil will cure a quotidian; three, a tertian; and four, a quartan ague. Eyebright wine will not only enable old people to read without spectacles, but has been known to restore sight to the blind; vinegar of squills, taken in the morning before an hour's walk, assists the digestion, improves the voice, sharpens the sight, and clears the complexion; valerian juice draws iron or wood out of the flesh, while fennel performs the same kind office for broken bones, or, if thought preferable, the latter may be glued together by taking the roots of Solomon's seal in ale; cowslip-water restores beauty; and hear, ye quacks, and hide your heads, a single spoonful of the juice of the mallow is a preservative for ever from all diseases! Expectant mothers who desire their children may be wise, have only to eat plenty of quinces to secure their wish. Any lady who doubts her lord's constancy should persuade him to join her in supping on periwinkle leaves, which possess the quality of increasing conjugal affection. Rue renders a man subtle, quick, and inventive; sage strengthens the memory, and rejoices in so many virtues, that one of its panegyrists asks, 'How is it that one who grows sage in his garden can die?'

The old herbarists supply us with some curious recipes: there is one 'good against merrie gals,' and we are told how 'to help felonie,' 'to ripen felons,' 'to engender naughty humours,' and 'to kill a man in such sort as though he seemed to die laughing.' Our readers will scarcely desire to test the efficacy of any of the above, but for their benefit we subjoin a certain cure for the toothache: 'Dig up groundsel with a tool that has no iron in it; touch the tooth five times, spitting thrice after each touch, and replace the plant.'

Antidotes against plague and poison seem to have been in great demand among our ancestors, and according to our herb-doctors, existed in such abundance that there was no excuse for any one succumbing to those terrible assailants. The following preservative will suffice us: 'Two walnuts, two figs, and twenty leaves of rue, beaten together and eaten fasting, will preserve against plague or poison that day.' This was the famous antidote of King Mithridates, who took it so frequently that when he attempted to commit suicide by poisoning himself, he utterly failed!

The herbarists were no less learned in the *materia medica* of the animal kingdom. They inform us that geese, ducks, and other water-fowl help their diseases with wall-sage; boars, with ivy; harts, with artichokes. Dogs take grass as an emetic; asses, when afflicted with melancholy, recover their spirits by eating milk-waste; deer preserve themselves from the effects of serpent-bites with wild parsnip; the weasel, before entering on his mortal combat with the snake, fortifies himself with a meal of rue; while the toad has recourse to plantain, of which Lupton relates the following veracious instance: 'A toad being on the ground hard by a wall, a spider did suddenly strike the toad on the back, which, when the toad felt beginning to swell, did eat of the plantain nigh unto the place; which being well, the spider did again poison the toad with her venom, which done, the toad preserved herself with the same plantain as before; but one that chanced to behold the same did then cut up the plantain and take it away; which toad being the third time poisoned of the spider, as before, immediately searched for the plantain, which, when she could not find, did swell so that soon she did burst. The party that did take away the said plantain, and did see this strange and marvellous matter, did tell me this for a very truth!' It is slightly against the veracity of the author of *A Thousand Notable Things*, and 'the party,' his informant, that the story is a veritable antique. After this, we are not surprised to hear that wild goats expel arrows from their flesh by eating dittany; that linnets and goldfinches repair their failing sight with eyebright; or that 'the eyes of young swallows, pricked with a needle or pin, and so made blind, within three or four days after will see again, *which is very true, for I have proved it;* the old swallows restore their sight with the juice of celandine.' Serpents clear their eyes with fennel, and have such a horror of the ash, that they will rather go through fire than pass under its shade. We are assured 'it is no hard matter to kill a dog that shall be struck with an hazel stick.' Lovestrife does not deserve its name, for if cast between fighting oxen, they will part, and if the plant be tied round their necks, remain peaceable. Adder-tongue, put in the left ear of a horse, will make him fall down as if dead, but on its removal he will become livelier than ever; while, if asses feed much on hemlock, they fall so fast asleep that 'some, thinking them to be dead indeed, have flayed off their skins; yet, after they had done operating, the beasts have stirred and waked out of their sleep, to the grief and amazement of the owners, and the laughter of others.'

Basil was believed to be such an encourager of scorpions, that it was said a man had bred one in his head by merely smelling the plant! An ambassador from Genoa, being refused a hearing by the Duke of Milan, presented that ruler with a handful of basil; an explanation of this singular gift being demanded, he answered, that basil, gently handled, gave out a pleasant odour, but if wrung and bruised, bred scorpions. The duke took the hint, and treated the Genoese envoy with respect and honour. Mandrake, 'that procureth love, in poisoning filters mixed,' bore a fearful reputation. It was said to spring under the gibbet, from the blood of the malefactors; to resemble the human form in shape; and not only to shriek when pulled out of the ground, but to punish any man attempting to remove it with madness or death, so that it was customary to employ dogs for the purpose. Fond and faithful Juliet, amid the terrors which she dreads to encounter on waking in the vault, conjures up

> Shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
> That living mortals hearing them, run mad;

and the banished Suffolk declares he would ban his enemies,

> Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan.

On Midsummer Eve, the roots of the mugwort were

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disturbed to obtain a coal as a charm against plague, lightning, burning, and ague. One old writer says he has found it, but another, more sceptical, declares the 'coals' are merely the old roots of the plant. Vervain roots were worn round the neck, to keep away the king's evil; house-leeks were planted on the thatched roofs, to preserve them from lightning; and the electric fluid could not hurt a man under the protecting shelter of the bay-tree, for

> Lightning may enclose, but never stay
> Upon his charmed branches.

Not content with finding in simples both antidotes to disease and defences against magic, the superstitious sought in them omens and auguries of the future. If the elm or peach cast its leaves early, it was thought to prognosticate a murrain among cattle; the presence of a worm in an oak-apple was ominous of scarcity; a fly, of plenty; a spider, of mortality. Another reading of the same superstition was even less exhilarating: if the little tenant of the apple crept it foreshadowed famine; if it flew, war; if it ran, pestilence. A fir-tree struck by lightning prefigured its owner's speedy death. The poet of the *Hesperides* tells us:

> When a daffodil I see
> Hanging down her head towards me,
> Guess I may what I must be:
> First, I shall decline my head;
> Secondly, I shall be dead;
> Lastly, safely buried.

Let us turn to less dismal divinations. A girl might

> By rosebuds divine
> Who 'll be her valentine;

and many were the means adopted by maidens impatient to become matrons to obtain a foreknowledge of the coming man. On St Agnes's Eve, a species of divination was practised, called Cromnyomantia, in which the unromantic onion figured; it is thus described by an old versifier:

> Young wanton girls that meet for marriage be,
> Do search to know the names of them that shall their husbands be;
> Four onions, five, or eight they take, and make in every one
> Such names as they do fancy most, and best do think upon;
> Thus near the chimney them they set, and that same onion then
> That first doth sprout doth surely bear the name of their goodman.

Midsummer Eve was a famous time for peeping into the future. One plan was to walk backward in silence to a rosebush, pluck a flower, wrap it in a clean sheet of paper, and keep it unlooked at till Christmas Day, when it would be found as fresh as in June; if the damsel then placed it in her bosom, her future husband would appear, and take it from its resting-place. Maidens possessing more courage and less patience, went into the churchyard at night, commencing as the clock struck twelve to run round the church, scattering hempseed, and singing:

> Hempseed I sow,
> Hempseed I hoe;
> He that is my true love, come after me and mow.

Having repeated the circuit a dozen times, on looking behind her, the lady would behold her true love carrying a scythe. Love being proverbially inconstant, its genuineness was tested by placing orpines in a room at night, and accordingly as their leaves were found next morning bent to the right or left, so was the swain true or false. In Scotland, young people on All-Hallow Eve go out hand in hand, and with closed eyes pull up kail-plants; as the kail is big or little, crooked or straight, so will the partner of life be; the sweetness or bitterness of the heart of the stem indicates temper and disposition; while from the weight of earth sticking to the roots, the canny lover calculates the heaviness of the 'tocher.'

The rank of the prospective bridegroom was easily arrived at by plucking the petals of a daisy one by one, while repeating the formula, 'Rich man, poor man, farmer, ploughman, thief,' the last petal of course disclosing the important secret. A more decisive method was that of taking an *even* ash-leaf, putting it first in the hand, saying:

> The even ash-leaf in my hand,
> The first I meet shall be my man;

next placing it in the glove:

> The even ash-leaf in my glove,
> The first I meet shall be my love;

finally, in the bosom:

> The even ash-leaf in my bosom,
> The first I meet shall be my husband.

It is to be hoped the result proved more satisfactory than the rhyme. Probably, in deference to the curiosity of the sex, the ladies pretty nearly monopolised all the charms to themselves. The lords of creation, however, were not left entirely helpless: doubtful swains carried bachelor's buttons in their pockets; if the flowers grew in their strange habitat, it was a sign that success would crown the wooing. Dame Quickly declares Master Fenton *must* win sweet Anne Page, spite of father, mother, Welsh parson, and French doctor—'He will carry 't, he will carry 't, 'tis in his buttons!'

Most of these superstitious notions and observances date back to dim antiquity. Notwithstanding all which have died out, many of these fancies of infant science, aided by the spells of the poet, still linger among the cottage-homes of England.

A NIGHT IN THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Sometime ago, I was compelled, like Mr Jobling, and for similar reasons, to rusticate in the 'market-gardens down by Deptford.' A very singular locality is the district so defined. Fringed on the east by the blue-black, basking-turtle-like broad roofs of the Deptford Dockyard sheds, the spars of the shipping in the river—dotted here and there with puffs of bulging canvas like big funguses—and the chaos of masts and cat's-cradle cordage in the Commercial Docks; straddled over by the plump arches of the Greenwich Railway; intersected by inky dikes with white finger-posts upon their margins, intended to warn night-wanderers of the proximity of the water, but looking in the dark like dwarf spectres pointing out with ghostly hand a ready means of suicide; cut in twain, moreover, by the sluggish Surrey Canal, sinuating like a sleepy serpent, and bearing on its muddy breast brown clumsy barges, whose scarce perceptible motion the rattling wagons on the neighbouring branch goods-line seem to mock; sprinkled with rope-walks healthily redolent of hemp, and pleasantly suggestive of Jung Stilling, as the makers, often with a deftly folded cheap newspaper before them, walk backwards, spider-like spinning their threads from their own bodies; with timber-yards, full of Xs of tall planks and piles of shorter wood like sliced haystacks, Titans' dice, truncated pyramids, and walls of rubble; with nautically named and profusely flagstaffed taverns; and even with a tea-garden or two—flats of rich mould, when fallow not unlike black-currant jelly thickly spread, corrugated into celery-trenches, multitudinously bannered with the green leaf and red stalk of the rhubarb, puce with spinach, recalling to mind the Geranomachia where rows of crane-like fennel

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look down upon the ranks of their pigmy neighbours, the squat Brussels sprouts; gay with the delicate verdure of the lettuce and the bright blossom of the bean, buried beneath the slovenly prettiness of the potato-plant, in spring-time spangled with patches of fruit-blossom blushingly white as sunlit foam—bearing, in short, all that variety of vegetable esculents that grinds and creaks up to Covent Garden in the early morning dusk, in heavy, high-piled wains and carts, these flats extend for acres upon acres in monotonous fertility. Despite the pœcil nature of their products, they have, especially in winter, a most drearily monotonous look. When a December fog broods clingingly on their dull level, it intensifies instead of softens the hideousness of the battered old crones, in men's greatcoats of the fashion of our great-grandfathers' time, who, as they stoop over their hoes, or load the wagon with frosted cabbages, loom, magnified by the mist, like veritable hags, condemned to week-day penal servitude as a penance for their last witches' Sabbath—in short, a more dismal place of residence than the 'market-gardens down by Deptford' it would be hard for the most lugubrious imagination to depict.

In winter, however, a Cockney Orestes driven by Furies in the shape of creditors, to the Deptford market-gardens, I had to flee for refuge. Lodgings are cheap down there, and, so long as you can pay your landlady, you are safe within your intrenchments of Stygian ditches—secure as an old Norman-hunted Saxon in his asylum of the Fens—since the most ruthless of duns would never venture thither in pursuit, or if he did, bewildered by the intricacies, appalled by the perils of the pathways, and overwhelmed by the surly chaff of those somewhat blasphemous barbarians, the natives, he would uncommonly soon be glad to beat a retreat.

Unfortunately, after a time, I *couldn't* pay my landlady, and found myself, accordingly, one bleak December night, ejected from my temporary home, and in the possession of precisely one penny. It is a substantial-looking coin—the old broad-rimmed sort, with the Third George's moony face upon it, such as mine was, I mean—but, alas! it will go a very little way. Carlyle dilates upon the rights of sovereignty that sixpence will confer, but even he appears to think that the lowest sum which can achieve a conquest, however fractional, of the universe. What can I do with my penny? was my mournful meditation, as, under a slate-coloured sky, with a north-east wind cutting through me like a scythe, I paced the Deptford Broadway. I had come thither for the sake of its gaslight and its bustle, but I soon wished myself back again amongst the cabbages—there was something so selfishly unsympathetic in the gas that flared just as brightly, the business that was transacted just as noisily, as if I had had a dozen pounds, instead of a penny, in my pocket. What should I do with my penny? I could buy a pint of coffee, or a half-pint of porter, a roll or a saveloy, with it; but it wasn't food or drink, but shelter that I wanted. I thought of the far-off southern land where, when compelled to spend the night *al fresco*, I had had only to select a cozy corner in the bush, with a creek or a water-hole in convenient nearness for toilet purposes, and wake next morning fresher far than if I had slept on any curtained couch. But my teeth chattered at the idea of passing an English winter-night *sub Jove*—verily, *frigido*. I knew that 'twopenny-rope' accommodation could be found in the neighbouring Mill Lane; but even if I could have mustered courage to seek 'repose' in that haunt of fierce-eyed tramps and sharp-fanged vermin, my quest would have been fruitless, since I possessed but half of the required fee. I began to speculate as to whether I could walk about all night, and so prevent myself from being frozen; but my failing legs plainly told me that I should drop long before the small hours came. I mentally framed the paragraph in which the penny-a-liner would chronicle my fate, and a thrilling report of the inquest. I pictured to myself the horror with which the smug butcher I had just passed, piercing even the circumambient tumult with his strident 'Buy, buy, buy!' would read the narrative of my decease in their own parish to his equally pursy spouse, snugly toasting her toes in the back-parlour; and then when I thought how, if I applied to him for means to save me from such icy doom, he would bid me go about my business as an impostor on the prowl, I scoffed savagely at the cheapness of human pity, and felt inclined to punch the butcher, and so secure a lodging in the station-house. But the cold had so chilled my marrow that I hadn't pluck enough left for that. The 'casual ward' crossed my mind, but I didn't know where the Union House was, or whom to apply to; and besides, there was an incongruity between my dress and such an application that made me shrink from the fancy as too degrading. A similar feeling kept me from pawning any of my clothes, and indeed, having no top-coat, I had none to spare.

Down came the snow in a driving, blinding shower. For the sake of the shelter of their hoarding, and the warmth of their cresset-fire, I drew near to a deep chasm, wherein a host of night-capped navvies were still carrying on sewer operations, under the superintendence of a quick-eyed, hook-nosed, thigh-booted man, planted on a bared, gravel-incrusted gas-main, like a hawk upon a perch. Miserable as I was, I remember that the similitude amused me for a moment. He glanced hither and thither exactly as if selecting from the stalwart frames beneath him the victim upon whom to pounce. Lounging outside the hoarding near me stood a navvy, with his white jumper slung over his rough pea-jacket scarf-fashion, who had knocked off work, and was exchanging a few valedictory courtesies with a fellow-craftsman deep in the bowels of the earth. This latter giant was bantering his brother Lancastrian on his ignorance of London, as manifested in having taken lodgings at Wapping for a job in Deptford. 'Why, mon, it's boot a step through the Toonel,' exclaimed the bantered one, with an expletive too forcible to be here registered, and went upon his way—the snow, that by this time lay inch thick upon the pavement, dulling the clatter of his clumsy clogs.

A ray of hope came to me through that 'Toonel.' Why shouldn't I expend my last penny in obtaining its covert? I remembered that it was open 'by day and by night,' and that, if I pleased, I might take the whole night in getting through it—nestling on the road in any corners I could find. Every breath of the air I inhaled stabbing my lungs like a sharp poniard, I gasped for the soothingly close atmosphere of the subfluvial arches. In a trice I was hurrying down High Street *en route* for Rotherhithe. The diverging street that leads back to the cabbage-champaign, and thence, expanding into the dignity of a road, to my destination, I discovered for the first time to be denominated Evelyn Street. Somewhere there, I suppose, was the trim garden through whose close-clipped hedges the ship-carpentering Czar, returning uproarious from his roysterings in Ratcliffe Highway, loved to drive the wheel-barrow, scandalising and scarifying thereby his highly respectable landlord, who felt a Hamadryad's anguish in the demolition of his shrubs. The only trace of *Sylva* to be found now-a-days in the locality, is the barber's pole that bristles over every sixth door, and the flagstaff which, as it does everywhere hereabouts, rears itself and halyards above the parapets of every inn—some publics are not content with less than four, and must have gilt vanes upon them too. Into one of these, my hope-inspiring friend, the navvy, who had hitherto preceded me with his heavy *clump, clack, clump*, turned with a reel. As the door swung, the light from the warm bar poured out invitingly upon the

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fast-deepening snow; but have I not said that I had only a penny? With a sigh, I plodded on along the dingy street, marvelling that there our English classic could have planted a pleasaunce, and have found delight, until the wild sweep of the wind—howling like a maniac made mad by a remorseful remembrance of his crimes—shewed me that I was no longer protected by houses, but had gained the market-gardens once more. A mounted policeman, cloaked in blue broadcloth and mystery, and sundry costermonger 'roughs,' semi-sickly, semi-savage, red-belchered, greasy-cord-garbed, and close-shaven, according to the wont of that peculiar people, zealous of bad works—they all have the look of hard-up prize-fighters in a decline—were the only persons whom I met before I entered Rotherhithe. There, guided by dim boards with index-hands of faded red, glimmering like those of phantom murderers in the flickering gaslight, I doubled like a hare through narrow, tortuous lanes, passed St Mary's with its snowy roof, grim tower, square lustreless windows, and risen-ghost-like grave-stones, and found my way at last 'To the Thames Tunnel 6d.'

With all my worldly wealth I did endow the sleepy janitor. The metal turnstile jerked with a jar upon its pivot; one arm of its Maltese cross gave way before me, another propelled me smartly into the interior of the extinguisher-like building that caps the shaft. I stayed not to admire the seedy works of art—damp-stained and peeling from the plaster—which decorate the walls, but hastened down, down, down the swollen belfry-tower, eager for the comfort of the crypt. Passengers were ascending the opposite staircases. I pitied their misfortune in having to issue into the bitter outside night, but their merry voices proved that they had homes to go to; and then I pitied myself, with that unmixed compassion which even our Howards and Miss Nightingales, I think, reserve for personal distress. Cramp had tied knots in my calves by the time I had reached the bottom of the well—when you are very, *very* tired, going down stairs is almost as wearisome as going up—but here, thank God, was my dormitory, and shaking the snow off me, as a dog shakes water, I prepared to make the best of my long bedroom. The right-hand roadway was blocked up with boards; the other, its nearly circular strong arches growing less and less in the perspective, stretched on and on to a horizon of dim distance. A gas-jet in the centre of each arch of the dividing wall cast a bilious light upon the pavement and the opposite pie-crust coloured masonry. The stall-keepers had long since departed. Are they colliers' relatives, I wonder, or Puseyite penitents, those melancholy palefaced women, who keep those ever gas-lit stalls? No music—dreadier there, even when the most rollicking of nigger melodies, than 'the sound of subterranean winds'—now echoed along the bald, vaulted corridor. I thought that it was quite deserted, and had transferred it in fancy to one of Mrs Radcliffe's nunneries, with black-robed familiars standing here and there, like undertakers' mutes, on each side of the cell-doors, when I came upon a party of gesticulating Frenchmen, crowing over their English cicerone by singing pæans, at 12 P.M., to the genius of their illustrious compatriote, 'Sir Brunel.' 'De Tünelle,' they asserted with much emphasis, 'vos de von only leetle ting in veech Londres bate Paris, and dat had been made by a Franchman.' They passed on, and presently a clatter of clogs on the stairs behind me announced that my Lancashire friend was coming. His Evelyn Street potations had evidently taken a powerful effect upon him. Hideously did he howl as he staggered along like a collier-brig under press of sail; hideously did the low roof reverberate his howl. I prudently gave him a wide berth. The poor little Frenchmen scattered, *sacré*-ing, like seething foam before him, when he floundered into their previously self-complacent throng.

Again there was silence, broken only by the footsteps of rare driblets of passengers from either side. Longing, and yet not liking to lie down, until I should have the tunnel to myself, I patrolled its fatiguing length, quickening my foot-sore pace when I saw any one coming, in order to impress him with the belief that my passengership was no more permanent than his. I had done this three or four times, when I fancied that I had seen the face of a man who crossed me, at least once before. The look—half-shame-faced, and half-I 'm-as-good-as-youish—with which he returned my scrutinising glance, convinced me that I was right. He, like myself, was going to make a night of it in the Tunnel. At first, I felt irate at having a witness of my poverty; but remembering that he must be a sharer in it, I soon mastered the feeling, and determined to accost him as a brother in misfortune. His clothes, of a clerical cut, and faintly suggesting the clerical colour, had the slimy gleam of the poor-man's gloss—how different from the bloom of the rich-man's broadcloth!—creating the fancy that he generally slept in gardens with snails crawling over him. His muddy stockings budded from his heelless boots. His face was witheredly red and nodose as a galled leaf in autumn; his eye was waterily wild; his forceless lips hung limp; he smelt of gin. It was almost unnecessary for him to tell me his history, which, however, with the easy, egotistic openness of his class, he did begin to tell me before I had been five minutes in his company, as we snuggled beneath a piece of tarpaulin in one of the stall-recesses, jamming our shoulders together to increase our warmth, or rather infinitesimally decrease the cold. He was a Cambridgeman, and had been a London curate. His love for liquor soon lost him his cure; and then he had been a tutor and a bookseller's hack; but his irregularities soon deprived him of these employments also, and now he was what is euphemistically called an 'occasional reporter for the press'—that is, a penny-a-liner; getting drunk when his 'flimsy' was accepted, roaming about roofless when his pocket was bare. He had just been carousing on the proceeds of an inquest—found, when he came to himself, that, strange to say, he had a penny left in the corner of his waistcoat, whither it had slipped through the tattered lining; and being in Shadwell, had turned his steps to the Tunnel, an old sleeping-place of his—he called it his Hades Hotel. All this he told me, now defiantly quoting Horace—as if, poor wretch, there were any analogy between his bestial revels and the banquets of the Sabine Farm—and presently blubbering like a beaten child, as he spoke of his mother and the dead girl to whom he had been engaged. If from the peaceful home, or the more peaceful heaven, either could have beheld the moist, miry, mangy mass of misery lying by my side, I thought within myself that there would have been a cloud upon their brightness, a ruffle in their calm. He, however, was soon snoring as contentedly as if he had never thrown away a career, or shrouded a fond, faithful heart in his stained surplice. It took me longer to get used to my strange lodgings. I lay awake sympathising with Jonah when the waves passed over him, and the weeds were wrapped about his head. I thought of the ships anchored above me, with the captains snug between the blankets in the cabins, and the crews curled up in forecastle bunks; of the ever-moving stream, ebbing and flowing through the unconscious city, like life-blood through a sleeper's heart; of the river-pirates prowling like water-rats, and the police-galley silently tracking them through the gloom; of the bridge-lamps stretching, seemingly unsupported, from shore to shore, like threads of golden gossamer; and of what their shattered light might fall on, as the black flood swept through and eddied about the arches: it wasn't pleasant to reflect that there might be corpses bobbing above my head like fish-baits.

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I had just fallen asleep, and was dreaming that I was a whale compelled to swallow one of those loathsome lures, when I was awakened by feet scurrying past my covert. I peeped out, and saw a woman's garments whisking from side to side as their owner rushed towards Wapping, whilst from the opposite direction came two pursuers—one with an open bull's-eye in his hand, which shot out an expanding triangle of light, like arms extended to stop the quarry, should she double. The heavy boots of the policeman, and of a sea-faring man with him, clumped echoing along the corridor—I taking care to keep well within my curtain as they went by me—and in a minute the fugitive was overtaken. Then shrillest shrieks—that had a most infernal sound down there—and hysterical protestations that she had never so much as seen the fellow's watch; she didn't believe the cowardly fellow had one—startled the stillness of the night; and then she flings herself upon the ground, kicking and screaming like a passionate child, and swearing that they shall carry her then; what time the policeman waits in ruthless stolid patience—a sort of Dutch Erinnys—until she shall be tired. Finding that there is not much chance of this, he loses his patience, shakes her roughly, pulls her from the pavement, and, in a gruff voice, bids her hold her noise and come along—they've had enough of that there nonsense. The trio repass me on their way to the Surrey side in company—the girl alternately striving to propitiate the policeman by appeals to his 'gentlemanliness' and gallantry, and vowing that she will have her accuser's heart out; the sailor, now that he has recovered his property, desirous to release the sobbing and vindictive thief, but prevented from yielding to his cowardice or kindness by the constable, who sternly tells him that *he*'ll be no party to 'crumplymising a fel'ny.'

When next I wake, my clerical companion is gone, and workmen, with tool-baskets at their backs, and swinging little tin coffins of bread-and-butter over sailless wind-mills of coffee, are passing from both sides on their way to their daily toil. With teeth clinking like castanets, and the rheumatism gnawing with icy teeth at every bone, I creep from my kennel, saddest of sad dogs. The world is all before me where to choose, but where or whatever I may choose, I feel I cannot get a breakfast. 'The Way Out,' says the zinc-plate on the finger-rubbed Wapping shaft-door, with the pitiless imperativeness of a policeman's 'Move on!' The morning outside air gives me the spiteful, Miss Murdstone-like peck of a kiss which it always gives to those who meet it before they have washed. Broad-wheeled wagons are already crunching the night's snow into a viscous slush. Disconsolate indeed, I am standing at an open-air 'coffee'-stall in the neighbourhood of the Docks, covetously sniffing its fumes of scalding decoction of chicory, when whom do I see but the rosy little mate of the vessel in which I sailed from Australia! Something stronger than coffee puts life into me in the cabin of the good ship *Burra Burra;* and the loan that I obtain secures me—at all events, for a week to come—from having to pass another night in the Thames Tunnel.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE new planet, accepted as an accomplished fact, is now fairly enrolled among the stellar divinities by the name of Vulcan, and will some day have its column in catalogues of observations, and appear in the *Nautical Almanac*. That Vulcan has been seen from time to time by sundry observers within the past hundred years, is now confirmed by further testimony; but the merit of the discovery remains with M. Lescarbault, who, with rare modesty, has declined to attend the banquet which the *savans* of Paris desired to hold in his honour. The present spring is said to afford favourable opportunity for renewed observation of the planet; and with so many eager eyes as are on the watch, it will hardly be permitted to escape.

A supplement has been issued from the *Nautical Almanac* office, containing exact tables of the eclipse of July next, with a map shewing the path of the moon's shadow, or, in other words, the belt of total darkness. It crosses Spain from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean; and astronomers of other parts of Europe are preparing for an expedition to the Peninsula, to observe the various phenomena, to which more and more importance is attached. The astronomer-royal will leave for a time his comfortable quarters at Greenwich, to take part in the work, accompanied by Mr Warren de la Rue, whose skill as a photoheliographer is to be turned to account in taking photographs of the sun's appearance at intervals during the eclipse. The necessity for exactitude in the observations is so imperative, and the use of a lamp or artificial light so prejudicial to the results, that Mr Airy, in an address to the Astronomical Society, urges the members to practise writing their notes in the dark, and to provide beforehand against the failure of discipline, which commonly occurs among the assistants 'during the strange and appalling appearances of a total eclipse.'

Father Secchi, of the Observatory at Rome, is pursuing his researches on the polarisation of the moon's light, and finds it to be equal from all the smooth surfaces of our satellite, whatever their angle, and thence deduces some conclusions as to the corona seen in an eclipse. In a note to the astronomer-royal, he says: 'Jupiter now has a very remarkable appearance: the principal belt is decidedly red, and several bands of green and white alternate in a way that I have never seen such colours do before.' Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, sees in the discovery of Vulcan a confirmation of the theory, that a large number of meteors revolve pretty near to the sun, and by falling in upon that great luminary, maintain its light and heat. We called attention to this theory a few years ago, on its first publication; and recently to the extraordinary spot of brightness observed in the sun by Mr Carrington in September last. Professor Smyth considers that in this latter phenomenon we have an actual observation of the falling in of a meteor, the unusual brightness being occasioned by the concussion. The tremendous shock may be inferred from the calculated velocity of the falling body—7000 miles in a minute.

Among the lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, the one by Professor Crace-Calvert, *On the Influence of Science on the Art of Calico-printing*, was singularly interesting, and, considering that the value of the 785,666,473 yards of calico exported in 1858 was L.13,147,280, we may say, singularly important. When the block-printers struck, rather than use machinery, copper rollers were substituted for wooden blocks and hand-labour. Now, the rollers themselves are engraved by machinery, in which the principle of the pentagraph is adopted, and, by a galvanic process, applied to the tracer, whereby the most delicate and complicated patterns are produced. The result is, that the large furniture-patterns which are exported in great quantities to the east, and which, containing sixteen colours, would have taken more than a week for the printing of a single piece, are now printed complete in three minutes. In light styles of pattern, the time of printing a piece of 36 yards is one minute. Bleaching, too, is wonderfully cheapened by the use of chlorine gas, instead of exposure to the air for six weeks, the time now being twenty-four hours, and the cost a penny apiece. The practice is to sew several hundred pieces of gray—that is, unbleached—calico together, and pass them through the several operations without a pause, till the whole are completely white.

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The dyeing of calico in large quantities, and with rapidity, is wonderfully facilitated by the discovery, that peroxide of tin is an excellent mordant. The obtaining of uric acid in quantity from guano, and applications of murexide, enable the manufacturer to produce that beautiful colour known as Tyrian purple. Madder mordants required to be kept for three or four days 'to age,' as the dyers say. Now, if the calico is passed through a moist atmosphere at a temperature of 80 or 100 degrees, it will immediately take up the colours, of whatever hue. The fashionable colour *mauve* originates in the experiments of able chemists upon lichens: in 1848, Dr Stenhouse shewed that lichens would give up their colouring acids to lime-water; and in 1857, it was demonstrated at Lyon, that a fast mauve and purple were obtainable from the vegetation which no one cared for except when it clothed rocks and ruins in picturesque attire. Another instance of chemical aid appears in aniline, a substance which, some years ago, was yielded only by the *Indigofera Anil*, a variety of the indigo plant: now, by a process of destructive distillation, it is obtainable in thousands of gallons from coal; and Mr W. H. Perkin, a pupil of the College of Chemistry, which is a department of the School of Mines, has discovered a method of extracting from this crude oily aniline a lasting violet colour of great value to dyers and printers.

The prize of L.25, offered by the Royal Agricultural Society for the best account of the application of steam-power to the cultivation of the land, has been awarded to Mr J. Algernon Clarke, of Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. The subject is one which will increase in importance until it shall be discovered, as a contemporary author says it will, that large farms are injurious to national prosperity. The last part of the Society's *Journal* contains a paper on *The Influence of Climate on Cultivation*, shewing that plants which are to come up in warm weather require less manure than those of the chilly months or early spring, because of the greater power imparted by the high temperature of absorbing carbonic acid and ammonia directly from the atmosphere. Hence, late sowings should be the most productive.

In another paper of the same *Journal*, certain sources of error are pointed out which vitiate the statistical returns concerning the consumption of meat in London. Deduction must be made from the numbers of animals offered for sale at Smithfield, of those which remain unsold, and of those bought and driven away by butchers within twenty miles of the metropolis. This being done, the return stands thus for the year ending June 1859: Of carcasses living and dead, sold for consumption in London—of beef, 263,391; of mutton and lamb, 1,435,751; of veal, 25,706; of pork, 261,510. Notwithstanding predictions to the contrary, the supplies are well kept up, and the quality is improved; that is, the English supplies. Graziers on the continent are not so emulous as the same class on this side the Channel, and are content with a poorer quality of meat; and though the Dutch farmers have begun to improve their sheep, we are told that the animals 'cannot yet stand the test of competition with half-breds raised even on our poorest soils.' The desire for improvement has not spread to Germany, though, as Mecklenburg-Schwerin now sends us considerable numbers of live-stock, we shall perhaps hear of a change for the better in that quarter. Our custom-house regulations are strict against the admission of bad stock. In the supplies from Ireland there is a steady increase, owing, perhaps, to the fact, that the old Irish breeds having nearly died out, are replaced by better. One result of a large and active demand remains to be noticed: it is, that graziers have availed themselves of scientific aid, and mature, well-fattened beasts are now delivered at market at an age which, a few years ago, would hardly have been the commencement of fattening.

Mr Whitworth, having achieved marvellous results with his new rifled guns on the coast of Lancashire, where a breech-loading three-pounder threw its shot more than 9000 yards, has exhibited a model with his latest improvements to the Prince Consort, and we hear that the War Department will institute an inquiry into the merits of the new artillery. Meanwhile, Sir William Armstrong is sending forth his cannon from the Arsenal at Woolwich, of which a battery has been despatched for use in China; and Mr Haddan puts in a claim to notice, on the ground that he will rifle the ordinary guns and field-pieces at a cost of about ten shillings each, and therewith send his projectiles as far as any other competitor. He shews, moreover, that a mixture of iron and tungsten cast into guns, is the cheapest and toughest kind of metal that can be used for the purpose.—From Belgium we hear of 'iron minium,' an invention of importance to maritime affairs, if it be what it is described. Lead minium, commonly known as red lead, forms a much less effectual coating for ships than is required; the iron minium, which is a peroxide of iron, contains no acid, and when properly prepared as paint, is said to form an indestructible coat wherever applied.

The President of the Royal Society issued more than a thousand cards of invitation to the first of his two soirées, and his numerous visitors, on arrival at Burlington House, found many admirable things to look at. One was the electro-magnetic loom, as we may call it, the invention of Signor Bonelli, Director-general of Sardinian telegraphs, which weaves figured patterns, however complicated, by a remarkably ingenious process. Hitherto, this kind of work has been wrought by the Jacquard-loom, with its endless series of perforated cards, of which, for some very crowded patterns, as many as 25,000 are required. Signor Bonelli draws his pattern on tinfoil with a non-conducting varnish; passes it under a series of steel pins connected by wires with electro-magnets, whereby a battalion of little pistons are actuated; and as these open or close a series of perforations, so is the required string pulled which lifts the threads of the warp to form the pattern. Though apparently complicated in construction, the machine works with as much precision as rapidity, the communication being established by means of the pedal; and there is the advantage, that changes may be made in the pattern, or additions, while the work is going on. By-standers have been interested by seeing their names written in varnish on the pattern, appear presently in the web as the weaver threw his shuttle.

Among other remarkable things exhibited on the occasion referred to, were the reductions of maps by photography, and the process for taking facsimiles and printing them, discovered by the operators at the Ordnance Map-office at Southampton, and now made known as photozincography. This process is surprising for its celerity and cheapness. The object to be reproduced is photographed on a zinc plate; a chemical application is made thereto, in which bichromate of potash is one of the ingredients; and in about half an hour the plate is ready for the printer, and he will be able to deliver his impressions at one penny or twopence each. The Master of the Rolls has permitted facsimiles to be taken of some of the documents in his charge, and except in the new look of the paper or parchment, they are not to be distinguished from the originals. Seeing that it is not necessary for the operators to touch the originals while taking the impressions, this invention should be taken advantage of for the multiplication of rare documents, or any which it is desirable to preserve in duplicate.

Russia is planning a railway from Moscow to Tiflis, with ulterior views of extension towards Central Asia, where her travellers have been very enterprising of late.—While Mr Wilson is inaugurating his new

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financial schemes in India, the ship-builders of the Tyne are hard at work upon steamers intended to navigate Indian rivers, one being an unusually large troopship adapted for shallow waters. The telegraphic cable from Suez to Kurrachee is now laid; and before these lines appear in print, the governor-general at Calcutta will, in all probability, have sent a message direct to Queen Victoria.—Favourable news is come from Consul Livingstone: he has ascertained that, excepting thirty miles of cataract, the Shire is navigable down to the Zambesi; he has explored a new and well-watered region, where the land rises in a series of terraces, the highest of which have a temperate climate. The natives have heard of, and respect, the English name.

Among recent 'Children's Books' that have a fair right to be considered in our summary under the title of 'Art,' and even high art, is the series of *Instructive Picture-books* recently published by Messrs Edmonston and Douglas of Edinburgh. The letterpress of the first series is by Mr Adam White of the Zoological Department of the British Museum, and the illustrations by J. B.—under which modest initials one of the most accurate of delineators of animal life is content to be known. The notes of the second series—*Lessons from the Vegetable World*—are by one no less popular than the authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, who discourses of herb and plant almost as eloquently as Goldsmith did of old concerning Animated Nature; while the third series, or *Lessons from the Geographical Distributions of Animals*, although heralded by no such well-known editorial name, is perhaps the favourite of the three with the vast tribe of youthful critics. Never have we seen children better pleased or more instructed than by these beautifully coloured pictures, each of them evoking a flood of eager questions which their grown-up exhibitor is sometimes glad enough to find replied to in the notes; for the lessons which these Books of Nature teach are by no means needed by the young alone.

TWO LIBERTY SONGS NOW SINGING.*

I. THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

(Ritorno della Rondinella.)

Gentle wanderer, Rondinella,
Flitting round on rapid wing,
What good tidings, say, this morning
To my casement dost thou bring?
Tell, oh, tell me in thy language;
I am listening, Rondinella.

Sawst thou not at Solferino
How the Princes of Lorraine
Cried aloud, as they were flying
Ne'er to see our land again:
'We shall hear no more the language
That thou speakest, Rondinella.'

Hast thou seen the gallant Zouave,
With his weapon gleaming bright,
Fighting gladly, fighting gaily
For the triumph of the right,
In the suffering land, whose language
Is most gentle, Rondinella?

Hast thou seen our sons in battle,
With the fearful bayonet,
Rushing on a race accursed,†
As in deadly shock they met,
And who did not speak the language
Of Italia, Rondinella?

Thou who floatest as thou willest
Over hill and over plain,
Hast thou heard Italia's children
For Italia's freedom slain,
Shout, when dying, in their language,
'Live, Italia!' Rondinella?

When to other lands thou goest,
Tell the tale of all the woe,
The long-suffering, and the anguish
Those we love have known, and know,
In thy most pathetic language,
O, Italian Rondinella!

In thy sweet and gentle warbling,
Tell the nations far and wide
That the people of Italia
None shall ever more divide;
She has sworn, in her own language,
To be *one*, O Rondinella.

Lo! a cross, unfurled in spring-time,
Shall be the signal of our joy,
Shall flame upon Italia's banner—
It is the *Red Cross* of Savoy,
Who has promised, in her language,
Liberty! O Rondinella.*

II. GARIBALDI'S HYMN.

The tombs have been rent, and the dead have come forth—
All our martyrs, in haste, from their rest have arisen;
Bright swords in their hands, laurel wreaths round their brows,
The name of *Italia* upbreathing to Heaven.
Forward, then! youthful troops, give our flag to the wind—
For one, and for all, let the same banner wave.
Come ye all! with the sword; let each soul be on fire,
The name of Italia from slavery to save.
Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the hour—
Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O stranger!

Let the region of flowers, of sweet sounds and of song,
Be again the arena of deeds in the field;
With a hundred vile chains they have shackled our hands,
But they still know the sword of Legnano to wield.
Our souls are not quelled by the Austrians' rule;
Ne'er yet 'neath the yoke grew the children of Rome;
Too long has Italia bowed low 'neath their sway—
No longer the tyrant shall dwell in her home.
Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the hour—
Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O stranger!

Let our homes be our own—on the Danube be thine.
Thou hast ravaged our valleys, and plundered our bread;
Henceforth, for *our children*, their fair fruit shall spring;
On our soil, in its freedom, no tyrant shall tread.
The two seas and the Alps are Italia's bounds;
Let each landmark between into nothingness fall;
To a chariot of fire let the Apennines yield,
And the standard of Liberty float over all.
Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the hour—
Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O stranger!

Be silent each tongue; be each arm raised to strike;
Every face to the enemy turned in its wrath;
If Italia have but one thought and one soul,
Soon the stranger shall seek o'er the mountains a path.
The land must be free from the spoilers' rude grasp;
The spoils of the vanquished we care not to own.
Italia's sons have but one heart and one soul,
And her hundred fair cities are *one*—one alone.

M. F. A. P.

* The originals of these songs are now being sung in Central Italy by masses, in unison with the military bands.
† Razza maladetta.

* The above lines have been adapted by the Italians to the political sentiments of the day, from some verses of Manzoni, of a different tendency.

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POETRY AND PIE-CRUST.

IT was a fearful thing when Podmore broke down in his Virgil; it attacked and withered us all, like a blight falling upon apple-blossom. We were, as Mr Carlyle's bricklayer, building without plummet and level, the result being a rush down and confused welter of ruin. We had hoped to escape on Podmore's merits, as wrecked men trust for safety to the hawser thrown out and secured on land; but the hawser had snapped. Podmore successful, the doctor had been appeased—there had been hope; but Podmore a failure, where were we all?

'You don't know this, sir,' said the doctor in his richest double-bass; 'you don't know this, Mr Podmore,' with ironic stress on the *mister*. 'Next boy—next, next. Take him down. Go on again, sir!'

Poor Podmore could only stammer forth most debilitated construing. He did not know where he was; he had lost both compass and rudder, and was beating about anyhow, anywhere, quite at the mercy of the gale.

> Jam pater Æneas et jam Trojana juventus
> Conveniunt stratoque super discumbitur ostro.

The doctor rolled forth the lines in fine-flavoured, full-bodied tones, smacking his lips enjoyingly afterwards, as though a pleasant taste was left in his mouth. Podmore shipped a tremendous sea, and went quite on his beam-ends.

'Won't do, Mr Podmore—won't do. Next boy—next, next, next. Go up, Smythers. Take him down. Go on again, sir!'

It was all guess-work for the rest of us. It was like bidding at an auction, none sure of the reserved price. Podmore was alternately pale and red with anguish and confusion; the tears stood in his eyes. It was as though he were being hurled down stairs—he fell three and four, and six and eight at a time. The doctor had hunted him well-nigh through the class; at last he wearied of the chase; perhaps he thought he had sufficiently run his quarry.

'You don't know this, sir. You're a shuffler—a lazy, idle shuffler. I'll teach you to skulk. Get it all off by heart, sir. Write it out six times. Stop in, sir. Put him down, monitor. Now, go on!' and the doctor's keen little gray eyes ran down his regiment of scholars, all preternaturally serious and motionless, trying hard to appear rapt in their books, and to evade the doctor's attention. 'Go on, Pipton. I'll teach you to fidget your feet about!'

Pipton wriggled up, gave a blank stare at the doctor, and then dashed madly at the task before him, as though it were a thing to be carried by desperate assault. Over a series of the most appalling blunders Pipton held on his way, hoping ultimately to reach the goal. His errors were patent to all, or nearly so, yet the doctor did not stop him; he only gazed at him grimly over his spectacles, waited till he had galloped himself quite breathless, and then went up and boxed his ears violently with the Virgil.

'O please, sir!' shouted Pipton, putting up his arms in angles on each side to protect his ears, and screwing up his features to represent his notion of tearful penitence.

'Don't "please, sir" me, sir,' cried the doctor, looking at him severely from under his spectacles. (Nobody knew exactly why the doctor wore spectacles. He was always frowning over them in a very impressive way, or else, with his head thrown back, he was gazing out from beneath them. The spectacles were never moved; they did not accommodate themselves to the doctor, but the doctor accommodated himself to them, looking over or under them as seemed most convenient to him at the moment.) 'Why don't you learn your lessons, sir? Crying's no use, sir. You're a disgrace to the school, sir. Put him down, monitor. Go on, Guttridge!'

But the end came at last, as it must come to everything. The Virgil-lesson was over. The doctor had made a most merciless attack upon the shufflers, and the imposition-book was very full. But at last we were free for a short span.

'How was it you smashed up like that, Pod?' I inquired when we were in the playground.

'Why, he didn't know it,' interrupted Pipton, his ears still blushing from their recent punishment.

'Yes, I did,' said Podmore; 'only I was thinking of something else when the doctor started me, and I couldn't get right in time.'

'Oh, ah!' Pipton was incredulous.

'What were you thinking about, Pod?' I asked.

'Never you mind!' Pod looked uneasy, and turned away.

Pipton burst out with: 'Well, and wasn't I thinking of something else? Can't other people be thinking of something else? But I ain't a favourite. Did you see him hit me?'

'Did he hurt?'

'Not much. But I'll serve him out; you see if I don't. I believe there's an act of parliament, or something of that sort, to prevent masters hitting boys over the head. My father's a lawyer. You see if I don't have him up for it. Many a man's been hanged at the Old Bailey for less. Mind, you were a witness.'

'Don't brag, Pip,' said Podmore. 'You know you won't do anything.'

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'Won't I, though? You see if I won't.' Then privately to me: 'Ain't Podmore cocky? I hate him. Don't you? He's a sneak, I think. Oh, I forgot; you're his friend—you are.'

Yes, Podmore was my friend, my invaluable friend. It arose in this way. Podmore had been the marble millionaire of the school, and there was a combination to ruin him. The game was 'laggings out.' For a long while, success fluctuated. A truce was declared during school-hours. One minute after the doctor had closed his book, and announced the dismissal of the class in a grating loud 'Go!' operations in that boy's hazard, 'laggings out,' were resumed. The Fates were dead against Podmore. His losses became very heavy; he was reduced to his last dozen—to his last six—his last three—his last; and now that had gone! Fortune was merciless. Podmore was turning away with the vague, blank, fatigued look of the ruined gambler, when his eye fell upon me—a deeply interested spectator of the game, and its consequences. I had but one marble in the world—it was a very ewe-lamb among marbles—I loved it; it had won me many triumphs at ring-taw; it was the sole remaining one of a large departed family. I had hoped to have retained it all my life. Podmore's ruined look touched me. I put my hand into my pocket; I produced that marble; I gave it to him, and felt as though a tooth had been drawn from my head—a blank created in my life impossible to be filled.

'Go in and win!' I said.

'You're a trump!' murmured Podmore, with tears in his eyes, as he shook my hand heartily.

He did go in—and he won. He recovered his late losses—more—he took the possessions of his enemies; he broke the opposition bank, and placed himself on the highest eminence of marble wealth. From that hour Podmore was my friend.

I was twelve. In a faded water-colour portrait painted of me about that time, I find myself endowed with a curious disproportion of flesh to bone. It was a hard growing time with me, and my latitude would in nowise keep pace with my longitude. I had a tendency to take after that favourite figure in the fantoccini performance, whose limbs, at a given signal, become elongated in so phenomenal a manner. My clothes seemed made less to cover me than as things for me to outgrow and stultify. At Dr Swaby's I earned the title of 'Skinny,' a name which my appearance very justly warranted. There was no denying the appropriateness of that playground christening. The word gradually became abbreviated. After a time, I found I began to answer, like the dogs in the *Times'* advertisements, to the name of Skin, and ultimately to that of Sky, beyond which it did not seem possible to go in the way of condensation.

On summer evenings we played cricket in the meadow at the back of Dr Swaby's school, Lexicon House, Mortlake. Podmore was a round, rosy, plump, active boy—rather a good bat. He was a match at cricket for almost any boy at Dr Swaby's, unless it was Cuckfield Primus, who was called Lamp-post, on account of his extraordinary height, which I have since had reason to believe did not exceed five feet five inches. But on the evening I refer to, Podmore was caught out, first ball—by Duff, too, who was known all over the school as 'Butter-fingers,' and the worst hand going at a catch.

Old Pod came slowly to where I was standing; he sat himself down on his bat; he looked rather dispirited.

'Well, Sky, it's a bad day with me, isn't it? I'm knocked over all sorts of ways, ain't I?'

'What's the matter, Pod? Have a bit of apple?'

'No, thank you. I can't eat.'

And he did not speak for some minutes, rubbing his up-bent nose meditatively with the handle of his bat, and watching the game moodily, and without the usual animation in his round British blue eyes. I went up close to him; I sat down by his side; in school-boy fashion, I put my arm round his neck. There is no mask-wearing in youthful likings and dislikings.

'What's gone wrong, Pod? Do tell me.'

'Nothing, Sky.'

'Yes, there has. Tell me. Ain't I your friend? Won't I stand by you? Do have some apple—have it all!'

'You're a good sort, my dear old Sky. I'll tell you some day soon—not now.'

He was getting better, I could see.

'Hullo! there's Pipton stumped; very neatly too, by Jove! Bravo our side!'

Suddenly some one cried out, 'Here's Medlar!' and a loud cry of welcome arose as a little old man with a basket—a loose green baize napkin shrouding its contents—jumped lightly over the stile in the north-east corner of the meadow, and approached the cricketers. He was the school pieman.

'Yes, I've got a few things,' he said in his shrill treble voice, drawing away the green baize from the succulent contents of his basket. 'Not much, though, d'ye see, 'cos I been to 'Am Fair. Such a fair—my eye, nearly sold my all! Bulls-eyes? Certainly, I have—stunners too. Brandy-balls, sure*ly*. I'd back these here brandy-balls against any you could get for miles round. No, Mr Pipton, sir; please don't ask me. I never could abide speculation. I never tosses, and I never ticks. Ready money's my game. Small profits and quick returns—them's my motters. The three-cornered tarts is to-day pertikler lovely. Look at this here one, now—ain't that a picter? He's a lucky one, I says, as buys that tart. All right; sold to Mr Smythers—knew I couldn't keep it long. But here's another every bit as good. Now, who'll buy this?' And so on.

He had little round sharp eyes like a robin, and a friendly pleasant smile on his shrivelled face, mottled with red, and blue, and purple, from exposure to the weather. He wore a hat, which had been originally black, but which, from some defect in its dye, now approached a dun green in hue, with dirty white edges, where the nap had been worn off. A diagonal line across the side betrayed very clearly the join in the material, which no amount of brushing, ironing, and vamping-up would now conceal. With a hat that is too small, as this one was, it is always necessary to give one side of the head a preference, as the whole can in no way be covered. The hat may be worn quite over the forehead, and almost on to the eyebrows, or else completely at the back of the head, leaving the forelock exposed. Mr Medlar, the pieman to Lexicon House, chose to adopt the former mode, leaving a bald crescent to be seen at the back of his head, with a fringe of short iron-gray hair appended to it. He was addicted to large shirt-collars of a three-cornered pattern, that brought them into association with his pastry. A small wizen withe of checked green and salmon-coloured muslin was wound tightly round his neck; on state occasions, he had been seen with a frill to his shirt, secured by a brooch—and a waistcoat of faded purple plush. But perhaps the most remarkable item of his attire was his coat. It was of light-blue cloth, very high in the collar, and with a swallow-tail skirt, the two final buttons of which quite reached his heels. It was likewise very long for him in the sleeves, which he wore turned back, exhibiting linings of rusty black velvet. He was often questioned about his coat.

'Well, it *is* a good coat, ain't it? Sur-prising how this coat wears—quite sur-prising. Why, it's been more nor thirty year in my family this coat have—thirty-two year come Michaelmas. It belonged to my brother Mike—it did. He was married in this coat; he was steward aboard of the Margate hoy. Before steamers? I should think so—long. Well, poor Mike, he went abroad, and got drowned in them

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Calcutta rivers, and he bequeathed me this coat. His widder couldn't abide to see it for ever so. She always bust into tears so much so as I couldn't wear it ever. But she married again arterwards. So then I took to it; and it 's a prime coat—gentlemanly I call it, and fits—ah, like a glove, it do! It might have been made for me; though Mike was a good sixteen inches taller than I am. They don't make such coats now—can't do it, for never so. The secret 's dead; and, what 's more, they 'll never find it out. Gooseberry-puff? Here you are.'

'O my! What a lot of pastry, and what a little jam!' The epicure was already developed in Duff.

'That 's the beauty of it, that is,' answered Medlar to the objector. 'Such pastry! You don't often see such pastry, though I say it—now, do you?'

'I should like to see more jam.' There was quite the pertinacity of the confirmed gourmand about Duff.

'Oh, there 's heaps of jam—heaps. Your eye deceives you. It 's the wonderful way in which that 'ere pastry 's riz. Ain't it light and flaky, and airy-like now—ain't it? Greasy? Bless you, there ain't a drop of grease there—there ain't.'

'How do you hollow out the tart like this, Medlar? Do you scoop it out with a spoon, or blow it out with a quill?'

'Lor'! Mr Cuckfield Primus, we don't do them tricks. Very well for poulterers and sich. It 's all the extraordinary beauty of the pastry as does it. Now, who 's for hardbake? Here 's a prime lot; going cheap.'

'Did your daughter make that pastry, Medlar?' Podmore had drawn near, and was making this inquiry.

'She did, sir.'

'Isn't her name Nancy?'

'It is, sir; leastwise, it 's Nan for short. Short and sweet, I alway says; and sweet she is.'

'And short?'

'Well, no. I should say she was tall, and straight as a harrow; and such a figure! No hartifice nor nothing of that sort. Real genuine—no mistake about it. She 's a gem; there, that 's what she is.'

'Your only daughter, Medlar?'

'Only child, wus luck, Mr Podmore. Three on 'em gone to glory this many a year, and lying in old Hammersmith churchyard along with Mrs M. Bless them! I says. A three-cornered, Mr Podmore? This 'ere 's the ticket.'

'And she makes all your pastry, Medlar?'

'Every crumb. Not, of course, the brandy-balls. We buys them wholesale; and good uns they is for the money.'

'She must be very clever, Medlar?'

'A out-and-out genius, sir, for three corners, sir. Born with it, I should say. We all has our gifts; hers is pastry.'

'What 's yours, Medlar?'

'Well, I don't know as I knows, Mr Pipton. It ain't luck, that 's what it ain't.'

'It 's singing. Medlar can sing like one o'clock—can't you, Medlar?'

'Lor'! Mr Smythers, how you do quiz me to be sure!'

'Here 's a lark! Medlar 's going to sing. Come on, you fellows.' Smythers was greatly exhilarated.

'I only knows one song, sir; never could get beyond that.'

'Sing it—sing it!'

'Don't ask me, sir.'

'If you don't sing, Medlar, when you 're asked, I 'll never buy another bull's-eye of you.'

'Well, empty my basket—break me; buy up my last raspberry-tart. That 's right! Well, now, here goes!'

But singing was not a thing to be entered upon lightly by Medlar. Preparation was evidently necessary; and he, with this view, went through a sketchy sort of toilet. He put his empty basket carefully on one side, covering it with the now superfluous green baize, as though there were a possibility of its catching cold. He took out of his hat a red and buff cotton handkerchief, and wiped his forehead earnestly. He further produced a small pocket-comb, with which he arranged the narrow fringe of iron-gray hair at the back of his head. He adjusted his shirt-collars so that they should cut him nicely under the ears, and he brought down his cuffs well over his hands. Generally, he stiffened himself; and with his feet in what dancing-masters call the first position, and the rest of his body in the attitude into which soldiers start suddenly at the cry of 'Attention,' he began his song. Having a very tottering, feeble, shrilly, small voice, of course his song was of a stirring, forcible, and energetic character. Something about

Hairts of oak air our ships,
Jolly tars air our men;
And we fight and we con-kee-ur
Agen and agen.
Chorus—Hairts of oak, &c.

This song concluded, Medlar went off on his homeward way. Podmore, I noticed, had some conversation with him as he crossed the stile. The old man disappeared, and Podmore came back blushing very much.

'What is it, Pod?'

'O Sky!' he began. 'But you won't tell any one? Honour—you won't? Well, I 'll tell you! What do you think? Do you know—I almost believe,' and he paused.

'O make haste, Pod!' The agony of suspense was too great.

'I rather think—I 'm in love.'

'Lor', Pod, do you really? What a game! How red you are!'

'I can't help it.'

'But who with?—tell us who with?'

'Mind it 's a solemn secret at present—with Nancy Medlar.'

'What! the pieman's daughter?'

'Yes.'

'O my! Are you in real earnest, Pod?'

'Why not? Why shouldn't I love her? Do you think she isn't worthy of my love? Haven't you heard him speak of her, and isn't it beautiful? Makes all his pastry. There 's affection—there 's heart.'

'I daresay you are right, Pod. Anyhow, I 'll stand by you. Is she pretty?'

'She 's fair, with blue eyes, and golden hair.'

Podmore seemed to think I was not sufficiently alive to the importance of Nancy Medlar's position in the social scale. I suppose lovers' friends always seem to lovers very cold, captious, and incredulous.

'Do you think pie-making isn't respectable? Why, wasn't there some princess or other in the *Arabian Nights* who made tarts?'

'Certainly there was,' I replied.

'And didn't King Alfred once, in the neat-herd's hut, do something in the baking way?'

'He did,' I admitted.

'When did you see her, Pod?' He looked down.

'Well, Sky, to tell you the truth, I haven't seen her at all—that 's the fact.'

'You're in love with her, then, from description?' He nodded assent.

'But I 'm going to tea at Medlar's soon—very soon. He 's asked me; and I may bring a friend—and I 'll take you—and then I shall see her. Oh, won't it be jolly, Sky?'

I thought it would, but not so jolly as he thought it.

'Was it this made you break down this morning?'

'Well, Sky, I think it must have been.'

On a certain half-holiday soon after this, Podmore and I obtained the doctor's permission to be absent

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for a few hours in the afternoon. Podmore's attachment had been kept a profound secret. His mind was apparently relieved by his confession to me, and he no longer laid himself open to the onslaughts of the doctor. He could now manage to accomplish his lessons creditably and still have time to indulge his imagination in many flights concerning Nancy Medlar. The doctor's confidence in him was nearly restored, and the whole school was gradually recovering from the shock it received on the occasion of Podmore's memorable break-down. Medlar had been apprised of our intention to visit him, and received the information with great apparent pleasure. He said he was 'awful flattered like by the honour of seeing two sich gents at his crib.' Podmore and I had great discussions about the matter. Ought he not, in his position of lover, to make some delicate present to the object of his affections? and what should that consist of? Podmore was greatly in favour of a church-service bound in imitation morocco, with a gilt clasp, and fitting tightly into a leathern over-all. My suggestions rather tended to a work-box, lined with red silk, and with a looking-glass inside the lid. Both propositions, however, were negatived by the fact of our resources being at too low an ebb to admit of any considerable demand upon them. It was late in the half-year, and eighteenpence was all we could muster, though we made a common purse on the occasion. It was ultimately decided that the special offering to Nancy should stand over until after the holidays, or some chance replenishment of our pockets, and that, meanwhile, the eighteenpence should be expended in aid of the entertainment generally at Medlar's. With this view, a bottle of superior British wine, red-currant, of extraordinary quality, was purchased and taken with us on our visit.

In Little Upper Church Lane, Hammersmith, stood Gerkin's Famous Pie-shop, though why he chose to call his shop famous I never could ascertain. It was a little red-painted shop, with a number of bright patty-pans in the window, backed by a large yellow jug, and with blue belts round it, filled with stocks and wall-flowers. A furious jet of gas flamed, and fizzed, and whistled in the window, with a strangely twisted glass shield in front of it, to daze the eyes, and produce exaggerated estimates of the quantity of light in the minds of passers-by. But this was only at night. Our visit was of course in the daytime. Hung up behind the jug, there was always a large sheet of illustrations, representing certain wonderful feats performed at some circus in the neighbourhood. In Gerkin's window, too, was always announced the approaching benefit, at some remote place of entertainment, of the widow and five infant orphans of the late lamented Brother Muggeridge. Emblems of a mysterious and masonic character appeared in odd corners of the announcement bill, and Brother Buffaloes, whoever they might be, were entreated to be in time, and rally round the cause. The attractions were to be of a multifarious character: on this occasion only, Brother Cavendish was to appear in his celebrated *rôle* of the Unknown in the drama of the *Vampire of the Deep, Deep Sea;* Mrs Blanche Mortimer was going to sing (in character) *Auld Robin Gray;* there were to be dances, combats, performing-dogs, a laughable farce, and the play of the *Lass that loves a Sailor.*

Anxiety was beginning to be apparent in Podmore as we approached the pie-shop. His breath was short; his eyes were very wide open, and surpassingly brilliant; there were burning blushes on his cheeks; and he was incessantly twitching his curls into his eyes in a nervous way. All the time, he kept on increasing his speed, so that from a fast walk we were now drifting into a run.

'Had we not better pull up for five minutes, to consider a little, and put ourselves straight?' I suggested.

'I couldn't stop now for any money,' said Podmore.

At length we were in front of the shop.

'Here it is,' whispered Pod rather tremulously. 'What do you think of it? I like their calling it plainly a pie-shop; don't you? Honest, isn't it? Better than pretending to be a pastrycook's.'

'Is that *her?*' I asked. We were not taught English grammar at Lexicon House. A young lady, with very shiny ringlets, a cameo-brooch, and a pink muslin dress, was behind a brass-railed counter, opening and shutting tin trap-doors, and producing very hot pies in compliance with the orders of two customers—small children, with rough hair and bad colds in their heads.

'Hush!'

We entered the shop. There were two or three enclosed benches and tables, shrouded by dull red curtains at the back. Beyond these was a glass-door, with thick green blots on the glass: through which we perceived Medlar, and made our way to him. I gave another glance at the pink muslin; she was smiling amiably, and even nodding at us. There was a glossy sallowness about her complexion that struck me as remarkable, and I wondered whether it was the result of unlimited pie-crust. We were soon in a very little room at the back of the shop, lighted in a curious way by a small window high up over the fireplace. I remember puzzling myself to think how the smoke from the fire was disposed of; but I had not much time for reflection. Podmore was scarlet in the face, twirling his cap round and round with extraordinary rapidity. Old Medlar was cutting thin bread and butter.

'Well, here we are! That 's hearty. How are you? So you 've come. Proud, I am sure. There 's the tea on the hob brewing like mad. Are you peckish?'

'I've brought a bottle of currant-wine for you,' said Podmore falteringly.

'Have you, though? Well, that 's good. I 'm pertikler fond of currant-wine, I am; and so 's Nan.

'Is she indeed?' Podmore looked delighted at this unexpected coincidence. 'Well, then, I 'm very glad I've brought it.' He ignored me altogether in the gift, I noticed, though tenpence of the cost of that wine was paid by me.

'My Nan will be down directly,' said Medlar, dragging up his three-cornered collars, and then rubbing his hands together with a violent cheerfulness. 'She 's a cleaning herself—that 's what she 's doing on. Here—I'll go and hurry her.' He went out at a small door, and we could hear him mounting some loudly creaking stairs, and crying out at the top of his quavering, shrill voice: 'Nan, my lamb! Come along down. They 're come; and the tea 's brewed like anythink.'

'That isn't *her* in the shop, then,' I whispered to Podmore.

Podmore shook his head wildly.

'Is she Gerkin?'

But Podmore was lost in thought, staring hard at the ceiling, which was papered as though it had been a wall, with a combined trellis-work, honey-suckle, and cockatoo pattern.

'Why isn't it called Medlar's Pie-shop?'

'It isn't his,' Podmore answered sharply; 'he 's only put in to work it. He does the outdoor work; she' —he pointed to the pink muslin—'the counter; and Nancy'——

'The cooking?' He nodded assent, and then returned to the ceiling.

I gave a glance round the room, at the tallow-faced Dutch clock; at the crowd of cheap crockery ornaments on the mantel-piece—sheep, poodle-dogs, swans, ducks, and shapeless shepherds with blue coats and muddled features; at the crumpled chimney-sweep, cut out of black velvet; and the other vague figure, intended for a Scotchman, and composed of small shells and sea-weed. Then I looked at the curious

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engravings in black-wood frames which decked the walls—portraits of Hyder Ali, General Wolfe, Prince Poniatowski, and Queen Charlotte; a scene from the Idle Apprentice; a penny-plate of Mr Sinclair in his celebrated character of Apollo; and a rough representation of Mr Turpin, the highwayman, leaping his black mare over a toll-bar, and pointing a pistol at the keeper. Medlar re-entered.

'She 'll be here directly; all right. Let 's begin. Here 's the tea;' and he took a black earthenware tea-pot, with a mutilated spout, off the hob. 'You like sugar? I should think so. Here you are.' A blue basin, with some very dark-brown sugar, was dragged out of a little cupboard in the wall. 'Bread and butter; hot toast; *srimps* too; don't they smell delicious? Now, this 'ere *is* comfort, and no mistake at all about it.'

Suddenly, a door banged, and there was the noisy entrance of some one into the door. I kicked Podmore under the table, and looked up.

'Come along, Nan, and pour out the tea; we've been waiting ever so.'

'All right, governor,' said a deep voice, of rather uncultivated *contralto* quality; and a massive figure, clothed in dim black satin, struggled round between the table and the wall, and reached the tea-pot. With a strong, full-coloured hand she gave it a vigorous twirl once, twice, in the air—was it for luck, or to add further flavour to the tea?—and then dashed the beverage into the cups. I did not dare to look at Podmore; in fact, I could not take my eyes off Nan, but I could hear him breathing heavily.

'Now, then—fust come, fust serve.' Spoonfuls of the dark-hued sugar were plumped into our cups, and our portions of tea were set down suddenly before us.

'Sharp 's the word, and quick 's the action!' cried Nan loudly. 'Father, give us the bread and butter; I'm awful famished.'

She seized two slices, slapped them together briskly, folded them again, and then thrust the whole packet into a capacious mouth.

'Bother your thin! Give us the loaf. I like it thick—not all butter and cutlery.' She cut a slice according to her taste. 'You don't often get such a tightener as this at school, I should think, by the looks of you,' she said, turning to me.

I heard Podmore coughing; his tea was taking wrong turnings, and choking him.

She was not beautiful—I may say that at once. She had a very fat, florid, good-natured face, with merry little twinkling blue eyes; rather scanty fair hair, parted on one side; and a fine collection of chins. Her figure, geometrically speaking, I might describe as rhomboidal. She was entirely unrectangular, and must have been equally proportioned as regards length and breadth. Had she been of equestrian habits, she must have certainly required the cob we see so often advertised as quite up to thirteen stone. She wore a cap with cherry ribbons, and on her ample bosom reposed a portrait of a hard-staring gentleman, with full brown whiskers, and a curl on his forehead.

'Have some sugar on your bread and butter?' she said to Podmore. 'Do—I know you'll like it.' Medlar was hard at work at the 'srimps;' he had resigned the task of doing the honours to Nan, and was devoting himself to the pleasures of the table. Nan imbibed her tea with noisy, gulping sounds, but with evident relish. She became greatly good-tempered.

'Well, and which of you two young uns is going to marry me?' she cried, with a hearty laugh. 'I'm a widder. Why don't you perpose? Shall I marry the two of you, or will you toss? I've got four children, but the youngest is older than you, and all on 'em earns their own crusts; so you can't call them encumbrances.' She attacked the thin bread and butter again, folded up two more slices, and disposed of them in her old way.

'Please, I don't think I'm quite well.'

Podmore rose, very pale indeed. He secured his cap.

'You're never going?' cried Nan.

'Please, I'd better. We shall be late; shan't we, Skin?'

'Yes, I'm afraid we shall.'

'Lor', here's a pity, just as we're getting on so nice!'

'And the currant-wine?' Medlar cried out anxiously.

'Please, we'll leave that. Good-bye.'

'Here, my little Trojans, give us a kiss: bless you both! and here, and here;' and Nan flew into the shop, to return quickly, and thrust into our hands large three-cornered gooseberry-tarts.

'Have a glass of *srub* before you start?' Medlar had confused notions about us evidently.

'Get out, father; don't poison the children.'

I have just a memory of the pink muslin nodding her shiny ringlets about, and smiling with an oily cordiality; of Medlar returning to srimps in the background; of Nan standing out in her black satin on the pavement, waving kind red hands after us. We walked on quickly, but silently, tarts in hand; then we commenced running hard, still not speaking. We ran until we were quite breathless; then we stopped. I began to laugh, quietly at first, then loudly and heartily. Podmore joined, but his mirth was not unrestrained.

'Don't laugh, Skin,' he said—'there's a good fellow; it was a mistake, that was all.'

'You don't love her now?' He shook his head.

'It was a mistake.'

'She's not quite the princess in the *Arabian Nights*.'

'Well, she isn't.'

'What fun it was!'

'Now, don't laugh—there's a good Sky; and—and —— You won't mention it to any one, will you?'

'Never.'

'Be sure you don't, and I'll give you all my marbles; and we must keep Medlar quiet, and not let any one know anything at all about it. Mind, that's a bargain; and now, let's run on again.'

I have kept the secret a long time—as long as possible; and here it is at last.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

THE art of making false pearls is of very ancient origin, having been practised, as we are informed by Roman writers, before the Christian era, by the Arab tribes who followed the business of fishing for pearls along the sandy shoals of the Red Sea. These people had observed that the pearl-bearing oyster will, when diseased or wounded, exude from its body a juice which exhibits, when hardened and consolidated, a considerable degree of lustre and iridescence; and turning this observation to practical account, they contrived to make the pearl-oysters themselves their agents in the fabrication of artificial pearls. The methods which they employed for this purpose were, according to Apollonius, as follows: In the first place, oil was poured upon the water, to render the surface calm and smooth, and thus the more readily to induce the oysters to rise. When the poor mollusks, deceived by the apparent stillness of the water, rose to the surface to inhale the genial air, they were seized by the fishermen, who, thrusting a sharp instrument through the gaping valves into the soft body of the animal, threw it into an iron cullender, which was connected with a pan or trough, into which the exuding juices slowly trickled in the form of round pearly drops, or beads.

If the Arab fishermen of old did really practise the artifice ascribed to them, they hit upon a curious fact in the economy of nature, which, seventeen hundred years later, was re-discovered by the great naturalist of Sweden. In the year 1761, Linnæus informed his government, that by a prolonged course

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of observations and experiments, he had discovered the only true and infallible method of fabricating *genuine* pearls, and was ready, for a certain sum of money, to benefit his country by divulging the secret. The Swedish government, however, did not avail itself of this offer, and the great naturalist subsequently sold his secret for 500 ducats to a merchant of Gothenburg, named Bagge, whose heirs offered it for sale, carefully sealed up, in the year 1780. This secret had, however, long before been made universally accessible by Linnæus himself, who, in the fifth edition of his *Systema Naturæ*, had expressed his conviction that the formation of pearls was due to injury inflicted on the shell or body of the animal. Subsequently, he indeed made a mystery of the whole matter, and refused to explain to his friend Beckmann, who questioned him on the subject, how he had obtained the pearls which were exhibited in his private collection, and stated by him to be the genuine but *forced* production of fresh-water pearl-muscles. While Linnæus was vainly endeavouring to draw the attention of his compatriots to the practicability of making these native mollusks fabricate pearls to order, the Chinese had for ages been carrying on a well-organised system of manufacturing pearls on the same principles of forced muscle labour. According to the account of the Celestials themselves, the originator of the methods which they employed was a native of Hutchefu, named Ye-jin-yang, who lived in the thirteenth century of our era; and whose memory had long been honoured by those who practised his art, by the performance, at stated periods, of various ceremonial acts of respect in a temple specially dedicated to him. It would appear that there still exists an extensive manufacture of these forced pearls in the neighbourhood of Canton and at Hutchefu, near Ningpo, where several thousand men are annually employed in this extraordinary business. In April and May, the full-grown muscles of the year are removed one by one from their beds, and provided with the moulds or matrices that are to serve as the nuclei for new pearls. This is effected by inserting a piece of wire, or a few metal beads, between the mantle and shell of the animal, and leaving these foreign bodies embedded in the soft muscular substance of the living mollusk, until they become completely incrusted with a thin coating of nacre, or mother-of-pearl. A year is generally found to afford ample time for the completion of these incrustations; but occasionally, the muscles are left undisturbed for a longer period, in order to obtain a thicker deposit of the mother-of-pearl. The beads which are procured by this method often exhibit considerable lustre; but as they are always misshapen, in consequence of the matrix being attached at some one point to the body of the animal, they can only be used with opaque settings, or in embroidery, where the imperfect side can be concealed.

The chief purpose, however, to which this process is applied, is in the manufacture of the small idols with which the Chinese adorn their caps. These little figures, which to a casual observer appear to be entirely formed of a lustrous substance resembling the genuine pearl, consist of concavo-convex tin moulds, which have been covered with a thin coating of mother-of-pearl within the living body of the muscle. Although this covering, which gains additional lustre from the reflection of the tin below it, is excessively thin, the continuity of its parts is so great, that it is difficult to remove any portion of it without fracturing the whole. Several of the moulds are inserted in each valve of the muscle; and as these idols can consequently be produced at a trifling cost of time or money, they are sold at a very low rate, the price being usually about a penny for one large, or two ordinary sized figures. If Chinese ingenuity could devise a method for obtaining perfectly round beads, the muscles would monopolise the entire manufacture of artificial pearls; but under the present condition of the art in China, it cannot compete with the results of European science; yet, notwithstanding its secondary practical importance, the method adopted by the Chinese is of considerable value when considered from a scientific point of view, since it affords convincing evidence of the accuracy of the opinion now generally held by chemists and physiologists, that the genuine pearl owes its origin to an abnormal condition of the parent mollusk, by which the natural fluids of the body become diverted from their legitimate purposes.

The Venetians were the first European people who turned their attention to the manufacture of false pearls; but although they may have borrowed the idea from their eastern co-traders, they did not follow the methods employed in Asia, but adopted a purely artificial mode of procedure, which consisted in injecting hollow white glass-beads with variously tinted varnishes, into whose composition mercurial preparations entered largely. This manufacture must have been brought early to a great degree of perfection, since laws were passed by the Venetian republic at the close of the fifteenth century, to stop the sale of these pearls on the ground that it was fraudulent to make or to sell beads which could not be distinguished from genuine oriental pearls. Notwithstanding these attempted restrictions, the art flourished, and Murano, which was the original seat of the manufacture, has continued till our own times to be the principal locality for the production of artificial or seed pearls, and for the glass-beads known in trade as 'Venetian beads.' Rome has long boasted of similar manufactures, but the materials employed by the Roman artificers are different; instead of glass, they use pieces of alabaster, which, after being turned in the form of small beads, are covered with a cement which is chiefly made up of pounded mother-of-pearl. But admirable as are some of the best specimens of Venetian beads and Roman pearls, they will not bear comparison with French artificial pearls, some exquisite samples of which were exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1855, that in point of lustre, water, and colour, could not be distinguished from oriental pearls, when the two were laid side by side. There is one property, however—and that is specific weight—which science has failed to impart to artificial pearls. When weighed in a balance with genuine oriental pearls, their relative lightness betrays their character; but in all other particulars, they are able to stand the test of outward examination and comparison with true pearls.

The French mode of fabricating pearls is believed to have originated about 1680 with a maker of rosaries (*patenôtrier*) called Jacquin. On one occasion, while walking in the garden of his country-house at Paris, his attention was attracted by the silvery lustre of a basin of water in which a number of bleaks had been washed; and perceiving that the effect was due to the presence of minute particles of the scales of the fish, he conceived the idea of employing these membranes as a coating to glass-beads. He found, however, on putting the idea into practice, that the scales decayed too rapidly to be accumulated in any considerable quantity, and for a long time he was unable to discover any agent for preserving them which did not destroy their lustre. The happy thought at length struck him to throw them into a strong alkaline solution, and he thus obtained the mixture, which, under the name of *Essence d'Orient*, has, since his time, constituted the characteristic element in the fabrication of artificial pearls in France. The *Cyprinus alburnus*, or bleak, is a small white fish common in many places, and especially abundant in the small streams flowing into the Seine and Marne. The scales, after being well washed in clear water, are compressed between folds of fine linen, and the fluid

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which trickles from them repeatedly filtered till it acquires the necessary degree of purity, when it is mixed with some alkaline solution, the precise nature and proportions of which vary in different houses. From seventeen to eighteen thousand fish are said to be required for obtaining one pound of the pure essence.

Much of the success to which the best manufacturers have now attained depends upon the perfection of the glass-rods from which the beads are blown. The operation of blowing the glass-spheres is effected with such extreme rapidity, that a good workman can detach several thousand in the day for the ordinary kind of pearls; but where the beads are intended to imitate pearls of large size and value, the blower is obliged to proceed with more caution and slowness. When the bead presents the necessary degree of fusibility and roundness, the Essence d'Orient, mixed with a certain proportion of isinglass, is gently blown into it by means of a blowpipe. Although this part of the process converts the glass-sphere, as if by magic, into a lustrous pearl, much still remains to be done before it can be sent forth to try its chances of being mistaken for a gem of priceless value. After having been steeped in alcohol, and dried over a hot plate, the beads are filled with wax or cement, to give them weight and consistence, and carefully drilled and lined with slender tinted paper-tubes, to guard the thread on which they are to be strung from coming in contact with the wax. Lastly, an extra degree of lustre and water is imparted by exposing the beads to the action of the fumes of a mixture of bismuth and some mercurial preparation, the exact nature of which belongs to the secrets of the trade. Some manufacturers are said to wash or anoint each separate bead in a fluid obtained by the careful and repeated distillation of some mercurial compound.

The department of the Seine is still the principal seat of this branch of industry, which gives employment to a large number of artisans, the majority of whom are women; and as long as the manufacturers of the district continue to produce such beautiful specimens of their art, the scene of Jacquin's early labours is not likely to lose its ancient reputation of manufacturing the most perfect imitations of pearls.

'A BUSINESS TO BE DISPOSED OF.'

If we were to judge by the number of announcements to the above effect daily put forth in the newspapers, and by the extent and variety of the modes and methods by which, according to the representations of the parties concerned, a competence, an independence, even a great fortune is to be won, we might suppose that one of the easiest things in the world is for a man to set up in business, and turn any capital he may happen to possess into a source of permanent and competent income. Inquiries are constantly making for men of capital, either large or small, from men of twenty thousand pounds to men of twenty pounds without the thousand, and to all and each the same prize is held out—a return for their capital which shall place them, if already in easy circumstances, in the lap of luxury itself; or, if struggling with the world, above the necessity of struggling any longer. How any man, in the face of so many invitations to become rich and prosperous, should choose to continue foot-balling with poverty, and condescending to all manner of paltry shifts to make both ends meet, is a problem that may very well puzzle those who have the good-fortune to be quiet spectators of the battle of life. Who would be poor when so many facilities for being comfortably off are open to all, and are actually going a-begging in the morning papers? Why don't the crowds of people who are always wanting to settle in life, or to improve their position in life, come forward and close with these promising offers, and be prosperous and comfortable? The question is reasonable enough. Let us see what sort of an answer experience will furnish. We will cite a few witnesses, who shall speak for themselves—not imaginary cases, be it clearly understood, but '*bonâ-fide* travellers,' as the phrase goes, through the miry ways of the world, who will 'nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice,' but depone to what they know, of their own knowledge, in a plain way.

Says the first witness—a hatter in the Borough—'When I was a lad, and had just left school, I was apprenticed to the trade I now follow under a very worthy master in my native place. I served some years to the business, and learned it as well as it is to be learned in a provincial town. The death of my parents left me master of a thousand pounds, or thereabouts, when I was out of my time. I came up to London, as a matter of course, intending to return after a month's holiday, and settle where my father had settled before me. But a month in the metropolis altered my mind: there was so much more to be seen and learned there than among my plodding neighbours at home, that there I resolved to stay and take up my abode. I was on the point of marriage, and commenced the search for a house, with a view of opening shop. The search was long, and not very successful. While skimming the columns of a newspaper for "Houses to Let," I chanced to come upon an advertisement of a "business to be disposed of," precisely of the kind I was seeking to establish. This, I thought, would do as well, or better, than an empty house. I went to the spot indicated, and found a respectable shop in a tolerable neighbourhood, not far from the City Road. The proprietor had valid reasons for wishing to dispose of what he averred was a thriving business, and, indeed, shewed to be such by entries in his books. I was an inexperienced lad, under twenty-three, and eager to settle, and I struck the bargain without more ado, paying two hundred and fifty pounds for the good-will, and three hundred for the stock and implements of the workshop. Within a month from that day, I was married, and had brought my wife to London. We were not long in finding out that the money I had paid for good-will had been paid for nothing, and that I had been robbed to that extent. Inquiries among the neighbours and among the members of the trade subsequently opened my eyes to the character of the hoax of which I had been the victim. My predecessor, though he had been in the house nearly two years, had carried on scarcely any retail trade; he worked largely for the wholesale houses, with whom he had a good connection—and every now and then he sold his shop and his good-will, and removed to another place. He had done the same thing six or seven times before he had fallen in with me, and was, in fact, a systematic dealer in an article which, in his case, did not exist—the connection which I had bought under the name of good-will being the next thing to a nonentity. He must of course have "cooked" his accounts for my examination. I tried the place for two years, in the vain attempt to make a business; and had ultimately to lay out my wife's little fortune in the purchase of the lease of a house in a more eligible thoroughfare, before I could see a reasonable prospect of making provision for a family.'

Says the second witness—'I am a bookseller; I have stood behind a bookseller's counter since I was fourteen years old, and am as good a living catalogue of books, though I say it myself, as perhaps you will find in the Row. When I first came to London, twenty years ago, I bought a snug little second-hand business of a man who had reared it and lived upon it many years. I thought myself too wide-awake to be caught in anybody's trap, and used every caution before I paid the purchase-money that the oldest hand in business could have used. I went over the stock carefully, and paid for it at a fair valuation, and gave certainly not a farthing more for the good-will

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than it was worth. Further, I bound the vendor not to open against me within a mile of the shop, east, west, north, or south. I was even congratulated on my bargain by my friends, who all thought I had done well for myself, and praised me accordingly. I was perfectly satisfied, and hugged myself with the idea of the respectable standing I had secured. All went on as it should do for a fortnight, but in the third week there came a lawyer's letter demanding two and a half years' rent, and threatening immediate execution if the sum were not paid. Here was a thunderbolt. Like lightning, I set off to the lawyer, carrying with me the receipts of my predecessor for his rent up to the last quarter, and demanded an explanation. "You don't mean to say," said he, "that you have bought Folio's business, and paid the money?"

"I do," said I, "and I mean to keep it."

"Really," said the lawyer, "this is too bad. Here, Tapper (calling to his clerk), shew this young man how the business stands." And the lawyer left the room.

'Tapper took me in hand, and with a self-possession which I envied, but could not imitate, opened my eyes to the facts of the case. It came out that the house which I occupied at the rent of a hundred a year was sublet—that though old Folio had regularly paid his rent to the holder of the lease, the owner of the house had not received a farthing for nearly three years. Of the fact of the subletting I had never been aware, and now it was expected I would pay the deficits of the villain leaseholder. When the lawyer returned, I expostulated on the cruelty and injustice of the threatened execution; but that availed nothing; he was eloquent on the hardness of my case, but impenetrable as a rock as to my obligation. I left him, determining to get a wagon and carry off my shopful of books that night; but this resolution came too late—when I got home, I found a man in possession: the lawyer had, in fact, despatched him to my shop while Tapper was explaining the state of the case. The end of it all was, that I was sold up, and had to begin the world again.'

Says the third witness—'I was an usher in a country school, where I had received my own education from boyhood, and where I had remained at the persuasion of the master in the capacity of his assistant. The life of an usher is not all sweets, and ten years of it was as much as suited my constitution. At the end of that time, I had saved a little money; and with that in my pocket, I came up to London, seduced by sundry announcements of schools to be disposed of, resolving to purchase one, if it were to be found, that promised a fair chance of success. I wrote to one advertiser, who offered a day-school bringing in L.150 a year for the sum of L.100—thinking I might economise even on such an income, and confident that I should improve the school. He appointed a meeting at a coffee-shop in Snow Hill, and at the hour mentioned he made his appearance in the shape of a rather wild-looking Irishman, in a bewildered sort of costume, which had the look of being dug out from a heavy superincumbent mass for that special occasion. He addressed me in Latin, pronounced through the Hibernian medium, and only condescended to English when I informed him that I was not an ancient Roman. This was not intended for a compliment, but he received it as such, and went on in his native brogue to inform me that he had graduated at "Trinity," and might have had a tutorship in a noble family, had it not been that by the time he had his degree he was privately married, and in a fair way of having a noble family of his own. We left the coffee-house together, to proceed to his establishment. He had appointed Wednesday afternoon, because that was a holiday for the boys. His wife, with three bouncing children, stood expecting us at the parlour-window of a small twenty-pound house in a back-street in Somers Town. The school-room was the front-kitchen, and the boys found their way to it down the area steps. There were seventy of them altogether—how they were ever crammed into it, I could not conceive—they paid from threepence to eightpence a week each, making about thirty shillings, if they all paid. The remainder of the income was made up by the proceeds of an evening-school, for bigger lads and girls; by letter-writing for the poor of the district; and by the measuring of masons' work, and the auditing of accounts for the labourers and small tradesmen of the neighbourhood. The pupils were chiefly the sons of bricklayers and masons, then employed in building the miles of streets now so densely populated; and the schoolmaster acknowledged that most of them might leave when the building was done. He evidently thought that he was offering me a decided bargain, and was chagrined beyond measure when I declined it, wondering aloud where I was likely to meet with a better investment.

'I subsequently purchased a school in a London suburb, commenced by a man who had rushed into the scholastic profession as a refuge from distress. But he found that he was incapable of its duties, and he had the honesty to tell me so. He did not tell me, however, what he knew just as well, that the most influential men of the parish were about establishing an educational institution, after the university model. I found that out three months after my duties commenced, when, out of my forty boys, twenty-five brought me notice to quit. I fought a hard battle for three years with the new so-called university, and was only finally put to the rout when all my means were exhausted.'

Says the fourth witness—'I inherited from my father, a Lancashire merchant, a moderate fortune, and a sleeping partnership in a firm which had prospered for near a century. Unhappily, the affairs of the firm went wrong a few years ago; I had to meet my share of the responsibility, and my fortune suffered to a considerable amount. At this time, my family were growing up around me, and I judged it expedient to establish my eldest son, whom I had intended for Oxford, in some way of business, the gains of which might compensate him for the fortune of which calamity had deprived us. A house of some standing in London advertised for a partner who could bring five thousand pounds into the concern. I wrote to the advertiser, and on learning the real address of the parties, who bore the reputation of men of honour and credit, felt perfectly satisfied that in treating with them there was nothing to fear. I ran up to town, called upon my attorney, was closeted with the partners, and went over the examination of their affairs. The investigation confirmed their statements. Their business had latterly increased to a considerable extent, and they appeared to want an additional partner, as well as additional capital, to carry it on. I sent for my son: the partnership deeds were drawn out and signed, and the money paid—the five thousand, and five hundred in addition, on account of recent accumulations. I returned home, well pleased at the successful settlement of the business, and at the position my boy had assumed at the very outset of life. For a few months, all went on well; then my son's letters referred to ill-natured rumours which had reached him, then to suspicions that had crept into his own mind, and at length he urgently requested my presence. I lost no time in again repairing to town, and to his private dwelling. He was by this time fully aware of the trap into which we had been betrayed. The increase of business, of which the firm had boasted, was not a natural increase, but had been brought about by the unsound speculations of an elder partner, who had added to their usual agency-trade a manufacturing establishment, the cost of whose machinery had involved them in difficulties. It was to meet the bills given for this machinery that the L.5500 were wanted; but the manufactory was mostly

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standing idle, and when worked, was worked at a loss, because not a single member of the firm had a practical acquaintance with the details of the manufacturing processes. The credit of the firm was staggering under demands already made upon it, and demands still heavier were to be looked for, unless the manufactory were given up. The partners, at a private meeting, had proposed selling it, and had hinted that my son might have it a bargain, and, with a few thousands of additional capital, might work it to advantage. A meeting of the firm next morning made us aware that this was not only the best thing, but the sole thing to be done, unless we submitted to a composition or a bankruptcy. As nothing better was to be had, I took the factory and all its machinery, and withdrawing my son's name from the firm, started him on an independent footing. Those results followed which a practical man would have foretold: the boy, unused to the business, was obliged to intrust its management to others, and never in a single instance realised by the goods produced the cost of materials and labour. The premises had to be shut up at the end of six months' ruinous experiment, and the machinery sold off by auction. I lost L.3300 by the sale of the stock, and L.600 more by a half-year's experiments in manufacture. The sum I had paid into the firm sufficed to release them from their embarrassments, and bolster up their credit; and having got rid of the untoward speculation that weighed them down, they were able to carry on their trade on the old system without a new partner. I and my family are, in all, L.4000 the poorer for that "eligible opportunity."'

Says a fifth witness—'I am a widow. The death of my husband, who was a clerk in a mercantile house, placed me under the necessity of seeking the means of support for myself and children. "A business to be disposed of" appeared the only thing likely to meet my necessities. I had a small fund of savings—not much—and, in the hopes of finding what I wanted, I commenced an industrious search, guided as well by the newspapers as by the placarded notices in shop-windows. Most of the businesses thus obtainable that came within my humble means were those of tobacconists; and the result of my inquiries among their proprietors was the unvarying information—never withheld in a single case—that the major portion of the business of the week was transacted on the Sunday. If, as I sometimes did, I expressed my intention of closing the shop on a Sunday—"then," said the shopkeeper, "this will never do for you; you might as well keep it closed altogether." The same information met me at the news-shop—they sold more newspapers on a Sunday than on any other day in the week, and in some places more than in all the other days put together. "A news-shop," said one woman, "and not open on Sunday—the notion is ridiculous." As my ridiculous notions shut me out of the tobacco and the news trades, I resorted to a confectioner, who offered, for a hundred pounds, to hand me over his stock and his lease. He professed to clear three guineas a week profit on the average. "But you do not open on Sunday?" said I. "Don't I?" he retorted. "I sometimes sell a hundred dozen o' walnuts of a Sunday afternoon; and in the summer, no end of lemonade and ginger-beer, let alone the tarts and sweet-stuffs." That would not do, and I turned my attention to the small stationers. Here I was met by a different tale: there was no Sunday trading, but neither was there any other trading by which a living was to be got. "The utmost you can expect," said one, "from the shop is to make your rent. If you look for more, you will be disappointed: if a woman has a small income, or a husband to work for her, it is very well to keep a little shop like this, but it's no use to expect to make a living of it." I prosecuted my inquiries still further. Had I been vile enough to pander to evil purposes, or to close my eyes and my heart to the obligations of decency and morality, I might have made a home for my children—in the lap of vice; but how could I do that? I have given up the search at last, and have come to the conclusion, that businesses are disposed of because it is desirable to dispose of them, and not because it is desirable to have them.'

The above testimonies may be thought sufficient for our purpose. As, however, they are all on one side of the question, and the question has another side, which ought in fairness to be represented, we shall call another witness, and hear what he has to say.

Says the sixth witness—'I have no complaint to make at all—quite the contrary. When I came to London, thirty years ago, I did so because I was tired of a small town, that presented but a paltry field to work upon. I wanted more room for activity, and was determined to have it. I had a decent capital, as I thought, though it wasn't five hundred pounds, and I brought my family up to town to see what I could do with it. For more than a month I was looking about for a house in a good spot for business. I had fixed my mind upon a particular line of road; but there every house was already occupied. Among the rest was a dingy, half-blind looking shop, where a few dusty boots and shoes lay untouched in the window from one week's end to another. I had my suspicions that the shopkeeper was out of heart; and I carefully watched the house daily to see if any symptoms of change appeared. At last I caught the man one morning in the act of sticking in his window the usual notice—"This business to be disposed of." I walked in, and in a few minutes he had promised me the refusal of the purchase. He had boots, leather, and stock of various sorts to get rid of, to the extent of half my capital. They were of no use to me, who never worked in leather; but I bought them all for the sake of getting his lease into the bargain; and though I had to sell them at a loss of 40 per cent. I secured by that outlay the position I wanted. I knew that the goods I dealt in would suit the neighbourhood—and I was right. In less than three years, I was making L.500 a year. At the end of that term, I enlarged the shop to the utmost practicable extent, and doubled my business and profits. I might retire now if I chose, and should do so did I not find more pleasure in business than in abandoning it. My children have taken its burdens from me, but I choose still to retain the supervision, for the sake of employment, which I have been too long accustomed to, to be able to relinquish.'

Thus we see that the conclusion of the widow, quoted above, however just in the main, is not the whole truth. It may be that what it is desirable that one man should dispose of, it is equally desirable that another should obtain. It occurs continually in affairs of this kind, that where one branch of trade would decline and die out for want of custom, another better suited to the wants of the surrounding inhabitants, or of the tens of thousands who pass up and down in the course of the day, will prosper vigorously. A shrewd discrimination is always necessary in the conduct of business in London; and in nothing is it more necessary for a beginner, who can have no reputation to induce customers to seek him out, than in the choice of a situation. Strangers and beginners are not always sufficiently aware of this; on the other hand, there is in London a class of persons so perfectly alive to the advantages of position, that they make merchandise of it, and deal in it all their lives long. These are, for the most part, manufacturers, purveyors, or wholesale dealers in shop-goods: following the example of the brewers, who invariably anticipate opposition by establishing their own taverns in new neighbourhoods, they take possession of the best business situations as they arise, and opening their shops, nurse the young trade until it has become self-sustaining. It is now a 'business to be disposed of,'

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and may be, and often is, disposed of at a double profit, inasmuch as the incoming tenant not only pays for the stock and good-will, but enters into a covenant to sell for a certain term of years no other goods than those supplied by the vendor of the business—a condition which is perhaps accepted in return for credit or accommodation of a pecuniary kind. Transactions of this sort may be fair and honest enough; but in all such cases the purchaser should have his wits about him, and weigh the matter well ere he sets his hand to the bargain.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XXI.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

UNLESS one is a lady and his lover, one does not, generally speaking, rush into the arms of a dear friend whom we have not seen for three or four years, as we might do if we had been only apart from him for the same number of weeks. Though we have written to him ever so often—and men do not correspond regularly with men, unless in the way of business—we find it impossible throughout so protracted a period to keep our affection for him as fresh as at parting. He has had experiences of joy and of sorrow, wholly different from ours in the meantime, and we suspect with reason that those must have more or less moulded his character. He is not, in short, the same man. It is impossible, we find, to take up the familiarity dropped so long ago, and to resume it at the same point, as though there had been no interval. Sir Charles Ryder, Baronet, Magistrate of the County, Custos Rotulorum, and what not, could not be expected to meet Robert Marsden, late carpenter and builder, and finder of piratical treasure, as Ryder had been wont to meet Marsden after a six weeks' absence from Teesdale How. And yet he welcomed the black-bearded, sunburnt man to Rudesleigh with hearty earnestness, and bade him make his home there, among old friends, as long as he liked. 'There is one in particular, in that chamber,' he added smiling, and pointing to the boudoir window as they stood on the hall-steps, 'by whom your welcome should be first given.' By which speech (which was not extemporaneous by any means) he put an end at once to what might otherwise have been a subject of unpleasant reserve between them.

Marsden had arrived so early, that it was not yet breakfast-time, and he had half an hour's undisturbed conversation with Ellen before that meal, at which he sat down with her for the first time as her accepted lover; a fact which Mr Onslow Bateman acceded to with his accustomed serenity. Perhaps it was that in that delicious interview the dear girl had put the exile in possession of all the more important facts which had taken place during his absence—although our own opinion is that she never said a word about them; or perhaps he was only actuated by the not uncommon perversity which prompts long-absent persons to talk of the things that happened to them quite recently—of the new line of railway they yesterday travelled by (well known to all their auditors for years), and of the man on the gray horse who took off his hat to them just before they drove in at the lodge-gates—rather than of what is new, and strange, and interesting to their friends; but, at all events, Marsden's topic of conversation was not his own antipodal experiences, but the excellence of the *Vampire* newspaper. He had bought a copy as he got into the night express, and 'was indebted to it for having put an end to the somewhat melancholy feelings which visiting the dear old places in Cumberland had engendered.'

'In Cumberland! Why, how came you there?' inquired Florence with astonishment.

'Really, my dear Miss Florence, I do not think you need to wonder that, since the opportunity was offered, I should spend one day among the places with which, hitherto at least'—here he bowed to the younger sister—'the pleasantest period of my life has been associated.'

'Hear, hear,' observed Mr Onslow Bateman approvingly. 'It is certain that Marsden has been a member of the Australian senate.'

'I think you might have come here first, nevertheless,' said Ellen Bateman, with the prettiest possible pout of her red lips: 'you ought to have been thinking of nothing else but coming here.'

'That was just the case,' responded Marsden gallantly; 'I actually *could* think of nothing else; and the way seemed long indeed this morning until I bought the *Vampire*. It seems a very remarkable print.'

'Seems, my dear sir; it *is*,' observed Mr Hardy Wentworth, in the accents of Mr Charles Kean.

'It must at least have some extremely clever contributors,' continued Marsden, feeling in the pockets of his shooting-coat for the paper in question.

'I am glad to see your critical acumen has not been impaired by life in the bush, my dear friend,' remarked Mr Bateman gravely: 'you have no such newspapers in that part of the world, I reckon.'

'No, indeed; nothing of the sort,' assented Marsden. 'Of course, we have plenty of scurrility, but none of this elegant malice, this educated Billingsgate.'

Ryder put down his knife and fork, and laughed until the tears came into his eyes. 'We take in a couple of copies, my dear fellow, here: there are two duplicates of what you hold in your hand in that very post-bag yonder. Some of us at Rudesleigh have a very great admiration for that journal, I assure you.'

'And no wonder,' observed Marsden, still quite unconscious of the existence of a personal interest in any of his auditory concerning the subject under discussion. 'Why, just read this review, for instance, upon the last "success" in literature, a novel called *Anne Chisholm*.'

'Bless my soul and body!' ejaculated little Miss Ryder, and that so vehemently that all eyes were at once turned towards that lady, who was, however, luckily, a good deal obscured by the urn. 'I really beg your pardon, Mr What's-your-name, but I upset the milk, and it gave me quite a turn.'

'I hope that that will not be reciprocal, madam,' observed Mr Onslow Bateman with a bow; for he always bowed when he made a *jeu d'esprit*, in order that the world should not be a loser through its inattention.

'Well,' continued Marsden, 'this unfortunate book is handled worse than Izaak Walton treated worms. It is written by a woman, it seems, and that gives opportunity for a pretence of delicacy on the part of the critic, which, considering that he is in reality as coarse as he can be, is exceedingly humorous. He remarks that ladies' maids and governesses can hardly ever be judges of good society.'

'There is a felicitous suggestiveness about that I like amazingly,' observed Hardy Wentworth.

'Say rather a delicate blackguardism,' exclaimed Ryder indignantly. 'Pray, go on, and get it over. I had just as soon hear a detailed account of a case of wife-beating.'

'Oh, there is far too much of it to read,' replied Marsden; 'it's a shower of poisoned darts that lasts for ever so long, and some of which I should think the poor authoress would never get quite quit of. Indeed, it is sometimes altogether too bad. If, he concludes, it had not been understood that it was a woman and a young one who had written the volume, he would draw attention to certain portions of its contents, the purity of which is more than questionable. Now, he either ought to have quoted those or said nothing about them. That is a

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sort of innuendo which would kill some female Keatses, I suppose.'

'And as good a deed as drink if it did,' remarked Hardy Wentworth sullenly; 'we want no more young authors, and far less authoresses now-a-days.'

'You did not write the review yourself, Wentworth?' inquired Ryder gravely. 'Good: I am truly glad to hear it; and I may be therefore allowed to say that having read the book in question myself, with extreme interest and attention, that no such passages as are referred to exist therein at all; and that the innuendo conveyed in the notice is not only malicious and cruel, but a gratuitous lie.'

'I don't think it is likely to have been gratuitous,' remarked Mr Onslow Bateman, as the ladies left the table, turning, with his usual dexterity, what threatened to become an acrimonious discussion into an agreeable pleasantry. 'The fact is, my dear Marsden, Mr Wentworth and myself are connected with the paper that has had the good-fortune to please you. We are part-proprietors of the *Vampire*.'

'I need not ask, then, whether it is a paying concern, I hope?'

'Well, the fact is, it is and isn't,' replied Mr Hardy Wentworth with an excellent imitation of manly frankness. 'It is spoken highly of, quoted largely, and certainly commands some talent; but we are in want of a little capital—we had, in fact, not enough money to start with—and need some extra supervision at head-quarters. Verjuice has so many personal enemies that the paper makes no way where it is most important that it should do so. Now, if we could persuade Mr Onslow Bateman here to go up to town himself for a little, the *Vampire* would soon, I believe, become the *Phœnix*.'

'How much money would be requisite to set it flying again?' inquired Marsden, with some interest.

Ryder passed close by the last speaker, on his way out of the room, and as he passed, he whispered to him to take an old friend's advice, and keep his nuggets in his pocket. Marsden nodded, with the air of a man who has made his own money, and thoroughly understands the nature of every sort of commercial transaction, and then reiterated his question.

'How much money? Well, really,' said Wentworth, 'Cracker is general manager, and knows everything to a fraction. A thousand or two would, I suppose, keep us going for ever so long. Would it not, Bateman?'

'My dear sir,' responded that gentleman quietly, 'that entirely depends upon the sense you happen to attach to the expression "ever so long." My last five hundred pounds sufficed it for a fortnight; a couple of thousands would therefore extend over a couple of months.'

The lugubrious accents of Mr Onslow Bateman were not intended to produce melancholy in his auditor by any means, nor to depreciate the value of the *Vampire* as a literary property; nor did they have any such effect. It is not customary, it is true, for the sharers in any commercial venture to cry stinking fish, or to rate its value low to intending purchasers; but such a line has been taken once or twice with very considerable success. In that case, the judicious seller has nothing to reproach himself with, though the worst should come to the worst, and the buyer may at least congratulate himself that his credulity was never imposed upon. Marsden had a high opinion of the ex-tutor's keenness and judgment, was not averse to speculation, and more than all, had taken a violent fancy to the *Vampire*, which suited his purposeless nature very well. He found out, too, now that he had no occasion to work for his living, that he was not a little ambitious. 'If one gave substantial help,' said he, 'one would have a hand in the management, I suppose: the right of inserting a leader or two occasionally?'

'Well,' replied Mr Wentworth, 'I really cannot say; we must ask Verjuice, you see'——

'We will not ask Verjuice at all,' interrupted Mr Onslow Bateman hastily, and observing his old pupil's brow to darken; 'we don't want any "friend in the city" in such a matter as this. Yes, Marsden, you shall insert what you please, I promise you.'

'I 'll think of it,' replied the young man, consulting his watch, and finding the time had arrived for a walk with his beloved object.

Mr Onslow Bateman accompanied the young couple to the hall-steps, not for the sake of blessing them, after the manner of a stage-parent, but because he wished to shake off Wentworth, and smoke his cigar in the bowling-green alone. Whenever this agreeable middle-aged gentleman was unwell or in bad spirits, he preferred to have his own company only to inflict himself upon, and we only wish many much better men of our acquaintance had a similar habit. This bowling-green was the most charming summer retreat that any philosopher could imagine, and it is one of the signs perhaps of our becoming less of philosophers that our bowling-greens are growing fewer and fewer. We do not speak of those miserable oblong fragments of torn turf which usurp that noble title upon sign-boards, and which, in the base companionship of a dry skittle-alley, allure persons behind public-houses who have scruples about getting drunk within doors; but those silent shaded spots which were once attached to half the country-houses of England, and devoted to Bias the sage. The Rudesleigh bowling-green was as smooth as its billiard-table, with grassy banks sloping up from its tiny fosses for spectators to recline upon, except on the south side, where there was a small but many-tinted flower-garden, and a little fountain which had once sustained a ball. This ball, however, had been removed at the request of the ex-tutor, who complained that it affected him uncomfortably, as a conjuror does of whose continuous success in ball-catching we have our doubts, and whose risk of failure makes us nervous—so sensitive was Mr Onslow Bateman's nature, even with respect to matters inanimate. It is possible, nevertheless, that upon this particular morning he could have borne even *that* anxiety, had the cause for it existed, for his mind was evidently engaged on other and probably more serious subjects. He paced slowly up and down the little gravel-terrace above the green, and under the great twelve-foot wall of yew that sheltered on all sides the bowling-green and garden from the winds, with his hands behind him, and his brow heavy with care. So immersed was he in thought that he did not hear the light step of his daughter Florence close behind him, nor even the first gentle 'Papa, dear' that she uttered. Her voice was always low and musical; but when she spoke to her father, it had a certain winning tenderness, which it was strange so delicate an ear as his had hitherto failed to notice.

'Papa, dear, you are sad, I fear,' said she, addressing him for the second time, and looking up at him with a wistful air in her large eyes. He stopped, and since it would have inconvenienced him to unclasp his hands, permitted her to salute his cheek; though, as a general rule, Mr Onslow Bateman did not much encourage demonstrative filial regard.

'If it isn't interrupting you, I want to have a little talk with you, papa.'

'Really, Florence,' observed Mr Bateman, drawing out his gold repeater, 'I have rather particular business very shortly.' He dignified luncheon by that title, because he was alarmed at her unusually serious tone, portending something unpleasant (a thing which he always hated to hear); and therefore, like a skilful general, he opened for himself a line of retreat at once, should retreat be advisable.

'I will only detain you a very few minutes, papa. Please—please do tell me what it is makes you sad?' Her whole face, nay, her very figure, leaning upon him in the attitude of a suppliant, pleaded for her; her heart, if he could have looked into it, pleaded

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too for love and confidence, but he answered coldly enough: 'Tut, tut, Florence; is that all you want to say? I am not sad, nor even serious. I hope, as Mrs Quickly said, it isn't time to think of sad things yet. I wanted a game at bowls, and could get nobody to play with me, that was all. Now, I've got somebody, and am in spirits again. Come now, see; I will play with my feet, and you shall play with your hands, and yet I'll beat you.' He drew her down on to the green, and laughingly began to knock the balls about.

'Dear papa, I would so much rather you would talk to me a little.' Mr Onslow Bateman dropped his daughter's arm with an offended air. 'Do not be angry, please, with me; but I do love you so, if you would let me shew it. Will you sit with me on the bench there for five minutes?'

'For five minutes I will, Florence,' responded her father stiffly; 'but it is that description of garden-seat which I detest, with its back all knobs and points.'

Since there was so little time to be lost, Florence could not but be abrupt in her questions. 'Do you want any money, dear papa?'

Never in all his not uneventful life had Mr Onslow Bateman had so very plain and uncompromising an inquiry addressed to him. Even to his agile mind, no means of evasion presented themselves upon the instant, and he answered 'Yes,' as directly and straightforwardly as any vulgar person might have done.

'Would five hundred pounds be of any substantial service to you?'

This happened to be precisely the sum that Mr Bateman had borrowed of the young baronet, and which had since been sucked up by the *Vampire;* it was the loss of that money which at that moment, indeed, was so affecting him, not because of his inability to repay it, so much as that it absolutely left him without the means of proceeding to London, and there, as Wentworth had suggested, looking after the interests of the paper himself. He was so struck by his daughter's earnest manner, and so impressed by it with the conviction that she had really some practical help to offer, that he openly stated his present necessity and the reason of it.

'Then, my dear papa,' said she, producing a little parcel, and kissing him very tenderly, 'here is that sum, which I am glad indeed to be able to put at your disposal.'

'And who gave you that, my dear?' inquired Mr Onslow Bateman in astonishment.

'Nobody, dear papa. I earned it myself, unknown to every one except good kind Miss Ryder. I had rather have had you for a confidant, dear papa. But I never can work so again—never, never, again—although I wish for your sake that I could.' Large tears filled the poor girl's eyes, and coursed down the delicate cheeks, whose extreme paleness Mr Onslow Bateman now for the first time observed; dark rims had those eyes too, now he saw, and the beautiful face was looking altogether thin and haggard.

'What is it, my child?' said her father pitifully, touched in what was really a most tender heart, although there was in general far too little room in it for any sorrows save his own. 'I am quite in the dark about this work of yours, and the trouble which has come of it. I ought not to have been so, I feel'——

'Never mind, dear papa—never mind,' interrupted hastily the sobbing girl. 'I was sure you would feel for me when you did know. If it had not been that I saw you so grieved and anxious lately, and thought this money might be of some service, I would not have troubled you with my concerns at all.'

'What! not your own father?' said Mr Onslow Bateman, stroking her cheek, and speaking in a tone of playful reproach; 'would you not even have told *him?*'

'About the work, papa, yes; but not about the pain that has come of it. That was only this morning, though. What dreadful, dreadful things that newspaper did say!'

'Whatever the work has been, my love,' said he, with his old laughing manner, 'it must, I fear, have a little affected your brain. *I* know of no dreadful newspaper. What *do* you mean?—('She never could have sold five hundred pounds worth of crochet, surely,' thought Mr Bateman to himself, 'although it is surprising for what a time these women can go on at that.')

'The *Vampire*, papa, I mean. Did you not hear them talking of that horrid review in it at breakfast?'

'Yes, my dear, but—— Goodness gracious, what a state you young people are put into by the misfortunes of others! I remember I used to be just as tender-hearted myself when I was young. That review will hurt nobody, you may take my word for it. If I had achieved such a success as the authoress of *Anne Chisholm*, I would have let the universal press of the United Kingdom salute me with their execrations, and welcome. It is a work of true genius, and no newspaper critic can either mend or mar such a thing as that.'

'O papa, but if you were a poor girl who had set her hope upon the result of that one venture; not for the sake of fame only—though that is something to the heart of the Young—but of honest independence, and the independence of others. Consider, I say, that poor girl's agony when she reads in a paper that is highly thought of and largely read, not ridicule of her humble attempt to gain a name for herself—for that may have been justified by her incapacity—not the fair open attack that every one who has the courage to publish should have the courage to face; but covert insults—suggestions too horrible to repeat, of what she had hinted here and suggested there, when she had meant nothing, as God knows, from beginning to end, but what was pure, and honest, and maidenly.'

Mr Onslow Bateman's face had grown very pale during this pitiful appeal, and his voice belied his words as he tried to utter gaily: 'You are making yourself unnecessarily anxious about this supposed young woman, Florence; she is doubtless on the wrong side of forty, and wears spectacles of neutral tint, my dear; and I have no doubt that she is writing another story at this moment, even better than the first.'

'Never, never,' exclaimed Florence bitterly; 'she will never expose herself to such a pen again. The dream of my life is over, for I have been awakened from it by far too cruel a hand. You said you liked *Anne Chisholm*, papa, and that word of yours, and this money—since it is of use to you—are the only pleasant associations I shall ever have with my first and last novel.'

'Did *you* write *Anne Chisholm*, daughter Florence?' asked he in a quavering voice. The same shadow of intense pain flitted momently over Mr Onslow Bateman's face as Ryder had observed there a few weeks before, and he murmured hoarsely: 'God forgive me, then, for it was your father who wrote that review.'

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF SUITORS.

Difficult as it is for the young aspirant after literary fame to get his torch lit at the sacred fire, when that is once accomplished, it is far more difficult to hide his candle under a bushel—to 'keep it dark' at all. Her secret being once out of the sole keeping of trusty Miss Ryder, Florence Bateman soon became identified with the authoress of *Anne Chisholm*, and produced the usual sensation among her friends. Some of them 'could never have believed it of her,' and 'never were so astonished in their lives;' but the great majority, with more of compliment, if less of truth, affirmed

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that 'they had guessed it all along,' and, indeed, had each confided it, months ago—even in some cases before the work in question was published—but in the strictest confidence, to their dear friend, Mrs Harris. Miss Ryder recompensed herself for her long and unwilling reticence by following Florence whithersoever she moved with admiring eyes, and directing, by words and winks of intense significance, the attention of visitors to her talented *protégée*, as though the young lady had been a Unicorn, and she its fortunate proprietor. Ellen Bateman, who had laughed, a little scornfully perhaps, at her sister's devotion to literature, was not in the slightest degree envious at its results, but expressed her delight at it in an abundance of half-triumphant, half-penitential tears. She deemed her to be the greatest genius of either sex that this country had hitherto produced, reserving to herself, however, the conviction that had dearest Robert chosen to exert himself with pen and ink, there would have been a single exception. Mr Onslow Bateman—and this was the reward which Florence valued highest—became, from being rather a philosophic parent, one who seemed never sufficiently able to express his fatherly pride in her, although, notwithstanding his affectionate encouragement, she could not be persuaded to write another line; while Mr Hardy Wentworth—and this was her greatest triumph, perhaps, although she did not estimate it very highly—excepted for the future, in all his sweeping condemnations of the female sex (for whom he had a full measure of that contempt he entertained for everything) the modest and unobtrusive authoress of *Anne Chisholm*. The effects more or less produced by this discovery upon Robert Marsden and Charles Ryder were of such importance as to merit more particular description. The young baronet, since he perceived that the whole subject was distressing to her, had confined himself hitherto to a few words of congratulation, and was the least jubilant, to all appearance, over the young lady's success, of all. When preparation, however, began to be made for the departure of the ex-tutor for London, and the pleasant Rudesleigh household was at length upon the point of being broken up, Ryder solicited an interview with Florence Bateman, somewhat as the Earl of Essex, when most dutifully disposed, might have begged one of Queen Elizabeth. That nobleman would have carried on the subsequent conversation, however, we fancy, with a good deal more of ease and fluency, not to say passionate warmth, than did this bashful young gentleman. The meeting was held in the Bowling-green, as being a sequestered spot for such a purpose, and Sir Charles Ryder very nearly poisoned himself by the number of yew-berries which he plucked off the hedge and devoured in his nervousness.

'I am a stuttering, stammering donkey,' he began, suiting the action to the words, and blushing like a very magnificent crown-imperial; 'and it is possible, my dear Miss Florence, that had it not been for your approaching departure from Rudesleigh, I might never have broken silence at all. You are so much better and wiser than I, and now you are famous too, so that it seems more difficult for me than ever to address you. Indeed,' added the young man, stopping suddenly, 'I cannot now say, and never can, and never shall be able to say the words that I would wish at the right time.'

'My dear Sir Charles,' replied Florence with deep feeling, 'that is not quite true. I have not forgotten—I never shall forget—that on the unhappy morning when this wretched book of mine—which I wish from the bottom of my heart had never been written—was so cruelly spoken of in that Paper, you, and you alone, stigmatised the harshness and untruth of what was said of it with the eloquence that is born only of a kind heart and an honest mind. That you liked my book, was, and is a thing very cheering to me, but that you spoke as you did, of your own knowledge of the falsehood of the charge brought against it, was a comfort unspeakable, a deed in words I cannot say how gratifying to me.'

'Could my opinion really give you pleasure, Florence?'

The extreme simplicity and modesty with which the young man spoke, would at any other time have provoked his companion to laughter; as it was, she merely took that opportunity of disabusing him of an error which, being by no means confined to himself, may be worth mentioning.

'I think, Sir Charles, that we poor people who write, or who have written, are liable to a very unjust misrepresentation. We are assumed by many persons to have parted with the best feelings of our nature in exchange for some very questionable ones indeed. I did not—I do not, even now that it is mine no longer—underrate the profession of literature, nor affect to despise its honours and advantages. There are a large number of persons who fall into that mistake, I am aware; but I do not share it with them. If I were a writer, I should magnify my office, rather than pretend to despise it, as is the fashion with even some writers themselves. But do not—pray, do not imagine that any breath of public applause, any large-typed eulogium in newspapers, any elevation upon temporary and insecure pedestals of notoriety whatever, can weigh with the approval of the kind hearts at home. Those are lasting, and are always with us if we know how to keep them. The others are evanescent indeed, and often forsake us without any fault on our own part. The good opinion of any sensible man with a sound heart, is a greater private satisfaction to me than that of any anonymous critic whatsoever; but when that man is my friend, my benefactor, may I not almost be allowed to say my brother, dear Sir Charles'——

'No; pray, don't say your brother,' replied Ryder earnestly, 'for that is what I want to speak to you about. You have given me courage to tell you something, if you will only please to listen.' He took her by the hand, which, trembling a little in his, made his speech the more confident, and led her to the same seat which Mr Onslow Bateman had pronounced to be so exceedingly uncomfortable. The young man, however, did not feel, or, at least, did not complain of, its knobs and points at all. 'When I was a lad, Florence, I loved, or thought I loved, your sister, as you know. I would do anything to serve her now, to shield her from misfortune, and to aid her with all my power, if she met with it; but I have not loved her, save as a brother, since she came to Rudesleigh. There is an additional reason for my loving her as a brother, Florence, since she is your sister, and beloved of you. Do not withdraw your hand, Florence, or at least not yet. It is the last time that I shall ever speak to you thus, if you so will it: do not unnecessarily soon awake me from this dream of happiness. I have suffered, Florence, now for years, for the mistake of my youth. I have atoned for it by a silence which, I sometimes thought, would have eaten away my heart. There is a void there as it is, Florence, which you alone can fill. I thought of your pride, too, for you are to the full as proud as your father, although in a different way. I saw you resented that I should be of use to him—that it was my greatest happiness to have you all about me in my home. You contrasted with harsh pride—nay, do not attempt to deceive one who has watched you with the eyes of love for years—your own circumstances, and those of your family, with mine, whom accident had elevated to unexpected wealth. You thought yourself—and if you were one who could think basely, I should call it a base thought—a dependant, whereas it was *I* who was living on your every look. One mistake of yours has been rectified past dispute. You thought

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yourself obscure, and, behold, you have reached a height of fame of which no Ryder of Rudesleigh has yet even dreamed. It is that fame, which would deter another, that, having made you my superior, gives me boldness to say I love you. Florence, dear, darling Florence, can you love *me?*'

The two young people seemed to have exchanged their relative powers of speech; for long after Ryder's eloquent appeal was finished, the girl remained perfectly silent—which was the more reprehensible of her, as the audacious youth was actually consuming the interval in kissing her nearest cheek—and when she did speak, had not very much to say. Her brief reply was to the point, however, and seemed to afford every satisfaction. 'I have always, always loved you, dearest Charles, although there was a time when I did my best to stifle it.'

'For Ellen's sake?' exclaimed the young man penitently, in spite of his rapture. 'What a fool I was! and you—you are nothing less than an angel!'

After this interview, these two young persons frequented that same solitary bowling-green with a curious pertinacity, each finding the other every morning there, as if by accident, and having found, politely remaining there to keep one another company. Sometimes Sir Charles came first, and sometimes Miss Florence—in the order that each could conveniently withdraw from his or her companions—and on the fourth morning it chances to be the lady who is admiring the rainbow of flowers in the parterre, and the silvery flash of the fountain, as though she has never had the good-fortune to find herself there before. A footfall on the gravel meets those ears, so attentive to every movement of love: she blushes, so that the rose over which she leans and herself become one in colour; she expects to hear her own name, that never sounds half so sweetly as when murmured by the beloved voice. A hand is laid softly upon her shoulder; she turns round with her eyes brimming with tenderness and affection, and beholds—Mr Robert Marsden.

He is an undeniably handsome young man still—almost as handsome as we knew him at Teesdale How, although his order of beauty is not that which increases with years—but if he had been the sun-god himself, his presence just then would have been nought but an unmixed evil to Florence Bateman. Why had he not taken his decidedly wicked eyes, and too insinuating silken beard, elsewhere, where they would have been appreciated? She did not dare look her thoughts, however, for she was conscious of the disappointment which his unexpected appearance had already called up into her features, and feared the interpretation he might have put upon it. Marsden was not to her now what he had been, when a 'pup' in her father's house; she rather dreaded the fierce will that held its own alike against the delicate sapping of Mr Onslow Bateman, and the contemptuous front of Mr Hardy Wentworth. 'Why don't you look at me, Florence?' said he, in a low and melancholy tone. 'Am I hideous, or am I hateful to you?'

'You are neither, Mr Marsden,' replied she, a little indignant at his 'Florencing' her, although he was to be her brother-in-law; 'but I was surprised at your sudden appearance here.'

'So it seemed,' replied the young man quietly; 'I almost thought you were expecting somebody else.'

We put it upon record with a blush that our pattern young woman here replied, with all the ingenuous air of an honest witness upon his oath in a court of justice, 'Papa comes here to smoke his cigar occasionally, and then he likes a companion.'

'He will not, however, do so this morning,' answered Marsden, 'for he has taken Ryder with him into the library to make choice of some books that he wishes to have the loan of while in London. Their employment gave me the greater hope of finding you alone, Florence, for I have something very important to say to you.'

'To *me?*' exclaimed Florence, with an air of great astonishment, but not without an additional throb or so of the heart-strings too.

'Yes, to you; to you, who above all women should understand human nature and its inconsistencies, since you have yourself painted it so admirably. You will know how to be charitable to its weaknesses, you will know how to appreciate its strength.'

'I am quite at a loss to know what you mean, Mr Marsden; I only trust that unhappy book of mine may not have placed me in a false position with regard to you, as it seems to have done with respect to everybody else. It appears to me that you are overrating my abilities sadly'——

'Florence,' interrupted the young man with a voice almost stern in its unusual gravity, 'is it possible that *you* deny that the heart can change! Do *you* disbelieve that aught is true love which is not first love?'

The girl's colour came and went under his steadfast eye like April shadows, and she could not trust herself to speak to one who, as she deemed, had guessed her secret.

'You do not deny it, then,' continued he; 'perhaps you yourself have experienced such a change.'

'No, Mr Marsden, I have not,' replied she steadily; 'but I have seen it in another. I acknowledge that the affections of youth may sometimes, and perhaps not rarely, be misplaced; that in spite of itself the leal true heart can no longer make its home where it first rested, and happy for it, if without hurt to any, it may change its dwelling.'

'Happy for it, happy for it indeed,' echoed Robert Marsden. 'Florence, dear Florence, dearer to me than any woman born, listen to me. *Here* is the leal true heart. Here is the hand that would rather wed with you than with a princess: nay, you shall *be* a princess, being mine; for all my wealth is yours, and it is great, and you' shall rule me, Florence, like a slave. Don't speak, but listen. You would say: "My sister, what of her?" I tell you that I know her well, a loving, trusting child, but one whose heart will never break for such a wrench as this. She'll weep a grief away in a fortnight—in three weeks at most. That's not the bride for me. Now, *you*—I read it now in your proud flush and angry eyes—would never bear to be so thwarted. You'd poison us both first; and so would I, by Heaven! I do not mean to rant; but while I look on you, dear Florence—glorious, brilliant-eyed Perfection that you are—I am not master of myself; I want some noble soul like yours to master me. I feel that on this sea of life, without some steady hand like yours to guide me, I shall wreck.'

'You are acting out of a stage-play, Mr Marsden,' replied Florence coldly, 'and you are acting exceedingly ill. If all you said were true—nay, let *me* speak now—I should be sorry for your sake, more sorry for my sister's, but it would not move me one hair's-breadth towards loving you. The very mention of that word 'twixt me and you—the possibility of such a union thus suggested—is vile and hateful to me. I do not love you as a brother, Robert Marsden, for I do not love you at all; but I will try to look upon you with some regard for another's sake—not yours—and hope in time to forget this madness you have just now uttered. You will forget it yourself right soon, as I well know. If I thought that my recital of your words would open my dear sister's eyes, and save her from this marriage with you even now, I fairly tell you I would speak it all. But she is so fond, so loving, so credulously trustful of you—O heartless ingrate, if you treat her ill, may God's curse light on you!—that I dare not do it, I confess it, I dare not. O Robert Marsden, so much do I love that sister, and so little hold my own self-respect in comparison with her lasting happiness, that

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if in anything you have just now been saying there is a gleam of truth, if you really have a kindness towards me separate from mere delusive passion and wayward wilfulness, I ask thus much, Oh spare my Ellen for *my* sake. Leave her: do not make her your wife; for I foresee a misery that will come of it far greater than any present grief at losing you.'

'And *I*?' observed Marsden quietly, but by no means unmoved by this outbreak of sisterly affection. 'What think you will become of *me*? Or am I not worth a thought?'

'You are worth much, Marsden. You might do both great and good things if you would. The nature that can inspire so many with admiration and regard cannot be wholly evil. That is why I shall now leave you, if not with much good will, without that contempt and loathing with which your conduct would otherwise have inspired me. Will you please to shake hands?'

He was about to take the proffered fingers, but she suddenly withdrew them from his grasp. 'Robert Marsden, you are not yet cured, I see. Shall I say, then, that I hate you?'

'I swear I love you better, more, than ever,' exclaimed the young man fervently. 'Is there no hope, none whatever, Florence?'

'Certainly none, sir,' replied Florence Bateman scornfully. 'Your friend, Charles Ryder, who is coming up the green yonder, is my affianced husband.'

CURIOSITIES OF THE 'OLD SERVICE.'

The old service, with all its glories and all its faults, has passed away for ever; and officers and tars of that renowned school will soon be as scarce as bustards on Salisbury Plain. Steam has done it. 'Screws' have for ever superseded the fine old sailing liners; and the naval engineer is now a more important officer than the sailing-master. There is no help for it; it is an accomplished fact: but a good many able and sensible nautical men, who are *not* croakers nor grumblers, nor at all disposed to cavil at the change on personal grounds, do distinctly affirm that a steam-navy is the worst possible school for real seamanship, and that neither officers nor men of the new school can ever compete in that respect with their predecessors. Certainly, though there can be no doubt that as regards natural aptitude, our present men-of-war's-men are not degenerate sons of Neptune, yet they have not a tithe the *practice* of the old school. No sooner does the wind draw ahead, now-a-days, than the order is given to furl sails and get up steam, and mere mechanical motive-power entirely supplies the place of consummate nautical skill. Our task is not, however, to institute comparisons betwixt the new and the old services, we merely propose to gossip awhile about the latter, by compiling a number of choice, and, we believe, authentic anecdotes illustrative of the character of the men whose unrivalled skill and valour rendered the floating bulwarks of Britain an impregnable defence and safeguard throughout the last long European war.

With what racy anecdote shall we open our budget? Nothing more appropriate at this epoch of rifle-volunteering, and gossip of an impending French invasion, than sturdy old Lord Bridport's genuine seaman-like promise to George III. In 1798, in particular, there was such a panic about the French 'coming over' with dire intentions, that Farmer George alluded to it on giving an audience to the admiral. 'I can only say, sire,' answered Bridport, 'that so long as I hold command of the Channel fleet, *they shall not come by water!*'

When Lord Howe was captain of the *Magnanime*, cruising off the French coast, he anchored, through stress of weather, off a lee-shore. The ship rode with two anchors down, and the night was very stormy. By and by, the officer of the watch rushed into the captain's cabin, hurriedly announcing that the anchors were 'coming home'—that is, losing their hold of the bottom, to the imminent jeopardy of the ship. 'Coming home, are they?' coolly answered Howe. 'Well, they are in the right, for I don't know who would stay out on a night like this!'

That grand old admiral, Collingwood, was especially noted for his extreme care of the king's stores, and was far more concerned about any loss or damage to them than about his personal risk in battle. The present Vice-admiral Robinson tells a very characteristic anecdote to this effect. '"Oh, Mr Mullins! Mr Mullins!" he (Collingwood) groaned out to the master of the *Excellent*, as she was getting belaboured on the 14th of February by two Spanish line-of-battle-ships—"oh, Mr Mullins! they never shifted that beautiful new fore-topsail before we came into action, and now they won't leave it worth a pin!"' We have heard of both officers and seamen shifting their clothes—putting on their worst suits—before going into action; and it seems that 'Old Cuddie,' as Collingwood was familiarly and affectionately called, would have liked to put his ship in an 'old suit' of sails, prior to exchanging broadsides with an enemy. 'He entered the navy,' says Admiral Robinson, 'at a time of rough and rude struggling, a coarseness little better than that described by Smollett in *Roderick Random*. We remember Lord St Vincent leaving his berth for the loss of twenty pounds, messing on his chest, washing his own clothes, and making a pair of trousers out of the ticking of his bed. In these scenes, the illustrious Collingwood passed the soft and impressionable period of a midshipman's life for no less than sixteen years; and, in consequence, when he became a wealthy peer, caring nothing about money, he considered pea-soup and a slice of ship's pork food for the gods, brown sugar quite good enough for any gentleman, and that the habitual use of white would be approaching to the historical extravagance of peacock's brains.' The vivid picture which Admiral Robinson gives, in his old age, of Collingwood's appearance at the battle of Trafalgar, is too good to be omitted. 'I see before me, at the end of half a century, dear Old Cuddie walking the break of the poop with his little triangular gold-laced cocked-hat, tights, silk stockings, and buckles, musing over the progress of the fight, *and munching an apple*.'

That great sea-captain who yet survives among us, Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, when Lord Cochrane, perpetrated a stroke of the finest irony. Commanding a little brig, called the *Speedy*, of 14 guns, and only 54 officers and men, he actually captured a Spanish xebec or frigate, the *Gamo*, of 32 guns and 319 men. The Spanish officer who succeeded to the command of this vessel asked Lord Cochrane to give him a certificate that he had done his duty; and Commander Cochrane did so in these words: 'I do hereby certify that Don [with many high-sounding names] *conducted himself like a real Spaniard*.' 'This precious document,' remarks Captain Brenton in his *Naval History*, 'was received with every mark of respect and gratitude.'

As regards the captains of the old service, the majority of them were of the Benbow and Charley Napier type—capital seamen, but in many instances not gentlemen either by education or manners. This is not to be wondered at, considering that even when they were sons of gentlemen by birth, they frequently went to sea at ages varying from ten to thirteen, and never afterwards had much opportunity of becoming accomplished or refined. Not a few had risen by dint of sheer merit from before the mast; nay, there were several instances of *pressed* men attaining the rank of admiral. But one and all, whether sprung from plebeian or aristocratic families, seem to have been imbued with a hearty spirit of thorough devotion to their profession, and a literal love of hard fighting. At Trafalgar, a captain of the old school ran his liner

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into the heart of the fight, and had a couple or more of the enemy's ships firing into him as hard as they could pelt. The splinter-netting over his quarter-deck was shot away, and knocked him down, and entangled him in its meshes. When he got clear of net and splinters, he jumped up, partially stunned, and roared out: 'Let un come on—let un come on! I'm blowed if I strikes! I'll never strike—no, never! to nobody whatsomdever!'—a declaration heartily and deservedly cheered by his crew.

Our second illustrative anecdote we quote from a volume of the *Naval Chronicle* for 1812. It runs thus: 'Whilst in command of his majesty's sloop *Renard*, Captain Coghlan fell in with the *Lily*, a French privateer-ship (formerly an English sloop of war, captured by the enemy on the Halifax station), off St Domingo, and brought her to action. During the height of the engagement, the French captain, by way, as he supposed, of intimidating our tars, hailed them to "strike." Captain Coghlan, who heard it, instantly took his trumpet and replied: "Ay, I'll *strike*, and *hard* too, my lad, directly." The next broadside fired from the *Renard* sunk the *Lily* with the greater part of the crew.'

What shall we say of the men—the 'hearts of oak,' who literally were 'always ready' 'to fight and to conquer again and again?' It would not be difficult to fill a folio volume with genuine racy anecdotes of Jack's proverbial bull-dog courage, indomitable endurance, generosity, and humour.

'There!' groaned a seaman, when his captain refused to engage an enemy of vastly superior force—'there goes my prize-money!' But dear as prize-money might be to seamen, they panted for victory yet more, as the following striking anecdote, told by Captain Brenton, attests: 'A British sailor, who had both his legs shot off while the *Minerve* lay under the fire of the batteries, was carried to the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. Being told that the ship was off the shoal, and would soon be clear of the forts, "Then damn the legs!" exclaimed the poor fellow, and taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in the cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was taken, he was placed in the boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but determined not to survive the loss of liberty, he slacked his tourniquets, and bled to death.'

In the old service, *women*—usually wives of petty officers and of 'leading seamen'—were allowed to be on board King George's ships, and heroically did these daughters of Britannia generally behave. At the battle of the Nile, women as well as boys served as 'powder-monkeys.' Some were wounded, and one died of her wounds, and was buried on an island in the bay. She was a Leith woman. Another, an Edinburgh woman, '*bore a son in the heat of the action!*' So says old John Nicol, mariner, in his autobiography, published many years ago. In Rodney's victory, a woman fought at a gun on the main-deck, and informed the admiral that she did so simply to supply the place of her husband, who was carried below, wounded. Rodney told her she had no business to do so, but he presented her with ten guineas. In 1812, the *Swallow* man-of-war had a desperate encounter with two enemy's ships of very superior force, off Frejus, and lost many men. A seaman, named Phelan, had his wife on board, who, as usual in the case of females, was stationed in the cockpit to assist the surgeon. Whilst there, she learned that her husband was wounded. She rushed on deck, and received him in her arms. The rest of the affecting story will be best told in the words of an officer of the ship. 'He faintly raised his head to kiss her—she burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage, "All would yet be well," but scarcely pronounced the last syllable, when an ill-directed shot took her head off. The poor tar, who was closely wrapt in her arms, opened his eyes once more, then shut them for ever. What renders the circumstance the more affecting was, the poor creature had been only three weeks delivered of a fine boy, who was thus in a moment deprived of a father and a mother. As soon as the action subsided, the feelings of the tars, who wanted no unnecessary incitement to stimulate them, were all interested for poor Tommy—for so he was called. Many said, and all feared, he must die; they all agreed he should have a hundred fathers, but what could be the substitute of a nurse and a mother? However, the mind of humanity soon discovered there was a Maltese goat on board, belonging to the officers, which gave an abundance of milk; and as there was no better expedient, she was resorted to for the purpose of suckling the child, who, singular to say, is thriving, and will be one of the finest little fellows in the world; and so tractable is his nurse, that even now she lies down when poor little Tommy is brought to be suckled by her. Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one hammock, and, it is needless to say, buried in one grave.'

Sorry are we to say that the seamen of the old service, as a body, were not by any means remarkable for conjugal fidelity. A very considerable percentage of them literally endorsed Dibdin's lines:

> In every mess I find a friend,
> In every port a wife.

About the year 1812, a seaman of the *Edgar* wrote the following letter—which a Cornwall paper correctly printed at the time—to his wife at Truro. For brazen impudence and downright plain-dealing, it can never be surpassed. Dating from 'H.M.S. *Edgar*, at Plymouth Dock,' this affectionate spouse says: 'MY DEAR GRACE—This coms with my kind love, hopine it will find you as it leves me. I hope if the child is a boy, you will cale it after my nam, for my sak, & as i dozen intind never to see you agen, you may be married as son as you wil, for I shall be married as son as I can. So no mor at presant from your afectinate husbant. J. M.' We are not informed what 'dear Grace' thought of this epistle from her 'afectinate husbant,' but it is not improbable that she availed herself of his liberal permission.

THE BIRD-BOY.

THE corn's spiked gold round the sheep in the fold
Presses with fostering care;
Now the rose is dead, and the May-bloom's shed,
And the lily-bloom's melted to air.
The birds flock up, like flies from a cup,
In a thick swarm, noisy and black:
How the great rooks rise when the bird-boy plies
His clicky, clacky—click, clack, clack.

For miles away, the poppies at play
Flutter their signal flags;
Round their white ash ring, the trampers sing,
Sunning their patches and rags.
And up in the blue, where clouds are few,
Noisy and scattering black,
The rook-cloud flies when the bird-boy plies
His clicky, clacky—click, clack, clack.

WALTER THORNBURY.

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WHALES AND WHALEMEN.

WHO were the first whalemen? Not the sea-ruling Briton—not the hardy Dane—not the steadily enduring, amphibious Dutchman—not the bold Norwegian, child of the Sea-kings. No. The Spaniard—Biscayans and Basques—first dared attack Leviathan on the high seas so early as 1575. True, some have tried to prove the Norwegians were first in the field, but they have not made out a clear case. It was probably the narwhal, grampus, and other small versions of the great whale they hunted. The old ninth-century navigator Ohthere, the Norwegian, whose wonderful adventures were taken down from his own lips by no less a man than our King Alfred, speaks of having slain sixty whales in two days. Flatly impossible, if right whales had been in question. Thus much is certain: the first whalebone which ever found its way into England was picked up from the wreck of a Biscayan ship in 1594; and when, at the close of the sixteenth century, the English first began to fit out whale-ships, they were obliged to call in Biscayans, both to direct them in their preparations, and to fill the more important offices in the ship. It was not long before we outstripped our teachers; pushed boldly up into the Ice-king's domain; discovered Spitzbergen (sharp mountains), and established there a fishery, to which other nations soon flocked. We remained pre-eminent, laying down the law as to where they should and should not fish, though, somehow or other, the Dutchman contrived to reap a far larger share of the profits than ourselves.

There are many species of whales; no one knows exactly how many. It is a perplexed chapter in natural history. Enough to make the naturalist tear his hair are the confused accounts Jack Tar brings home of 'sulphur bottom,' 'broad nose,' 'razor back,' 'tall spout,' and a host more, with delightfully unscientific descriptive names, whereby he learns to distinguish unprofitable whales, not worth the toils and perils of capture. That clever Yankee, Herman Melville, who instructs and befools his reader by turns, but who certainly knows something about whales and whaling, has whimsically classed the great family into three books—folio, octavo, and duodecimo. As a sample of the folio, we may take the sperm and the right or Greenland whales, the only two kinds hunted by man; of the octavo, the grampus and the narwhal (nose-whale), or unicorn whale. His horn, projecting straight ahead, ten or even fifteen feet, the Dutch—who seem to have had the christening of most things up in those regions—at first took for a grotesque long nose, in the style of King Croquinulay's nose, which his courtiers had to wind up on a bobbin! Some say the narwhal uses this horn of his to pierce holes through the ice, when he comes up to blow or breathe; others, that he mows off sea-weed with it. No doubt, too, as he has a small mouth, and yet eats great fish, he has an Italian sort of knack of transfixing them with his stiletto, so that they may be devoured at leisure. Porpoises are the duodecimo edition of the whale. Two features of resemblance run through the whole family—a horizontal tail, and a spout. But observe, it is not *water* that is spouted; it is *breath*, dense vaporous breath, which when blown in one's face, feels like fog. To look at, it is more like a splendid whiff of tobacco-smoke, curling and waving as it ascends two or three yards high. Of course, when the creature 'blows' before quite reaching the surface, water too is forced up—hence the popular notion that water is *spouted*.

A thrilling cry is that when the man at the mast-head sings out, 'There she blows!' and the brave fellows, shouting, 'A dead whale or a stove boat!' rush to the chase as joyously as the scarlet-coated huntsmen who are going to scour the pleasant fields and woods of Old England after wily little Reynard. The object of *their* sport is a creature six hundred times the bulk of a man. A fillip of his tail can send boats and men whirling into the air. The fields they scour are the hungry waves, with toppling icebergs for hills. They play a game at hide-and-seek in the jaws of destruction.

The right or Greenland whale—who shall take precedence here, because he is the most anciently hunted of whales—is still the main object of pursuit by English whalemen. Brother Jonathan, with his usual 'cuteness, has chosen a field of less risk and more profit—sperm whaling—for the sperm whale has no taste for living among icebergs and polar bears; he likes to float in the tepid waters of the tropics. The right whale shuns these enervating regions. Only a straggler here and there is found in the waters that wash the spice islands and lands of palm; and the equator is to him, says Maury, as 'a wall of fire which he cannot pass.'

There is nothing in nature so wonderful that the human mind does not love to add a finishing-touch of its own, and make it yet a little more monstrous. Thus the size of the largest of moving things has been exaggerated. Great 'authorities' have gravely described it as two or three hundred feet long. The old writers got as far as nine hundred. The sober truth is sixty feet for the usual, and seventy for the extreme length attained by the right whale; and, seventy the usual, and ninety the extreme by the sperm whale. Razor-back, whose yield of oil is so poor, and himself so swift and difficult to capture, is

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said to be a hundred feet long; but as there can have been few opportunities of taking his measure, that may probably be an exaggeration. With this great carcass, the eye is no larger than a colt's, and the ear imperceptible, while the lips are fifteen or twenty feet long. And, by the way, these small eyes are so far back, and have so high an intervening ridge of head between them, that their owner must see an entirely different prospect with each eye at the same moment. What a source of bewilderment for poor Leviathan! No wonder he is vacillating. Another peculiarity is, that he sees better under water than at the surface; and when pursued, is sometimes observed to keep for miles so true to one point of the compass, that one cannot but believe he is guided by landmarks in the great bed of the ocean; recognising as he swims along, here, a familiar hill, there, a cavern, or a long since foundered ship; as we, on a trackless moor, steer our course by a familiar spire, or hill-top, or distant tree.

His shape—but he has no shape. His waist is thirty or forty feet round; he tapers a little towards the tail, that terrible, half-moon shaped weapon of defence and screw-propeller. By its means he can dive or swim at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour; his usual pace, however, is about three or four. His coat is velvety black, spotted with gray; the belly and under-jaw white. He grows grayer with age, and has a scanty beard. The head is shaped somewhat like a shoemaker's last, and seems to contain more oil than brains; for the whale is a timid, stupid animal; so timid, that sometimes a bird alighting on his back will set him off in great agitation and terror. Scarcely ever do the dangers of attacking him result from any deliberate attempt at retaliation on his part, but simply from the blind and frantic expressions of agony when the sharp iron of the harpoon enters his flesh.

What is the *use* of his oil? It certainly was not given him solely for *our* benefit. Here is a colossal creature not meant to live at the bottom of the ocean, but needing to be often at the surface, and breathe the air. You would expect him to sink when not keeping himself up by some kind of swimming action; but far from this, the whale *floats* when motionless, and has to use exertion to go down, thanks to that vast reservoir of oil, the blubber. Bulky as he is, he is lighter than water till stripped of this. It is, then, to give facilities for air-breathing to a sea-monster, that nature has made an oil-barrel of him—a gigantic buoy!

The whalebone ought rather to be called *whale's teeth*. It is the apparatus which in some species prepares the food for the stomach, though as a sieve instead of a grinding-machine; for like the elephant, largest of land-animals, the whale fills his great stomach with rather light food. Swimming along with mouth wide open, the blades of whalebone inside that mouth, converging at top like the roof of a house, and thickly lined with hair—a sort of hairy Venetian blind—form an excellent trap for the small-fry of the ocean. Crabs, medusæ, shrimps, 'brit'—a kind of animalculæ which colours the sea for miles together, and is the whale's favourite 'mess'—these the sieve keeps back, and lets the water, robbed of every nutritious particle, run out again.

The nostrils or blow-holes are on the crown of the head; and though he can remain an hour or more under water without breathing, it is possible for a whale to be *drowned*; indeed it is not very unusual for young whales to run downward when attacked, until they exhaust themselves so completely, that they are unable to return to the surface, but are suffocated in the water; so it is very clear they are not fish. They have other claims, besides a capacity for being drowned, to entitle them to the rank of mammals: they are warm-blooded, considerably more so than man, though the polar seas be their dwelling-place; and they suckle their young. The 'baby' is about fourteen feet long, and tenderly beloved by its huge mother, who will perform prodigies of valour in its defence, waking up even into a comparatively intelligent state under the strong stimulus of maternal love. The whalemen take cruel advantage of this trait, attacking the 'calf,' that they may get the mother, who will freely give her life rather than abandon it.

The whale has probably no enemy but man that can war to the death, but many that delight to tease. The shark now and then takes a bite out of his tail; the sword-fish is said to give him unpleasant thrusts; and the fulmars are fond of whetting their beaks upon his back. Of a peaceable disposition, the Greenland whale seldom falls out with his own kind; but the more lively sperm is said often to bear the ancient scars of fierce battle.

Why should a creature so powerful in itself, and inhabiting an element where man is at so great disadvantage, ever suffer itself to be captured? It seems to be partly through a want of sagacity in directing its strength, and partly, poor monster! through a guileless, unsuspecting disposition. Like birds on a desert island, who, at first sight of man, and while yet ignorant of his nature, shew no fear, so the inexperienced whale will suffer a boat to approach quite close, little dreaming those small creatures gesticulating in it can be such deadly foes. The feel of the harpoon in his back wakes him up to the terrible reality. His first act, nine times out of ten, is to rear his head, arch his body, and then plunge down beyond the reach of the enemy. Then, harpooners, beware, for if the line—one end of which is fastened to the harpoon, and the other coiled up in the boat—happen to run foul—if a rash hand be stretched out to right it, if a foot get entangled in the coil, hand or foot is severed from the limb quicker than thought. Once a poor fellow incautiously cast under his feet a little of the line he had hauled in as the whale came up. A stroke of his lance made the whale dart suddenly down again; the line began to run out, and in an instant caught him by a turn round his body. He had but time to cry out, 'Clear away the line!' when he was almost cut asunder, dragged overboard, and never again seen. And this kind of accident is very frequent. So great is the friction of the line, the harpooner is often enveloped in smoke; and if the wood, where it comes in contact, were not repeatedly wetted, the boat would take fire. If the whale outrun his tether of rope, and it be not instantly cut away, the boat is dragged bodily under water, the crew hastily leaping on to the ice, or into the sea.

Great is the excitement on shipboard when a flag hoisted on the 'fast boat'—that which has flung the harpoon—telegraphs the news, and calls urgently for aid and more 'line.' So prompt is the response, so eager the rush of sailors to man more boats, those who are below not pausing to put on their clothes, but carrying them in their hands—sometimes finding no leisure to put them on for an hour or two—that a landsman, who does not understand the signal, or

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the urgency of the case, has ere now thought them all gone mad, or that the ship was sinking, and has begged to be taken into one of the boats.

It was not wise of Leviathan to plunge into the depths of the ocean, for he came up again terribly exhausted, as we may well believe, considering that when he gets, as he often does, to the depth of seven or eight hundred fathoms, there is a weight on his back of above two hundred thousand tons—a weight which exceeds that of sixty large ships of war, manned and provisioned for a six months' cruise. Whereabouts he will make his appearance, is of vital importance to his bold assailants; such a thing has happened as his coming up just under one of the boats, tossing it into the air, and scattering far and wide the crew. A bath in those icy seas, even when no worse befalls, is something more than bracing; when not picked up speedily, a man has had his hair frozen into a helmet of ice, and his clothes into a coat-of-mail. If the whale come up at some distance, all the boats pull hard, and ply him with lances, he lashing with his tail and fins the air, the water, and too often the frail cockle-shell boats, which are stove, and instantly fill. Once, during its struggles, a whale succeeded in shaking loose the harpoon; a smart sailor, pulling out his pocket-knife, leaped on the living whale's back, drew out the harpoon, and with the help of a comrade who had followed his daring example, struck it in afresh; the whale was in motion before they had finished and got off again. This is a story told by the brave, veracious Scoresby.

When the conflict is nearly over, the whale spouts blood instead of breath, dyeing the sea, the ice, the boats, nay, the men's clothes, with his blood; while from his wounds exude broad pellicles of oil, which spread over the surface of the water. One more convulsive effort. The boats draw back in fear. He flings his tail into the air, lashing it to and fro with a sound like the cracking of a thousand whips, which is heard for miles; beats the water with his fins; then turns on his side and dies, jeered out of life with three huzzas from his captors, and the waving of flags; and considering the dangers they have incurred, the skill, courage, and strength put forth, and the value of the prize, their exultation is not to be wondered at.

But neither toils nor perils are ended yet; the 'flensing' or flaying off the blubber has to be accomplished. The boats, five or six together, tow the prize alongside of the ship, Blue-jackets singing anything but dirges over the corpse. Putting spurs on their feet, to help them to a foothold on the slippery carcass, the harpooners now descend upon it, and peel off the blubber in strips, each perhaps a ton in weight, which are hoisted on board by machinery. If the sea be rough, the enterprise is both difficult and dangerous. With the sharp tools in their hand, a sudden jerk from a heavy sea makes them wound themselves or their companions; the waves drench, the ropes and hooks entangle them, and often a man falls into the whale's mouth, which has been exposed by a removal of the surface of blubber, and but for prompt assistance, would be drowned in it. There is still to chop the blubber in small pieces—a bit of sinew from the whale's own tail serving as chopping-block—to stow them into the casks, and to secure the whalebone—a greasy, dirty job to wind up their heroic achievements with. From first to last they have been at it, perhaps, forty-eight hours without rest; what must be the luxury of a clean shirt and a few hours' sleep! The 'kreng,' or carcass, is abandoned to the hungry fulmars and sharks which eagerly flock around, but are often balked of their feast by its abruptly sinking to the bottom.

To the dangers of the chase must be added those of an inhuman climate, ice-fogs, storms, and bitter winds, which sometimes make mere exposure fatal. Perhaps a 'fast fish' or harpooned whale will drag a boat thirty or forty miles, and contrary winds prevent the ship from following. Benumbed with cold, fainting for food, death stares the crew in the face. Small hope is there of regaining the ship in the teeth of a heavy gale, which drives it ever further, or while a dense fog impenetrably shrouds the anxious seekers from one another. Too often have the entire crews of three or four boats thus perished, or hairbreadth 'scapes have followed the endurance of extremes it makes the heart stand still to read of. Five men were once sent, in a gale, to a floe, in order to fix ice-anchors—to moor the ship, in fact, to the floe. The warps broke. The ship received a dreadful blow from the ice, and was obliged to reach off to a distance of twenty miles from the poor men on the floe. That portion of the ice on which they stood broke by the action of the swell, and before they could step on to the main sheet of ice, the water rushed in and cut off all retreat. Their fragment soon drifted out into a heavy sea; almost every other wave washed over it. They were obliged to lie flat on their bellies, and cling to the edge of the ice with their hands. About midnight, their fragile island was dashed by the waves against another lump, and broke into three pieces, fortunately leaving them on the largest, and that was a yard or two square. When the swell subsided, they managed to stand upright, and move a little. Daylight came—the mist cleared off, but no ship was to be seen. Resisting a fatal drowsiness, they held on yet another hour or two, and were saved. From the ship's masthead, the small black cluster floating hither and thither had been joyfully descried. All survived. Many a hardy mountaineer has perished from a night's exposure, mild indeed compared with this. Well-seasoned timber is that which has been tossed about amid the storms and ice of the polar seas. Of such stuff are our whalemen made, and from them the crews of our Arctic exploring-ships recruited—men whose nerves have been steeled from childhood by the habitual confronting of death, and daily endurance of extreme toil and hardship.

Concerning the sperm whale, we must be brief, though much has been written in his praise. He is somewhat larger, has a hump on his back, a more shapely head, orthodox teeth, a coat lighter in colour, and a soft, furry substance between the skin and the blubber, which has never yet been scientifically examined. He feeds on what sailors call 'squid'—supposed to be a large species of cuttle-fish. He is of a lively, courageous disposition compared with our old friend the right whale, and sometimes even vindictive. Hence, it is said to require more caution and address in those attacking him; but for that matter, the right whale himself is by no means so sluggish or timid when found straying in warmer latitudes. We have mentioned the sperm whale's preference for a warm temperature; so fastidious is he on this point, that his presence affords a sure and delicate clue to the course of some of the great currents which traverse the ocean. If a certain route be sedulously avoided by him, be sure a cold current is at the bottom of his aversion; and if at some points he will ascend to an unusually high latitude, he has good reasons in the shape of a warm current. The head of the sperm whale is a great reservoir of spermaceti—a fluid, as long as warmth remains, which can be baled out in buckets; and when he grows old and dyspeptic, strange to tell, the precious substance called ambergris is formed in the depths of his stomach. Unlike the right whale, he may be hunted all the year round; so his pursuers can take it more leisurely; and instead of their having hastily to stow away the blubber in casks, it is 'reduced'—the oil extracted immediately in the *try-works* with which sperm whaleships are provided; the oil is consequently of finer quality. It is the partial decay of the fibres of the blubber, the gases from which combine with the oil, that renders Greenland oil offensive.

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American sperm whaling in the vast Pacific has, in a commercial point of view, far outgrown in importance our Greenland and Davis' Strait whaling. When New England was yet a colony, gray-headed men would point to the sea, saying: 'Those are the fields where our children will reap their harvests.' A fleet of above six hundred sail yearly employed in hunting the sperm whale, now realises the prediction.

OMNIBUSES.

I COMPASSIONATE the gentleman, and even the lady, who has never ridden in or upon an omnibus. A man who has never sat upon the knife-board, has not completed his education; he has left a very great deal unseen, unheard, and unfelt; he has missed the sensations of looking involuntarily into first-floor windows, of picking up information of a more startling than reliable nature, and of testing the ability of the small of his back to resist the incessant attacks of a sharp-edged instrument. You are recommended always to live up to your privileges, and surely a 'bus is a privilege. The hypochondriacal author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, who was wont to cheer his drooping spirits by furtively listening to the 'chaff' of 'bargees' upon the banks of classic Isis, would have revelled in the amenities of a London 'bus. It is essentially the people's conveyance, and therein you encounter the many-headed monster in all its multiform variety, from the dirty little boy who 'sniffs' unpleasantly, to the moustached don who stares unpleasantly. Nor is the spice of danger wanting. You are taking money to your banker's—you know you are, or you would never look so conscious, and that overdressed man upon your left knows it too, and will consider it a reflection upon his character as a man of talent if it arrive at its destination. Mark that amiable-looking youth upon your right, with loose coat-sleeves and hands neatly folded upon his knees—his digits are even now making researches into your pockets; and that pretty young lady seated opposite you, who timidly inquires at the very nick of time if she is 'near the Old Bailey,' is neither more nor less than an accomplice. Everybody is entitled to his opinion upon tragedy and comedy, and to me there is something irresistibly comic in an omnibusful of utter strangers. Face to face they sit, and their muscles are perfectly rigid; they nod forward, like an old dame dozing, at every jolt of the omnibus, and threaten each other with their noses; they stare vacantly at the brims of each other's hats or bonnets; their hands are crossed upon the handles of their sticks or umbrellas; and they speak never a word unless the gentleman at the top should still have sufficient confidence in the kindliness of human nature left to ask the gentleman near the door to tell the conductor 'Fleet Street.' This simple request does not at first sight appear likely to call for any vast supply of the milk of human kindness; it is, however, not unfrequently the precursor of altercations, contumely, and heart-burnings, for the conductor, you will observe, is upon the topmost step, conversing with 'Old Gutta Percha,' as he politely calls the driver, in playful allusion to his water-proof overcoat. So the gentleman near the door, after a careful reconnaissance, takes good aim, and lunges at him with his umbrella: the sharp point hits him full and true, and down hops the discomfited 'cad' like a spiteful parrot from his perch. 'Hulloa! I say, *sir*, 'ductors 'as feelin's as well as other people. I ain't paid for to be knock'd about.'

'Gentleman wishes to get out at Fleet Street.'

'What if he does? There's no 'casion to knock anybody's ribs in, is there? People tugs away at yer clo's as if they didn't cost anythink, and raps yer knuckles as if they was door-'andles, and digs 'brellas into yer as if yer was a targit, and then complains on yer for not bein' civ'l,' says the conductor; and the gentleman near the door scowls at the gentleman at the top, and then significantly at the 'call,' which not one person in a hundred ever thinks of using, and that model of propriety is sure to find that it won't act. I congratulate myself upon having traversed every kind of limb-distorting, teeth-loosening, eye-starting road in every kind of 'bus, at every possible price from one shilling and sixpence to a penny, and I have generally been rewarded. My experience is, that the fun is in an inverse ratio to the fare. The eighteen-penny ones affect an air of respectability, in accordance with the charge; but the penny ones—now, I fear, discontinued—used to sacrifice everything to humour. 'Here you are, *mum*,' shouted the conductor of one of them to an aristocratic-looking old lady near the Marble Arch; 'a dozen on yer for a shillin'; you'd better 'ave a penn'orth to 'Atton Garden.' It was very rude, I fear; but the poor man had never been to college, or learned those ingenuous arts which soften the savage manners; at anyrate, he made me laugh, which is more than a great many learned men can do. Indeed, upon the whole, I think that, considering their opportunities, conductors behave better towards ladies than—pray forgive me!—ladies towards conductors. A lady-passenger from Notting Hill once had the conscience to ask a conductor in my hearing whether he would wait a few minutes at Regent Circus, whilst she went to Cramer and Beale's, and pronounced him a very disobliging creature for refusing to listen to so profitable a suggestion; and I rode with another lady from Highgate Hill to the New Road, where the lady, after trying the patience of the conductor, by declining to alight until she had taken an oath of him that the horses wouldn't 'go on' whilst she was on the step, 'if she'd only make 'aste about it,' pulled out an elegant but intricate purse, and after some very clever jugglery produced a perfectly unexceptionable sovereign. The poor man groaned aloud. 'Come, *I* say, *mum*,' said he, 'this 'ere's a little too bad; if you'd a told me on the road, I might a got change; but they don't know *me* at the public 'ouses 'ere, and I daresay they don't know *you:* you ought to a know'd better, you did indeed, mum.' However, he did get change, and I couldn't help sympathising with him in his communational soliloquy upon 'them 'umbuggin' females.' But the abomination of conductors is the elderly female who always carries a market-basket. She never has more money than she requires for her fare, and the coin is always emaciated and ill-treated; insomuch that one day I heard a man, after turning over and over in his hand, and biting again and again, a very suspicious-looking sixpence which had been tendered him by her, remark with the blandest of sneers: 'I s'pose you keep a lot o' these sort o' sixpences at 'ome, o' *puppus* for 'bus-conductors, don't yer, missus?'

The etiquette of omnibuses combines instruction with amusement. You there see man in his primitive state, not of nudity, of course, but of incivility; and you may form a notion, from the behaviour of the passengers, of the probable manners in the days of acorns. Nobody, you will observe, dreams of voluntarily making room for a new-comer. As soon as he has been shoved in head-foremost, and the door has been slammed to prevent his tumbling out backwards, he says, after a careful scrutiny of the numbers on each side: 'This side, I think;' then fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the roof of the vehicle, he drops himself heavily down. The two victims of this proceeding—for he is careful to aim at a slight aperture between two—under the influence of unwonted pressure upon the femoral part

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of one leg, move sulkily right and left, whilst the human wedge which is acting upon them wriggles himself from side to side, with the general remark: 'Fourteen inches each person, I believe;' a proposition which nobody confirms or controverts, though it is evident that he has aroused the lively hatred of his immediate neighbours. The sanguine man who expects civility in an omnibus, would look for propriety in a shipwreck. I once attempted a little politeness in an omnibus, and learned a very useful lesson. The omnibus I entered was unusually narrow, and an old gentleman who sat next to the door was unusually prodigal of feet; the consequence was that I trod upon his toe. I made the most profuse apologies, and pleaded the extraordinary narrowness of the conveyance. As soon as I had finished, the old gentleman assumed an argumentative air, and rejoined: 'Yes, sir, very true, sir, but that doesn't justify you, I believe, sir, in treading upon my corn.' Of course, I couldn't say that it did, and I was therefore obliged to tell him that I had made all the apology of which I was capable, and had no more to say; upon which he grew abusive, and I angry, and I determined to do for the future as the people who trod on my corns did—that is, take no earthly notice of it; and I find it answers admirably. A man sometimes swears a little, but always confidentially to himself; he will look at you, certainly, in a manner which would make you think your life in danger if you saw it, but as your eyes are fixed upon the portrait of a sensual-looking man at the top of the omnibus, who is represented by the deceitful artist as liking, contrary to experience, the South African sherry which he is drinking, why, you don't, and he might therefore spare himself the effort.

If you are fond of asphyxia, you should ride inside an omnibus on a sultry summer day; a bouquet of fusty straw will contribute much to your gratification, and you may faint away amidst appropriate sights and sounds. Your *vis-à-vis*, good easy man, regales himself with fruit, the stones of which he propels from his mouth through the window close to your head; yonder, a stout lady, who is 'so 'ot she can't 'ardly abear herself,' supports the cause of open windows against the thin lady, who bodes 'a stiff neck;' and at your side is a beef-faced man, who takes off his hat and mops his face, and 'hopes you can manage to keep yourself warm.'

In the autumn, if you are lucky, you may fall in with the antediluvian old dame who recollects Noah in his infancy, and who lives in those prolific suburbs which are Eldorado to the perambulator-mongers. She travels in what she calls 'the coach' only twice a year, when she goes to receive her dividends. 'She has never been in a railway-train,' she informs you, 'though she lives close to the line. She can see the engine from her window, and she never hears its shriek without a shudder. She wouldn't trust herself to be dragged along by one of those awful things, whatever; and the huge red lamps she watches at night put her in mind of the Evil One.' There's little fear of *her* crinoline getting in anybody's way; she hardly seems to have anything to sit down with. Observe how she pays her fare before she mounts the step, and extorts from the conductor a solemn promise to set her down 'at the Duke of Wellington's statue, opposite the Royal Exchange.' Somebody, in whom she confides, has taught her that phrase, and she repeats it now and then, as if she were conning a lesson; nor does she fail to shrill it out at every successive stoppage, notwithstanding the conductor's frequent remonstrance: 'Lor' bless you, mum, why, you ain't within miles on it yet.' At last she arrives at her destination, where she is met by a benevolent-looking old gentleman, about gray enough to be her grandson, who tenderly guides her to the Rotunda, and you can't help looking out after the old body, and wishing her safe back to her ark in the suburbs.

With all my diligent attention to the forms and customs of omnibuses, I have never been able to make my entrance and exit quite to the mind of the conductor. Entrance is my better movement, but my exit is far from perfect. Sometimes I stop until the omnibus is quite motionless before I attempt to descend, and then I am requested 'not to be all day.' Sometimes I dash out, and let myself down with a scientific drop, back foremost, and then, instead of a compliment, I am greeted with: 'You'll break your leg one o' these fine days, and expect me to pay the doctor's bill.' For the future, I think I shall wait till I'm pulled out.

By riding outside, and conversing with the driver, you will gain some idea of the multitude of stage-coaches which must have run formerly, for you will not meet a single driver who has not 'druv a coach,' and, generally, the Brighton coach, though why that should be the favourite (fabulous) vehicle, I do not know, unless it may be supposed to derive lustre from the fact, that it was once 'tooled' by a notorious baronet. Drivers are generally very good Christians—in their sentiments, at least—and shew every inclination to abstain from driving, at anyrate, their masters' omnibuses, on Sunday, if they could; but a circumstance occurred which led me to suppose that they are a little deficient in Scripture history. We had been going at a round trot through one of the streets which lead into the New Road, and were on the point of crossing, when a brougham dashed past our horses' heads, and it was only by dexterously jerking his cattle on to their haunches that our driver avoided a collision. 'Sarved that feller right,' said he, 'if I'd put the pole in his panel.'

'He certainly drives like Jehu,' said I, evasively.

'Who might *he* be, sir?'

'Oh, you must have heard of Jehu, who drove furiously.'

'Never till this moment, sir. What road did he drive, pray? Nowheres along *this* road, *I* know, or I should a 'erd on 'im.'

'No, certainly not—a long way from here.'

'Ah, that 'counts for it, then; for I've druv this same road ten year come Michaelmas.'

Drivers are often cantankerous, and conceive a dislike towards persons who avail themselves of the train to a certain point, and then proceed by omnibus; and to this fact an unconscious passenger is often indebted for the palpitating state in which he gains the 'bus. 'Gent. come by rail, didn't he, Jim?' says the driver to his 'mate.' 'Let's give him a bit of a run, then;' and Jim makes-believe that he does not see the frantic waving of the umbrella, or hear the eager shout. Passengers, moreover, are, I daresay, blissfully ignorant of the criticisms to which they are subjected by the driver. 'That's a good load for threepence,' he remarks of a corpulent old gentleman; 'takes five minutes gettin' in, and five minutes gettin' out, and room for two when he's in there: the law's agin us, or I'd refuse to take 'im.' They have a particular aversion for what they call 'swells.' I heard a driver make the following pretty speech about a fashionable individual who was indulging in that amusement denominated 'fly-catching.' 'That 'ere swell a goin', Bill? Keep a eye on 'im when he gets inside, or 'e'll be a swallerin' somebody.' Nor are the fair sex passed over in silence. 'Here you are, miss,' said a fatherly old driver, 'all right for Pimlico. That *is* a nice gal,' turning to the 'outsiders.' 'I don't mind waitin' a little for *'er*: plenty o' bonnet on 'er 'ed, too. I can't abear to see 'em with their bonnets all down their backs: if one o' my gals done it, I'd slap 'er face; that I would.' Now, a severe old lady *insists* upon his stopping *immediately*. ''Old 'ard! I am a 'oldin' as 'ard as I can. Some o' them old ladies seems to think you can pull up a pair o' 'osses in a nutshell, and that they ain't got no mouths, nor no withers, nor nothin'.'

Cabs are more respectable than 'buses, I daresay;

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but they are more expensive, and less amusing, and, what is more, no omnibuses are used for conveying patients to the small-pox and fever hospitals. *Verb. sap.*

THE STORY OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

To-day, as I was turning over the papers in an old desk, to find a copy of my prize poem (subject, *Pugna apud Talabricam nuper commissa*) wherewith to gratify the eyes of Alfred, my eldest, who is at home for the holidays, the first thing which I beheld was the newspaper containing the account of Tom Arklow's death. 'The Battle of Talavera' was forgotten in a moment. My first emotion was a sharp and bitter pang of regret for the loss of the truest-hearted friend in the world; the second feeling, an indefinite idea that I was now released from a strange obligation. Putting my hands over my face, and resting my elbows on the faded green baize of the desk, I sat quite silent for several minutes. The thoughts which had hovered about in my brain collected themselves, and took shape and substance. Suddenly the whole truth flashed upon me in a connected form, and I remembered that I had solemnly promised to keep the following queer story a profound secret, till the chief actor in it, poor Tom himself, should have been twenty years in the grave. As the newspaper bore date, January 31, 1840, I am now at liberty to set on record the Story of a Looking-glass.

If I use the first person instead of the third, it will seem more like Tom speaking, and it makes me feel young again to recall his voice.

'I do not know'—this was generally how he used to begin—'I do not know why I accepted Eustace Graydon's invitation to spend the "Long" with him, for he was not in our set, you know, Charley; but, at all events, accept it I did; and one glorious morning at the beginning of July, I found myself driving up the broad road between the larches which leads to Laulden Friars. Graydon's family were people who had risen from prosperous bankers in the county town to prosperous squires on the county sessions bench; clever, worldly, practical people, with a good chance of a baronetcy in the next generation, and not a scrap of romance in their composition. Eustace Graydon of St Caradoc's was the only son grown up; Philip, his brother, was a mere child. His womankind, as he called them, consisted of five sisters, for "they were seven" at Laulden Friars.

'I enjoyed myself exceedingly during the early part of my visit. The house was a thoroughly pleasant one to stay at. The horses were good; the dinners neither too sparing nor too sumptuous; the library and the trout-stream both well stocked. Sketching-parties, and rides to see the neighbouring lions, enlivened the fine days. Scott's novels, and the *Edinburgh Review* (then just fresh); the brilliant talk of some of the most rising Whig M.P.s; and last, not least, certain never-to-be-forgotten games of chess with pretty Geraldine Graydon, made rainy days yet pleasanter. So weeks passed on, till one day I noticed an unusual expression of vexation on the forehead of my handsome hostess. There were whisperings, too, amongst the girls, and an unwonted bustle amongst the servants, which indicated something astir. I asked Eustace Graydon, as we stood at the window after breakfast, for an explanation of the mystery. "I am glad you asked," he said, "for I really don't know how I should have had courage to broach the subject with becoming seriousness. We all want to ask you to do us a favour, and not one of us can summon up courage to do it. But as you have asked me yourself, I must needs be spokesman. My father has a letter saying that Sir George Blank, the attorney-general, and his lady, will be here to-day, on their way to town; and Sir George Blank wants to settle what part my father is to play in the grand national drama to be brought out at St Stephen's next session. It so happens, also, that old Killpack and his four daughters are coming to spend their annual fortnight to-morrow; and as the masons and bricklayers render the wing uninhabitable, we are in distress for room; and unless you will kindly and graciously condescend to sleep in Hester's Room—I mean in the room over the library—we shall be puzzled how to provide for their accommodation."

'I laughed at such a slight cause occasioning an instant's embarrassment, professed my perfect and entire readiness to sleep anywhere, and quoted a line from *She Stoops to Conquer* about the charms of "three chairs and a bolster."

'Eustace thanked me, and went away to relieve his mother of her household cares. We went out fishing in the morning, and on our return found the new guests arrived. The dinner that day was the least lively I had yet sat down to at Laulden Friars. The great gun, as happens often with great guns in Pulpit, House, and Bar, hung fire rather than otherwise. He was an ugly man, who talked blue-book in a raucous voice; besides which, he engaged the attention of Geraldine the whole evening, and disgusted me amazingly. I felt convinced the destinies of our country were imperiled by his share in their direction. The rest of the party—old Killpack, his wife, and the rector of the parish, sociable, simple, Tory folk—were clearly bored beyond all utterance by the self-invited guest; and the whole evening was such a contrast to the former ones, that I could scarcely believe it was passed in the same place.

'At last it was time to retire, and I withdrew to my new sleeping-apartment. Eustace came with me, to shew me my way; stayed a few minutes, grumbling at the stupidity of the new-comers; and then wished me good-night. I sat for a few minutes before the fire, seeing all kinds of whimsical shapes and figures in its glowing caverns, and then began slowly to undress. I took off my coat, and put on my dressing-gown; but though tired when in the drawing-room, I now felt no inclination to sleep, and was suddenly seized with a desire to finish a volume of *Old Mortality* which I had commenced. The book was, I knew, on the library table, and I resolved to go down stairs quietly and get it. Half an hour's reading in bed had become a habit with me. I put on my coat again, and opened my chamber-door. The house was so still, that I hesitated, and thought I would turn back, lest the country guests should get frightened if they heard footsteps creeping stealthily along the corridors. The temptation to know how the skirmish at Drumclog terminated, however, was too strong to be resisted, and I set out. As is usual on such occasions, the stairs seemed to prate of my whereabouts; every board on which I trod creaked, and every door-handle jarred which I turned. I reached the library, however, which was just underneath; secured my prize, closed the door, and set off on my homeward journey. Though I had been shewn the way so recently by Eustace, I contrived to miss it; and to my great surprise, as I laid my hand on the door of the room which I considered my own, I heard voices. In a moment I perceived my mistake—I had turned down the wrong passage, and was on the eve of entering the butler's room. Congratulating myself on having been saved from a clumsy blunder, I turned away, but not before a sentence or two of the conversation going on in the room caught my ear. The words were common enough, and might bear fifty constructions—"*I hope he will not see it.*" Just in that vacant state of mind in which we catch at everything, I immediately fancied that the words referred to me. Thrusting aside the idea as silly, I went back, locked my door, stirred the fire, and began to examine the objects round me. The room itself was of a curious, old-fashioned shape, though the furniture, like that in the

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rest of the house, was modern. There were two divisions and two fireplaces in the apartment, and a space where one would have expected folding-doors. In the larger of the two divisions, raised a step higher than the other, stood the bed and all the appliances of a comfortable chamber. In the lower and smaller division there was a bath, a toilet-table, and on that table, a looking-glass. I have said the appointments of the room were modern; but I must make an exception in regard to this glass, as the carved-work and shape of it were both of a date at least twenty years anterior to everything else.

'I was in capital health, and am—as you know, Charley—the last man in the world to be morbid or fanciful, but yet I was conscious to myself of a feeling of indefinite dread, the like of which I never experienced before, and the like of which, thank Heaven, I have never experienced since.

'I undressed slowly, and got into bed, but just then recollected my novel, which the mysterious sensation evoked by the examination of my sleeping-apartment had quite driven out of my head. I got out of bed, and took the book off a chair on which I had laid it. Just as I was returning, it occurred to me that I should require a table to put my candlestick on. I looked round for one which could be moved without noise. The most suitable seemed a light rosewood one in the second division of the room. To get it, I must needs pass the table on which stood the antique looking-glass. I mention the circumstance, because I was conscious to myself of feeling that passing this was for some inexplicable reason an objection; nevertheless, I went to the little table, and removed some small books and a flower-vase which stood on it, placing them on the larger table, whereupon stood the glass. I had placed my candlestick on this table as well. The first time I faced the looking-glass, a white object appeared in it. *I* had my dressing-gown on, which was of a dark colour, so the reflection could not be of my own figure. Though, as I said before, utterly and entirely exempt from any traces of superstition, I still was at that moment—to use a word which I have often ridiculed—*nervous*. It cost an effort to look again in the glass; I summoned up courage, however, to meet it boldly; and never shall I forget the face that looked into mine.

'There was no image of my own features, not even the faint reflex of them which one sees in looking into a window. An entirely strange face appeared right before me, looking *into* me and *through* me with eyes instinct with a terrible fascination. It was a female face, belonging apparently to a beautiful girl just developing into the ripe perfection of womanhood. The complexion was a bright white; the shape not perfectly oval, for the forehead was very square, and the mouth small and open, so as to shew teeth not too regular, but very white. The eyebrows were arched and dark; the hair of that pale gold which we see in Raphael's earlier Madonnas. So much I seemed to have remembered afterwards about the face; but at the time I looked at it I thought of nothing but the eyes, so beautiful, and yet strained into an expression of the most intense horror; so bewitching, and yet dilated and bursting with agony, as though ready to start from their red sockets. Of the rest of the figure visible in the glass, I remember little. There was a very graceful neck, and a necklace of flashing emeralds. But ere my first speechless fit of terror at the sight had subsided, a sound enhanced it, for I seemed to see the lips move, and to hear a whispered tone, frozen with terror, murmur the word, "*Dead!*"

'The breath that spoke the word then clouded the surface of the glass with a bluish film, and the face was gone!

'How the rest of that night passed, I cannot tell. I stood for some time looking at the glass, then exerted a strong effort, and rushed out of the room.

'I awoke next morning lying on a couch, on which I had sunk down exhausted. Being very fortunately an early riser, habit woke me, even after that night, at seven. Though I dared not glance into the room where the looking-glass stood, I contrived to dress myself and to appear at the breakfast-party at nine without traces of my disturbed night.

'The day passed off as the old days had passed; we were relieved, soon after breakfast, of the presence of the incubus and his lady; and things went on as they had done before the official visit. I rode, fished, talked, played chess, just as formerly. But all the time I was looking forward to the night with feelings of dread scarcely to be imagined, and fancying the hours moved with an incredible swiftness. In the evening, the family were all in the drawing-room, and the conversation turned on the book we had in reading, *Old Mortality*, and thence passed, naturally enough, to the subject of the author of Waverley's most striking characteristics, and specially to his evident belief in supernatural appearances. Nothing new was said upon the subject by any of the party: Mr Graydon took the incredulous line, and talked about dyspepsia; Mrs Graydon had the same view, and yet confessed to a weakness in favour of one ghost who had appeared to an uncle of hers. The rector was silent until appealed to, and then professed himself unable to get over Colonel Gardiner and Dr Donne. Old Killpack went to sleep soon after the subject began; but the young ladies, though they had observed throughout the dialogue a discreet silence, were careful to go out of the room together after wishing us good-night. Eustace joined in the conversation now and then in a careless way, but expressed no positive opinion. As for me, I took up a book, and professed myself too absorbed in it to speak, while, alas! all the while I was listening to every common-place sentence with straining ears, and showering blessings on every speaker whose remarks occupied any time, for my dread of the night increased with every minute the clock ticked away. At last the butler entered with the large prayer-book. We knelt down while the rector read prayers, and then wished each other good-night. The family retired. After a quarter of an hour of sheer agony, I nerved myself to seek my chamber. Just as I was leaving the room, Eustace entered.

"Alone," he said; and his voice had quite lost the languid drawl that he generally adopted—"alone, Arklow; that is just what I wanted. Sit down here. The servants are gone, and we shall be uninterrupted. I must talk very earnestly; but before I ask you the question which I am about to put, let me implore you to speak as if I was an entire stranger, and tell me the whole truth, thinking nothing about sparing the feelings of others, and exciting scandal. Since you came down this morning, I have watched you with the closest observation, and I have seen enough to convince me that you never passed a day wherein the interchange of common civilities was more painful, and yet (contradiction, as it seems) never found hours go on so perversely quick. The expression of your countenance this evening whilst they talked about the apparitions of the unseen world, assured me I have not been wrong. You saw something last night in that room over the library?"

'Thus addressed, it was impossible to refuse to explain. I narrated as briefly as I was able the fact which you have heard. When I had finished, he rose, left the room for ten minutes, returned, sat awhile silent, then spoke: "You have told me exactly what I expected to hear. It is due to you now to tell all the additional particulars with which I am acquainted. Before my father bought this place, it was the property of a family called Vandeleur. They were Roman Catholics, and traced their pedigree, without a flaw, to the reign of the third Richard. Sir Philip, the last baronet, left one daughter, Hester. She was, report says, 'beautiful exceedingly;' and as

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the heiress of the largest estates in the county, had many suitors. Amongst them were two brothers, by name Frank and Herbert Wavewood. Hester loved Herbert, the younger and handsomer. I believe she was as sarcastic as she was lovely, and that at some ball she made Frank's plain face and stooping gait the subject of her wit. Sensitive and morbidly jealous, he resolved on humbling the woman who had despised him, and gifted his brother with the prize he himself so coveted. But in order to carry out his plan, he dissembled. Not affecting to conceal his own passion, he assumed a manly, generous tone, saying that one far worthier than he had won the heiress's hand, and that he must now be her father, and not her husband. The wedding-day came. Herbert and Hester were married. In those times, wedding-tours were not considered necessary, and a magnificent banquet and ball were to celebrate the event. The guests were beginning to assemble, and the bride was in her room with her bridesmaids and waiting-women. She was dressed, and seated at her toilet-table. Suddenly a servant rushed into the room, breathless, and flung herself at Hester's feet. Her message was told with frantic incoherence, but the main points of it were too clear. Mr Herbert had gone out with Mr Frank for a ride, to wile away the hours between the morning's rites and the evening's revel. They had tried the speed of each other's horses in a race up Windrush Hill—that tall sea-fronting cliff some three miles off westwards—Mr Herbert's horse, it was supposed, had been frightened by some object in the way, had plunged forward, and the rider was dashed to pieces. How Hester looked as she heard the story, I need not tell you, nor, perhaps, that she uttered only the one word, '*Dead!*' and fell down before the glass, a corpse!"

"And Frank?" I exclaimed.

"He died some years afterwards, but left a confession with the clergyman who attended him in his last moments, to the effect that he had induced Herbert, when excited by wine, to mount an unbroken horse, and had even struck the beast with his riding-whip, to urge him to take the plunge which hurled his brother out of the world."

"And the room?"

"Will never be occupied again. To-night—at least the small part of it which is left us—we will spend together in my 'den.' It will remind us of the week before we went in for 'degree.' I have ordered lights, coffee, and cigars."

"With all my heart; of course, sleep is out of the question. But you will not put any one again to pass the night there: to a woman or invalid, the fright might be fatal."

"To-morrow, the workmen who are building the new rooms in the wing, pull down the library and the chamber over it; and half an hour ago—directly, in fact, that I heard the story of your experience—I went up stairs and broke the looking-glass."'

HOW LONG IS THIS FOLLY TO LAST?

A TRADESMAN'S circular, sent to our wife, announces to her the important fact, that his 'assistants' have now '*overcome the difficulty with the Puffed Crinoline Petticoat.*' They 'can make it now to perfection,' and, to substantiate the fact, there is annexed something meant for a female figure, but much more resembling one of those melancholy jokes bought in toy-shops, consisting of a small bust and head fixed in a ball to roll about upon. One of the specific articles recommended to notice is 'the Watch-spring Skeleton Petticoat,' of which some examples have 130 yards of steel, and yet are 'very light for summer wear.' Another is 'the New Gored French Petticoat,' the amplitude of which is left to our alarmed imagination. As a very appropriate corollary to all this, our petticoat-man—sad to think that it is a *man!*—informs his lady-friends of his having enlarged his premises, so that 'the very great inconvenience' they have hitherto experienced in attending his shop will be felt no longer. We wonder if he has observed any proportion here, and how, in enlarging his space, he squared so many circles. A petticoat-shop, of any custom, to bear right relation to what women are now as compared with what they were formerly, and ought to be, would require to be something like a town-hall.

A silly, pretty woman, whom fortune has made Empress of France, finds no occupation that suits her faculties and feelings in that high position, but to tremble for her husband's life, and shape new dresses. It pleases her fancy to appear as if there were something frightfully wrong with her about the knees, and presently all the ladies of Europe feel bound to appear so likewise. The nearly universal disgust of the other sex is of no effect in checking the monstrosity. All moral considerations about the waste of material which these puff-dresses occasion, are thrown aside. Husbands and fathers are impoverished by the consequent bills, and serious family dispeace arises from this cause, where all would otherwise be happiness and union. All is in vain. As well preach to an advancing tide, or a house a-fire. The creatures are apparently helpless. It is a destiny they cannot resist. Even serious, quiet sort of women, at mature age, have to give in to the fashion to a certain extent, making a sort of compromise between their sense of what is proper and truly elegant, and their common subjection to the mysterious doom of assimilation which rules their sex. It is enough to make one wish for the Red Republic back in France, to put an end to—not the standing European Terror, the Emperor, but the mosquito-plague of petty annoyance which flows north, south, east, and west from the teeming lower extremities of the Empress!

It is a dismal thought that some of the most serious disquietudes which beset our life take their rise in causes unutterably trivial; in the passing, perhaps, of one uncivil word—in a piqued perseverance in some little habit for which we have been reproved—in the pursuit of something of no serious moment to us, but on which we have set our hearts, or to which we have unguardedly committed ourselves against unpalatable advice. The dresses of the female part of creation take their place among the trifles which create serious and wide-spread evils. What the women of the more affluent classes indulge in to the embarrassment of their husbands, and often with the ultimate effect of causing themselves and their families to be left with but poor provision or none at all, the poorer class of women strain to obtain in some extent, content with bad quality if they only can get show, and sacrificing for mere gewgaws the means of purchasing things decent and suitable to their station. To see, as one every day sees, a bee-like cluster of young women of the middle and humbler classes before the glazed front of some flashy haberdasher, gazing at bonnets, and cloaks, and laced frills, which they would fain buy—their minds sometimes wandering away into thoughts as to means for doing so—is a spectacle only to be exceeded in sadness by that you obtain when you glance in, and observe how many *men* are content to spend their lives in trying to make our wives and daughters buy more of these fripperies and vanities than it is moral for them to expect us to pay for. Moore has a poem in which he symbolises legitimacy as a blue-bottle fly on an altar, to which such animals as the goodly ox are continually coming up to be sacrificed. The same contrast we see between the trash of the mercer, and the solid and worthy things every day sacrificed to it—a right home-economy, good taste, family peace, often honour and virtue. To gain their ends with the humbler sort of women, some of this class of tradesmen call into force what is called the tally or club-ticket system, enabling them to get at present what their

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hearts are set upon, to be paid up afterwards by instalments—a system, we understand, pregnant with ruin to these weak and inconsiderate creatures. What an oblation to lay on such an altar! We hear of restrictions being required for public-houses, on account of the immoralities they lead to; but the mercers' shops, the taverns of women, escape notice. We, for our part, believe them, with their extensive showy fronts, acres of floorage, and armies of tricked-out young men, to be more worthy of the lash of a Juvenal than the worst class of public-houses that exist. The enormity to which, in some instances, they have spread of late years, is but an exponent of passions and follies that militate against the fairest efforts of those who would reform and improve their species.

One of the clamours of our age is for the recognition of some higher political or legal position to women, as if they were now fitted for things of which they formerly were deemed unworthy. Take the common demonstrations of this fitness—a slavish following of fashions condemned by good taste and decency; a total inability of a single individual, or any group of individuals, to break through the bondage imposed by what takes the form of custom; a perpetual sacrifice of the good and worthy, of means for good, and of the sacred grounds of self-respect, for the most contemptible vanities. It would take *two English-women's Magazines* to fix this rightly, as we apprehend it.

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD,

AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE VAMPIRE COLLAPSES.

Before Mr Onslow Bateman finally left Rudesleigh for London, the double marriage took place at the manor. It was with a heavy heart that the otherwise happy Florence saw her sister given to wayward Robert Marsden until death should them part; but Ellen did not share her misgivings. If a hundred little loving acts of hers escaped her lover's notice daily, she was content to set it down to anything but coldness or inattention. Faults she did not believe that he possessed, and his weaknesses she could make allowances for, and pardon. That he loved—or had loved within a month or so—another woman, was, of course, unknown to her; and if such a fact is indeed an insuperable bar to the future happiness of a couple, there ought to be more people applying for divorces even than there are.

There has been probably more nonsense written by writers of fiction—let alone the poets, notorious high-priests of the imposture—upon the subject of ante-nuptial love, than upon all others put together. 'Falling in love,' 'love at first sight,' and similar phrases, which might just as well be applied to a bunch of grapes or a bottle of beer, as to a young gentleman or lady, are invested with mysterious and almost divine attributes; while the Beloved Object upon whom the other's eyes have only once been set perhaps, is made to push from their places in the male or female heart its tried and dearest friends. We deeply sympathise with Mr Charles Lamb in this matter, and believe the grievance to be of the most outrageous character. We wonder whether, in the neighbourhood of the Salt Lake, the same change comes over the male Mormon previous to each 'annexation' of a wife, or whether it is an evil peculiar to monogamists. When a couple have been married a little time, it is reasonable enough, indeed, that the wife—who has become partner, lover, sympathiser, house-manager, companion, guide (but rarely philosopher), and friend, in one—should fill the foremost and highest place in the thoughts and affections of the husband; but when in the untried and chrysalis state of 'engaged young woman,' we do think it a very poor return for years of trustful intercourse that we should be so easily and quickly distanced by her in the affections of our friend. They cannot possibly know enough about one another to warrant anything of the sort; the lady especially—and rather luckily for some of us men—being quite unable to make inquiry into 'dearest Robert's' antecedents. Indeed, persons alter so much when bearing the matrimonial yoke together, from what they were when going in single harness, that antecedents are of no great consequence; and herein lay Florence's hope of the Marsdens' wellbeing.

They took a fine house in town, which their fortune justified them in doing, and kept a couple of carriages, which it did not. Mr Onslow Bateman had lodgings of his own, and did not live with them, but he was their welcome and constant guest. His daughter was always pleased to see her father the most polished ornament of their brilliant little assemblies; while Marsden, who grew more and more closely connected with him in business matters, was always glad to hear from his smoothly prophesying lips how the *Vampire* was sucking at that *vile corpus*—on which so many such experiments are made—the Public. His acquaintance lay principally among the contributors of that paper—disciples of the great Pooh-pooh School—who hailed the accession to their ranks of one so full of strange adventure and unconventional ideas. The conversation of these gentlemen was brilliant and bitter; that of Mr Onslow Bateman was graceful and polite; that of Robert Marsden vivacious and outspoken. Ellen imagined that she was entertaining the most charming company in London. When Sir Charles and Lady Ryder came to stay with them after the double marriage, the younger sister had promised to herself some little triumphant pleasure in shewing Florence that although she herself had no pretensions to cleverness, she at least could offer her society in Belgrave Street that was worthy of the authoress of *Anne Chisholm*. This proposed gratification did not, however, come off as she expected. If the company had had amongst them but one poor half-pennyworth of enthusiasm in favour of any one thing, Florence might have got on with them well enough, for she could be pyrotechnical and witty herself when she felt at ease, besides being beautiful enough to attract a whole tribe of young philosophers. But want of earnestness is in the eyes of an earnest-hearted young woman the unforgivable sin; she would almost rather have you laugh at *her* than at her pet theories. Florence thought the men she met at the Marsdens a mere gibing, godless set of Merry-Andrews, and expressed as much to her husband when they retired together on the night of poor Ellen's first reception.

'Now, don't you think so, Charles?' she added coaxingly; for she valued her husband's opinion upon all subjects, and would always rather have had it upon her side than an act of parliament.

'Really, my dear,' replied he laughing, 'your intuition is so much better than most people's experience, or I should have said that we had hardly seen enough of'——

Here she managed to stop his mouth with her rose-leaf of a hand, and interrupted him coaxingly, with: 'You don't like them *yourself* now, Charley, dear? Come, tell me.'

'No, I do not, my love,' returned her husband seriously.

Whereupon Florence kissed him approvingly.

They were a happy pair, those two, and understood and appreciated one another thoroughly. It is a mere wicked bachelor-scandal to say that they must have quarrelled now and then like other married folks. They never did anything of the sort. What is the use of any quarrel whose termination is certain beforehand

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—predestinated? Sir Charles Ryder, although he had a literary wife, was undisputed master in his own household. Even when the children came—who should ever climb around the parent stems, and entwine them together in new bonds of love, but who sometimes have a separating tendency—there were no disputes, no favouritisms. Rudesleigh was indeed a happy home.

The Marsdens—it was afterwards said 'luckily'—had no children who—although such a bond was not necessary to attach Ellen to her husband—might otherwise have done much to domesticate Robert. There is no man commonly more devoted to his young children than the harem-scarem, wild-oats-sowing father, who has once been tamed. Marsden felt no want of them, as a man may not feel the want of a remedy without which he will nevertheless die; nor was he indeed, as it was, what could be called, with any charity, a bad husband. If there be three classes of husbands, as of everything else—the good, the bad, and the indifferent—he rather, in the eyes of the world, belonged to the last class, while in his wife's eyes, which was, after all, the more important matter, he still belonged to the first. It is our private belief, too, that he would have always remained so, so long as the barometer of his fortunes stood at 'Fair.' One morning, however, several years after their marriage, an incident occurred which brought down the index-hand at once to 'Very Stormy.' A cheque of his for a considerable sum was dishonoured. Marsden was very unacquainted with business matters, and did not know the full and direful meaning of this occurrence. His fortune—much reduced from its original value in Spanish doubloons, by the time he had got to England—was still large, as he believed, and had been invested by his father-in-law in different safe concerns; but Mr Onslow Bateman had the power of using his name in connection with the *Vampire* to a quite unlimited extent. He himself had, without knowing it, overdrawn his account largely at the banker's; and his father-in-law, without telling it, had involved him to a fearful amount with the newspaper. Mr Onslow Bateman did not mean to act dishonestly, but he had not had the courage to confess the continuous and total failure of the speculation of which he had so often boasted, and out of which besides he himself, as manager, made a comfortable income. For years the *Vampire* had been kept alive solely by Robert Marsden's credit. Robert's banker knew it, his friends knew it, his enemies knew it well, but the young man himself only knew that a little more effort had had to be made, and that a little more money had been required—after each of which galvanic shocks he had been assured that the *Vampire* had been resuscitated, and was again doing well. In total ignorance of the extent of his calamity, but not without suspicion of the cause of it, he took his way to the lodgings of Mr Onslow Bateman in Halfmoon Street. That gentleman was in the back drawing-room, which had been fitted up as his study, with newspapers about him enough to have covered him knee-deep, arranged neatly in solid piles, and with business-looking documents and letters docketed or under weights in heaps upon the table, as though the whole place had been sacred to Method, while Mr Bateman himself might have sat for a very respectable allegory of Commercial Security.

'Look here,' exclaimed Marsden sternly, as he threw down the dishonoured cheque, 'will you, who are such an excellent man of business, tell me how much *that* is worth?'

'Four hundred and fifteen pounds,' replied Mr Bateman quietly, but turning exceedingly pale nevertheless. 'I am sorry you are drawing so much out of the Bank at present, for we were just now wanting a little, and I did not wish to touch your investments.'

'You need not disturb yourself on that account, sir,' observed Marsden bitterly; 'that cheque is dishonoured.'

'Dishonoured, is it?' said his father-in-law, raising his eyebrows, as if that were a curious and interesting circumstance too. 'There must be some mistake; we will see to that this afternoon.'

'At once, if you please, Mr Bateman: without one moment's delay. I have deferred long enough to look after my own affairs, it seems.'

'My dear Marsden,' returned the other reproachfully, '*you* must know how much you have in your banker's hands. *I* could not have drawn out money without your consent. You have given me several cheques lately.'

'I know I have,' remarked Marsden impatiently; 'I have given you a great deal too many.'

'Well, then, of course you know what your own expenses have been; heavy, I do not doubt, heavier than I could have wished them to have been, perhaps, but it was not for me to interfere, you know. The meddling of a father-in-law or a mother-in-law in such matters—and this is really worth remembering, my dear Marsden, in future life—is one of the most dangerous trials to domestic unity that can possibly be hazarded.'

The ex-tutor had by this time quite recovered himself, and delivered the above sentiment in his accustomed philosophic and mentorial tone. 'Moreover, my dear Marsden, I feel confident that the *Vampire* will eventually'——

'That paper shall never have one shilling more of *my* money,' interrupted the young man savagely; 'I will withdraw my name from the whole concern.'

'That would be downright ruin,' observed Mr Bateman mechanically.

'Ruin!' echoed Marsden furiously; 'what do you mean, sir? To whom will it be ruin? Speak out, sir; I will be no longer trifled with!'

'Ruin to the paper itself, of course I mean. Did I say "ruin?"'

'You did, sir; and I cannot but believe you meant—I know not what. Now, listen. Will you, or will you not, tell me now, this instant, and once for all, how much I am liable for? None of your honeyed speeches, Mr Bateman, for I mistrust them; tell me the worst.'

'You have forgotten yourself, Marsden,' returned Mr Onslow Bateman reddening; 'I cannot: while you are in your present state of mind, it is quite impossible. Matters of business are not to be settled in a moment. No, sir, I will not.'

'Then, Mr Onslow Bateman, I will fetch some one here who will make you do so.'

Robert Marsden left the room as he said those words, and Mr Bateman's ghastly smile and show of incredulity were thrown away upon the looking-glass opposite to him. They looked so very unlike the things he had intended them to be—what was reflected there was altogether so different from the cautious and agreeable features which it generally mirrored—that he got up as if to look into the metamorphosis. He walked with difficulty, and before he had crossed the room, a knock at the door sent him staggering back to his writing-chair. The headstrong, foolish lad would surely never have come back with a—with a policeman! No. He would in that case scarcely have knocked. It was only a message-boy from the *Vampire* office, with a note marked *private*, and very carefully sealed. Mr Onslow Bateman opened it, read it, and bade the servant say that there was no answer. It consisted of only a single line, but he seemed either to be unable to make himself master of its meaning, or to be paralysed by the intelligence it conveyed: 'R. has gone to Belgrave St.' That was all. He sat and stared at it, as though he expected some chemical writing of a more assuring character would presently make itself apparent. Then, leaning his head on his right hand, which shut out the door from his vision,

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he sat at his desk, motionless, waiting for the house-bell to ring again. At last it did ring, and he heard Marsden's voice in the passage speaking hoarsely. He also recognised another foot-fall on the stairs, at which his white face grew more ghastly still. The room-door was opened, and admitted those two persons; but he did not look up at them, and shaded his eyes with his delicate white fingers as before.

'Do not go near that man, if you wish to call me husband!' exclaimed Marsden sternly, and laying his hand upon his wife's arm. 'He has made beggars of you and me. I went for you, that you, his daughter, should entreat him to tell you to what extent he had been robbing his own flesh and blood. I now bring you to look upon him for the last time, for you must make your choice henceforth between him and me. When I reached home, sir, I found your printer, Richards, who having been fobbed off long enough by your repeated promises, by your specious falsehoods of what I would do for you and for this precious property, declined to trust me any more. To trust *me*, mark you, who never knew I owed him sixpence. You must have been a clever rogue—be silent, woman, I tell you there is no greater swindler than yon fellow alive!—a clever plausible rogue to get much credit from a man like that. He would put *me* into prison to-morrow, look you! Seven-and-thirty thousand pounds or so, is, it seems, the account for which I am made liable. Three years of rather costly journalism, even if this Richards did, as he says, pay for everything upon the speculation of your having so weak and wealthy a son-in-law—you have now small reason to boast any more of *that*, I reckon. Certainly costly, I repeat, since this debt is independent of my pretty frequent bleedings at your persuasive hands. You need not trouble yourself to finish that article, sir, for the paper is dead. It is a pity, for I do not doubt there is an exceedingly high moral tone in it. I believe we have now—this lady, your daughter, and myself—when all shall be paid, about one thousand pounds to live upon. Shall I advance anything more to you for some other highly promising venture? Pray, command me, sir, to the extent of my humble means. You do not speak; and certainly silence becomes you best, Mr Bateman. Have you any last words, Ellen, to address to this man? I have quite finished with him.'

'Father,' exclaimed Mrs Marsden tremulously; 'you see I have no choice in this matter. I have sworn to cleave to Robert and forsake all others for him. I do not understand the nature of the wrong you have done him, and I do not wish to do so. If we had been a little more open to one another, father, if you would have suffered Florence and myself to have been nearer to you when we were girls—I do not now say it, Heaven knows, in the way of reproach—I think this dreadful misfortune would not, could not, have happened to us. I telegraphed to dearest Florence before I left home, and she will be here to-morrow at latest to cheer you, to comfort you, as she only can. I would gladly do so myself—for Robert would permit me, yet, for all he has said—but I never had the power, never. Will you kiss me, father?' She advanced a step or two towards him, but presently ran back to her husband screaming: 'Look, Robert, look in the glass yonder! Papa is dying! O horror—my father is dead!'

And indeed it was even as she said.

Sitting at his desk, with one hand supporting his head, and the other within his waistcoat, pressed against his heart, as if some dreadful pang had called it thither, Mr Onslow Bateman had expired, though at what point of that dread interview it was now impossible to say.

Sir Charles and Lady Ryder arrived in Belgrave Street as fast as steam and horse-power could bring them; and the baronet attended Mr Onslow Bateman's funeral as chief mourner. Marsden could by no means be induced to be present, or even to wear so much as a hat-band in respect for the departed. The dead man had left behind him no other enemy—for he had never spoken ill (whatever he might have written) of any creature—and a considerable number of persons, who would certainly 'miss' him in a sense quite equal to the conventional meaning of the expression, followed him to the grave. His two daughters, whom he had wronged most deeply, sat at home weeping bitterly for him from whom they had at least never experienced a harshness. Florence named her second boy after him, and ever held his memory dear and in tenderness.

There were other matters affecting the Marsdens just then more pressingly than the dead. There was indeed now nothing beyond the thousand pounds which Robert had calculated upon left out of all that treasure from the banks of the Magdalena. If it had not been for Ryder, poverty would have come upon him in bitterest guise, for Marsden was growing reckless, and something more than cold to his poor wife at home. The young baronet, who took little interest in politics, but whose support was of some value to the member for his division of the county, applied to him for a situation for his friend. Government-post he had none to give him, but there was a certain actuaryship procured through his good offices for the ruined man, Sir Charles becoming Marsden's security to the extent of two thousand pounds. The income was a very fair one, and for some time its recipient evinced a proportionable change for the better, for Robert Marsden's respectability ever fluctuated directly as his revenue. Of course, the house in Belgrave Street and the two carriages were no longer possible; but a very 'desirable residence' was procured elsewhere; the little dinner-parties were resumed, and matters were managed generally in a fashion which was something more than comfortable. After a little, even this was not sufficient: Marsden seemed unable to separate himself from his recent position, and began to fill his brother-in-law's mind with much misgiving. The baronet, upon becoming his security, had protected poor Ellen as well as he could, by compelling Marsden to insure his life for her benefit to the extent of five thousand pounds; and he could not forbear, on one occasion—when speaking of the premium yearly due upon the sum in question—from remonstrating with him upon his profuse expenditure.

'My dear Marsden,' observed he good-naturedly, when he was staying alone a couple of days with the actuary and his wife, in town, 'you must either be an excellent manager, or else a very extravagant fellow, for I never saw six hundred a year go half so far.'

'My dear sir,' returned the other gravely, 'I am quite aware that I am under considerable obligations to you; but unless I request you to lend me money, you have no sort of right to inquire into my private concerns.' And he presently left the room in something of a huff.

Mrs Marsden, whose custom it by no means was to speak upon business matters, then looked up with tearful eyes from the book which she had been pretending to read by the fireside, and said: 'Indeed, Sir Charles, there is something very wrong in our affairs, I know, for my dear husband is so changed.'

'I hope not—I sincerely trust not, Mrs Marsden; but "if any misfortune should ever chance to happen, remember"—these were Florence's last words to me ere I left home—"tell my dearest sister to come down to Rudealeigh at once, and stop there."'

'Why, what do you fear that should separate Robert and me?' cried Ellen with agitation. 'What *have* you heard about us?'

'Nothing, my dear Mrs Marsden; I have heard nothing; but when I see with my own eyes a man

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living at five times the rate justified by his income, I am sure the end cannot be very far off.'

'And yet, do you know,' said she, dropping her voice to a whisper, 'that we pay ready money for almost everything?'

'Indeed, I did not,' replied the baronet drily; 'and if so, I do not wonder at Marsden's considering my interference an impertinence.' And as he looked upon the yet young wife's flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, he groaned to think that a creature once so guileless, should have so soon been taught to tell so obvious and audacious a lie.

It was but a short time after this that Marsden left town for several days without telling Ellen whither he was going. He had never done such a thing before, and it pained her deeply, as the coldest, most unhusbandlike action of his married life; she had but few female friends in London, and was always lonely in his absence, with nothing to cheer her—as she had often told him, too—but the picturing to herself what her dear Robert was doing when away. He himself seemed, by a certain alteration in his behaviour, to feel that he had behaved cruelly, when he returned, so that she took courage to ask him—having heard from her maid, who had heard it from his valet, where he had been—what had taken him to Cumberland. He did not answer, but looked into her face with what he meant to have been a cold indifference, but which changed into an expression of penitent anguish, that in after-years she never forgot. 'Are, then, the places where you knew me first still dear to you, Robert? I know you went to see them on your road to Rudesleigh, when you came home; but now—— I had almost thought, dear Robert, that you cared neither for them nor me.' Her tears fell fast as he kissed her forehead with lips as cold as a stone.

'I told you once, Ellen, I was not worthy of you, and I told you the truth. Never shed tear for me *now*, girl, nor henceforth, I beseech you; for it would be far better for you that I were dead than alive.'

The miserable hours the poor girl spent that night were nothing to the horrors of the morning, when she learned in his own handwriting that Robert Marsden had left her for ever, an exile and an outlaw. He had taken advantage of his situation as actuary to falsify the accounts of his employers, and so secure for himself many thousand pounds. Felon as he was, he knew she would not have ceased from seeking him, had he not added that he did not wish to behold her face again; that she was to think of him as dead, and to be thankful.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE REST OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs Marsden was received in her great grief at Rudesleigh Manor with sympathising affection and reverent tenderness. Even her old enemy, little Miss Ryder—whose home was at the manor-house now no less than it had been when Sir Charles was a bachelor—softened towards the worse than widowed young woman, and endeavoured to initiate her into the mysteries of her favourite pursuit of knitting, as being one of the most excellent specifics for an inward bruise or heart-sorrow. Her misfortune was so infinitely more dire than anything which could possibly have been foreseen, that no sort of comfort could be offered except that wretched one of matters being now at their very worst. Ryder indeed thought no disgrace ought to be weighed against the advantage of Ellen's being freed for ever from the life-companionship of such a scoundrel as Robert had proved to be. He paid his surety-money for him without a murmur, and would have paid—if by that means he could have wiped out the stain that clung to the poor wife—the enormous losses incurred by his wholesale falsifications as well; but that was impossible, since Robert Marsden's name was already in the *Hue and Cry*, with the promise of a reward for his apprehension, and Robert Marsden's delinquencies the subject of conversation from drawing-room to street-corner. But what Ryder was most enraged about against his brother-in-law was the fact, that the policy for five thousand pounds was missing, which he had compelled him to procure for the sake of his wife. His failing to leave that document was, in the baronet's eyes, a more base and scoundrel-like action than all the rest, and he had secretly determined that in case of Marsden's arrest, he would not advance a single shilling for his legal defence until that deed was placed in his own possession.

There seemed, however, but little probability of any such opportunity occurring, since after many months' careful search, the police found themselves totally at fault, and gave up the pursuit of the offender, notwithstanding that the large sums he was supposed to have carried away with him whetted their curiosity not a little. One enthusiastic detective absolutely paid a visit to Marycross, and dug perseveringly for nuggets—and information—for a fortnight; and another, as we have heard, lived for several weeks in a patent tent, by the trunk of a Tamarind-tree that lay on the right bank of the Magdalena River. Ellen could never be induced, as some of her friends entreated her, to resume her maiden name; but she became more like what one might imagine Miss Ryder to have been in her youth—after the 'disappointment' at which she sometimes hinted—than would be thought possible. Her impetuous spirits were gone, indeed, for ever, and her beauty, without departing, seemed to have altogether changed its character, but she was cheerful and even chatty upon all subjects save the one she thought of most; and when great Aunt Ryder was exhausted with carrying her little nephews pick-a-back, Aunt Ellen was always willing to become a 'gee-gee' or riding-horse in her place, although certainly one of no very prancing and fiery temperament.

Notwithstanding that so many female relatives are living together at Rudesleigh, years have now rolled on without sign of anything approaching to a disagreement. The two sisters love one another as dearly as they ever did when we knew them at Teesdale How. The Bateman Household proper is indeed narrowed in its limits, but the Ryder branch of it continues to increase with periodical punctuality. Where love and good sense dwell together, matters are sure to go on pretty smoothly, and there is seldom much for the poor tale-writer to glean in such a field. An incident, however, in addition to the customary appearance of another little Ryder, happened within this last twelvemonth, which, having a decided bearing upon our story, may fitly conclude it.

The two sons of the same county member through whose influence Marsden had obtained his actuaryship chanced to be staying at Rudesleigh Manor with their friend, the eldest—but still not very old—Master Ryder. They went to a school in Leicestershire, a long way off, and therefore possessed a vast superiority in the eyes of that young gentleman, who was at present only under domestic tutelage. He suffered them to roam over the house with the graceful hospitality peculiar to his period of life, following in their wake, and listening reverently to the encomiums or censures which they freely passed upon all that met their gaze. Even the little boudoir—the same wherein our dear Florence wrote her *Anne Chisholm* long ago, but now sacred to Aunt Ellen—was profaned by their unhallowed feet—and hands. They poked about the rosewood escritoire, and discovered to their great delight that, by tilting it suddenly and sharply, the whole of the little tinkling drawers would tumble out at once. In one of these was a miniature, by no means

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intended for the public eye, which they instantly pounced upon and investigated.

'Why, it's Harry Forester, dashed if it isn't,' cried the elder of the two bandits; 'only he ain't got no beard now, nor yet a moustache.'

'So it is,' assented the other. 'Here's a precious lark. Hooray!'

'Hush!' exclaimed little Ryder; 'you're both wrong, *you* are. That's my uncle, whom we don't say nothing about. Aunt Ellen wouldn't like it, if she knew you had seen it.'

'I tell you it's Forester, small boy; everybody knows Harry Forester. Bother your Aunt Ellen!'

'Don't you say any ill of her, now,' cried the young gentleman, reddening, 'because I won't stand it. I'll punch your head first—either of your heads—so there.'

Sir Charles Ryder happened to be passing the boudoir-door when this angry altercation was waxing very loud indeed, and he begged to inquire the cause of it.

'Why, here,' explained the elder visitor; 'Charley says this is not Harry Forester, the man that hunts with our hounds in Leicestershire: at least they ain't our hounds, you know, only we get ponies lent us sometimes on Saturdays. He says it's his uncle. Fancy Forester being his uncle! Then Mrs Forester must be his aunt, and all the little Foresters his first-cousins, I suppose. O my, what a go!'

'No, Charley,' observed his father gravely, 'you are wrong this time, although you were right enough to take your Aunt Ellen's part. You never saw your uncle, you know, and therefore cannot possibly tell for certain that this is indeed his portrait. I know Harry Forester, and, as you say, boys, this must have been he before he shaved.'

And so the miniature went back to the escritoire.

By the next night, Sir Charles was in Leicestershire, and had no difficulty in finding out the gentleman who hunted so regularly with the Dytchley hounds. He came upon him in the morning as he stood, in scarlet, at the door of a comfortable residence, about to mount his justly celebrated bay-horse Swindler by Scamp. There was a handsome woman looking out of one of the upper windows, who drew her head in rapidly as the baronet drew near. A couple of pretty children were swinging on the little garden-gate, and the whole scene was redolent of comfort and the pleasures of the country. The bronzed but whiskerless face of Mr Henry Forester, however, took a very pallid and unhealthy hue, for so persevering a pursuer of the delights of the chase, when his eyes met those of the visitor. He left the horse with his groom, and came forward out of earshot of the rest to meet him.

'Are you come down here to send me to the hulks?' inquired Robert Marsden hoarsely.

'That depends upon yourself, sir,' returned Ryder sternly, but far from bitterly. 'As I am a living man, I will do so, unless I get that policy of yours for five thousand pounds. I do not let you out of sight until I hold it in my hands.'

He followed Marsden into the dwelling-house and upstairs, where he again got sight of the woman's face, which he seemed to remember dimly to have seen elsewhere. The policy was handed over to him.

'Have you paid the premiums up to this date, sir? Good. Since it cannot hurt you to do so in this world, and must needs benefit you, as at least one act of justice done, in that which is to come, will you leave written directions that proof of your demise, when that shall take place, may be forwarded to'—he could not bring himself to mention Ellen's name—'to Rudesleigh?'

'I will,' said Marsden solemnly.

As there had been no greeting when they met, so there was no God-be-with-you when they parted. So far sundered were those two 'that had been friends in youth.'

The woman's face haunted Ryder's memory throughout his return-journey, and while he was telling Florence how he had sped upon his strange errand.

'Was she rather ruddy and stout?' inquired she.

'Yes. But how did you know that? I would give five pounds to recollect that woman's name.'

'I only guess,' replied Florence sadly. 'I never could understand why Marsden retained such an attachment to Cumberland. But, if she be Phœbe Rosthwaite, now I can.'

'Yes, Phœbe, that is she without doubt,' exclaimed Ryder: 'but we must never tell poor Ellen this.'

'Never,' replied Florence—'never, husband; for that would be harder to bear than all the rest.'

THE END OF THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD.

MORE CELESTIAL INTELLIGENCE.

How is it that, after so many explorations of Cathay, and almost as many books as explorers, we seem to know nothing certain concerning the Chinese and their character? Nay, we are in some respects even worse off than in the days when our information was drawn exclusively from the Willow Pattern Plates in every dwelling-house; for although less extensive and practical, that was at least consistent and uniform. *Now*, no sooner have we perused a volume, setting forth with elaborate precision the manners, customs, politics, and theology of this abstruse people, than another is published, reversing all its judgments, and leading us to quite opposite conclusions. Nothing seems universally agreed upon except that the Chinese wear pig-tails—a fact of which we were already in possession from the Plates aforesaid. From Mr John Scarth, a resident in the Celestial Empire of twelve years' standing, comes the last, and certainly not the least interesting of these contributions,* which being, we believe, the only one that has been written by a mercantile person in relation to this subject, has a peculiar significance.

'Most of the books upon China,' says he, 'have been written by men of official position—by missionaries, and by persons who have seen but little of the natives in daily general intercourse: the official stands upon his dignity, and goes through the tedious forms of stiff diplomatic visits now and then; most of his information is derived from people who are devoted to the mandarins; the missionary has better opportunities, mixes more with the people, and his informants are less connected with the ruling authorities, but, from his position, he sees the Chinese in a different light to most other observers.' Mr Scarth, for his part, went to work in a very different manner. 'My object being to see the country as well as could be without interruption, and to penetrate as far as possible into the silk-districts; I adopted the Chinese dress, and after getting fairly under-way, metamorphosed myself into a Chinaman; set the barber to work to make a clean sweep of my hair; and, attached to my cap, wore a thorough-bred tail of some son of Han; shaded the natural colour of my barbarian eyes by a huge pair of tea-stone spectacles; and marched forth without fear of recognition.' Thus equipped, he made his tour, and very wisely devotes his powers of description to the people rather than to the towns, suffering his readers to draw their own conclusions from his facts, without making profound reflections upon each individual incident—those generalisations

* *Twelve Years in China.* Thomas Constable & Co., Edinburgh.

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from insufficient data, which are the rocks on which so many a didactic traveller goes to wreck.

The intellectual virtues of the Chinese are far from high, being confined in theory to the study of certain unusually turbid metaphysics among their students, and in practice, to little more than ingenuities. In this latter respect, they remind one of a more civilised nation separated from us by a narrower sea. They do not consider any pursuit so frivolous as to be denied the best advantages of science—not even the flying of paper-kites. 'It is strange to see sober, sedate merchants tugging away at a long string, guiding a kite very effectually in the air. Some are made in the shape of birds; and the hovering of the kestrel, or the quick dive of the sparrow-hawk, is beautifully imitated by expert guidance of the string. The first I saw in Shanghai appeared so real that I got down a rifle to try a shot, but was told it was only a kite. "To be sure it is; why not have a shot at it?" and it was some time till I understood it was a *paper*, not the *bird* kite. The Chinese beat us hollow in these things, especially in the "messengers" that they send spinning up the string. They send up prettily painted gigantic butterflies with outspread wings, at the back of which is a simple contrivance to make them collapse when the butterfly reaches the kite, and as soon as they collapse, down comes the butterfly, sliding along the string, ready to be adjusted for another flight.' Even their peripatetic theatres are provided with quite magnificent dresses and 'properties' that would put our Richardsons to the blush, while their acting is elaborately good, the attitudes of the performers being studied even to the positions of their fingers. The heroines of the Chinese drama are men who 'make up' well enough for the parts they have to play, only it is not fair to watch them from behind the curtain, as our author did. 'In one furious scene, where the heroine had been going through a terrific piece of fierce declamation, in a high falsetto, she threw herself (or rather himself), in the height of injured innocence, into a chair, and hiding her face from the spectators, as if in the deepest grief, quietly expelled her quid, invisibly to them, but bringing the sublime too near to the ridiculous as seen from our side of the house.' It is rare, indeed, however, to find Celestial ingenuity turned to such serious and practical account as in the following devices of the rebels when besieged at Shanghai. 'Round the city-walls, and in front of other defences, there were pitfalls, some very large, and at the bottom a plentiful crop of sharp-pointed bamboo spikes. The ditches surrounding the imperial camps were similarly provided, making an admirable defence, when the sandal-like shoes of the fighting-men are taken into account, and promised a horrible death to any one that fell into them. The worst kind consisted of small holes, about a foot in diameter, in which the spikes were placed on the sides, with the points slanting inwards towards the bottom, so that any one who "put his foot in it" was regularly entrapped. But the most ingenious defence was made use of in the houses that formed the inner line of defence; they were loopholed, and the exterior whitewashed: over each loophole there was a sheet of white paper pendent on the outside, so that a musket could be pushed through, and aim taken; but when it was withdrawn, the similarity of the paper to the colour of the wall prevented any loophole from being seen, so that no return-shot from small firearms need be feared. . . . . Regarding rifle-balls, the rebels stated a curious circumstance. As a protection against them, they wore dresses thickly padded with floss silk: they said that while the ball had a twist in it, revolving in its course, it caught up the silk, and fastened itself in the garment. One man told me that he took out six so caught, in one day, after a severe fight. The experiment might be worth trying. They said the dress was of more use within a hundred yards than at long-range, when the ball had lost its revolving motion.'

Little of this crafty dexterity was, be it observed, to be found in the ranks of the Imperialists; and generally, we learn throughout this volume, that wherever mandarin authority prevails, there is dulness and barbarism, and where the people are more left to themselves, intelligence and quiet. 'An ordinary Chinese,' says M. Callery, of the French legation, 'lies often; a mandarin *always* lies.' The wholesale extortion of these so-called magistrates is almost beyond belief. When Ho-kwan (who ought to have been called Ho-fie) was degraded, he is said to have had twenty-seven *millions* in gems and bullion in his treasury. When He-gan was sent to retrieve the losses of Le, governor-general of Kwang-tung, who had been defeated by certain rebels, he did not go with soldiers, but with money, and bought them off with three hundred thousand pounds. Not a single mandarin, since the late Rebellion began, was ever opposed to the enemy without his subsequent degradation. The first success of it was entirely owing to the consummate deceit and corruption of the mandarins, who pocketed the pay of an army which only consisted of mock muster-rolls. The reports which the generals sent to Pekin were far more lying than Falstaff's version of his combat at Gadshill. The viceroy of Pih-che-le exterminated all the rebels *several times*, according to the official gazette; and when he was sent to retake Ching-kiang-foo, he was of course successful; but 'on account of the narrowness of the streets, the general thought it more prudent to encamp outside the barrier.' This happened in July 1853, and the rebels held the town for four years afterwards. A Chinese battle—among themselves—seems to be as good as a farce, and not very much more dangerous. 'Some of the little fights at Shanghai were very amusing. One day, when a great many soldiers were out, I saw more of the combat than was pleasant. Having got into the line of fire, I was forced to take shelter behind a grave, the bullets striking the grave from each side every second. Why they came my way, it was difficult to discover, for they *ought* to have passed on the other side of a creek, about twenty yards distant, to the people they were intended for; but to see the dodging of the soldiers, then of the rebels, each trying to evade the other, was almost amusing. One fellow, ready primed and loaded, would rush up the side of a grave-hillock, drop his matchlock over the top, and without taking aim, blaze away. There is no ramrod required for the shot they use, the bullet or bar of iron is merely dropped in loose upon the powder. There was a fine scene on an occasion when the Shanghai rebels made a sortie; one of the men was cut off by an imperial skirmisher, who had his piece loaded. The rebel had no time to charge his, so he ran round and round a grave, which was high enough to keep his enemy from shooting him when on the opposite side. Hare-hunting is nothing to it: Redcap described hosts of circles, and the royalist was fast getting blown, when the gods took pity on his wind, for, by some unlucky chance, the rebel tripped and fell! The soldier was at him in a moment, and to make sure of his prize, put the muzzle of his matchlock to Redcap's head, fired, and took to his heels as fast as he could go. It is difficult to say who was most astonished when Mr Redcap did exactly the same. The bullet that dropped down readily on the powder, fell out as easily when the barrel was depressed. The rebel got off with a good singeing of his long hair.'

The real slaughters committed by the Imperialists always took place after the fighting-men of the rebels had evacuated a town, and the women, and children, and innocent inhabitants were left in their power; while the mandarins exhibited their intelligence and courage in devising cruel torments. With such an

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example before them, it is no wonder that the Chinese are a cruel race. The horrors of their prisons are so great, that the contentment with which criminals meet their death is not to be wondered at. 'In Shanghai, I have seen prisoners crammed like wild beasts in a cage, rolling about in the midst of filth and disease, begging for food. In the depth of winter, prisoners are chained to each other in strings, one of them not unfrequently hanging dead to his comrades! Once a party of pirates were seized and landed near the foreign houses; there had been a deficiency of chains, so the poor wretches were joined together with a large nail clenched through the hand of each! At Foochow, I met a prisoner whom they were carrying into the city in a cage barely large enough to contain his body, cramped up in a sitting posture; two of the bars at the top had been cut to allow his head to pass through, every jostle or stop in the movement of his bearers causing his neck or face to be dashed against the broken bars. It is in the recollection of Canton residents when four men were placed in the *cangue* with a guard around them, and publicly starved to death in the open streets!'

At Amoy, Captain Fishbourne, who was present when the rebel army had got away, informs us that 'the mandarins set the pirates that were *in government pay* to kill all the people they could, giving them six dollars a head, innocent or guilty. It fills one with indignation to find himself working hand-in-hand with officers of such a government. Why, they actually begged assistance to prevent their own rascally hired pirates from attacking them after the rebels had gone!'

The mandarins buy their rank, and when it is obtained, issue in their turn blank receipts for the holding of certain minor offices which are bought of *them*. 'For instance, a button of mandarin rank, that cost at one time 10,000 dollars, is now procurable for about 2500. The rich man who pays this 2500 dollars, anxious to get part of his money back, sells his blank receipts for from 400 to 1000 dollars, to a man desirous of the rank, and just fills in his name; he pays his respects to the mandarins, receipt in hand, and is a blue-buttoned dignitary without further trouble, so that a rank which formerly cost 10,000 dollars, is now procurable for a mere percentage of that sum. When Shanghai was besieged, Keih-ur-hang-ah, general in command, once asked the chief native merchants to a grand entertainment; the excuses were numerous, as it was known to be a meeting for the sale of buttons, and likely to prove a dear dinner.'

According to Mr Scarth, we Europeans let slip a golden opportunity when we took the side of the effete and misgoverned Imperialists against the so-called Rebels, who, by comparison with their adversaries, he makes it appear were a civilised and well-conducted set of men. We did not know what we were about in the matter, nor is it likely that we shall know as long as we speak no Chinese, and they no English. The great evil of our position in China consists in our lack of good interpreters. 'Government should offer every inducement to young men, especially military officers, to study the language; even if they only learn a little, it would often prove of incalculable benefit. In fact, it is scarcely fair to enter into any great military operation against China while we have such a small staff of interpreters. There is no saying what the result of active warlike operations may be. Even when we took Canton, it was thought imprudent to attempt to govern it, and by putting the Chinese officers again into power, the chief moral effect of taking the city was lost. The attempt should have been made, even if all the Chinese had to be driven out. As it was, Chinese plunderers ravaged the city in all directions, and no one could tell who were the rightful owners of property that was allowed to be taken away. Of course, the foreigners are blamed for all that was lost. No time should be lost in having officers, and even some of the men, taught at least a little Chinese. With steady application, enough to make a man very useful can be learned in six months. Even a few sentences may be of great benefit. Certain classes might be formed for the Canton dialect, others for the mandarin, and high prizes or staff-appointments be given to all who made satisfactory progress. No man-of-war should be without an interpreter. In many expeditions against pirates, I have no doubt numbers of innocent people have been killed, because we are always ready to fight, though often not prepared to speak. To prevent difficulties, it has too often been the custom to burn, kill, and destroy, taking care not to bring back any prisoners. Hong-kong is notoriously badly off for interpreters, and the local government has apparently made no effort to effect any improvement in this respect. Pirate vessels are fitted out in the harbour, plunder sold in the streets; a proper class of interpreters would have prevented this mighty disgrace long ago.'

Solely to our author's acquaintance with the Chinese tongue, an innocent man in our own supreme court at Hong-kong was saved from imprisonment and ruin; while his own preservation from murder by pirates was due to the same accomplishment. A friendly Chinaman warned him of the character of a vessel which was amicably keeping company with his, and on board of which he was about to venture with a present. Presently 'I noticed that the land "yawed" considerably, proving that our helmsman was steering badly, to let the pirate get up to us. I drew a pistol and threatened to shoot him if he didn't steer right, or if he let the other junk get up to us. With the greatest coolness, but with rather insulted dignity, he pointed to the compass as his guide, and told me to watch if he didn't steer due north. True enough he did; but stepping in front of it, and still getting a glimpse of old Friendly, there was no doubt about it; the *compass* was steady, but the *land* appeared to yaw from side to side. I snatched up the compass, and, directly below it, in a right line with the ship, discovered a large iron nail, which had *nailed* the compass with a vengeance! It seems a wonder to this day that I didn't shoot the fellow on the spot! We were in a nest of pirates, and there was no use getting into a rage; so procuring a bowl of rice, and sifting it through my fingers to guard against being *nailed* again, I placed the compass in it, and kept guard over it to watch the steering. We soon increased our distance, which was lucky, as night was coming on.'

These pirates are very dangerous fellows, and indeed the Chinese seem to be more intelligent, as well as more formidable, afloat than ashore. If they can shoot nothing else, they can shoot rapids, and are, as they need to be in the swift streams of Fokien, most dextrous river-boatmen. It must require no small nerve, even though a plank is placed far out of the stern to act as a powerful rudder, to steer a boat evenly through the gaps, in such a place as Foochow-foo, where the tide runs like a millrace, and has often a drop of several perpendicular feet. The cormorant-fishing is of a very surprising nature. The natives at Foochow stand erect 'on a little raft of bamboos, not over two feet wide, directing their birds and propelling their raft with a long bamboo, in a fierce tideway, with eddies surrounding them, that threaten almost certain death in case of accident. They appear to be wholly intent on the work of their sagacious birds, who dive about in all directions after their prey. But the best place to see the fishing-cormorant is in the clear streams in Che-kiang. It is very pretty to see the birds chasing the fish under the water—the pace they go at is wonderful; and when they are swimming along near a rough stony bottom, it is quite marvellous to see the rapidity with which they crane their necks

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from side to side in the crevices of the rocks as they rush through the water. They seem quite proud when they get hold of a good fish, and bear it triumphantly to their master. He generally has a pet bird, and places relative values on each of his flock; for some, less than a dollar is asked. I think the ring placed round the neck of the cormorant by the fishermen is not to prevent their swallowing the fish, but to distinguish the birds belonging to each fisherman; for when several boats have been together, I have noticed that each lot had different marks, and sometimes a boat-load had no rings. They know their masters readily, and rarely make a mistake in taking the fish to a wrong boat. I once got four or five lots sent into the water at once, all together, and the men being told to call back their birds, they returned without a mistake. When in the boat, they are disagreeable, stupid-looking birds, and being fed upon fishes' entrails, have a disgusting smell. When they reach the side of the boat, the men shove a bamboo under them, on which they perch, and are lifted on to the boat. It is only at Foochow that I have seen rafts used by the fishermen. This is strange, because the wood that is used to build the boats elsewhere nearly all comes from that place. The chief native trade of Foochow is in timber; huge rafts are brought down, and are guided under the bridge with surprising cleverness, by very few hands for such cumbersome contrivances.'

When the tide is out, the eel-fishers often take the place of those cormorants. They fly along the mud, although it is so soft that another man would sink at once in it. Each has a sort of sledge, the size and shape of a stave of a large cask, in the middle of which is a small railing about eighteen inches high; he has a small basket for his fish, and an adze-shaped spade, with a handle about two feet long. With one foot, or sometimes with one knee upon this sledge, and holding on by the rail, the man propels himself with the other foot, and that at racing speed.

Mr Scarth bears a rather uncommon testimony to the general honesty of the Chinese, which, from one in his position, ought to be valuable. 'Out of a "chop" of some five or six hundred packages of tea bought in Canton, seldom more than 1 per cent. used to be examined throughout. The tea goes to England, the few chests opened being taken as a criterion of the whole, and excepting from accidents on the way, or indifferent care in storage, damaging the tea, the whole proves to have been faithfully packed. . . . . Valuable silk piece-goods are sent off in the same way. In Shanghai there is this difference, that the tea and silk are shipped from the foreigner's warehouse; there are often a hundred dirty vagabonds packing perhaps ten thousand or twenty thousand pounds-worth of silk, every pound-weight being worth about a month's wages to the scurvy-looking coolies that are handling it; yet there is rarely false packing or theft.' Since the export of raw silk from Shanghai is annually more than eight millions of pounds-weight to England and France alone, this honesty must be pretty universal, and is really creditable to a people who, when they can't get the rain to stop, put their inattentive gods out in it, *to see how they like it*. Seriously, the people of China seem to wish to act fairly and in a friendly way with us. 'Cursed and rotten at the core as their country is,' says our author, 'they have the elements within them of a great nation. Their institutions are good, their maxims and moral code unimpeachable; but the whole is neutralised by the deceit, cupidity, and cowardice of their rulers.'

Whether Mr Scarth be right or not in his political conclusions—and he certainly leaves a strong impression upon our minds that he *is* right—we have to thank him for a very interesting volume, and regret that our narrowing space compels us to shake hands. In China, people don't shake hands, however, but each man shakes his own.

REMEMBRANCE.

The grass is on thy grave, Mother,
And mony a year has fled
Since my heart grew sad and restless
At the thocht that ye were dead:
But oh! I never will forget
Thy last sad look at me—
A look that only mother's love
To mother's een could gie.

This is my birth-night, and unsocht,
Auld scenes flit o'er my brain;
Close round our fire, on creepie-stools,
Ken'd faces smile again;
Ay, tearfu' een, and joyfu' looks,
Around that fire I see—
Wee hearts a' thrilled wi' mother's 'tales'
O' sorrow and o' glee.

Oh! lowly was my bairnhood's hame,
And poverty was there;
But love shed brightness round the hearth,
And soothed a mother's care—
A mother that made hame a spot
O' sunshine aye to me;
And bright within the past it lies
As moonlight on the sea.

A widow's hearth was thine, Mother,
Since first thy face I mind;
And oh! what weary toil was thine,
Our bread and claes to find:
Ay, weary toil—and hunger whiles,
That *we* nae pinch might feel,
For thy bairns were a' thy riches,
An' ye lo'ed them—oh, how weel!

Oh! my heart swells high within me,
And the tears rin frae my een,
As thy trials rise before me,
Now wi' clearer vision seen—
Trials sair, but never spoken,
Though they pressed thy body doon—
Trials ken'd by nane but puir folk,
And the God that dwells aboon.

But time brings unco changes;
And that heart now kens nae pain;
And the bairns wha shared its blessins
Now hae bairnies o' their ain;
And are blessed wi' cozie dwellins,
Where a meal they aye can spare;
And the een that fain would seen it,
Now are dimmed for evermair.

The grass is on thy grave, Mother,
And mony a year has fled
Since my heart grew sad and restless
At the thocht that ye were dead:
But oh! I never will forget
Thy last sad look at me—
A look that only mother's love
To mother's een could gie.

X.

A quack work of very low character is at present in the course of being advertised, with the following recommendation attached: 'This admirable book should be in every person's possession.'—CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, *Nov.* 1859.

We have simply to state, that no such recommendation ever appeared in CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, *and that the book, from all we can hear of it, is one which should be in* NOBODY'S *possession.*

EDINBURGH, *March* 26, 1860.

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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

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'DALBY.'

SOME years ago I was—I wish I were still—an undergraduate at St Jude's, Cambridge. Term had ended, but I was still lingering for a few days longer in the beloved old place that I was so soon to leave for the long vacation, and after that, to leave for ever. I had been trying to induce one or two friends to stay up after the other men had left the place, by holding out alluring temptations in the way of greater quiet, less company, and better fare in hall, absence of duns, and fascinating leniency on the part of the dons as to gates and chapel. I prevailed, but my triumph was brief. I was speedily convinced that the place was so dull that even a dun might have been entertaining; that the only reason for our irregularities not being noticed was, that the same man had to perform the duties of master, bursar, dean, tutor, and chaplain; and that the hall-dinners were so vile, so much worse than in term-time, that dearth of officials must have made him college-cook too. I held out for a time, but was soon compelled to agree to a compromise. We were not to leave Cambridge for good for another week, but that week was to be spent in a short tour together; after which, we were to return to St Jude's, pack, and start off to town, dine together for the last time, and say good-bye till next October.

That week I shall never forget, if my years are extended to the time of second childhood. We resolved on making a tour in the fen country, and seeing swamps and marshes in their glory, before railways and scientific farming should have entirely done away with the characteristic features of Cambridgeshire. I had always had a fancy for the fens myself. Picturesque they certainly are not, but to my mind they have a kind of romance about them. When I think of them, I am always carried back to the old times when the swamps teemed with wild-fowl, and the pools with fish, supplying the old monks with daintiest fare; then I picture the old fen monasteries, shut out from each other by miles of land, traversable only in summer, and of the luxuriously monotonous life that their inhabitants led; and of the great tower at Ely falling in the dead of the night with a crash that resounded over the low lands of the Eastern Counties till it was heard at Bishop's Stortford and at Lincoln.

The companions of my tour were these:

Dick Winterton, as everybody called him, and as he looked every inch of him, was a fine athletic fellow, six feet high, with light-brown whiskers, a comely face, and a joyous expression which it put one in good spirits to look at. He had left Eton one of the best scholars there, and much had been hoped of him; but the life of a university, so free from all restraint, was too much for a resolution that was never founded on a rock; and Dick became first lazy, and then dissipated. He was versed in every athletic exercise, and was popular even with the dons, before whom he was constantly appearing for some misdeed or other. The most severe of them used only to say he was 'nobody's enemy but his own, poor fellow,' which is, however, very faint praise indeed as regards capacity for getting on in life.

My two other companions were Worsdell and Roberts. Worsdell, like Winterton, had been a schoolfellow of mine at Eton, and, after a tolerably creditable career there, went to Cambridge. There he seemed to change his nature altogether. At Eton, he had been thought 'mild;' at Cambridge, he knew all the fastest men in the college, and lived—though nobody knew how—up to their pace. His allowance, according to his own account at least, was below that of the poorest of us; but he never seemed to want money, gave frequent entertainments in very good style, though never ostentatiously, and always dressed and looked like a gentleman. His habits of self-dependence and economy had given him a slightly cynical manner, that would sometimes cause strangers to think him selfish. This was almost his only fault.

Roberts was not a public school-man at all; he was a little, punchy, comical-looking fellow, with a face that, though not ill-looking, was made vulgar by the roundness of its shape and the merry Cockneyism of its expression. This universal favourite was a thorough gentleman in mind, kind-hearted and generous, but his manner was prosily oracular, and his faith in his own dicta and experience unbounded.

We packed ourselves into as comfortable a carriage as was then to be found on the line, lighted our cigars, were very voluble for the first ten minutes, very sententious for the next five, and sound asleep in the next two. At Ely, we were roused up by the guard, and started, baggage and all, for the Lamb, where we ordered the luncheon which Winterton informed us we all wanted. Roberts took the waiter in hand, and gave him instructions as to laying out a table, the result of which was that by the time the repast was ready, we all agreed that Winterton had been right. We despatched it speedily, and smoked for some time in silence. At last Worsdell spoke.

'We should have had luncheon quickly enough if we 'd had old Dalby here, Dick. What a strange old fellow he was. I wonder what 's become of him.'

'I 've not the most distant idea,' said Winterton. 'He was a very good gyp, and appreciated me, I flatter myself. I took him when I was a freshman,

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and kept him on till he vanished—that's nearly a year ago. He never asked me for a sixpence of wages, and I never gave him one. Peace be unto him!'

'But he asked other men for his wages,' observed I. 'He was my gyp too; and I should sooner have thought of cutting my tutor's bill than Dalby's, he was so dreadfully respectable, and had been so long in the service of the college. He never laughed, that I heard of.'

'He was a surly old dog,' remarked Worsdell; '*I* never saw him laugh, I'm sure. I've seen him smile, though, when a man had got into some absurd scrape or other; that's why he liked you, Dick, I believe. Of course, you never paid him, but he must have known that you wouldn't.'

'Depend upon it,' said Roberts, who had got rather impatient during this discussion, 'the man was mad. I used to have him for an extra waiter when I gave a dinner, and I always thought the fellow was laughing at me.'

'Well, mad or not,' exclaimed Winterton, 'I wish he were here now, and I wish he were going with us all the way. He'd make a capital travelling-servant. I should like to see him, before going to bed, every night of the week; I should know that all was right for the morning, ready for starting, and with nothing to pay.'

'You'd rather see him every morning, wouldn't you, Dick?' observed Worsdell. 'You must miss the brandy and soda-water when you wake.'

'*I* want brandy and soda-water of a morning!' cried Winterton, with virtuous indignation; 'you might as well accuse Roberts of being plucked last "little go" through some fault of his own. I should like to have seen Prance "shut up" when you called on him after the list was out, and asked him to explain his conduct. You quite did for the examiner, didn't you, Roberts?'

'Yes,' answered poor Roberts eagerly; 'the thing was quite absurd, you know, quite absurd. He'd nothing to say; he looked quite astonished at me. I shut him up awfully. "My dear sir," I said, "the thing can't be"'——

'Come,' said I, interposing, as one of Roberts's stories seemed impending; 'we ought to start now, as we haven't got Dalby. I, too, wish he were here to square things for us every night; but as he isn't, suppose somebody rings for the bill. We're to dine at Peterborough, remember.'

'Peterborough,' repeated Winterton thoughtfully; 'what have I heard about Peterborough? Something about the beer, it's very good, isn't it?'

On reaching Peterborough, we ordered rooms for the night, and strolled out to look at the cathedral, leaving Winterton at the hotel. His excuse for not accompanying us was fatigue, which Worsdell declared was a shallow pretext for staying behind to drink beer by himself. Our walk lasted for more than an hour, and we came back, dilating on the architectural beauties which Dick had missed. On entering the private room in which we had left Winterton, we found him sitting bolt upright against the table, on which was an unfinished tankard of ale and an empty spirit decanter. He was trying, with a shaky hand, to lift a claret glass full of brandy to his lips. His hair was rough, and his eyes stared strangely. At the other end of the room lay the sofa, overturned. My first impression was that, during the hour he had been left alone, he had contrived to drink himself into a state of delirium-tremens. Roberts must have thought the same, for, after the first start that we all made at the sight, he rushed forward and begged Winterton to temper the brandy with soda-water. 'It'll set you right much sooner, my dear fellow.'

'It isn't that; I am not drunk,' said Winterton; and he swallowed the brandy. 'But I have had the worst dream I ever had in my life, the dreadfulest dream'——

'The drunkenest dream, I suppose you mean,' cried Worsdell, whose frightened surprise had turned, as usual, into irritation. 'An hour's day-dreaming would not make your eyes look so tipsy. How came the sofa to be upset?'

'Just listen, will you?' answered Winterton, who already seemed almost himself again, 'and don't be in such a hurry. You know I don't believe in ghosts or any of the supernatural bosh that people say is connected with dreams, and you know my nerves are tolerably strong, and you know I hate a fuss. Well, what I'm going to tell you is as true as gospel. When you went to see the cathedral, I was really tired, and when you accused me of wanting beer, I thought it would not be a bad idea to take your hint, and have some in. I knew I had heard something or other about the Peterborough beer. Well, I only took one pull at it, as you may see, and then lay down on the sofa. I was asleep in a minute, and dreaming too, though I can't remember what about at first. At last, I dreamed distinctly that I was at lunch again at Ely with you fellows; but somehow a few more of our set were with us too—like a supper-party. There was one waiter who never moved from behind my chair, and I felt somehow (I think some one *said*) it was old Dalby. But I couldn't get a sight of his face, do what I would. Then somebody asked him how he was, and he said his cold was bad. Then he gave a cough, with that odd old hem and clear of the throat he was always giving every ten minutes. Just then I woke, and I will swear I saw Dalby, and heard him cough and hem. But he wasn't behind me; he was at the table writing, and he looked unshaven and dirty. His eyes met mine as he turned round his face to me. It looked fearful; and I can't describe it except as like what the grin of a corpse might be that has been bayoneted. I tingled all over, and jumped up to face the thing; but I suppose I was shaky, and tumbled over the sofa, or fainted and fell on it. The maid heard the noise; and when I came to, I was having my temples bathed, and was shaking like an aspen-leaf. She and the landlord both swear that no man like Dalby has been near the place, and besides, there are no writing-materials in the room. Now you know all, and, I suppose,' he added, 'you don't believe a word of it.'

I made no answer, for the strangeness of the whole story had taken me completely by surprise; and yet there was an air of truth about it which prevented me from totally disbelieving it.

Worsdell had been standing with his face to the window while Winterton had been speaking, and now answered promptly, but without changing his position: 'I believe the whole thing, Dick—that is, I believe you dreamed it. You weren't quite awake, that's all, when you thought you saw Dalby. I've often had something like it myself. We had better wash our hands though, now this important subject has been fully discussed; dinner will be up in a minute.'

He expected, I suppose, that Winterton would be the first to leave the room, which proved the case. The moment the door closed on him, Worsdell left the window, and Roberts and myself sat down close to him.

'What on earth is the meaning of it?' I said. 'I *do* believe he saw Dalby, and I *don't* believe he was still dreaming. He must have conjured up some phantasm, after thinking very hard of Dalby. That has happened before now.'

'Likely enough,' said Worsdell. 'I can't say my belief in ghosts is very profound. I know *I* never saw one. But I think Dick is very ill, or going to be. He's received a dreadful shock, somehow or other.'

'Hm—well,' said Roberts, 'it's a very queer thing, this idea of Dick's. It's a very queer thing. I thought he was drunk, you know, but I believe I must have been wrong. The idea of a ghost's quite

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absurd, though—quite absurd. We'll better say nothing at all to him about it—eh, my boy?'

Mr Roberts enforced his last suggestion with a slap on my unprotected leg. I felt bound to suppress a cry of pain, so much was I struck by Roberts suggesting anything so sensible. 'I think we'd better not,' said I, with a very slight wince. 'What say you, Fred?'

But Worsdell had departed, and, opening the door, I saw him walking slowly to his room, hands in pockets, something evidently occupying his thoughts. I think that, though he had not owned it, he had, like me, been struck by the air of truth about Winterton's story, and that he was trying to reconcile it with his own total disbelief in anything supernatural. My own creed was more vague. I was fully inclined to disbelieve, and yet admitted to myself that some time or other I might see an apparition—of course, contrary to the rules of nature, and all that. 'What a precious fuss about dreaming of a gyp!' muttered I, as I walked up stairs.

At dinner, Worsdell said nothing on the subject that had engrossed us, and Roberts and I, of course, adhered to our determination. Our conversation, notwithstanding this piece of discretion, went on much as usual. Winterton ate and drank enormously, a proceeding not uncommon with him. After dinner, however, on his ordering in brandy and hot-water, Worsdell broke out. 'Good Heavens, Dick,' he cried, 'you've drunk pretty nearly a gallon of ale already, and now you're going in for grog. You'll be as drunk as a lord.'

'I don't intend to remain sober,' answered Winterton, whom the liquor did not seem in the least to have affected. 'I don't want to have another bad dream, or fancy that Dalby is putting me to bed.'

'You won't dream it the less for being tipsy,' I answered; 'and if you go to sleep with liquor in you, you're sure of a bad night, and then you'll fancy something worse.'

'Hardly possible that, I imagine,' said Winterton; and he continued to drink brandy and water till ten, when, on our going to bed, he went also; still, however, apparently uninfluenced by what he had taken.

After seeing him and Roberts both into their own rooms, I followed Worsdell into his, and talked to him while he undressed. We said nothing about Winterton, except that Worsdell said he supposed Dick had taken enough of liquor to send him to sleep, and no more. On going back to my own room, I sat down to ponder before undressing. Any one who has left a party to see one man to bed, and then goes to bed himself, is sure to feel rather lonely. The change appears the greater for being gradual. It seems as if, when one says good-night, the last link between one's self and things external is broken. I thought about Winterton and about Dalby, then I fell into a reverie, and then, I fell asleep. I woke up in my chair at last, feeling very cold and shaky, as one does after sleeping in one's clothes; my candle was out, and I was oppressed by an odd nervous feeling which I could not help admitting to myself, and which I accounted for by my not being fully awake. I began undressing as well as I could in the dark, and had just managed to wind up my watch—still, I suppose, half asleep—when some one came to the door with a candle and knocked. Boots, as I supposed, for my visitor only just shewed his arm inside the door, and it was that of a man. I said: 'Oh, thank you,' and went to take the light, when, lo and behold, darkness again, and neither boots nor candle! I thought the man had gone, and groped for the handle of the door. It was shut, but I heard, or thought I heard, a man clear his throat outside. In a minute the notion of Dalby rushed across me, and I felt as I have only felt once besides in all my life. I sat down by the door, with my face in my hands, and tried resolutely to think on nothing; but I could not for the world have left my seat, or have taken my hands from my face, or even moved. At last, I don't know after how long, some impulse raised me up, and, with a great deal of noise and a shaking hand, I flung the door open, and looked out into the passage. Everything was as it should be—the stair-lamp burning peacefully at the end, and Roberts's snore rising and falling with the regularity and depth of sound of a regiment on the march. For the first time in my life I blessed that lugubrious song. There was an end of my terrors. Who could see a ghost after hearing a snore? I opened the door, and putting a chair against it, so that the mild and cheerful light of the lamp slightly illuminated the room, pulled off the rest of my things, and got into bed. I was soon asleep, but not before I had satisfied myself that my fancied vision was the natural effect of sleeping in my clothes, and waking suddenly in the dark.

I woke next morning, after a good rest, much inclined to laugh at my fright of the night before. The whole thing seemed absurd; and I felt in my morning vigour as if a much worse delusion would fail to affect my nerves now. My appearance, however, as far as the glass could be trusted, was disorderly; but what was to be expected after passing half the night in one's clothes? From the idea of looking shaken in the morning, my mind naturally turned to Winterton; and I thought to myself that, after last night's doings, it would be odd if he did not complain of a bad dream at the very least. I found all the party down before me, Winterton looking dreadfully haggard, Roberts sleeker and rosier than ever, and Worsdell with his usual neat and composed appearance. Nothing ever deranged that gentleman's morning 'get up.' Winterton made no mention of any nocturnal annoyance; on the contrary, wretched as he looked, his appetite was good, and, stranger still, so were his spirits. In fact, the day bade fair to be a pleasant one. When poor Dick was elated, his high spirits were very contagious, and often turned a gloomy party into a merry one. On this occasion, we were all lively, and chimed in with him readily enough. Some letters from Cambridge had been forwarded to us, and Winterton had had some very good news from home; so he said, though what it was he kept to himself. We were soon in the train again, on our way to Wisbeach, and indulging, as usual, in tobacco-smoke. I never knew a smoking-party in a railway-carriage keep so long awake.

It was late in the afternoon when we entered Wisbeach, and Winterton recommended a slight lunch and a late dinner. The lunch being despatched, and the dinner ordered, we sallied into the town, to look about us. Winterton enlarged much on the model corporation that existed in Wisbeach, and drove Roberts nearly crazy by comparisons with his native Coventry most unfavourable to that ancient town. At dinner, Winterton talked sense and nonsense by turns till the cloth was taken away, when he stretched his long limbs on a sofa, and after selecting a cigar and biting the end off, fell asleep in the attempt to light it. Roberts, seeing his adversary temporarily silenced, seized on the opportunity to explain to us how wrong Winterton had been in comparing Wisbeach with Coventry. Worsdell sat in the window smoking in silence. I, for my part, found myself fascinated by Roberts's oratory, and could not take my eyes off that round squat little form, eagerly gesticulating with a long churchwarden pipe. Every now and then the pipe would break in its gyrations in the air, and another would succeed it. The third of these catastrophes gave me such a shock that I became aware of three things—that I had been asleep, that my pipe was out, and that I had better close my eyes again. Worsdell had set me the example in the window, and off I went to sleep, Roberts still haranguing on the indignity which had been

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offered to his birthplace. At last he must have fallen asleep too, for I was roused by the voice of a man talking, and found it was that of Roberts loquacious even in his slumbers. But what fixed my attention most was hearing the name of Dalby repeated several times. Roberts was speaking in the broken manner of sleep-talkers, and seemed to be asking questions of that mysterious gyp. I mentally execrated the name that seemed to haunt us so, and rang the bell for lights. The landlord himself came in with them, and his entrance waked my three companions. He set the candles on the table, and then said, in a low but hurried tone: 'Beg your pardon, gentlemen, but have you lost anything? That man 's just bolted out of the room again, but we 'll catch him fast enough, if he 's taken any of your property.'

'What man?' said Worsdell. 'Nobody came in; he would have waked me.'

'Why, the little hard-faced chap, with iron-gray hair and a white choker—keeps hemming-like in his throat.'

'Dalby, by Heaven!' said Winterton.

'He 've been in and out after you ever since you come,' continued the landlord. 'I thought he 'd an eye to the luggage, only he looked so 'spectable.'

'Dalby,' said Roberts; 'of course he was here; I saw him and spoke to him! Where is he? Stay—no; yes, I do believe I was dreaming; I must have been asleep, Fred.'

'Yes, of course you were,' said Worsdell testily. 'That will do, landlord.'

'Send me up a tumbler of brandy and water,' said Winterton, 'and a bedroom candle.'

I looked at him, and observed that his colour was gone, and his jaws rattling like castanets. He drank the brandy, his hand shaking nervously, and then, with an inarticulate 'good-night,' and a sort of laugh, went up to bed.

The instant he was gone, we both set upon poor Roberts. 'What *did* you say that about Dalby for?' I cried. 'You know Dick has got a crotchet in his head about him, and you promised to say nothing about it.'

'You've sent him off to bed now,' followed up Worsdell, 'and he won't get much sleep, I fancy. It 's a great bore; he was becoming good fun, and we should have had a pleasant evening. What the deuce did you talk about Dalby for?'

'It was the landlord,' said Roberts faintly.

'Yes; I wonder what he meant,' said I.

'Oh, hang the landlord, and Dalby, too!' cried Worsdell; 'let 's be comfortable, if we can. We can have the remains of the fowl grilled, and some toasted cheese, at half-past nine; and Dick has left his cigar-case, if any one wants weeds.'

We followed Worsdell's advice. Roberts was forgiven; and we contrived to spend the evening pretty comfortably, chatting together. When we broke up, Worsdell went into Winterton's room to return the cigar-case, and found him, not undressed, but asleep on the floor, in a railway-rug, in which position Worsdell left him. It struck me, immediately on hearing this, that Winterton's nerves had been so shaken that he could not bear undressing in solitude, and had done what he could to get to sleep at once. Still, might he not easily have found some excuse for obtaining the company of one of us whilst he undressed, and that, too, without doing anything unusual?

Why could not he go to bed in the ordinary manner, if there was nothing to be afraid of? I submitted these doubts and difficulties to Worsdell, whose reply was as follows: 1. He didn't know at all. 2. Winterton was probably tired, and had fallen asleep before he had had time to undress. 3. It didn't matter. And, 4. He was sick of the subject. I was vexed at Worsdell's pooh-poohing the matter, and the more so, as I felt sure that he was uneasy himself about Winterton, and half-inclined to believe in the appearance of Dalby at Peterborough. I asked him how he got over the fact of the landlord's describing a man of Dalby's appearance. His reply, as relating to the landlord, was profane, and no answer, as I told him. On this he expressed the same wish respecting me, and wished I would let a fellow go to sleep. This was too much, and I revenged myself by giving him a long account of my mysterious visitor of the night before. When I had done, Worsdell made no reply. His eyes were shut. As I left the room, however, I looked round at him, and caught him looking earnestly after me. He shut his eyes at once; but I felt sure he had heard all; and I went to bed, rather inclined to believe in ghosts, out of opposition, and with a spiteful hope that my story would keep Worsdell awake, and that the 'little hard-faced chap' would pay him a visit too.

My night was a quiet one, and, on waking, I felt so cheerful that I was inclined to forgive Worsdell for his brutal incredulity. Presently my attention was caught by the conversation of two stable-helps under my window.

'And which on 'em was it; the big un?'

'Blessed if I know. Number 7, I tell 'ee. It were a deuce's own row, to be sure.'

'May be he had a touch of the horrors? That big un 's a good hand at his beer.'

'Ah, he *is*. He 's a nice young chap, too; free enough with his money. He hadn't ought to go hooping about, though, like a woman with the 'strikes, at two in the morning. Where 's that brown cob's saddle?'

I felt sure that this must refer to Winterton. He slept in No. 7, and though Worsdell ran him close, was the tallest and largest of our party. I went immediately, half-dressed as I was, to No. 7. Its occupant was not on the rug, but lying curled up, comfortably enough, in his bed, and sound asleep. I awakened him with some difficulty, and saw him out of bed before I left him. When I came down stairs, I found Worsdell superintending breakfast, and told him what I had heard. He was even surlier than on the night before, and declared that there was no reason why we should assume that Winterton was the person referred to. He himself had heard no noise, and had slept well. Here Roberts came in, looking rosy and jovial, and evidently full of some news.

'You were very crusty last night with me, Fred, my boy, for dreaming and talking. You should have heard Dick afterwards. He made an awful noise. I thought I should never get to sleep. I passed a very bad night. I feel very seedy—very.'

'You look it,' said Worsdell, with a laugh. His eyes and mine met, and I saw he was a good deal staggered.

'Dick talked in his sleep, did he?' said I. 'Well, it must have been a great nuisance for you, Roberts. You do look wretched this morning. Here comes Dick, though; don't bully him about it.' As he came in, I scanned him closely. He had looked haggard the morning before; he looked quite shattered now. As before, however, his spirits and appetite were good enough, and he gave us an amusing account of his being so tired that he fell asleep before he could even undress; of his waking in perplexity and dismay at some dreadfully late hour; and, after calling successively for chambermaid, waiter, and boots, under a vague impression that it was very early, and the servants close at hand, coming gradually to a conviction of the truth, and hurrying into bed as he best could. Worsdell looked triumphantly across the table at me when this version of the story came out, but Roberts objected to his grievance being so naturally accounted for.

'You called for a long time, Dick, that you did, and you talked stuff, dreadful stuff; you know fellows always do, when they are asleep. You threw something about the room, and woke me. It was dreadful

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stuff you talked, Dick; I heard you say: "Are you going always to follow me like this?"'

'I should think I said: "Are you always going to cut me like this?"' said Winterton, as he attacked the loaf for about the tenth time. 'That must have been when I fancied myself wronged by the servants' non-appearance.'

'Well,' thought I, 'in spite of all that, it's my belief a servant did appear to you whose presence you never asked for.'

We were soon on our way to Boston, where we were to see the famous tower; the night we intended to pass at Lincoln. Winterton was himself again all the day; and his spirits, his tongue, and his appetite never flagged. I could easily write down almost every word that he uttered from the time of his appearance at breakfast at Wisbeach, to our breaking up for the night at Lincoln, so well, so fearfully well do I recollect everything that passed on that day. I remember what fun it seemed to me at the time; very sorry fun it would seem to me now; as indeed, I suppose, would many of the most amusing scenes of one's youth; but the recollection of it is devoid even of the pleasure that endears the recollection of our silliest pranks, so closely is it connected in my memory with what succeeded it.

It was late before we sat down together at Lincoln. There we received the pleasant intelligence that we had chosen the eve of an execution for our visit. A man was to be hanged in front of the county jail the next morning. The landlord was our informant, and he rubbed his hands with delight as he told us of the increase of business in Lincoln resulting from this public ceremonial. 'I've sent several parties to the Crown,' he said; 'if we hadn't been so full, we could have put you gentlemen in a better room; but you see there hasn't been a man hanged in Lincoln for ever such a time. There's some come up to see it, because they never miss an execution anywhere; and there's some come, because they never saw one yet, and never will again. They're the stay-at-homes out of the fens—what I call the web-footed and speckle-bellied ones. I suppose you gentlemen arn't Lincolnshire? I thought not. I'm Kent myself, and what I always say is'——

'How soon can we have dinner?' broke in Winterton. The landlord at once lost the thread of his discourse, rubbed his hands, and looked up apologetically at Winterton: 'Dinner, sir, will be ready by seven, sharp,' which having said, he vanished.

'Well,' said Winterton, 'I shall now be gratified with an opportunity of carrying out one of two resolutions I have always stuck to.'

'And they are?' said I.

'To see a prize-fight, and an execution. They're both of them things not over-pleasant to see; I expect to feel sick on both occasions. Luckily, executions are early, so that breakfast will come after, and not before the spectacle. I must have a companion, though, to bear me up, if I faint, and make a speech to the populace, giving my and his relationship to the criminal. John Roberts, Esquire, of Coventry, county of Warwick, you go with me to-morrow.'

'No, I say, Dick, old fellow,' protested Roberts; 'you know the thing's abs'——

'Why do you want to see a prize-fight or an execution, Dick?' asked Worsdell, ruthlessly cutting Roberts short in his favourite formula. 'Why do you wish to see a thing you think will disgust you?'

'Because,' answered Winterton, 'I think it is my duty. Now, don't all of you laugh in that imbecile way. I *have* notions of duty, and act up to them. I am a better fellow than you Pharisees would make me out, for you *are* Pharisees, all of you, except Roberts, whose depravity is engraved so deeply in his countenance that he can't do the whited-sepulchre business like you and Worsdell. Both prize-fighting and capital punishment are, though in different ways, institutions of the country, and deserve to be studied. I shall go to-morrow, for the sake of my own experience and improvement, and thou, son of Roberts, shalt go too.' In the meantime, I should feel obliged by your ringing the bell at your elbow, Worsdell, and ordering a glass of sherry and bitters—Dutch bitters, mind; not orange—which may await me here. I am going to unpack, and then wash my hands for dinner.' And off he went.

'That's a nice taste, isn't it?' said Worsdell, whom I had fancied asleep, but who had rung the bell when asked, and now rose up from his sofa to give Winterton's minute order. 'Just like Dick, though.'

'And a pretty reason he gave for his freak, didn't he?' replied I. I must confess I had felt irritated at having no answer ready for Winterton, who was, of course, in the wrong.

'Well, you must allow this doesn't look like a man's nerves being unstrung by ghostly visitants,' returned Worsdell.

'His conversation does not, certainly,' replied I. 'Here come his bitters. What a fish he is for drinking!'

'Well,' said Roberts, who had at last seized upon a pause—'you know I'm not going with Dick to-morrow. Why should I see a man hanged? What is it to me? Of course, I shan't go; I needn't go—need I?'

'You promised, that's all,' said Worsdell very gravely.

'I didn't—did I?' asked Roberts imploringly of me.

'Silence *gives* assent,' I said. 'Why didn't you tell Dick you couldn't go with him? He counts on you now.'

'It's a bore, a very great bore,' said the little gentleman; and thereupon we all went up stairs.

At dinner, Winterton declared, partly, I think, out of opposition to us, that he should go into the town, and look at the preparations for the execution. None of us would agree to go with him, and this probably strengthened his obstinate determination. Go he did, vowing that the landlord should accompany him, but as we looked from the window, we saw that he went alone. When he came back, he rushed up stairs in the most excited manner; and, after a parenthetical inquiry about supper, satisfactorily answered by Worsdell, broke out with: 'Well, whose acquaintance do you think I have made? You'll never guess. I found the jail easily, and the scaffolding on one side was obvious at once. I went there, and ingratiated myself with the workmen, who, as usual, found it very dry work. They hadn't finished their beer, when another spectator came up; he was a little neat-built, apple-faced man, in a green cut-away and gaiters. He looked a character, and I loved him at once.

"It seems all right and tight enough, sir, doesn't it?" said he to me.

"All right enough," I said, "as far as I can see; but the fact is, I never saw an execution before."

"Didn't ye now?" said my friend condescendingly—almost pityingly. "I haven't missed one these twelve years."

"O ho!" thought I; "I know your sort, *mon ami*; you must be one of those of whom spoke our host, one that attends each vindication of the law." I turned round to suggest a friendly glass, when, lo! he whom I would have studied was gone.

"D'ye know who that is, sir?" said the head-carpenter.

"No, I don't," I said. "He seems a good little old soul enough; says he's not missed an execution for twelve years."

"I should think not, sir," said the man with a grin and a nudge. "That's the man what does 'em; that's Jack Ketch!"

We congratulated Winterton on the new acquaintance he had formed, and soon afterwards the subject

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dropped. We sat up late that night, talking before the open window, and I think it was the pleasantest of all the many pleasant chats of my college-days. Winterton's boisterous manner had toned down, but he was a better companion than before. Worsdell's half-cynical sense, and Roberts's oracular nonsense, with the assistance of the great mind of the present writer, who unbent beyond his wont, and somewhat against his will, when he would have preferred departing to bed, combined to draw out Winterton's best characteristics. I remember with what amusement we all listened to him as he pursued to the uttermost some absurd idea; or admired the enthusiasm and ability with which he would defend one of his many theories, by sneering at which Worsdell could always rouse him. At last we broke up, and I well recollect Winterton's last words as we bade him good-night on the stairs: 'Good-night, old fellow. I begin to doubt about the execution to-morrow, unless they wait for me, or send the criminal to call me. It won't break my heart. Good-night.'

I undressed very slowly that night, my head still full of Winterton's talk, and my mind somewhat occupied with that very trite comment on it, 'What a clever fellow he might have been, if he had liked!' It was half an hour before I found myself between the long-wished-for sheets, but I had not time to fall asleep before a knock at the door came. I thought of two nights ago, and said, 'Come in,' somewhat nervously from the bed. The knocker did come in. It was Worsdell—Worsdell girt in an extensive crimson-flowered dressing-gown, and with a long-stemmed pipe in his hand. On his unoccupied arm was a railway-rug, and in the folds of the rug a tobacco-pouch. I was aghast at these convivial preparations, but before I could utter a word of remonstrance, Worsdell spoke as follows:

'I say, do you mind my taking up my quarters here for to-night—on the floor, I mean? I won't talk; and I know you don't mind smoking in your bedroom.'

'Not I,' I answered; 'and you're welcome to the floor, or the bath either, if you like. I see they've filled it, so you'll have a cool bed. Only open the window. But why not smoke and sleep in your own room? It's Dalby, Fred, I do believe, at last. Do say it's Dalby! It *is* Dalby, isn't it?'

'It *is* Dalby,' replied Worsdell with great coolness, but to my utter amazement; 'or else somebody's been playing tricks with us ever since we left Cambridge. I can't understand it. But don't let me keep you awake. I can smoke on comfortably enough till it sends me to sleep.'

'Good Heavens, Worsdell,' I said, jumping up in bed, and sitting bolt upright, '*do* say what you have seen at once! You don't think I can sleep till I know, do you? *Is* it all humbug? You wouldn't be so quiet if anything had happened; speak out—do.' At that moment I felt frantic with curiosity and excitement, and perplexed and half angry at Worsdell's cool composure.

'Well,' he said, 'if you like to hear it, here it is. I sat down before the glass when I went into my room, and undressed by degrees. I was nearly ready for bed when I began to feel lazy, and I fell to thinking about Dick, and wondering what would become of him, after the fool he's made of himself—with his chances, too. Poor Dick! Well, I suppose I fell asleep, for I dreamed, as Dick did, that I was at a supper-party again, with a man behind my chair. I heard, or thought I heard, old Dalby's hem, hem, and woke; but I seemed to wake slowly, and all the time with a notion that some one was watching me. My eyes fell upon the looking-glass—and I saw a face there. I needn't tell you whose it was, or how it looked. I felt sick; but I turned round at once. There was nothing behind me; but I felt a sort of rustle, as if something passed by.'

'And what then?' I cried, for he paused.

'Oh, I put on my dressing-gown, and brought my pipe and rug in here. I don't think I should sleep very well there, you see. If it's a ghost—and I won't quite say now that it mayn't be—of course, I am not likely to have much repose; and the chance is worse still, if it's a fellow playing tricks. But I'll keep a sharp look-out to-morrow. Good-night.'

I began to ask Worsdell more questions, but he was apparently bent on silence, for, after a few random answers, his voice became sleepy, or rather, affectedly so, inasmuch as, though I could get no more replies from him, I have a recollection of seeing the bowl of his pipe still glowing in the darkness, the last thing before I fell asleep. I woke up again, between one and two, in the usual confused state of ideas that every man must experience who has ever been roused suddenly in a strange place of rest. It was some time before I could remember where I was, and under what circumstances. As soon as I had fully recalled to myself my position, I peered out at Worsdell. He was just visible in the moonlight, as he lay on the hearth-rug, with his railway-wrapper carefully wound round him, his long pipe resting in a corner of the cold, shaving-filled, summer-grate, and his head propped up on a pillow which he had extemporised out of the clothes that I had thrown on the floor here and there in the course of my deliberate preparations for bed the night before. There was something very composing about the man, as he lay in his gipsy fashion (quite comfortable, though), and breathed with the regularity of a man who has nothing on his mind. I very soon fell asleep again.

My next waking I shall never forget. It was, as I found out afterwards, a little past nine o'clock. I had been dreaming that I had to wait for a hunt that was to come by, and that about this hunt there was something to be dreaded. (I think that I had been reading lately Boccaccio's *Theodore and Honoria*, or, perhaps, *The Wild Huntsman* of Bürger.) Some one else, I thought, had to await it too, who was standing beside me, and who said that it was coming, and then I felt that horrid sensation peculiar to dreams—the knowledge of something to be avoided coming rapidly nearer and nearer. I heard the running and the shouts of the hunters approaching at the wildest speed. They were real. A crash awakened me, as some one ran along the passage, and dashed into the room. I started up, and saw Winterton holding the door open. The first glance at his face was sufficient to tell me that his mind was gone. He was half-dressed, and calling out incoherently to us: 'He's there now. Come and see him—see him quick. Every night he's been there; I've seen him every night. He talks sometimes. He can't talk now. He's dead!' Then, with a sort of scream, he rushed away as fast as he had come in.

Worsdell, I suppose, had heard and seen all this, for in an instant he was following Winterton at full speed. I threw on a pair of trousers and a coat, and followed too—into Dick's room. On, or rather against, the bed lay Worsdell, fainting, as far as my momentary look at him could inform me. In the middle of the room was a chair, standing by itself. Winterton had hold of the back of this chair, and was shaking it till his whole body seemed as convulsed as his features. The chair, however, remained immovable. Winterton was still shrieking wildly: 'Talk, talk, talk—or go—talk or go—talk, and talk, and go—I can face you now! Don't stare. Go off, Dalby—*go!*' Here the chair suddenly yielded to his efforts, and flew past my head out into the passage; then Winterton dropped on the floor motionless. I pulled the bell frantically, and ran for water to dash in his face; but I had scarcely done this, when Worsdell came to himself, and muttered feebly: 'Dalby!' Winterton, whom I had fancied senseless, immediately yelled out again: 'Go off, Dalby—go!' I was nearly beside myself with perplexity and fright, when, to my great relief, Roberts, the landlord, and

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the servants rushed in, their faces white as sheets, and proceeded to carry off Worsdell, and to undress Winterton. 'Why, in Heaven's name, Roberts, didn't you come before?' I said. 'You must have heard the noise.' Roberts didn't answer, but the landlord did for him.

'We couldn't come in if it was ever so,' he said; 'not as long as *he* were sitting there, for all his back was to us. I saw his face, I did, when I tried to get round him, though. It was awful—right awful. He was off when the gentleman screamed last, and then we ran in.'

'Who? what man?' cried I, more at my wits' end than ever. 'What was in the way? Who sat at the door?'

'Why, the man that was hanged this morning at eight o'clock,' answered he sulkily. 'I saw him turned off myself.'

'Pooh,' I said; 'you were dreaming;' and I ran to Worsdell's room, instinctively keeping clear of the chair. I found him quite himself, but shaking a good deal, and anxious—though I tried to prevent him—to tell me what he had seen. In the chair that Winterton had been unable to move, he had seen Dalby, sitting with his head resting on his breast, his eyes starting from his head, and his whole face swollen and convulsed. On this, Worsdell had felt suddenly sick, and could remember no more. I left him, and immediately met Roberts, who told me that a doctor had been sent for, for Winterton, and was now in his room. As we went there, he told me what he in his turn had seen, and this was simply the back of a man, who was sitting in a chair looking into Winterton's room; but he, too, would swear it was Dalby. To shorten my narrative, I may as well say at once, that the doctor ordered Winterton's friends to be telegraphed for, and that the result of inquiries made by me a few hours afterwards at the jail, was the information, that no other than Dalby had really been hanged at eight o'clock that morning.

On my return from the jail, I proceeded to Worsdell's room, where I knew I should find Roberts—the doctor having prohibited the presence of any one, except the landlady, in poor Winterton's apartment. I then read out to them the information that I had received about the old gyp, all of which I had written down. He had been executed for no less a crime than the murder of his son. This son—his only one, by the way—had also been a gyp at Cambridge, even in our time, and we could just remember him. He had never been on good terms with his father, and shortly after our matriculation at Cambridge, had disappeared, with all the loose money of his father's that he could lay hands on, and a goodly sum from the bank, which he got by means of a forged cheque. The father took no notice of the theft; indeed, he hushed it up so well that few knew of it, but he kept a detective on the steps of his son. After we had been at Cambridge two years, he suddenly vanished, and appeared before his son at Lincoln under the same name that the son had assumed—that of Dalton. It was supposed that the younger man refused the proposal of the elder, that he should emigrate, or exasperated him in some other way, for Dalby's son was found stabbed to death in the room in which they had met; the father having left some hours before, begging that his son might not be disturbed. He was arrested after some time had elapsed, brought back to Lincoln, tried, condemned on the clearest evidence, and executed. After his condemnation, he bequeathed one or two books to Winterton, whom he spoke of occasionally (he never alluded in any way to any one else) with some affection. He wrote Winterton's name in them, too, 'from his grateful servant, Philip Dalby.' He was writing this in the condemned cell, at, or nearly at, the time of his first appearance to Winterton at Peterborough. Nothing had escaped him that accounted at all for his strange partiality for the most wilful of his many masters. We decided on telling all this, with an account of Winterton's conduct during the trip, to poor Dick's father; and we did so. He told us in return, that his son persisted in declaring that he had seen Dalby every night, in accordance with his hasty wish on starting; and that he had been reduced to drinking ether in his bedroom, to enable him to bear up without communication with us. Poor Dick! We never saw him again. The day that Worsdell and I left the senate-house as B.A.s, we read in the paper: 'At Hurstdean, in his 28th year, Richard, eldest son of the Rev. Richard Winterton, Rector of Hurstdean.' His constitution had been impaired, the doctors said, by his way of life, and the shock at Lincoln produced a rapid decline.

Worsdell and I were both converted about ghosts, and so I think was Roberts. He is now the chaplain of a colonial bishop in Africa, and Worsdell an *attaché* in Mexico; but I think that neither of them will forget, as I am sure I never shall, our four days in the fens.

HOW MONSIEUR LESCARBAULT FOUND HIS PLANET.

On the 1st of January in 1801, Piazzi discovered Ceres, the first of that group of little planets which, to the number of fifty-three, revolve between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. It has, however, been conjectured that the inner space between the earth and the sun has similar occupants besides Venus, the alternate morning and evening star, and Mercury, whose proximity to the star of day himself is too close to admit of his being seen, except by very nice observation. The existence of such an inner planet was suspected for some time by M. Le Verrier, in consequence of certain perturbations in the orbit of Mercury, and would probably have been determined by him by processes similar to those which led him and Mr Adams to the simultaneous discovery of Neptune from the perturbations of Uranus, had not actual observation in this case got the start of calculation.

M. Lescarbault, a French physician residing at Orgères, had the good-fortune—which his patience and ingenuity richly deserved—to attend at this last 'accouchement' of the planetary system. The following account is taken from what he himself told and wrote to M. Le Verrier on the subject at the close of last year. As long ago as 1845, when he observed the transit of Mercury which happened in that year, it occurred to him that the existence of new planets within the earth's orbit might be ascertained by watching for their appearance on the sun's disc. Circumstances, however, prevented him from making the observations for many years; and it was not until 1858 that he found himself in a position to follow up the idea. He then began to make frequent careful searches of the sun's disc with the following simple apparatus. Of course he had a telescope; it was one with a horizontal and vertical movement, and fitted with what is called a *finder*—that is, a small telescope fixed to the principal one, and having a low magnifying power to answer the purpose which its name indicates, that of *finding* the body to be observed; for when the magnifying power of the telescope is considerable, the field of view is proportionately diminished; and in searching for the desired object, and fixing the glass upon it, a low power is desirable. In this case, the finder was also made to answer the purpose of far more delicate and accurate instruments. The magnifying power of the eye-piece in the telescope itself was about 150, that of the finder about 6. The object-glass of the telescope had a diameter of four inches. Both in the telescope and

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the finder, the eye-pieces were furnished with fine threads or wires crossing each other at right angles; and it was by the help of these, and a simple and ingenious contrivance of his own, that Lescarbault was enabled to determine with sufficient accuracy the points of first and final contact of the planet with the sun's disc.

He constructed a circular disc of card-board, carefully graduated in half-degrees from 0° to 360°. This, with the help of a plumb-line and a clever contrivance which it would be difficult to explain quite clearly without a diagram, he fixed on the *out*side of the eye-tube of the finder in such a way as to move round with the eye-piece about its axis, and so as to have its initial diameter—that is, its diameter from 0° to 180°—parallel with the central vertical wire *in*side the eye-piece. One more thing was wanted—after the telescope itself, the most essential thing of all—a good chronometer, marking seconds. But this he had to dispense with. A common watch, with a minute-hand, the companion of his professional visits, a very simply constructed pendulum, made of a length to beat seconds when set swinging, and his long practice in counting pulses, had to serve him instead of that essential article of observatory furniture—'the clock.' His apparatus being thus complete, he lay in wait for the expected stranger. On the afternoons, when his medical practice left him at leisure, he would carefully set his watch and observe continuously, for periods varying from half an hour to three hours, the face of the sun. At last, on the 26th of March 1859, his patience and ingenuity were rewarded. He saw upon the sun's disc, advanced a little distance beyond the western side of the upper limb, a small round black spot—its roundness very clearly defined. 'Toujours prêt' is the maxim with astronomers. Not a second was now to be lost. The *time* is in these observations the all-important thing. He marked the time—minutes and seconds—as accurately as possible. But how to know when the black spot, which his practised eye knew was none of the old familiar spots on the sun's face, but the long-looked for star, first came in contact with the sun's edge, or 'limb,' as it is called? He found it thus: He carefully observed the distance of the spot from the limb; he then watched till it had moved—for move it *did*—an equal distance further on the disc; the time thus occupied would represent, as nearly as possible, the time which the spot had already been on the disc before he saw it. Subtracting this from the time of first observation, he got the time of 'first contact.'

But the *place? Where* did it first seem to impinge upon the sun? For this observation, too, he was prepared. Instantly transferring his eye from the telescope to the finder, having fixed the intersection of the central wires upon the spot, he turned the eye-piece round until the two vertical wires on either side of the middle one—which were at the distance from each other of the sun's apparent diameter—became tangents to the sun's edge, and then reading off upon the card-board disc the number of degrees through which it had moved round, he knew the point of first contact. This was 57° 22′ from the sun's upper limb. A similar process determined the point of final contact to be 85° 45′ from the sun's lower limb. Or, if we suppose the face of a watch to represent the sun's disc, the place of twelve o'clock the sun's *upper* limb, six o'clock the sun's *lower* limb, and the hands of the watch to mark ten minutes past three o'clock, the points of first and final contact would be pretty accurately represented. By means of the cross wires, the distance between these two points was calculated to be rather less than one-third of the sun's apparent diameter, and the time occupied in the transit was one hour and seventeen minutes. Had the spot gone right across the sun, along one of its principal diameters, the time occupied would have been about four hours and a half. It is a curious instance of the way in which important events are sometimes on the verge of being turned aside by trifles, that whilst M. Lescarbault was engaged in tracking the little dark spot across the sun, he was called down stairs to a patient. He, however, dismissed him as speedily as possible, and returned to his observation, and watched the strange spot out of sight; in other words, off the sun's edge, when, of course, it was lost in the surrounding brightness, having before been visible only by obscuring the little portion of the sun which it covered.

Such was the observation of March 26, 1859. But why so long kept secret? The explanation is simple enough. M. Lescarbault is an extremely modest as well as ingenious person, and he wished to verify his first observation by a second, before making it known. He accordingly put his calculations by, and watched again. The spot, however, did not reappear. Meanwhile, M. Le Verrier, in a correspondence with M. Faye, announced that there must be some planet hitherto unseen in the immediate neighbourhood of Mercury. This announcement decided the physician of Orgères to acquaint the great astronomer with what he had seen. Le Verrier went down, saw M. Lescarbault, and, without disclosing to him who he was, questioned him with assumed roughness on all the particulars of the alleged observation, made him hunt up the greasy and medicine-stained fragment of paper on which the first notes of the transit had been taken, and a piece of board also on which the first rough calculations had been chalked; and with these verifications, returned to Paris, after assuring the physician-astronomer of Orgères that the discovery was proved to the satisfaction of the director of the Imperial Observatory.

Those who have good eyes and good telescopes may perhaps see the little stranger—may, indeed, *have* seen it before this paper can appear in print—about the spring and autumn equinoxes. The baby-planet is conjectured to be a very fine child, indeed, so much bigger than was expected, that Mercury has given the astronomers a hint to look out for a twin to balance it, or he will yet disturb them with his perturbations.

MRS BIBBS'S BOYS.

Before talking of Mrs Bibbs's boys, it is necessary that we should say something of Mrs Bibbs herself, a widow lady, at the time of our introduction to her, and residing in a suburban mansion of some pretensions, bearing the designation of 'Belgravia House.' Not that Mrs Bibbs had in her married or unmarried state ever resided in Belgravia itself, although some of her recent acquaintances might be led to believe so, from the tenor rather than the manner of her conversation; but having always entertained a profound respect for and interest in Belgravia, she delighted in testifying her veneration for the same by the size of the letters ornamenting the gate of entrance to her recently purchased and enlarged tenement. Leaving the beauties of Belgravia House to the imagination of the reader, hinting only that it is dazzlingly white, picked out with brilliantly green shutters externally, and gorgeous with gilding within, we will return to Mrs Bibbs. Mrs Bibbs was not always Mrs Bibbs; she was once Mrs Wicks, widow, therefore, of course, primarily, wife of 'little Wicks,' the tallow-chandler; 'Dips,' as she was wont to call him in familiar conversation; and before that she had been Albinia Smith, daughter of a wealthy baker, long since gathered to his fathers. Bibbs had been a fashionable hair-dresser in some provincial town; but as Mrs B. considered that she had rather 'let herself down' by this second alliance,

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the profession of the deceased B. was rarely the subject of allusion.

Mrs Bibbs's boys were not her own boys, strictly speaking, for Mrs B. was childless; neither were they adopted boys; nor were they component parts of an 'academy for young gentlemen.' Belgravia House had not been rented or enlarged with 'preparatory' intentions. Mrs Bibbs's boys were the young gentlemen who, for a consideration, agreed to wear buttons in her service, take care of her three pet dogs, clean the knives, boots, and shoes, run errands, and wait at table. These are the heroes of this unromantic history of real life; these the subjects of discussion—I had almost said of dissection—at morning-calls and at evening-parties, with the wealthy widow. The said boys were never known by any other name than James: there was James the first, the second, the third, nay, if all who came 'on trial,' and remained not to don 'the buttons,' were included, if I am not much mistaken, the dynasty extended to a James the twelfth. Then came an abdication, revolution, interregnum, and finally, a change of government, to be chronicled hereafter. At present, we have to speak more particularly of James the first, who arrived with Mrs Bibbs, or rather, with Mrs Bibbs's dogs and pet canary, when she first migrated to our neighbourhood.

James the first was a sharp, active lad, by no means a discredit to Belgravia House or its mistress, when in full dress. His dishabille gained for him—among ourselves—the sobriquet of 'Yellows,' as it consisted of a charity-boy's suit of yellow and green, which he was wearing out, having relinquished his academic studies in favour of instruction and service at Mrs Bibbs's. He was a good-humoured lad, apt to learn, and, in fact, the theme of Mrs Bibbs's daily praises. He waited at table on company-days—assisting in yellows outside on friendly occasions—and was remarkably attentive to Mrs Bibbs's dogs.

James the first remained a year in Mrs Bibbs's Belgravia; then came an unexpected sorrow, a day of grief and consternation to that excellent woman—James actually gave her warning! The ungrateful wretch desired to 'better himself,' nay, had already applied for and half secured a place as under-footman in a nobleman's family. He was not at all uneasy upon the subject of his 'character,' feeling quite sure that his mistress could give him a good one. In vain were Mrs Bibbs's remonstrances, entreaties, invectives, and lamentations; James had made up his mind on the point, and although not chary in expressions of gratitude for past favours, could not be induced to leave his chances of future preferment and happiness in Mrs Bibbs's hands. All that he could do was to offer a substitute, in the person of a younger brother, who was quite ready to take the situation. But with all his readiness to fill his brother's place in Mrs Bibbs's establishment, James the second did not prove a worthy successor to the first of that name.

He was unfortunately deaf, and had the usual vacancy of expression characterising persons so afflicted; moreover, he was dilatory in his work, and slow in the execution of commissions intrusted to him. He was popularly called 'Jimmy Slowboy,' and was the theme of Mrs Bibbs's continual animadversions. He did not remain many weeks in her service. After his departure was an interregnum, during which Mrs Bibbs failed to get suited, either by advertising or private applications. A few were taken on trial, but quickly dismissed, unworthy of the name of 'James,' and spoken of only as 'the boy.'

At length, in despair, the mistress of Belgravia wrote to a friend in the country, and gave a detailed statement of her requirements: 'an active, willing lad, cleanly and intelligent, honest, sober, and of respectable parentage;' in reply to which appeal, a third James appeared, and a singular specimen he was. Short, thick-set, with a large head, looking still more disproportioned to the rest of his frame, from the mass of luxuriant hair, vermilion-hued, which covered it. Possibly he possessed all the qualities detailed above, but in addition, he was distinguished by others less desirable, in consequence of which he was fairly entitled to rank as 'James the unfortunate.' He was always in difficulties, breaking expensive glass and valuable china, nay, even losing one or other of the cherished dogs which Mrs Bibbs committed to his care. They were generally found and brought back again, it is true, but there was invariably a 'something to pay' for their recovery. The pet canary departed altogether, owing to the carelessness of this unlucky youth. Poor Mrs Bibbs, I must say, really bore with all these delinquencies very good-naturedly, but nevertheless she found the James third a great trial. He was fatherless and motherless, moreover, a protégé of the friend through whose recommendation he had been engaged by her; so the lad was suffered to remain, in hopes of improvement, and continued in Mrs Bibbs's service, breaking, injuring, and losing her property *ad libitum*. His mistress left off scolding him, for the more frightened he became, the more serious were his misdemeanours. One fine morning, a tremendous crash resounded through Belgravia House; and looking in at the open drawing-room window I saw the magnificent chandelier lying in fragments upon the tables, chairs, and carpet, in company with other broken articles, which had been scattered by its fall. Mrs Bibbs was out at the time; when she returned, James was 'missing;' he had absconded—abdicated—without so much as taking his own clothes-bundle with him.

For a long time, mystery hung over the fate of James third; all Mrs Bibbs's friends and neighbours were informed of the young gentleman's departure; an advertisement appeared in the *Times*, descriptive of his personal appearance, faithful, and therefore not flattering in its portraiture; all Mrs Bibbs's friends joined with her in wondering what had become of him, and whether he would return to test the truth of the announcement, that 'all would be forgiven him.' At length a claimant appeared for James's belongings, and it was made known that the hopeful youth had quitted Mrs Bibbs's for her Majesty's service, having enlisted into a regiment about to depart for the colonies. Whether he reached that destination in safety, or absconded as unexpectedly as he had done from our neighbourhood, we never ascertained. His widowed mistress once 'easy in her mind' upon the subject of his existence, which she had begun to doubt, accepted an invitation to travel with a friend, and disappeared from her Belgravian residence for some months.

She returned with a fourth James, also red-headed, with an intelligent, but not altogether prepossessing countenance. Clever he unquestionably was; he had his wits about him, and plenty of impudence, too, as I had good opportunity for knowing when seated under my favourite acacia-tree in the summer-time, from whence I could hear much of the conversation carried on between Mr James and the cook, with whom he seemed at perpetual warfare. His tongue certainly was of the glibbest. Mrs Bibbs's stables and knife-house were at the bottom of her garden, but even from thence Master James's songs and laughter were often audible. He was a regular boy for pranks, and ready for any mischief; and one morning, during a heavy storm, he amused himself by walking to and from the knife-house under shelter of a large umbrella—his mistress's property, by the way—carrying singly every knife or fork which was to be, or had been cleaned. He had wasted fully an hour by this promenade knife-cleaning, before being discovered

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by his mistress, who was in search of her umbrella for a friend's use. Mrs Bibbs being very particular about the neatness of his person when in attendance upon herself, had supplied him with every requisite, including some very nice silk-neckerchiefs to wear when driving out or waiting at table; these he had strict orders to preserve carefully and use discreetly, as also his gloves, which seemed invariably lost or mislaid, when required for wear.

One sultry morning, being unable to sleep, I arose unusually early, and opened my window to let in the air, and watch the newly risen sun commence its course. After gazing for some time at the sky, a slight noise from my neighbour's garden caused me to look down in that direction: I was startled by seeing a little figure in shirt and trousers seated on the grass-plot, holding something in his hand attached to a more distant object, upon which his attention seemed centered. Upon closer examination, that centre of attraction proved to be a bird-trap of his own construction, in connection with which was the 'something' he held between his fingers. What could that be? A string was fastened to the trap, but that being too short for the young gentleman's convenience, he had actually lengthened it by a continuation of silk neck-ties. He might have escaped unnoticed, and I should not have been positive on the subject of the neckerchiefs, but his enemy the cook, who was at her churn also unusually early that morning, discovered and reported his delinquency to head-quarters. Mrs Bibbs gave a detailed account of 'my boy James's tricks' at our next interview. Never, surely, was such a boy as that boy! nothing on earth daunted him; and his fibbing propensities were, to use the strong expression of Mrs Bibbs's cook, 'diabolical.' Moreover, he was perpetually eating what he had no right to eat, and drinking what he had no right to drink—new milk and cream in particular, for which he honestly confessed a liking. Also he had literary tastes, which he was fond of cultivating in a remarkably free-and-easy manner; assisting himself from the drawing-room or dining-room to any books that happened to take his fancy; and the more costly their binding, the more likely that they were in his possession if sought or inquired for.

James the fourth was at last, however, deposed, and another wore Mrs Bibbs's buttons. The cause of James's dismissal was well known throughout the neighbourhood, and held sufficient by all to justify that extreme measure. A nephew of Mrs Bibbs's, who was spending a few days with her, had had occasion to enter the lad's bedroom late one night in search of some embrocation which he had neglected to restore to its owner, and discovered the youth, whom the rest of the household had supposed soundly asleep, in bed certainly, but with a cigar in his mouth—the perfume of which was not altogether unfamiliar to the visitor—a candle on his bed, in a most dangerous position, and a book in his hand. The book was, I believe, *Lalla Rookh*, an elegantly bound drawing-room edition.

Once more there was an interregnum with more boys on trial, and then James the fifth. He was a handsome lad, and a well-mannered one as well; in fact, he very soon earned the name of 'the good boy,' or James the best, and for six months he maintained that character. Then came a day, a fatal day, in which it was discovered that the bright-eyed, pleasant-spoken youth was a thief, and a very clever and experienced one, having more than once figured before a magistrate. Poor Mrs Bibbs was inconsolable, as much at the loss of the boy as of his character, and at first declared that she would never engage another, till the housemaid threatened to give warning unless there was a boy of some sort about the premises. That housemaid always had been more favourable to the Jameses than the cook; and as Mrs Bibbs had had her in her service, when quite a girl, in Dipe's last illness, parting with the housemaid was out of the question; so another boy was engaged.

This last venture was really a fortunate one. James sixth, or 'the Paragon,' did his indoor work punctually, and his out-of-door work satisfactorily, was kind to the dogs, and at once approved of by the fastidious Turk, who wagged his tail at him on his first appearance at the gate. Peaches and other delicacies no longer disappeared surreptitiously, as in the reign of James fourth, and cook's cream remained untouched till converted into butter. Mrs Bibbs was a happy woman; she visited amongst her neighbours; they, in turn, were guests at her house; and her domestic affairs continued on the most satisfactory footing for two whole years; then—then came the final crash, a catastrophe such as had not been since Mrs Bibbs had kept boys. It spread like wildfire through the length and breadth of our inflammable neighbourhood. The Paragon quitted Belgrave House suddenly, on 'urgent private affairs:' he had been a husband for some months, and was now a father! He had secretly married the paragon housemaid, who, being rather ailing latterly, had had a holiday to recruit her strength—her mistress keeping her place open for her for a month or two. I need not say, that when her health was recruited, she did not return to her situation. She is old enough to be James's mother, 'but that's her affair, not mine,' as Mrs Bibbs observed when announcing to us her intention of having nothing more to do with boys.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIMITED LIABILITY—A MODIFICATION.

It is quite obvious that, in view of the late ruinous results from unlimited liability in joint-stock banks, men of large means will henceforth hesitate about accepting shares in such concerns. Executors and trustees, in dread of personal responsibility, will also sell out as fast as they can, and never buy in again. The *personnel* connected with every joint-stock bank will thus be lowered in character, and banking will fall in a great measure into the hands of reckless people of little substance. This is certainly a result which it is very desirable to see averted.

On the other hand, with strictly limited liability, a bank could scarcely expect much business, particularly in the department of deposits.

An attempt is now in the course of being made to commingle these two principles, so as to satisfy both.

In the case of the Bank of Manchester, which within the last twelve months passed from Unlimited to Limited Liability, the plan fallen upon was to have shares virtually of L.4 paid up, but nominally of L.10, and the liability limited to the larger sum. Thus, a man of large fortune investing L.4000, was liable for L.10,000, but would never be called upon to sacrifice any more. In the case of the Commercial Bank of Liverpool, which proposes to follow the same plan, the in-put is a ten-pound share, all paid up, constituting the capital on which the concern has been successfully conducted for twenty-seven years, while there will be a responsibility to the extent of L.20 on each share, or strictly double the in-put. It is calculated that, with a paid-up capital of L.500,000, a responsibility for L.500,000 more, and the reserved fund of L.125,000, the public will have a tolerable guarantee for the soundness of the concern, especially if the present respectable list of shareholders be made, as is expected, still better. The first of these banks has already had six months'

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experience of the system, and reports favourably. The business, including that of the deposits, has increased, and the number of shareholders has risen 40 per cent., there being among the new ones 'some highly respectable persons who would not hold joint-stock bank shares under Unlimited Liability.'

The experiment is an interesting one; but we suspect there is little choice in the matter, for if unlimited liability brings banks, as it is now doing, more and more into the hands of widows and spinsters, and others who have little or nothing to lose beyond the amount of their shares, it will soon be unlimited only in name, and only too limited in reality. An honest limited liability, with a good shareholders' list, and a twice a year publication of accounts, strikes us as much better in every respect and for all parties. It is also an important circumstance that the Bank of England, the Bank of Ireland, the Bank of Scotland, Royal Bank of Scotland, and British Linen Company's Bank (Scotland), being the banks which one would single out as the most *certainly* safe concerns of the kind in the empire, are all of them banks of limited liability.

INSURANCE-OFFICE LITIGATIONS.

Whenever an insurance office resists a claim, and the case comes before a jury, there is usually observed in the latter body a tendency to sympathise with the claimant. So much is this the case, that respectable insurance offices scarcely ever resist payment except in cases where they think the claim particularly fraudulent or fallacious, knowing well that if the matter can be interpreted otherwise, it is sure to be so. The ordinary sort of men who constitute the bulk of juries here follow an instinct on the whole amiable—a solicitude about the interests of the one against the many, of the powerless against the powerful. But the only legitimate scope of this feeling is a watchfulness to see that the individual is not wronged. If we allow the individual to commit a wrong, or back him up or help him out in it, however multiform, rich, or powerful be the opposite party, we are obviously acting much aside from our duty. Juries ought, therefore, in all such cases, to be very careful to weigh simply the truth and the justice of the matter, and to be scrupulous lest feeling should have undue sway with them.

They would probably be less liable to error in this last respect, if they had a more correct conception of what 'the office' really is. Commonly, it is viewed as an impersonal thing, which can no more be hurt than a stock or a stone, and which, especially, never can suffer by having a little gold excavated out of it. In truth, the office is a congeries of human beings, with interests exactly like those of the claimant. Whether proprietary or mutual in the principle of insurance, its policies are simply engagements between man and man, with human interests to be damaged or protected, on both sides equally. In the case of a proprietary establishment, the wrong inflicted by a policy-holder infers a slice cut away from profits; in that of a mutual office, it is an injury done by one towards a number of people associated with him in one common venture. You may be sympathising with a widow claimant; but there are widows on the other side too, whose ultimate benefits will be the less if you favour one unduly just now. Or you may be wishing to give to some adroit male adventurer what ought ultimately to belong to the widows and fatherless. Pause, then, jurymen: there is, you may depend upon it, no true rule to be followed but that of a strict justice between the parties.

THE POETESS ABROAD.

It would be enough for most ladies to be universally acknowledged to be the greatest female poet that ever wrote; but Mrs Browning exceeds the rest of her sex as greatly in ambition as in genius. She would be Prophet as well as Bard—professions which, in these later times, have altogether ceased to be identical. Her *Casa Guidi Windows* is still, we believe, to be had at the booksellers', and in the first edition, a beautiful and too enduring monument of the untrustworthiness of poetical prediction. We do not wonder, living as she does amidst the 'alien vines' of Italy, that her great heart should feel for that unfortunate country, and sympathise with its yearnings after freedom—its struggles to escape from under foot of that Austria which, 'with the smooth olive-wreath on her brute forehead,' prateth of peace where there is no peace; but she should not suffer the sheen of that glorious land so to dazzle her that she forgets the less favoured fields at home. This absenteeism, it seems, works no better with people of genius than with Irish landlords. Because England is not ready to spend blood and treasure as the Great Napoleon did—which, with Mrs Browning, means the present Emperor—for the emancipation of the Italian peninsula, and with no other end or aim, she is bitter against it as a renegade. When that Deliverer was elected Autocrat of France, she confesses that, for her part, she did not hymn that event with a song of triumph, nor hail it with much of hope.

> I was not used, at least,
> Nor can be, now or then,
> To stroke the ermine beast
> On any kind of throne
> (Though builded by a nation for its own),
> And swell the surging choir for kings of men.
>
> But now, Napoleon, now
> That, leaving far behind the purple throng
> Of vulgar monarchs, thou
> Tread'st higher in thy deed
> Than stair of throne can lead,
> To help in the hour of wrong
> The broken hearts of nations to be strong—
> Now, lifted as thou art
> To the level of pure song,
> We stand to meet thee on these Alpine snows!
> And while the palpitating peaks break out
> Ecstatic from somnambular repose
> With answers to the presence and the shout,
> We, poets of the people, who take part
> With elemental justice, natural right,
> Join in our echoes also, nor refrain.
> We meet thee, O Napoleon, at this height
> At last, and find thee great enough to praise.
> Receive the poet's chrism, which smells beyond
> The priest's, and pass thy ways;—
> An English poet warns thee to maintain
> God's word, not England's:—let His truth be true,
> And all men liars! with His truth respond
> To all men's lie. Exalt the sword and smite
> On that long anvil of the Apennine
> Where Austria forged the Italian chain in view
> Of seven consenting nations, sparks of fine
> Admonitory light,
> Till men's eyes wink before convictions new.
> Flash in God's justice to the world's amaze,
> Sublime Deliverer!—after many days
> Found worthy of the deed thou art come to do.

These bards rush in where Able Editors fear to tread!

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It was well that, in the hour of inspiration, when those last two lines were written, no vision of the coming peace at Villafranca was vouchsafed to the inward eye of the poetess, or the world would have lost some stirring verses. When the peace did take place—and not without its shock even for this Napoleon-worshipper—it merely afforded opportunity for another poem, one verse of which represents the Emperor standing 'sad, before the sun,' and indulging in the following reflection:

> The world is many—I am one;
> My great deed was too great.
> God's fruit of justice ripens slow:
> Men's souls are narrow; let them grow.
> My brothers, we must wait.

Happy, again, was it that, at the time of composition of that stanza, no Imperial fingers were foreshadowed clutching at the guerdon for his help, a new department for his kingdom. Mrs Browning is doubtless now employed in versifying some justification of her hero for that latest act in the Italian drama. We have heard that the writings of this English admirer of his are not unread by him; and if so, we should like to have seen the expression of the imperial countenance when he perused the following lines:

> Is this a man like the rest,
> This miracle, made unaware
> By a rapture of popular air,
> And caught to the place that was best?
> You think he could barter and cheat
> As vulgar diplomates use,
> With the people's heart in his breast?
> Prate a lie into shape
> Lest truth should cumber the road;
> Play at the fast and loose
> Till the world is strangled with tape;
> Maim the soul's complete
> To fit the hole of a toad;
> And filch the dogman's meat
> To feed the offspring of God?
>
> Nay, but he, this wonder,
> He cannot palter nor prate,
> Though many around him and under,
> With intellects trained to the curve,
> Distrust him in spirit and nerve
> Because his meaning is straight.
> Measure him ere he depart
> With those who have governed and led;
> Larger so much by the heart,
> Larger so much by the head.
>
> He holds that, consenting or dissident,
> Nations must move with the time;
> Assumes that crime with a precedent
> Doubles the guilt of the crime;
> —Denies that a slaver's bond,
> Or a treaty signed by knaves,
> (*Quorum magna pars* and beyond
> Was one of an honest name),
> Gives an inexpugnable claim
> To abolishing men into slaves.

The Emperor Napoleon must have had no little difficulty in recognising himself in such a mirror, and been as much astonished, perhaps, at the heroic unselfishness he had been unconsciously exhibiting as his countryman in the play was, who found he had been talking prose all his life without his own knowledge.

'Noble verse, but erring thought,' is in this volume, as Ruskin once wrote of a great poet, and yet not by so much greater than her we speak of. The voice that sang so wisely the *Fourfold Aspect*, so tenderly the *Cry of the Children*, so finely the *Dead Pan*, is strong and clear as ever, dealing—though in the female treble—with matters of the day with a far greater ease and power than the laureate uses, although, like her gifted husband, Mrs Browning sometimes goes out of her way to devise uncomfortable and halting metres whereby to express her thoughts; as in *Italy and the World*, in this present volume,* wherein she drives that heroic country about in much such a vehicle—metaphorically speaking—as Mr Thomas Sayers of the prize-ring might return in from a victory, to his 'crib' in town.

We wonder what our Irish friends, now subscribing to the Apostolic Father in Rome, will think of these *Christmas Gifts* accorded to his Holiness by Mrs Browning:

> Cardinals left and right of him,
> Worshippers round and beneath,
> The silver trumpets at sight of him
> Thrill with a musical blast:
> But the people say through their teeth:
> Trumpets? we wait for the Last!'
>
> He sits in the place of the Lord,
> And asks for the gifts of the time;
> Gold, for the haft of a sword,
> To win back Romagna averse,
> Incense, to sweeten a crime,
> And myrrh, to embitter a curse.
>
> Then a king of the west said: 'Good!
> I bring thee the gifts of the time;
> Red, for the patriot's blood,
> Green, for the martyr's crown,
> White, for the dew and the rime,
> When the morning of God comes down.'
>
> —O mystic tricolor bright!
> The pope's heart quailed like a man's:
> The cardinals froze at the sight,
> Bowing their tonsures hoary:
> And the eyes in the peacock-fans
> Winked at the alien glory.

The worst part of the sixty-five pages that make up this book, is the attack upon England which concludes it, entitled *A Curse for a Nation;* it is in bad taste and worse metre, besides which disadvantages, its statements do not happen to be correct. England does *not* 'keep her calm footing upon writhing bond-slaves,' nor do 'the fiend's work perfectly in strangling martyrs;' it does *not*

> Watch while nations strive
> With the blood-hounds, die or survive,
> Drop faint from their jaws,
> Or throttle them backward to death,
> And only under its breath
> Favour the cause;

as Mrs Browning may read in the debates of parliament, as reported in the columns of the *Times* any day of the week except Monday. Moreover, there is scarcely an honest man in England who would not help Italy, and free Venetia, if he only knew how to set about it: therein lies the whole reason of its apparent sluggishness, and it would be doing a real good if, in the next political poem with which she favours us, our authoress would indicate the precise steps that ought to be taken. It is something that Mrs Browning does now and then entertain a doubt of a thing being done which has once been taken in hand by her hero-emperor; and we will conclude with a beautiful extract from her *Napoleon III. in Italy*, which exhibits this rare misgiving:

> But Italy, my Italy,
> Can it last, this gleam?
> Can she live and be strong,
> Or is it another dream
> Like the rest we have dreamed so long?

* *Poems before Congress.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Chapman and Hall.

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And shall it, must it be,
That after the battle-cloud has broken
She will die off again
Like the rain,
Or like a poet's song
Sung of her, sad at the end
Because her name is Italy—
Die and count no friend?
Is it true—may it be spoken—
That she who has lain so still,
With a wound in her breast,
And a flower in her hand,
And a grave-stone under her head,
While every nation at will
Beside her has dared to stand
And flout her with pity and scorn,
Saying: 'She is at rest,
She is fair, she is dead,
And, leaving room in her stead
To Us who are later born,
This is certainly best!'
Saying: 'Alas! she is fair,
Very fair, but dead,
And so we have room for the race.'
—Can it be true, be true,
That she lives anew?
That she rises up at the shout of her sons,
At the trumpet of France,
And lives anew?—is it true
That she has not moved in a trance,
As in Forty-eight?
When her eyes were troubled with blood
Till she knew not friend from foe,
Till her hand was caught in a strait
Of her cerement, and baffled so
From doing the deed she would;
And her weak foot stumbled across
The grave of a king,
And down she dropped at heavy loss,
And we gloomily covered her face, and said:
'We have dreamed the thing;
She is not alive, but dead.'

Now, shall we say
Our Italy lives indeed?
And if it were not for the beat and bray
Of drum and trump of martial men,
Should we feel the underground heave and strain,
Where heroes left their dust as a seed
Sure to emerge one day?
And if it were not for the rhythmic march
Of France and Piedmont's double hosts,
Should we hear the ghosts
Thrill through ruined aisle and arch,
Throb along the frescoed wall,
Whisper an oath by that divine
They left in picture, book, and stone,
That Italy is not dead at all?
Ay, if it were not for the tears in our eyes,
These tears of a sudden passionate joy,
Should we see her arise
From the place where the wicked are overthrown,
Italy, Italy? loosed at length
From the tyrants' thrall,
Pale and calm in her strength?
Pale as the silver cross of Savoy
When the hand that bears the flag is brave,
And not a breath is stirring, save
What is blown
Over the war-trump's lip of brass,
Ere Garibaldi forces the pass!

Alas, alas! why does a lady who can sing like this persist in writing leading articles? What an unfortunate allusion, as it now turns out, is that to the silver cross of Savoy! Mrs Browning may

Cry aloud in her poet passion,
Viewing her England o'er Alp and sea,
I loved her more in her ancient fashion—
She carries her rifles too thick for me;

but with her good leave, or without it, and by help of our volunteers, we will at least confine the annexations of her darling Emperor *to eastward*.

WINE-DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

WHETHER London was the capital of a Roman colony when the vine was first introduced into England, is matter for discussion, but there is no doubt about the grape being cultivated here as early as the eighth century. After the Conquest, the vineyards increased in number; new ones being formed, among other places, at Ware, Westminster, and Holbourne. The monks, who shewed their taste and judgment by erecting their monasteries in the most beautiful, fertile, and sheltered valleys in the realm, were naturally the most successful growers of the grape. By the middle of the twelfth century, vineyards extended over large tracts of the country, Gloucestershire being especially celebrated for producing plenty of excellent wine, almost equal to the growths of France. But the climate rendered the cultivation too uncertain and too costly for the native wines long to withstand the competition of their more favoured rivals, and the vine gradually disappeared, to make way for more profitable crops.

Mead and ale were the favourite drinks of the Anglo-Saxons, but the rich among them were not unacquainted with the vintages of France, the use of which spread, of course, after the Conquest; and upon the acquisition of Guienne, in 1152, a brisk commerce sprang up between England and France, and the wine-trade with Bordeaux was opened. King John inaugurated his unhappy, dishonourable reign with a decree commanding that Rochelle, a light red wine, should be sold at twenty shillings per tun; and Anjou, a strong, sweet, white wine, probably the produce of Touraine, at twenty-three shillings. He also exacted a royalty of one tun before the mast, and one tun behind the mast, out of every cargo imported. His successor levied, under the name of 'gauge,' an additional tax of one penny per tun, which duty was paid upon 8846 tuns between Michaelmas 1272 and Martinmas 1273. Edward I. relieved the wines of Gascony from this tax, and consequently that country nearly monopolised the English market for clarets and light wines; the trade, too, was entirely in the hands of the Gascons, English merchants being expressly forbidden to import Gascon wines, until the Black Prince induced his father to remove the prohibition; and in 1372 a fleet of no less than two hundred sail entered Bordeaux, to be laden with wine. So thoroughly did the wines of France suit the palates of Englishmen then, that the knights who accompanied the hero of Cressy and Poitiers in his Castilian campaign in aid of Peter the Cruel, rejoiced at leaving Spain, because the fiery wines of that country burnt up their livers, and aggravated the discomfort occasioned by the heat of the climate and the weight of their armour. At this time, wine was sold only on draught; and new wine being in request, tavern-keepers were forbidden to sell it while any old remained in the cellar. Its price was fixed by annual assessment. In the reign of Richard II., Malvesie, or Malmsey, the fashionable wine, sold at sixteenpence per gallon; Vernage, a red Tuscan wine, at the high price of two shillings; Crete, Provence, Candia, Mount Rose, Trubidiane, and Claire, at one shilling; Rhenish, at eightpence; and a kind of *vin ordinaire* as low as threepence per gallon. In 1381, wine rose to L.5

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per tun; and six years afterwards, was so abundant that the choicest vintages imported were to be bought for twenty shillings.

The wines of this period being more or less harsh and acid, it became customary to mix spices, sugar, and honey with them, which, under the name of 'piments,' were drunk as liqueurs now are. A banquet without piment would have wanted its greatest essential; indeed, it was considered such a luxury that the clergy were forbidden to taste it except on high holidays. The two favourite piments were hypocras and clarry. The first was made of red or white wine, mixed with ginger, cinnamon, grains, sugar, and turesoll, if intended for the nobility and gentry; common people being contented with ginger, long pepper, and clarified honey. It derived its name from being strained through a particular shaped bag called 'Hippocrates's sleeve.' Hypocras was drunk between the courses, or at the termination of the banquet, besides being often served with biscuits, only as a light morning-refection. Clarry was claret mixed with honey, generally drunk fasting, or taken as a composing-draught the last thing at night. The only 'piments' that have found favour with modern palates are the *vermuth* or wormwood wine of Hungary, and Bishop—

> Three cups of which a prudent man may take:
> The first of these, for constitution's sake;
> The second, to the lass he loves the best;
> The third and last, to lull him to his rest.

This episcopal comforter is made by infusing Seville oranges in Bordeaux or Burgundy, and sweetening it with sugar; by substituting old Rhine wine, it becomes 'cardinal;' while Tokay, under like treatment, assumes the proud title of 'pope.'

The consumption of wine in the houses of the nobles was something extraordinary. The retainers of the Earl of Leicester used 371 pipes a year. At the installation of Neville, the brother of Warwick the King-maker, as Archbishop of York, besides 300 tuns of ale, the company disposed of a pipe of Hypocras and 100 tuns of wine. But we must remember that the solids of the banquet consisted of 104 oxen, 6 wild bulls, 500 stags, 304 calves, 304 swine, 1000 sheep, 2000 pigs, 204 kids, 22,000 fowls, and 300 quarters of wheat. That such profusion was not unparalleled, we are assured by the fact of 30,000 dishes being served up at the Earl of Cornwall's marriage-feast.

In the reign of Richard III., the wine of Tyre, made near Damascus, was first imported into England by Venetian merchants, who were compelled to bring ten yews for bows with each cask of wine. Other vintages soon found their way over the sea, among them, Romenay, a Greek wine; Ossye, a rich, highly flavoured growth of Alsace; Muscadelle; and brown and white Bastard. Andalucian wines also tempted the *bon-vivant*, and were then, as now, noted for their strength, for which reason the father of English poetry warns his readers to keep from

> The white wine of Lepe,
> That is to sell in Fish Street and in Chepe.
> This wine of Spain creepeth subtlely,
> And other wines growing fast by,
> Of which riseth such fumosity,
> That when a man hath drunk draughts three,
> And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,
> He is in Spain, right at the town of Lepe.

Bluff King Hal vainly attempted to keep down the price of wine by royal enactment. Malmsey, which still maintained its reputation, and was the only wine drunk in the king's household, had, in 1550, risen to 4d. per quart (it was 2d. in 1500), and in another year was not to be obtained under 5d. Edward VI. endeavoured to limit the use of the juice of the grape by forbidding any but nobles, the sons of nobles, and gentlemen with a thousand marks, to keep above ten gallons of wine in the house. High-sheriffs, magistrates, and citizens of fortified towns, alone were permitted to keep vessels of wine for their own use. Only two taverns in a town were allowed to retail it, exceptions being made in favour of the more important places: thus, London was allowed 40 wine-taverns; York, 8; Bristol, 6; Cambridge, Hull, Gloucester, West Chester, Canterbury, and Newcastle, 4; Oxford, Westminster, Lincoln, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Ipswich, Colchester, Winchester, and Southampton, 3 each. Cranmer did his part by issuing an ordinance to restrain the table extravagances of the clergy, which was obeyed for some two months, and then unanimously disregarded by the reverend lovers of good living. Queen Mary, like a true daughter of the church, instead of putting the clergy on short allowance, sought to protect them against the knaveries of the dealers, any of whom, detected in mixing old wine with new, or either with water, were punished by the forfeiture of their freedom, the adulterated liquor being emptied into the street-channels.

According to all accounts, the English nation had hitherto borne the honourable reputation of being the soberest of the northerns. Unfortunately, the army sent by Elizabeth into the Netherlands learned there to drown themselves with drinking, and impair their own healths in quaffing bumpers to that of others. Their example was followed too readily by their countrymen, who consumed thirty thousand tuns of some ninety sorts of foreign wine in the year. Some drank the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some Bordeaux; they wanted neither Sherry, sweet Maligo, delicate Canary, amber-coloured Candy, liquorish Hypocras, brown beloved Bastard, nor fat Alicant, as taste prompted; but the dry white wines of Spain had superseded those of France in popular favour, to which fact the gallant South-sea adventurer, Sir Richard Hawkins, attributes the prevalence of hot fevers, dropsy, and infinite other diseases not known in the country before. This must have been a foul libel upon sack, respecting the identity of which so many diverse opinions have been expressed. It seems to be a corruption of *sec* or *seck*, signifying a dry wine; a term first applied to the white wine of Spain, but afterwards extended to others of a like character. 'Your best sacks,' says Markham, 'are of Xeres, in Spain; your smaller, of Galicia and Portugal; your strong sacks are of the islands of the Canaries and of Maligo.' The 'full Mermaid wine,' the lack of which Beaumont felt so much when obliged to content himself in his country retirement with water mixed with claret lees, was without doubt sherry-sack, on the good qualities of which Sir John Falstaff so unctuously dilates: 'A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it at work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack cometh and sets it in act and use. If I had a thousand sons, the

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first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.' However unwarranted this eulogium may appear to us, it would not sound extravagant to the ears of a Globe audience. The fat knight's argument was that held by many of the medical luminaries of his day, some of whom went so far as to contend that it was necessary to a man's health that he should get drunk upon sack once a month at least! Nor was it the drink of the coarser part of creation only, for women took their ease at their inn with mulled sack with plenty of ginger in it. Sherris-sack did not long maintain its pride of place ere it was ousted by Canary-sack, in praise of which Herrick grew rapturous, and of which the more sedate Howell wrote: 'Of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry injunction, that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven—ergo, good wine carrieth a man to heaven. If this be true, surely more Englishmen go to heaven this way than any other, for I think there is more Canary brought into England than to all the world beside.'

Under James, the national character was anything but improved. The king himself drank the strongest of wines, and set an example that had no lack of imitators. When the king of Denmark paid a visit to England, in honour of the guest, the court adopted the Danish custom, 'more honoured in the breach than the observance,' of drinking the health of every person present in rotation, till both the gentlemen and ladies of the court got exceedingly drunk. The court of his successor was rather better ordered. Charles thought it necessary to fix the price of wine by proclamation on the following scale: Best French and Gascon wine, L.18 per tun, 6d. per quart; Canary, Muscadel, and Alicant, at L.16 per pipe, and 1s. per quart; Rochelle, L.15 per tun, and 6d. per quart. At the same time, selling it in bottles was strictly prohibited. Three years afterwards (1641), in order to supply the American colonies, the trade with Madeira was opened. During the civil contentions that followed, the Cavaliers celebrated their victories by

> Tossing off Canary cups
> With a Sassarara;

or

> Recovered many a desperate campaign
> With Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne;
> Restored the fainting high and mighty
> With brandy, wine, and aqua vitæ,
> And made 'em stoutly overcome
> With Baccharach, Hockamore, and Mum.

There was not much carousing at the court of the Protector, but, spite of puritanism, the reproach of drunkenness was not by any means removed. The author of *God's Plea for Nineveh* calls his fellow-countrymen the grape-suckers of the earth. 'To be strong to drink wine is become a kind of chivalry; men waging battle at their full bowls as in a pitched field; they who have drunk down most, are like them that have knocked down most.' Neither could the modesty of the fair sex restrain them from the like excess: 'We can find a multitude of them intemperate, sottish women, who will quaff with the most riotous, and give pledge for pledge, and take off cup for cup.'

When the king enjoyed his own again, when spaniels littered in the royal chambers of Whitehall, and Nell Gwyn flouted the Duchess of Portsmouth, assuredly the ladies had not improved. Mrs Aphra Behn says they drank hard according to their quality. 'Your citizens' wives simper and sip, and will be drunk *without* doing credit to the treater; but in their *closets* they swinge it away, whole slashes, i' faith; and egad, when a woman drinks by herself, glasses come thick about. Your gentlewoman or your little lady drink half-way, and thinks, in point of good manners, she must leave some at the bottom; but your thoroughbred-woman of honour drinks all.' Charles himself loved the rosy beverage well enough, and it did not need much persuasion on the part of Lord Mayor Vyner to induce the easy monarch to return and 'take t'other bottle.' Secretary Pepys loved a glass, too, and paid many a visit in 1661 to the Rhenish wine-house in Cannon Row; so many that, at the end of the year, he was afraid to make up his accounts, and took a solemn oath to abstain from wine and the playhouse. He was apparently too inveterate a playgoer to keep the latter portion of his vow, but he is found eating venison at Guildhall without daring to take wine. On another occasion—that of the mayoralty feast—while the company were drinking all sorts of wine out of wooden trenchers and dishes, Pepys only drank Hypocras, satisfying his conscience that he did not thereby break his vow, inasmuch as it was only a mixed compound drink, and not wine. Not that he was quite easy either, for he appends the pathetic ejaculation: 'If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I do hope and think I am not.' For five years he never entered the Rhenish wine-house; when he did so again, he was shewn the French manner of drinking healths, just then come into fashion: 'when a health is drunk, you bow to him who drank to you, and then apply yourself to him, whose lady's health is drunk, and then to the person you drink to.' In 1666, Louis XIV. sent Charles a present of 200 hogsheads of Burgundy, Hermitage, and Champagne—the first recorded importation of the last-named wine.

With the Restoration, the wines of France had recovered their positions; with the 'glorious Revolution,' they again lost it. As soon as the French monarch declared for James, the English government imposed a prohibitive duty upon French wines. The stock of Claret in England soon became exhausted; a substitute was absolutely necessary, and so, in 1689, the red wine of Portugal made its début in London. It was not received with much favour, as the following extract will shew:

> Some Claret, boy!—'Indeed, sir, we have none.
> Claret, sir; Lord! there's not a drop in town.
> We have the best Red Port.'—What's that you call
> Red Port?—'A wine, sir, comes from Portugal.
> I'll fetch a pint, sir.'
> Mark how it smells! Methinks a real pain
> Is by its odour thrown upon my brain.
> I've tasted it—'tis spiritless and flat,
> And has as many different tastes
> As can be found in compound pastes.

The wines of Syracuse, Barcelona, and Navarre, differing as they did from the new importation, were all classed as Port. With Anne, French wines came in again. The town-gallants drank Burgundy of a morning, and spirit of Clary and brimmers of Claret with their turbot and salmon at Locket's. Pope sat up till two o'clock over Burgundy and Champagne. The wines of Tuscany grew, too, in estimation, and the Florence wines became common at the taverns. Swift, whose curse had been evoked by the badness of a flask for which he paid four-and-sixpence, received from St John a chest, such as the Duke of Tuscany was in the habit of sending over to the principal ministers. At first, he was mightily pleased with the gift, but within a fortnight, the wine became sour, and almost undrinkable. Young found the ladies of his time no less blameable than Reeve and Behn found those of the Protectorate and Restoration:

> The ladies long at men of drink exclaimed,
> And what impaired both health and virtue blamed;
> At length, to rescue man, the generous lass,
> Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.

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Dr Johnson, as we all know, loved a quiet bottle of Port at the Mitre, and Goldsmith had a weakness for Madeira. Cumberland, in his reply to *Retaliation*, assigns priestly Port to Johnson, gay Champagne to Garrick, rich Burgundy to Reynolds, pure Castilian to Burke, and conventual Sherry to Derry's Dean, which the latter repudiated as too monastic, exclaiming: 'Instead of your Sherry, pray, make me a—bishop!'

At one time, Tokay became fashionable, and that strange son of a strange mother, Wortley Montagu, used to import his own, drinking half a pint every day, and selling the overplus at any price he chose to put upon it. It was Tokay that Iphigenia Chudleigh recommended to the Duke of Kingston at her Vertumnian supper.

In 1703, a treaty was negotiated by Mr Methuen, by which, in consideration of Portugal favouring the importation of English woollens, England bound herself to impose 33⅓ per cent. higher duty upon the wines of France than that levied on Portuguese vintages. This short-sighted preference of two millions of poor for thirty millions of rich customers soon bore its natural fruit: the French markets were closed against British manufactures, while, as a recompense, English wine-drinkers had the satisfaction of buying worse wine at a higher price. In twenty-five years the imports of Port rose from 7567 to 21,805 pipes. Not content with this, the Portuguese government, in direct violation of the treaty, granted a charter to a company of English merchants styling themselves the Oporto Wine-company. The growth of wine for exportation was limited to certain lands on the Douro, the wine raised was placed at the absolute disposal of the Company, who fixed the price to be paid to the cultivator and by the foreigner. They made no distinction as to quality, paying all alike, and, as a natural consequence, the growers strove only to raise the greatest possible quantity, adulterating the finer vintages, to reduce them to the average. Secure against any competition, the Company trebled and quadrupled their price, actually shipping wine to England at L.40 per pipe, which they sold elsewhere for L.20. At length the remonstrances of our government induced Don Pedro, in 1833, to abolish the Company; but a new one was soon afterwards chartered, almost equally privileged, and the injustice aggravated by the imposition of an export duty of L.3, 10s. per pipe. The English government again remonstrated; and in 1852, the new Company was broken up, equal duties imposed upon all wines exported, and the trade in some degree opened.

In 1794, wine was imported in the following proportion: from Portugal, 75·67 per cent.; Spain, 16·67; France, 3·26. In 1803 and 1804, an increased duty laid upon wine reduced the importations in one year from 30,000 to 18,000 tuns! In 1831, the duties were equalised, and the relative quantities of wine consumed as follows: Portugal, 43·58; Spanish, 33·63; French, 4·09; Cape, 8·69; Sicilian, 4·18, shewing a great decrease as far as Port is concerned. In 1840, the difference was still greater, Portugal being 40·72; Spanish, 38·16; French, 5·21; Sicilian, 5·86. In 1854, Spain passed Portugal, the return being—Portugal, 36·69; Spain, 38·34; France, 8·12; miscellaneous, 11·19. Of the consumption of wines during the past year, remarkable for the influx of South African vintages, we append a statement, by which it will be seen that Port has again lost ground, the fact being, that whereas red wines used to have the preference over white, two-thirds of the wine sold here is of the latter description. In 1859, Spain has sent us 2,876,578 gallons; Portugal, 2,017,338; the Cape, 781,581; France, 695,911; Sicily, 224,411; Madeira, 29,565; other countries, 637,581—making a sum-total of 7,262,965 gallons of wine, or one glass a day for fourteen in every thousand of our population.

THE SISTERS.

Two sisters sit by the embers,
Watching the fire burn low:
It is of me they are thinking
In their hearts, I know.

And scarce a word is spoken,
As side by side they sit:
And if they speak, there is little
Of what they think in it.

For they love me, both, past telling;
And that they think upon.
Pity they both should love me,
Who can love but one.

Love is a blessing, surely;
It should make us glad:
Pity, with so much loving,
Three should be so sad.

The little heart is breaking
To lean upon my breast:
She is but a child, the youngest:
I love the eldest best.

But if she love me strongly,
She cannot bear to see
The life of her sweet sister
Pining away for me.

She, with her noble nature—
Ever in fear am I
Lest she should forsake me,
That the other may not die.

None can love like we do;
Gladness were most fit;
But ever so little gladness
We win out of it.

For I cannot speak of loving,
Or look her in the face,
Lest I should cause heart-sorrow
In the fireside place.

And if the child die sudden,
And only leave us two;
And learn to love in heaven
As the angels do—

Sicken and die quite sudden,
And lie in a winding-sheet;
And I to the grave, chief-mourner
Carry the cold corpse-feet—

How should I make the living
Ever be comforted,
If for her the sister
Lie with homeless head?

Never the light shine on me
If I know what to do.
This is a sad affair, love.
God help me and you!

T. A.

A quack work of very low character is at present in the course of being advertised, with the following recommendation attached: 'This admirable book should be in every person's possession.—CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, Nov. 1859.'

We have simply to state, that no such recommendation ever appeared in CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, *and that the book, from all we can hear of it, is one which should be in* NOBODY'S *possession.*

EDINBURGH, *March* 26, 1860.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

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A BREACH OF PROMISE.

To succour female loveliness in distress has ever been the duty, not merely of the stage-hero, who to hurried music leaps over the raking pieces, broad-sword in hand and pistols in belt, but I would fain think, of the world generally—an employment grateful to the stalwart arm, an ambition always throbbing in the manly bosom. England, Home, and Beauty, according to the late Mr Braham, constituted the great principles for which Lord Nelson and the British fleet fought and conquered at Trafalgar. And yet it must be owned that the battling for charming woman has often proved itself to be a service attended with more than its apparent dangers. The giant may be routed, and the damosel rescued, but then, O valorous knight, comes your greater peril! No Jack-o'-lantern ever betrayed traveller into quagmire more than bright eyes have led lovers to grief. The giant defeated, how subdue the damosel? for she will smile thanks through her tears, and be, O so gracious and gentle, and then drying her eyes, will rise up and gradually win, bind, enslave, and finally reduce her gallant deliverer to a position of extreme ignominy and distress.

Softer music than this should properly, perhaps, usher in my heroine; yet a flourish of trumpets is no unfitting accompaniment to the entrance of a conqueror—and had she not conquered me? and was I not walking in the rear of her car, bearing my fetters with what grace I could, and trying to make-believe that they were silken, and that I liked them? She was beautiful, of course. The woman who is loved is always a paragon of loveliness to her lover; and as every woman is loved by some *one* at some period of her life, how consolatory this reflection would be to women, if they would only, Mohammed-like, be satisfied when the one disciple had been secured; for I think it has been decided at last that there really are some—one or two, say—plain women in the world. For instance, I have always opposed the notion that Miss Griffin can be considered attractive-looking; yet Boldman, who is engaged to her, declares confidently that she is possessed of a remarkable and peculiar character of beauty, such as you don't often see in women. For one, I rejoice in its rarity; but still it is comfortable for the honest couple that the lover is of that way of thinking. But I wander from my topic. That little Polly Smith was pretty, no one could deny; even after you had picked her to pieces, as the ladies call it, there remained a very sufficient balance of attractions. Say that she was chubby; that her face was as broad as it was long; that her nose was rather out of proportion to her cheeks (especially upon a profile view, when it certainly seemed rather outbid by its neighbours), and that what there was of it had a pronouncedly upward tendency; grant that she lisped—make all these deductions, and yet see what a number of pleasant items still remained: eyes of most amazing size and blueness, with such lashes sheltering them above!—lips of cherry-red—teeth like a double line of pearls tightly strung, complexion—— But there, is it fair, is it decent, to be giving this absurd *catalogue raisonné* of my Polly's charms? Only, having set out at length her weak points, it seems but honest to turn to the other side of the ledger, and relate her advantages.

I should state that my first introduction to Polly Smith arose from my succouring her in her hour of distress. The scene was in the back drawing-room of my good friend *Père* Smith's snug house in Camden Town. Polly was suffering acutely from a long-division sum imposed upon her by Miss Pinkney the governess—a good, active, indefatigable little woman, with perhaps just a slight tendency to keep the pupil nose over-tightly at instruction's grindstone—prone to think it sometimes a salutary thing to withhold aid from the struggling student, as though it were beneficial to impart the art of swimming by permitting the learner to half drown himself as a commencement. If questioned on the subject, Miss Pinkney—a nice person, but with just a *soupçon* too much lemon in her mixing—answered simply and shortly, that it was her *system*, and that she had never found it fail; which, if not convincing, was almost as good, for it stopped all further discussion of the subject. Poor Polly, then, was, at my first meeting her, the victim of Miss Pinkney's no doubt admirable system of education. She was plunged in an arithmetical thicket, and the more she moved about and endeavoured to release herself, the further she seemed to become entangled. She had lost all clue to escape from her dreadful position; she was quite in despair, and weeping bitterly. She was dishevelled in attire; her stocking was down at heel like a stage Hamlet's; her beautiful thick flaxen hair had burst all restraint, and tumbled about face, and neck, and shoulders with utter recklessness—I notice that hair always seems to uncomb, and unconfine, and ruffle itself in emotional situations—great tears hung on as long as they could to her beautiful eyelashes, and then dropped, tired out, on to her slate; this seemed to barter slate-pencil dust in exchange, which mixing with the tears, was transferred plentifully to Polly's face, imparting rather a daubed and miry aspect to that otherwise most charming object. Her grief was touching—too much so. Stirred by the inherent chivalry of my nature, I flew to her rescue. Little

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Miss Pinkney's back was turned (rather a hard, straight, pinched-looking back it was); I took Polly's slate from her soiled hands—how her blue eyes lightened up as I did so!—I ran through the host of figures assembled on the slate; I noted the difficult task set in Miss Pinkney's neat angular figures at the top, and attempted to be wrought out in poor Polly's graceless and straggling hieroglyphs; I found how an early flaw had leavened all Polly's efforts with error; I worked out the sum; I set her right—I accomplished Miss Pinkney's task. 'Some one has helped you,' remarked that instructress, when she saw the slate subsequently, and she looked at me with some acidity, it must be owned. 'You're a naughty girl—there, that will do. Mind it doesn't happen again.' I know the little lady longed to administer to me a lecture on the subject of her system, and my infamous interference with it; but she remembered, perhaps, my intimacy with the parent Smiths, and thought it more judicious to endure rather than resent my behaviour. As for Polly, I had quite unlocked the way to her heart—all traces of sorrow and slate-pencil were soon removed from her face, and she came and kissed me lovingly. I should mention that she was at this time exactly seven years of age; and I—well, I was a very old friend of her father's.

That the good understanding established between Polly and myself should ultimately ripen into warmer feeling, as the romance-writers phrase it, can surely surprise no one. But I am not a one-act performance, I am not a knight-errant of a single piece of chivalry only; I toiled for Polly's cause on another occasion, if anything rather more distressing to her, even than Miss Pinkney's task.

Polly's personal possessions were very limited; they might almost be said to consist entirely of house-property, being, in fact, one house—a doll's-house—which unreasonable wear and tear had reduced to a quite untenantable and extremely dilapidated condition. The furniture, owing to a series of violent accidents and extraordinary experiments in carpentry carried on in the nursery, was represented by a curious collection of fragments, which it would take a great deal of glue and ingenuity to have put together again, in anything approaching to correctness. I don't know whether an untidy little plot of ground, portioned out in the neglected enclosure at the back of Smith's house, and generally recognised as 'Polly's garden,' could be considered in the light of her real estate. But probably her chief possession was a wax-doll of considerable proportions, rather staring and vacuous in expression, but otherwise very rosy, and flaxen, and pretty, and not much unlike Polly herself. There were certain peculiarities about the doll of a character difficult to recognise, as consistent with ordinary nature. Why it had arms of bright-blue kid, being, as to face and neck, decidedly of a fair and delicate complexion, I never could clearly understand; and an unhappy tendency to keep its feet painfully inturned, after the manner of Mr Grimaldi and clowns generally, really evidenced some organic deficiency in construction, which, perhaps, not even careful bringing up had been able altogether to eradicate. Now Polly set a very high value upon this doll, which, indeed, throughout the household, was known as Miss Hannette. Severed from Miss Hannette for certain hours of the day by the interposition of Miss Pinkney and her system, Polly hastened with singular alacrity to rejoin her young companion at the close of the scholastic labours, and laboured to console Hannette for the period of separation, passed by that young lady in full-length silent solitude on the sofa-cushions in the front drawing-room, as though she were lying in state in her best clothes, like a dead general. Now, one day, an accident of a most alarming nature befell Miss Hannette; owing to some singular cause, never precisely ascertained, one of her lovely blue eyes disappeared altogether! A black and horrible chasm marked the spot formerly occupied by that brilliant orbit; and where had it gone? It had not fallen out, that was quite clear, for, horrible thought, if you gave Miss Hannette ever so gentle a shake, *you could hear distinctly the loose eye rattling inside her skull.* And how to recover it? how to restore beauty so fearfully marred? Polly, in an agony of grief, bore along to me the body of the unfortunate Hannette; the afflicted invalid was laid in my arms, while poor little Polly wrung her hands, and dishevelled her hair, and big tears stood glistening in her eyes, making them seem diamonds in a glass-case. I endeavoured to soothe the violent grief of Polly, and to remedy the phenomenal disorder of Hannette. But I perceived at once it was a case demanding extreme care and deliberation. I determined at length to begin with a simple operation, reserving a more complicated performance for the event of my first effort failing. With a piece of whipcord formed into a loop, and inserted into the cavity, I endeavoured literally to fish for and secure the fugitive eye. Polly hung upon my endeavours with a vivid anxiety, ejaculating various 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' as the different stages of the operation seemed to promise failure or success. For some time I pursued this mode of treatment, but, I regret to say, without success. Père Smith had been rather a heartless and indifferent spectator of our trouble, and at last fairly laughed out at my discomfiture.

'Try the cork-screw,' he said roughly.

'O papa, be quiet,' cried Polly, deeply shocked at such ill-timed levity. 'Don't laugh; it's too dreadful.'

It really began to be a very serious business.

'I must perform a surgical operation, then,' I said, and began to look for my penknife.

'Hadn't Polly better leave the room?' suggested Smith, shamefully amused, it must be owned.

'No, no; let me stay: I'll be *so* good.'

'And you won't cry out? Not even "Oh!" or "Ah!"'

Polly faithfully promised that she would not do anything so improper, and began to hold both her hands tightly over her mouth, to prevent any involuntary utterances.

I regret to be obliged to relate details necessarily painful, but I promise to be as brief as possible. With my penknife I performed upon Miss Hannette's head the operation of scalping; I next cut away a portion of the skull, which appeared to be made of a *pâpier-maché* material, coated with wax. Through the opening thus effected, which formed, in fact, a sort of trap-door, I was enabled to regain the eye; and soon afterwards, by means of glue judiciously applied, to fix it in its right position. A little brown paper and more glue restored the skull and the—in point of fact—wig to their former state; in fine, the operation was completed, and successfully. Hannette had resumed her wonted calm and rather indifferent aspect—the black chasm was again charmingly tenanted by the sparkling blue eye. Polly was in a state of rapturous delight.

'Now, then, Poll, kiss the doctor, by way of fee, and thank him for all his kindness,' said Père Smith.

'That I will,' responded Polly, and put her little arms tightly round my neck, and presented me with a most unmistakable kiss.

'Will you marry me, Polly dear?' I asked.

'Yes, I will,' she answered with unaffected earnestness.

'Take her, you dog!' interrrupted Père Smith, jocularly imitating the manner of an old gentleman I have seen now and then in a farce. 'I'll settle five thousand pounds upon her. Bless you, my children. Be happy;' and he joined our hands, laughing strangely over a ceremony that should have been impressive.

'But you must wait till I'm bigger,' Polly continued, as though she began to be alarmed at the step she had taken.

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'Yes, he must wait till you're as tall as mamma,' said Smith.

'Oh, I shall never be as tall as mamma.' (Mamma, a very sweet woman, was precisely four feet eight inches in height.) 'Shall I ever? Do you really think so?'

I told her that if she was very good indeed, there was a reasonable chance of it; but I don't think she quite believed me.

And so Polly Smith and I were engaged.

For a considerable time, I am bound to admit, I had no fault whatever to find with Polly's conduct in regard to the peculiar relations existing between us; it quite seemed that I occupied the foremost place in her affections, and that she took pains to make this pre-eminence evident to me. Whenever I paid visits to her father's house, I was sure of a cordial welcome from Polly; if from a window she saw me advancing, she would hurry to the door, to be the first to greet me, and she would proffer no undemonstrative affection, would be satisfied with nothing under most decided kisses. When, with her brothers and sisters, she trooped into the dining-room to dessert, she would always claim, as a matter of right, to sit next to her affianced husband—who was not backward in his attentions, let it be said; who plied her plentifully with the pleasant dessert spread out on her father's mahogany; who arranged for eating in a dexterous and agreeable manner her oranges, even turning the rind to account, and fashioning from it all sorts of fantastic handiwork, including carvings of pigs and other interesting animals; who furtively furnished her with pockets full of almonds and raisins for private consumption, after the withdrawal of the ladies from the dining-room. And did not presents pass between the engaged couple? Has not the present writer still in his possession an elaborate ornamental book-marker, composed of perforated card and cherry-coloured ribbon, with the word 'Affection' neatly worked upon it; also a handsome pair of Berlin wool-slippers, with fox-heads on the toes, glass-beads vividly depicting the eyes of the vermin (I think that mamma assisted a little in that achievement, though Polly *was* so proud of it). And did not little Polly, too, receive various little tokens of affection from her devoted slave and admirer?—a handsome skipping-rope, a set of elegant battledores and shuttlecocks, and a perambulator for Miss Hannette, in which vehicle that interesting puppet was daily taken airings, the operation she had recently undergone having, it was conjectured, left her health in rather a delicate condition.

But certainly a change came at length over Polly and my love's young dream. The remark became current throughout the Smith family that Polly was growing very sharp: it was quite possible that the advantages of Miss Pinkney's system were rapidly developing themselves. I cannot help thinking that that preceptress had never forgiven my interference with her labours, and had treacherously, and by way of revenge, instigated Polly, fresh from Magnall, to test my deficiencies by an adroit system of cross-examination, with a view to my annoyance and discomfiture. Polly began to care no more for the caricatures I drew for her, to disregard my humorous observations, to turn a deaf ear to my narratives from fairy history. She was bent upon gauging my acquaintance with Magnall. Now, in the course of my studies, it had been my fortune to meet with various books, but never with the work of that famous questioner; so that when Polly strove to gauge my learning by a variety of interrogations, and demanded that I should answer in the precise words of Magnall, I must admit I failed altogether. If I attempted an explanation of the inquiry in any terms of my own, I was turned back ruthlessly. Miss Pinkney required from Polly the replies verbatim of Magnall, and Polly in turn insisted upon my rendering the same to her. When Polly asked me to give the particulars of the battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Artemisium, Salamis, Platæa, Eurymedon, Arginusæ, Leuctra, Trebia, Issus, Thrasymene, Cannæ, Zama, &c.; or to describe the funeral ceremonies observed by the Athenians; or to relate what marks of esteem Polygnotus received from his country; or to describe Petalism; or to give details and the date of the overthrow of the Egyptian monarchy by Cambyses, king of Persia; or to relate the names of the Mexican and Peruvian emperors—how could I possibly make answer in the words of a writer I had never read? It was unreasonable, of course, that such answers should be required of me; but my inability to give them was a serious blow to my engagement with Polly. I think she underrated my abilities and attainments from that moment; she told me somewhat contemptuously that even little Freddy knew a great deal more of Magnall than I did. I believe she rated me thenceforward as a confirmed and hopeless dunce, and was of opinion that a disastrous intellectual disparity existed between us; nevertheless, there was not as yet any avowed breach in the understanding that linked us to each other. This was to come.

One night there was a juvenile party at the Smiths. A conjuror exhibited in the back drawing-room, whose sleight-of-hand was very much better than his grammar. There was dancing afterwards; there was incessant negus, and a prolonged supper. Many very nice children made their first acquaintance with indigestion on that evening. Polly looked very pretty indeed on the occasion: her hair was neatly smoothed and confined with pink ribbons; she wore a white tarlatan dress with a pink sash, coral necklace, kid gloves, silk stockings, and white satin shoes. I am not sure, however, that she did not look prettier when she had her hair tumbled, and the slate-pencil dust decorated her face as she combated with that fatal long-division sum; but her cheeks were very rosy, and her eyes very bright. She certainly was enjoying herself greatly. We danced the first quadrille together, as was of course expected of us, being an engaged couple, after which I went to assist Pere Smith in the amusement of a number of small children whose education was not sufficiently advanced to permit of their joining in the dance. When I next saw Polly, I found her deep in conversation with a very clean little gentleman, with large brown eyes, a black velvet tunic decorated with cut steel buttons, lemon-kid gloves, a blue necktie, white trousers, and pumps. A hateful rival had crossed my path! I believe that to be the correct way, according to the novels, in which a lover should speak of his opponent. He was certainly a very skilful dancer, though he was smaller and younger than Polly, and had a pleasant flow of conversation. He was describing to the young lady in detail a visit he had that morning paid to the dentist, and even exhibited to her the cavity in his gums resulting from the removal of a tooth. Polly's sympathies were keenly roused, and she was evidently deeply interested in her new young friend. He was an attractive-looking, bright, lithe little man, and I should have liked a romp with him, if the wounded state of my feelings in regard to Polly would have permitted it. They afterwards pulled crackers together, and sat next each other at supper, and having concluded that repast, placed their arms round each other's waists with an air of delightful abstraction. It was evident I was completely forgotten. I was betrayed—undone. Polly had jilted me!

Soon afterwards, she came tripping up.

'Oh, if you please, would you mind very much if—if I did not marry you?'

'Why, Polly, what does this mean?'

'Well, you see, I've been thinking it over, and talking to Master Barsby, and he says, and I agree with him, that—that you're rather too old, and too tall; and then, you know, he wants me to marry him,

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he does; and he's such a nice boy; and his papa's going to give him a pony, and he says I may ride it if I like, and he'll take care I don't fall off; and he's going to give me half his Noah's ark, and his bat, trap, and ball. You're not cross with me, are you?'

'Is that Master Barsby in the black velvet doublet?'

'Yes; and his name's Bob; and he's kissed me under the misletoe, and he says he likes me much better than you do, and that he hates you. I told him that was very wicked of him, you know; and he's given me all the sugar-plums he got off the Christmas-tree, all but the almond rock, because he's very fond of that. You're sure you're not cross with me, dear?'

'No, Polly, pet. Give me a kiss: it's all over then; and now Miss Pinkney is very kindly performing another polka. Little Bob is looking for you everywhere; go and dance with him, and make him happy. Our engagement is at an end. Good-bye, my darling!'

With an odd look of doubt and wonder, and with certain misgivings, I do believe, as to the correctness of her conduct, little Polly left me to dance a polka with Master Barsby, in the enchantments of which dance, however, all remorse was soon disposed of.

So little Polly broke her promise.

I was thinking drearily over the matter on the following day at the club—a club is a horrid, gloomy, selfish, bachelor sort of business after all—when I encountered that arch-gossip Leake. He was looking for a newspaper as usual—he is always looking for newspapers, that man; I believe he does it to hear what's going on at all the different tables. I could not refrain from speaking to him.

'Leake, my dear fellow,' I said in a hollow whisper, 'if you hear any report that I am engaged to a Miss Mary Ann Smith of Camden Town, contradict it, will you? There's nothing in it.'

'My dear boy, I'll be sure to,' answered Leake fervidly.

And the next day I find a story going the round of the club, setting forth that I have been jilted in a shameful way by an old maiden lady, residing at Highgate, and enormously rich!

O you naughty little Polly, this all arose from your breach of promise!

SAVOY.

Since the world has been officially informed that *La belle France* cannot sleep securely beside rejuvenated Italy unless she becomes mistress of the cradle of the Sardinian monarchy, the poor and rugged territory so designated has become an object of some interest. By a turn of the political wheel, Savoy—commonly associated in metropolitan minds with Mr Albert Smith, the organ nuisance, dismal hurdy-gurdies, miserable monkeys, and forlorn white mice—has suddenly become the subject of Machiavelian circulars, Helvetian protests, fierce parliamentary orations, brilliant leaders, canards and contradictions. For this elevation into temporary importance, the province is indebted more to the accident of position than either its extent, fertility, wealth, or population. Divided by the Cottian Alps and the Rhone from France, separated by the Graian and Pennine chain from Piedmont, it geographically belongs rather to Switzerland than to either. It measures but ninety-two miles from north to south, and sixty-six from east to west; but within these narrow limits, it boasts the grandest scenery in Europe. Within its boundaries are found the most gigantic glaciers, the wildest passes, the loftiest mountain-peaks of the whole Alpine range. Mont Blanc, Mont Cenis, Mont Iseran, Mont Valaison, Mont Granier, and Mont St Bernard, tower above the Savoyard valleys, whose cultivated slopes, cheerful *châlets*, and sparkling streams, contrast delightfully with the gloomy pine-forests, and the frowning rocks and icy glaciers of the snow-clad Alps.

The climate is much colder than that of Piedmont; and the cultivation of the vine, so common in the latter country, in Savoy is necessarily confined to a few of the lower valleys. The extent of arable land in the province is so limited, that although its fields produce wheat, oats, barley, and rye, the supply of cereals is so far below the wants of the inhabitants, that the poorer classes are compelled to find a substitute in chestnuts, of which they make a sort of bread, which requires to be broken with a hammer. The possession of some good pasturage enables the Savoyards to export a reasonable quantity of cattle, cheese, butter, tanned skins, and wool.

The province is divided into seven districts—Chambery, Annecy, Upper Savoy, Maurienne, Tarantaise, Faucigny, and Chablais—containing altogether an area of 4197 square miles, and a population of 581,833. The language spoken by the Savoyards is a *patois* bearing a faint resemblance to French. The education of the people being left entirely to the clergy, only one-half of them are able to read or write, and but twenty-eight in a hundred are masters of both accomplishments. They are a simple, honest, good-natured, affectionate race, that seem to have been left in the rear of the march of improvement. If M. Galette is to be believed, the better classes among them are improvident, and so little inclined to meet their liabilities, that they would rather spend a hundred pounds in feasting a creditor than pay him five pounds of a debt. From the barrenness of the country, the little agricultural knowledge brought to its cultivation, and the custom of dividing and subdividing the land, even the sparse population fail to find occupation. Every autumn, an extensive migration of the youth of the province takes place. The young Savoyards or Savoisiens—as they prefer to call themselves, in defiance of philological laws—leave their poverty-stricken Alpine homes, to seek employment in Paris, and the principal towns of France, as shoeblacks, *commissionaires*, chimney-sweeps, and itinerant musicians. With the spring, the young adventurers turn their steps homewards, to gladden their parents with their scanty savings, and to help them in the labours of the field, until the approach of autumn bids them again set out on their travels. Even when serfdom was an institution of the country, and every serf leaving it was liable to severe punishment, for 'stealing himself,' there was a constant stream of immigrants into Dauphiné. Upon the abolition of serfdom, the people were forbidden to leave Savoy, on pain of death, but what patriotism failed to check, fear was powerless to prevent.

Chambery, the capital—in the twelfth century, an open village, defended by a moated castle—is now an irregularly built town, containing 15,000 inhabitants. The old Gothic cathedral, whose walls were once decorated with the devices of the knightly competitors at the great tournament of 1348, has, thanks to the pious care of the brethren of the White Friars—to whom the charge of the cathedral has been committed—been purified of such worldly vanities. The old emblems of love and chivalry have long since been hidden by a thick coating of whitewash. In the Abbey of Haute Combe, the burial-place of many generations of the princely House of Savoy, lie the remains of Peter, Earl of Richmond, and Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury (the two uncles of our Henry III.'s queen, Eleanour), whose misdoings in England so excited the indignation of Matthew Paris. The Verney, the favourite promenade of the citizens of Chambery, suffered no little from the utilisations of the French during their occupation of the province. To make room for some ugly barracks, they entirely destroyed the ancient *Jardin de l'Arquebuse*, the scene of the annual trial of skill at shooting the popinjay. The best marksman having been crowned king, was

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privileged to choose a partner during the festivities from a 'rose' of half-a-dozen maidens, selected by the grave burgher-council of the city—from the ranks of trade, if his popinjay majesty chanced to be of noble degree; from the beauties of the aristocracy, if he were of untitled race. When the Duke Victor Amadeus himself carried off the prize, the judges could not decide from which class the queen was to be elected, and sought to throw the onus upon the duke by choosing two 'roses,' one noble, one plebeian; but Amadeus avoided offending either of the rival parties by taking the hand of the pretty daughter of a lawyer, who could not strictly be included in one or the other section. Chambery, dull as it is, besides its convents, hospitals, and modest manufactories of silk gauze, lace, soap, and hats, boasts its royal college, its academy of science, its society of agriculture and commerce, its theatre, its public library, and its school for drawing. Nor has it failed to produce some men of mark—the Abbé de St Réal, Vaugelas, Albanis Beaumont, Berengier, Berger, and Joseph de Maistre, were natives of Chambery, twenty miles south of which is Rousseau's hermitage, 'Les Charmettes.'

After the breaking up of the Roman empire, Savoy for two centuries was alternately governed by French kings and Burgundian dukes, until it became absorbed in the German empire. Humbert of the White Hands, who, by his ability and courage, had risen from obscurity to be Lieutenant of the Marches, under Conrad the Salic, was the founder of the fortunate House of Savoy. During the absence of the emperor, the Bishop of Savoy declared himself independent. Humbert marched against him, defeated him, and razed his city to the ground. For this service he was created Sovereign Count of Savoy. His successors, by purchase, marriage, intrigue, and force of arms, gradually extended their authority, till, in the fifteenth century, the dominions of the Dukes of Savoy extended from the shores of the Lake of Geneva to the Mediterranean Sea, and from the banks of the Rhone to those of the Sesia. Spite of his avowed neutrality, Duke Charles III. saw Savoy devastated in turn by French, Swiss, and Imperialists, during the wars between Louis XII. and the Holy League, Francis I. and Sforza, and Francis and the Emperor Charles. To punish the Prince of Savoy for attending the coronation of the latter, the French monarch advanced into Piedmont; and at the death of Charles III., in 1553, Vercelli, Nice, Aosta, and Cuneo were the only places unoccupied by Francis. Philibert, the successor to the ducal crown, possessed great military talents, and after defeating the French at St Quentin and Gravelines, concluded peace, married their king's daughter, and added Oneglia and Tenda to his recovered patrimony. Louis XIV. declared war against Victor Amadeus II., and harassed his dominions till the peace of Ryswick. In the war of the Spanish Succession, the policy of the duke was ever changing, and his armies fighting alternately on either side. He finally ranged himself against France, and with his kinsman, Prince Eugene, defeated the French before Turin, bringing the war to a conclusion, and gaining for himself the Valsesia, Lomellina, the isle of Sicily, with the title of king—subsequently exchanged for the island and crown of Sardinia. Charles Emmanuel, the second king, espousing the cause of Maria Theresa, Piedmont and Savoy were invaded again and again by the armies of France and Spain, which were, however, eventually driven out; and the treaty of Aix-la-chapelle added the Upper Novarese, Voghera, and Vigevano, to the Sardinian monarchy. Savoy was now left for some years unmolested, but fell one of the first victims to the French Revolution. In 1792, the Directory declared war against Sardinia; the republican army entered Savoy almost unresisted, took possession of the capital, and overran the valleys as far as Mont Cenis. A Jacobin club was established at Chambery, which despatched its most active members as missionaries 'armed with the torch of reason and liberty, for the purpose of enlightening the Savoyards on their regeneration and prescriptive rights.' A convention was next formed, and a deputation sent to Paris, offering to incorporate Savoy with the republic one and indivisible. The proposition was eagerly accepted by the National Assembly as being the fulfilment of the law of nature by which Savoy was clearly intended to form part of France. It accordingly was transformed into the department of Mont Blanc. Four years afterwards, the rapid success of Bonaparte compelled the king of Sardinia to purchase peace by the formal cession of Savoy, Nice, and the whole of Piedmont from the Mont St Bernard to Roccabarbone, near Genoa. In 1814, Savoy was the scene of some desperate battles between the French and Austrians; and in the following year it was, by the treaty of Vienna, once more restored to its old masters.

It is scarcely to be wondered at if the Savoyards look with complacency upon the diplomatic tactics employed to unite their province bodily with the French empire. Physically shut out from Italy, the barrier between Savoy and France is more imaginary than real; and the narrow Guier, which forms the actual boundary, is spanned by the Pont Beauvoisin. Each end of the bridge is guarded respectively by a Piedmontese and a French soldier—the former to search every one crossing the stream, that French goods may not be introduced into Savoy free of duty, and the latter to do the same kind office for the produce of the province. Half the lives of the people are spent in attending to the irritating formalities of the customs, from which annoyance annexation of course would relieve them. The French language, too, is the language of society; and the annual visits of the young Savoyards to France naturally foster a kindly feeling towards their powerful neighbour. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the Savoyards are content to transfer their allegiance, even at the cost of exchanging constitutional freedom for imperial despotism.

SNAKES I HAVE MET.

If there is anything in the world of which I entertain a deep-rooted hatred and an uncontrollable dread, that object undoubtedly is a snake, and next to a snake, anything in the shape of a lizard, scorpion, toad, or other reptile; nevertheless, it seems to have been decreed that from my earliest infancy upwards, I should be doomed to be exposed to perpetual encounters and adventures with these loathsome creepers upon the earth. The first clear, tangible object that fixed itself upon my memory—I could have been very little more than two years old at the time of the occurrence—was a hideous cobra coiling itself under the pillow of my Indian nurse, who slept on a mat on the floor; and the first word I could distinctly articulate was '*Pamboo*' (tamul-snake), with which cry, and pointing with my finger, I drew attention to the unwelcome intruder, and forthwith got him despatched. Then a long blank intervenes, reaching over nearly three years; after which, my adventures may be termed legion. The next incident relating to reptiles which I can recall to mind is connected with my brother Bill—who was older than myself—and a small white scorpion. Bill had been trying to unlock a large padlock on the fowl-house; and being unsuccessful, poked his little finger into the keyhole, and immediately, to my immense astonishment and amusement, performed a most extraordinary dance round the yard, accompanying the same by the most hideous howls, contortions, and grimaces. But I had no idea at the moment, of course, that he had been stung by a venomous reptile.

One very heavy monsoon at Madras, when the rain

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had swollen the river to such an extent that it flooded the country for miles around, I was standing in the billiard-room surveying the dreary aspect out of the windows, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the moribund groans of a frog, and turning round, I saw a huge snake under the billiard-table in the very act of engorging it. Sliding in at the opposite door was Mrs Cobra and her young family, driving before them some wretched little frogs, which were vainly endeavouring to escape from their relentless pursuers. One bound on to the billiard-table, and another off it, and into the veranda, cleared me of my disagreeable neighbours; but, before nightfall that day, twenty-seven snakes of all descriptions and sizes were killed in that billiard-room by the servants. The waters rose so high that every house in Madras suffered from a perfect visitation of reptiles, and not only reptiles, but jackals and birds, sought an asylum in the homes of men, with bandicoots, rats, scorpions—in short, sufficient reptile material to fit a very decent museum of natural history.

I was sitting in a traveller's bungalow once at a place called Ootagherry, between Madras and the Malabar coast, and my friend was sitting near the door, so as to catch as much daylight as possible, reading some work from the little library with which government and voluntary contributions furnish those bungalows. Suddenly, I perceived that a large snake had coiled itself round the back of his chair, and was poking its head between his arm and his body, as though seeking for some other hold. For a moment, I was paralysed, and the next the snake had shifted its search, and was rapidly coiling round the young officer's neck. At the same instant, a servant made his appearance opposite the door, and got so frightened, that he fell to the ground in a fainting-fit. My friend was luckily a man of immense nerve and great presence of mind; he saw at a glance that his only chance was to remain as still as a statue; the slightest move would have alarmed the snake, and then nothing could have saved him. I, on my part, sat motionless, with my heart frozen through and through. In a very few seconds, fortunately, the servant and palkee-bearers returned from the *tope*, where they had been having their curry and rice, and the noise of their approach alarmed the snake (then coiled round and round the body of S——) so much, that it unwrapped itself rapidly, and slid as rapidly away to its hole. S—— fainted instantly he found himself safe; and my anxiety had been so intense, that I felt ill for many days afterwards. On relating this adventure to Major W——, whom we met at the very next station, he told us one of his own serpent experiences.

'I commanded,' said the major, 'the detachment of foot-artillery stationed in the fort at Masulipatam—a horrid place, as you know, gentlemen, for any Christian to be quartered. Mrs W—— was just recovering from a severe illness, and, for the first time for many a day, was able to join me at the tiffin-table. Most fortunately, I was on a garrison court-martial that day, and had my sword hanging by its belt to the chair-back. Our bungalow was a tiled one, with no intervening platform or other roof; and suddenly there dropped upon the table between us an immense cobra, who had been most likely hunting for squirrels' nests amongst the conical tiles. Raising its hooded head, and hissing horribly, the reptile threatened alternately to dart at one or the other of us, its venomed fangs protruding a full inch. As for Mrs W——, she had fallen back in her chair perfectly unconscious; and never for a second removing my eye from the snake's, I gradually unsheathed my sword, and suddenly bounding aside at the same instant, severed its head from its body. It was a hairbreadth escape, I can assure you, for both of us.'

Some time afterwards, I was residing at Chittoor, in North Arcot, and there was a little detached store-house or *godown*, as they are called, where I kept my supply of beer and other European luxuries. I always kept the key of this place myself, and one morning, as was my wont, went in to get out some articles for the day. The door was the only place of ingress or egress, and the godown, which was thatched with palm-leaves, could not boast of a single window, darkness being a requisite in those hot countries for that kind of store-house. What I required took me to the very further extremity of the room from the door, and I was just stooping down to select what I wanted, when I heard a tremendous flop behind me, and then a scuffle. Turning round, I saw a cobra and a rat having a regular pitched battle. The cobra had been after the rat's young ones, and the infuriated mother was thirsting for revenge. Though much alarmed for my own safety—for I had no means of escape without passing the cobra—I soon became intensely interested in the combat. At first, the rat fought with the greatest caution, hopping from side to side with remarkable agility, and avoiding the poisoned fangs of the cobra; at last, however, the snake—which in the interval had received many severe bites—stung his adversary, and then the rat, apparently aware that its case was now hopeless, grew reckless, and closed in with its opponent. In less than two minutes, it succeeded in killing the snake, and then crawling aside upon some straw, the victor died, apparently in the greatest agonies.

I had another illustration of the enmity existing between rats and snakes, many years afterwards, in Syria. I had sat up late reading a file of the *Times* newspaper; the servants had all been in bed for hours, and when I withdrew to my own, it wanted only a few hours to daylight. As I closed my bedroom door, I was startled by a tussling under the chest of drawers close by, and the next instant a rat darted out, followed by a huge black snake, and these two set to work fighting right against the door. In my alarm, I upset the chair on which I had placed the candle, and found myself at once in utter darkness, locked in with a snake and a ferocious rat. To jump upon my bed was the work of an instant, and loudly did I bellow for assistance out of the window. I might as well have called to the winds to aid me. I had neither match nor weapon of defence save a bolster, and the room was so dark that I could not distinguish my own hand though held close before my nose. When the scuffle ceased, I expected every instant to feel the horrid clammy snake twisting itself round my legs, and in that unenviable anticipation I remained three long hours, till broad daylight relieved me of my fears, and I found both combatants dead before the door.

I have never, in all my experience, found snakes to be the aggressors, unless you get them into a *cul de sac*, or during their period of breeding. Then the cobra is indeed terrible, and I was chased by one at Tellicherry for nearly half an hour, escaping the brute only by doubling quickly round until I stumbled over a stout bamboo, armed with which weapon I soon despatched it. At the best of times, it is nervous work coming to close quarters with the cobra: one false aim, and you are a dead man. People have a notion that the green snake of India—which is certainly a pretty specimen, if anything in the shape of a snake can be pretty—is harmless; I can prove to the contrary. One day I saw a beautiful mango bird dangling from a bough of a bamboo-bush; the glare was intense, and I wore blue spectacles, for which reason, perhaps, I could not well distinguish the cause of the phenomenon, and supposing it to have been trapped by some wile, I seized the bird as a great prize, for I was making a collection to bring home with me. In a second afterwards, the glass of my right-eye spectacle was shattered to pieces, and I hardly recovered from my amazement, when the snake, disappointed of his aim, wriggled off into the

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thickest of the bush. The glasses saved my eye and my life, for the poor mango-bird was riddled through and through the head, from one eye to the other, and every atom of brain had been abstracted. They are dainty gentlemen some of these snakes, and I was well acquainted with one that preferred turkeys' eggs for his breakfast to any other. I used to watch my turkeys as they strayed about the grounds, and mark their nests, leaving them undisturbed until they began to sit. One hen had fixed upon a myrtle-bush, round which she used to flutter and scream every day, poking her stupid-looking head out in so strange a fashion, that I was once induced to watch her. No sooner had she deposited her egg, than a cobra made his appearance, and with the greatest dexterity sucked the egg. With greater wisdom than the fabled destroyer of the goose and the golden eggs, the cobra spared the turkey to supply his dainty breakfast.

But if the reader wishes to study the natural history of reptiles to perfection, I recommend him to live a month or two at Bang-kok, in Siam. He will have the satisfaction, when he wakes of a morning, to see a snake peeping out of a hole in each corner of the room, and two or three little ones amusing themselves at hide-and-seek on the floor. If he looks up at the ceiling, he will perceive a specimen of the lizard tribe, called the *Toquay*—from its peculiar cry—a lizard that looks as if it was afflicted with leprosy, and which has the astonishing faculty of throwing itself ten yards across from one upright wall to another. If he carry his inclination for study still further, he can investigate the mysteries of a Siamese stew, and find alligator the chief ingredient. He will find ample opportunity of collecting out of his soup-plate, tea-cup, wine-glass, or the hair of his head, or from off the back of his hand, specimens of the mosquito-fly, ant, green-bug, grasshopper-bug, vulgus, earwig, flea, in all the diversified branches of each genus. Nor when the fatigues of day are over, and he dons his slippers for ease and comfort, need he be surprised to find a scorpion in one, and a centipede in the other, while a colony of white ants are investigating the merits of literature in his book-case.

REPORTING.

GREAT as has been the general glorification of our Fourth Estate, and Palladium of British Liberty as the Press is acknowledged to be, the human machinery (for after all it is *but* human) by which this great Power works is as little known to the public at large, as the green-room of the theatre they frequent, or as the lady or gentleman who sits behind the red curtain in the organ-loft and attunes their ears to devotion every Sunday. A letter now and then in the *Times* newspaper, printed in considerable type, and signed 'Your Reporter,' reasserting some fact that has been denied, is the nearest personal approach we ever make to that 'chiel' who is everywhere amongst us taking notes, and with the avowed intention of printing them. Sometimes we hear of a stupid slight having been put upon these useful gentlemen, such as inadequate accommodation at a would-be public meeting, or even inadequate food at a would-be public dinner, and, lo and behold! the meeting or the dinner might just as well have not been held, for the space that should have been devoted to them in 'our columns,' is filled up with the complaints of our outraged ministers—who shut up their note-books upon the occasion in question in disgust, or, having the artistic gift, draw caricatures in them instead of reporting. Moreover, now and then, a singular circumstance takes place: we have been (say) to Covent Garden last night, where the Prima Donna was ill who was to have established the new opera, and where a younger *cantatrice* and an older opera had to be substituted; nevertheless, in the morning paper we find that this was not the case, but that the new piece *was* introduced with complete success, and that Madame Squeakalini, the favourite, even outdid herself, and exhibited a breadth, a compass, a conception, and a number of other things quite without parallel, particularly in the aria entitled *Bow-wow-te-teedle-ow*. It remains, therefore, that either we ourselves were exceedingly intoxicated last night, or the musical reporter—— Well, we charitably abstain from conjecture, and content ourselves with concluding that these mysteries of the Fourth Estate are far too deep for us to fathom. Now, however, thanks to Mr Charles J. Gratton,* we know all about them, and are admitted behind the sheets.

This gentleman gives us a narrative of reporting in parliament from the time of Sir Simon d'Ewes, who took notes in short-hand of the debates, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, until now. Parliament, it seems, was always violently averse to any publication of their proceedings till 1641, when, after abolishing the Star-chamber, it printed its own doings in *The Diurnal of Occurrences, or Daily Proceedings of both Houses in this Great and Happy Parliament*. This, however, afforded but scanty intelligence, and did not satisfy the public, for whose edification other and more diffuse journals were speedily set up. Thereupon the House grew wroth, and 'it was ordered, "That no member shall either give a copy of or publish in print anything that he shall speak here without the leave of the House;" and about ten days afterwards, a second resolution was passed, "That all members of the House are enjoined to deliver out no copy or notes of anything that is brought into the House or propounded or agitated in the House." This resolution was soon broken, for we find that on the 2d February 1642, the Commons resolved, "That a book by Sir Edward Dering, *A Collection of Speeches, &c.*, is against the honour and privilege of this House, scandalous to the House, shall be burned by the common hangman, himself be disabled from sitting, and a new writ issue." By a vote of 85 against 61, sentence was pronounced against him by the Speaker, and he was committed to the Tower.'

Andrew Marvel was one of the members who described the daily proceedings of parliament, when the newspaper accounts were thus suppressed; from 1660 to 1678, indeed, he regularly transmitted to his constituents at Hull a faithful account of each day's proceedings—a fact which, it must be allowed, puts his patriotism beyond cavil. We wonder how the honourable member for Hull would like that little job in these days! Such information could not, however, be made general, and the public demand still begot its supply of illegal intelligence. Newswriter after newswriter was summoned by the serjeant-at-arms, and made to acknowledge his wickedness before the House upon his knees; and in 1727, no less a person than Mr Edward Cave was imprisoned for the like offence. This crafty gentleman confined himself for the future to evading the law instead of defying it, and printed his reports in the following mitigated but somewhat transparent fashion: 'The speech of Sir J——a A——gn, Bart., one of the knights of the shire for the county of C—nwall.' Sir Robert Walpole was similarly referred to as Sir R——t W—lp—e, and Mr Wyndham as Mr W—nd—m. Even this modest device being interdicted, 'Cave opened his magazine, in June 1738, with an article entitled "The Debates in the Senate of 'Magna Lilliputia,'" in which he artfully deplored the prohibition which forbade him to present his readers with the consultations of their own representatives, and expressed a hope that they would accept as a substitute those of that country which Captain Lemuel Gulliver had then so lately rendered illustrious, and which untimely death had prevented that illustrious traveller from publishing himself. The Dukes were styled "Nardacs;" the

* *The Gallery: a Sketch of Parliamentary Reporting and Reporters.* By C. J. Gratton. Pitman, London.

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Lords, "Hurgoes;" the Commons, "Clinabs," and the letters in their respective names were transposed or slightly disarranged. Thus, the Duke of Bedford appeared under the transparent disguise of "The Nardac Befdort;" Lord Talbot, "The Hurgos Toblat;" Walpole, "Sir Rubs Waleup;" Lyttleton, "Lettyltno;" Bathurst, "Brustath;" Fox, "Feauks;" Wynn, "Ooyn." Under this fiction, he continued to publish the debates of the British parliament. The above terms Cave explained to his readers by annexing to his volume for 1738 feigned proposals for printing a work called *Anagrammata Rediviva*. The *St James's Chronicle* published "The Debates of the Representatives of Utopia," and the *London Magazine* favoured the public with a "Journal of the Proceedings and Debates in the Political Club," and gave Roman names to the speakers. So it was not an uncommon thing to read an elaborate account of the speech which Octavius Augustus delivered on such a day on the increase of the income-tax question, or be informed how Julius Cæsar bored the House with a three hours' speech on church-rates.'

The way in which Cave obtained his reports was this. He was Inspector of Franks to the post-office, and therefore brought much into contact with the officers of both Houses, who readily gave him access thereto. When anything of importance was going on, he would go down to the House accompanied by a friend; and these two persons, from the gallery of the Commons, or some obscure and out-of-the-way place in the Lords, would remain for hours taking stealthy notes of the speeches—unknown to Serjeant-at-arms or Black Rod—sufficient to form the groundwork of a more extensive report at a future time. Cave's first editor of the debates was Guthrie, author of the continuation of Smollett's *England;* and his second, as everybody knows, was Samuel Johnson. The information supplied to Johnson by the above means was meagre enough, and, indeed, Sir John Hawkins declares that the reports were often entirely fictitious, and the fruit of Johnson's imagination. 'I wrote that in a garret in Exeter Street,' said the doctor at a certain dinner-party, when one of Mr Pitt's speeches was being extravagantly lauded. 'I never was in the gallery of the House of Commons but once. Cave had an interest with the door-keepers. He and the persons under him got admittance. They brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the various arguments adduced in the course of the debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form they now have in the parliamentary debates; for the speeches of that period are all taken from Cave's magazine.' This account, however, rests solely upon Mr Murphy's authority, and Smollett (although cautioned by Hawkins) always treated Johnson's debates as genuine, and has quoted largely from them in his history.

Cave, however, was a second time brought, quite literally, upon his knees, and the science of parliamentary reporting suffered a long eclipse. It was a fine of L.100 to mention a peer's name in connection with proceedings in the House; and one of them, Lord Marchmont, was accustomed 'to examine the newspapers every day with the ardour that a hawk prowls for prey; and whenever he found any lord's name printed in any paper, he immediately made a motion in the House of Peers against the printer for a breach of privilege.

'In November 1759, the printer of the *Gazetteer* published in his paper a paragraph stating that the thanks of the House of Lords had been given to Sir Edward Hawke for his victory. He was brought to the bar for such a high offence, and obliged to make an apology on his knees!'

The grand debate upon Wilkes's Middlesex election made the mouth of the public water for these forbidden reports, and the proprietors of magazines and newspapers to offend afresh. Colonel George Onslow took the most leading part in the persecution of these sinners, and with a considerable feeling of personal irritation: they had called him 'Cocking George'—in allusion to his attachment to that favourite pursuit, we suppose—and had even described himself and his cousin 'as astronomers distinguish the constellations of the two Bears in the heavens, the one being called the great and the other the little scoundrel.' A reward was issued for the apprehension of one Wheble, the printer of the *Middlesex Journal;* but upon his being seized, and taken before Alderman Wilkes, that gentleman discharged him from custody. Subsequently, Lord Mayor Crosby, also a member of parliament, discharged a similar case; whereupon his lordship was committed by the House to the Tower for the remainder of the session, but that with such an excitement and uproar of the people, that the result of the whole business was, that the right of the public to know everything about the proceedings of parliament was silently acknowledged, and has never since been questioned.

Though the debates were permitted to be recorded, no sort of accommodation, nevertheless, was granted to the reporters themselves, who had to scramble for their seats in the Strangers' Gallery, and *hear* without being permitted to *write*. Their note-books had to be used furtively, and under the most disadvantageous circumstances; and to be a good reporter, it was above all things essential that you should possess a good memory. 'One of the most celebrated of these "memory" reporters was William Radcliffe, the husband of the eminent novelist of that name. It is said that this gentleman would carry the substance of the debates in his head straight to the compositors' room, and without referring to any notes, or committing any portion of his materials to paper, would there dictate to them two distinct articles embracing the principal points of what he had heard. Another of these memoried gentlemen was William Woodfall—not Junius's Woodfall, but his brother—who had so quick and tenacious a memory that it obtained for him the name of "Memory Woodfall;" and his renown was so great and so widely spread, that when strangers came up from the country to hear the debates, they asked in a breath, "Which is the Speaker, and which is Mr Woodfall?" He would sit in the gallery from the time the door was opened until the rising of the House, without any other refreshment than a hard-boiled egg or two, which he would carefully take out of his coat-pocket, and taking off the shell in his hat, would devour it with great gusto; stooping down all the while, for fear the serjeant-at-arms should see him, and march him off for such an infraction of the rules of the House against strangers.' The circulation of Woodfall's paper was increased by this means, stale as his news necessarily was, until Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* took the wind out of his sails by publishing the debates several hours earlier; this he accomplished by having relays of reporters, and so by a division of labour being enabled to print and publish in the morning a report of the previous evening's debate. His staff was generally formed of quick-witted but vulgar Irishmen, who came over to England, it was said, 'to be porters or reporters, as luck might have it.' One of them, Mark Supple, had as much wit and fun as an Irish porter could carry, and often more than he himself could carry or know what to do with. 'One evening as he sat at his post in the gallery waiting the issue of things, and a hint to hang tropes and figures upon, a dead silence happened to prevail in the House. It was when Mr Addington was Speaker. The bold leader of the "press-gang" was never much on serious business bent, and at this time he was particularly full of meat and wine: delighted, therefore, with the pause, but thinking something might as well be going forward, he called

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out lustily, "A song from Mr Speaker!" Imagine Addington's long, prim, upright figure; his consternation and utter want of preparation for, or a clue to repel, such an interruption of the rules and orders of parliament. The House was in a roar. Pitt, it is said, could hardly keep his seat for laughing. When the bustle and confusion were abated, the serjeant-at-arms went up into the gallery, to take the audacious culprit into custody, and indignantly desired to know who it was, but nobody would tell. Mark Supple sat like a tower on the hindermost bench of the gallery, imperturbable in his own gravity, and safe in the faith of the brotherhood of reporters, who alone were in the secret. At length, as the mace-bearer was making fruitless inquiries, and getting impatient, Mark pointed to a fat Quaker, who sat in the middle of the crowd, and nodded assent that he was the man.'

The number of reporters varies according to the size and prosperity of the journal on which they are engaged. The *Daily News* has about fifteen,* and the *Times* eighteen, or so. They are divided into two bodies, one for the Lords, and one for the Commons, but changing their scene of duty every week. When either House rises before the other, that portion of the corps which is relieved goes in and helps their brethren; and so, by reducing the length of the 'turns,' the work is lightened, and the printer—which is the great desideratum—gets his 'copy' the more quickly. The man that has the first turn—and the order is decided by lot—goes into the Commons at four, and stays there three-quarters of an hour, perhaps, taking down all that is in his opinion worth reporting; when the next man takes his place in the gallery—now appropriated to the craft, and placed just over the Speaker's head—he goes to the Reporters' Room, which is close by, and there converts his short-hand notes into writing, which, leaf by leaf, as it is thrown off, is immediately taken to be set up in type. It takes two or three hours to write out one half-hour's 'turn,' according to the importance of the subject and the ability of the reporter; but it is said of Mr Charles Dickens, that when on Perry's staff he wrote out the copy of a whole column and a half of the *Morning Chronicle* in an hour. The length of each 'turn' is much reduced as it grows late, and if the debate be prolonged to three or four in the morning, will not, perhaps, exceed as many minutes. 'Sometimes, when there is a stiff debate on hand, such as on a "no-confidence" question, the prime minister will speak for several hours together, and consequently all the reporters will have a hand in it. The speech may be in several places at the same time: part may be in the act of being written out by the reporter, part on the way from the House to the printing-office, part on the editor's table, where he is writing his leader, part in the compositors' hand, and part in the process of delivery. Nay, more; in these days of electric telegraph, the first portion of a speech is often read in Liverpool or Manchester before the remainder has passed the orator's lips at Westminster.'

The 'gallery' view of parliamentary orators is of course somewhat different from that of the general public, who have not to write down what the orators say. 'A reporter does not care so much about your crack-speakers, unless they are slow of speech. Lord Palmerston is liked very much, although, generally speaking, his *ipsissima verba* have to be taken down. He is not a quick speaker, and by no means a fluent one, especially in the beginning of a speech. He is like an old coach-horse, whose limbs are rather stiff at first, but work better when the blood gets warm and the circulation quicker. It is so, decidedly, with "the Bottle-holder;" he hums and hahs, and—ur—speaks—ur—as—ur—though—as though—he—ur—were unaccustomed to it. Now he proceeds very hesitatingly and with caution; and presently, all on a sudden, he proceeds briskly with a few sentences—somewhat in the style of one walking along the street and treading on a piece of orange-peel by accident. He is an easy man to report: he delivers his words as though they were precious, and should not be lost to those for whom they were intended. He is undoubtedly a very deliberate speaker, and being a popular and a leading man, whenever he is on his legs the House is remarkably quiet; button-holdings are abandoned, and private conversations cease. 'Lord Stanley is not so bad; he speaks with a tolerable fluency, but is rather indistinct in articulation. His father, Lord Derby, is by no means a friend of the reporters; for a great deal of "copy" has to be written out whenever he opens his lips. Bright is fluent, distinct—and often wrist-aching. So are Gladstone and Sir George Grey. . . . . Macaulay, when in the Lower House, was the terror of the reporters, as he had a most rapid delivery, and rarely stammered or hesitated for an apt mode of expression, for he generally prepared his orations beforehand. In the year 1836, he delivered a most brilliant oration at an anti-slavery meeting. At the close of the meeting, Mr (afterwards Mr Justice) Therry told Mr Macaulay that, from his rapid mode of speaking, and from so much of the merit of the speech being dependent on the accurate collocation of the words in which his many metaphors and figures were expressed, it would be only an act of justice to himself to furnish a report of the speech. At first, he hesitated, and expressed some doubts whether he could furnish sufficiently ample notes for the purpose. However, on Mr Therry telling him due attention should be made to any notes he thought proper to furnish, if he forwarded them to the *Morning Chronicle* office by eight o'clock that evening, he agreed to do so. On going to the office of that journal at the above hour, Mr Therry found a large packet, containing a verbatim report of the speech as spoken—the brilliant passages marked in pencil, and the whole manuscript well thumbed over, furnishing manifest denotement that no speech in Enfield's *Speaker* was more laboriously and faithfully committed to memory than that delivered by the great historian of the age.'

In *David Copperfield* will be found the most accurate as well as humorous description of the difficulties of stenography, by one, as we have said, of the ablest that ever sat in the Reporters' Gallery. Lord Campbell, when a young man, sat there also, and also on Perry's staff; so did Hazlitt and John Payne Collier. Justice Talfourd, too, was a reporter, and Courvoisier Phillips, and last, but by no means least, Mr Special-Correspondent Russell.

* Since this volume was published, the reporters of the *Daily News* have been amalgamated with those of two other papers.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

'YE'RE no thinking to ride far this coorse morning, doctor, I hope. Your cough was wearifu' to hear last night—I could hardly sleep for it,' said Mrs Black, the doctor's wife, as, in the course of her household avocations, she chanced to cross the little entrance where her husband was tying his woollen comforter round and round his throat, and wrapping his plaid closely about him, like a man determined to defy wind and weather.

'The day's not so bad as it looks,' replied the doctor cheerily; 'the wind is from the west, and I saw a break in the clouds just now. And really I'm anxious about poor Miss Menzies, who wrote me a week ago that she was worse than usual, and thought her draught should be changed.'

'Fiddlesticks!' said Mrs Black with startling vehemence. 'I've no patience, doctor, with Miss Menzies and her draughts. A great, strong, bony woman like that to be setting up to be an invalid, and lying full-length on the sofa a' the day long—I'm sure her health 's no worth so much taking care of.

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It 's my belief that there 's naething the matter with her, and I 'd have you to tell her so.'

'It is rather an obscure case, I grant,' said the doctor, who by this time had converted himself into a shapeless bundle of 'haps.' But whatever the cause, she 's a great sufferer and a lone woman, and I would not like to neglect the daughter of an old and a good friend of mine when I needed friends. And by the way, Bell, my woman,' he added with a good-natured wink of his eye at his energetic little partner, 'how is it that you never advise me to tell Lady Louisa Silliwun that there 's nothing the matter with *her?* I 'm sure she looks far more blooming than ever poor Miss Menzies did, and it 's much the same case, I suspect.'

This was a home-thrust, and put an end to any further discussion; for the castle and its fair patient was the best card in the doctor's hand, and during the shooting-season, when the family came down, brought in more into the Blacks's treasury than the rest of the neighbourhood put together; it was very natural that Mrs Black, a mother and a manager, should respect Lady Louisa Silliwun accordingly, and thoroughly believe in her ailments; whereas Miss Menzies was one of that tiresome class, too familiar to professional experience, which brings neither fame nor profit; never ill enough to excite much sympathy, and never decidedly better—a sort of perpetual protest against the efficacy of medical treatment. Then, again, she was far from rich, and this the kind-hearted practitioner never failed to remember in his half-yearly bills, contriving often to lengthen a ride so as to give her a call which should not appear in the light of a professional visit, and changing one harmless nostrum for another with a patience which roused all Mrs Black's impatience, and sometimes led her to declare that if it had been 'ony ither than Miss Menzies, she wadna be o'er weel pleased, the doctor having been acquaint wi' her in her youth; but he 'd ower keen an eye for a bonny face to look twice at yon puir banie bodie;' and Mrs Black would glance down complacently at her own round trim figure, or, if a glass were at hand, at her comely countenance.

Meanwhile—to return to this particular morning—Dr Black, well swathed and impervious to the weather, mounted his shaggy pony, and jogged leisurely along the straight road of the very unpicturesque district in Galloway where his lot was cast. It was a rough dark day indeed, and the break in the sky which his cheery temperament had led him to see or fancy, had got clouded over again. The rain drove down slanting across the monotonous neatly ploughed fields, squared out by bleak stone-walls. There were no trees to speak of; sometimes, by way of variety, a small stunted plantation turning its back to the coast, and making the best of it; sometimes a few yards of hedgerow, giving a clothed and comfortable look to a stoutly built homestead; but generally only ploughed fields and walls—walls and ploughed fields. Nothing worth looking at on such a day as this, at all events; so, while the doctor jogs on, we shall briefly glance over Miss Menzies's life of forty years, and then give him the meeting at her house-door.

'There are some faces,' says Jean Paul, 'in which you read a story; in others, only a date.' Certainly there was no romantic story in Miss Menzies's long and singularly plain visage, and even the date had not been clearly marked there, for when she was young, she never looked so; nay, it could hardly be an exaggeration to affirm that she never was young. Who does not know people of this type? She had lost her mother—a grave matter-of-fact woman—when she was a child of seven. For two years she was her father's chief companion, and then he married again. There was no fault to be found with the step-mother, a worthy person of mature age, who was always kind, if not loving, and who treated the little Rebecca much as she did her own boy, when he came, with an anxious affection that chiefly took the turn of over-attention to bodily health, constant terror of wet feet and open windows, and constant restrictions as to quality of food and quantity of exercise; which had perhaps something to do with Miss Menzies's chronic invalidism in after-years, and with her young brother running off to sea when he was a lad of fourteen, and she a woman of twenty-four. Ten years later, her step-mother died after a long illness, during which Rebecca dutifully tended her; and old Mr Menzies did not long survive his wife. He left his small landed estate—heavily mortgaged—to his sailor-son, who was getting on well in the merchant-service, and whose preference of the sea to the ministry his father had long ago forgiven. For his daughter, he had bought an annuity of L.80 a year. 'You'll never marry, Becky, my dear,' he had said; 'and this will keep you comfortable, wi' care, so long as you live. My blessing to my boy when he comes hame. I would ha' liked that he should carry my head to the kirkyard, but the Lord knows what is best for us a'. Ye maun stay at the auld place till he returns, and keep a' things thegither for him.'

Some months later, the young sailor paid a visit to his home of early days; sold it; invested the small capital it brought him in certain Brazilian mines, which he had been to visit in the course of his travels, and from which he expected a fabulous percentage; helped to look out a small house for his sister in the old neighbourhood; smartened it up with feather-flowers and bright shells, which he had brought back for his mother; and then went off again upon another cruise, with a shuddering pity for the deadly dulness of Rebecca's way of living, relieved by the conviction that, 'Poor, good old girl! it 's the only thing, somehow, that one could ever have looked to for her.'

Miss Menzies, once installed in her new home, and having hired an able-bodied servant, capable of doing all its work and more, might perhaps have found the time hang heavily, but for the delicate health the care of which filled up her hours. While her parents lived, and afterwards in the old home, there had always been enough for her to do, for she was an attentive daughter, and had a faculty for looking after outdoor labourers as well as domestic servants. Reading had never formed a prominent part of her occupations. She read her Bible and a few devotional works with scrupulous exactness, if not with much enjoyment; read, too, the weekly newspaper in something of the same conscientious spirit, and occasionally worked her way through a book of travels, for the sake of her sailor-brother; but she held light literature in contempt. She could sew neatly and well, it was true, but her simple wardrobe once in good order, there was not much scope for sewing. Further, she had no correspondents, and morning-callers were very few in that part of the country, especially for one situated as she was; for, belonging, as she never for a moment forgot she did, to one of the old county families, Miss Menzies would have resented any attempt at sociality on the part of the wealthy farmers and their richly dressed wives, while, with her small means, she could keep up no reciprocity of visiting with any of the scattered gentry round. Her pride and unattractiveness combined kept her lonely, and so her days might have been empty and long if she had been the hale, robust woman she seemed made to be. Or perhaps Mrs Black was right, and she might have been robust and hale but for this unoccupied time, which she filled up by an invalid's routine. Perhaps her long catalogue of aches and pains was but a symptom of the mildew of self-love that grows upon those who have no others to love them—a device for conferring some importance upon this 'untenanted life' of hers, so little important to any one besides. But, at all events, it is some comfort to think that she had never analysed her own case, and that the uneventful existence of the plain middle-aged woman, passing quietly away, dull week by week,

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dull year after year, had never impressed her imagination with the same sense of dreariness and vacuity which we of the busier present day feel in glancing over it as a whole.

By this time, we may suppose the doctor arrived at her door, where he was kept waiting longer than usual; and when at length the maid appeared, she had a flustered expression quite unusual to her.

'How is Miss Menzies the day?'

'Terrible well. She's just packing up for a journey.'

The doctor could not believe his ears, and going up stairs, could as little believe his eyes. Miss Menzies was not upon the sofa, had not on her usual invalid attire; she was sitting at the table with her bonnet on, writing, and when she heard his step, she jumped up with an alacrity of which he had not supposed her capable.

'I am glad you are come, Dr Black. I was just writing you. I've been wearying to see you these last days. Sit ye down, sit ye down. Such news as I've got to tell you! Ye'll mind the letter Jamie wrote me a year ago?'

'To be sure I do. Your brother told you he was on the point of sailing again for Brazil on a three-years' cruise, and that he took a heavy heart with him, having fallen in love with a pretty tocherless Welsh lassie at Swansea. I mind he told you they would make a match of it, if he was so lucky as to return safe and sound; and I mind, too, I laughed at you a little for writing him a long screed of a letter to dissuade him from such an imprudent step.'

'Would you believe it, doctor, that the poor boy should ha' been sae left to himsel' as to marry the tocherless lassie before he sailed?'

'Boy!' demurred the doctor, with a rather sly look.

'Weel, weel, to be sure he was auld enough to know better; but this is what has come o' his rashness.' And with some agitation, she placed in his hands the following letter: 'MADAM—It is my painful duty to inform you that Mrs James Menzies, who has been residing in my apartments ever since Captain Menzies sailed eleven months ago, expired this morning very unexpectedly, though in delicate health for some time previous. A few hours before the last, she requested me to write to you respecting the baby, which is a thriving child. We shall try to delay the funeral till we hear from you.—Waiting your instructions, madam, your obedient servant, JANE HEWSON.

'*Duke Street, Liverpool, February 5, 1840.*'

'You see, doctor,' Miss Menzies went on, 'the letter has been mis-sent to Galway, and time sair wasted; and I got it twa days syne, but it's to-night the boat sails, and I'm just about to start, though the poor young creature will be buried, I doubt, before I can get there.'

'And what, my good friend, are your plans respecting the infant?'

'I shall bring it back with me, unless I find some of her friends willing and able to claim it. But that's no likely, for she was an orphan—so much my brother told me. It's just awfu', doctor, to think of the thochtless things men will do! But, now, I'll be the better of a little of your good advice.'

The advice, however, was not upon the usual subject of health, had not the remotest reference to change of medicine; it related to the journey, probable miles to be encountered, and the arrangements to be made on arriving at the strange town. Miss Menzies had never been out of her native county, and in spite of her strong, resolute aspect, felt herself a most incompetent traveller. The doctor gave her the benefit of his experience, and jogged home again so briskly, that the shaggy pony did not know what to make of it; but the good man longed to impart the stupendous intelligence to Mrs Black, for, in a remote country neighbourhood, with only a weekly local newspaper to connect him with the outer world, he, too, like his weaker brethren, unconsciously felt any departure from the *statu quo* a grateful excitement; and not the less so when seasoned with something of a melancholy element, as in the present case.

Miss Menzies reached her journey's end without accident, but not without alarm. The sea was rough; the landing on the busy stage, in the discomfort of early morning, was trying; but of her many fears, marvellous to relate, none took the accustomed direction. She positively forgot her spasms, her sinkings, and all the other symptoms that had so long been the only variety in her solitary life. She had something else to think about.

The funeral was over, as she had surmised; but in the melancholy room, still bearing the impress and the chill of the presence of the dead, there lay the unconscious infant of two months, in its little cradle, and beside it sat a florid-faced country-girl, who rose and curtsied respectfully. Miss Menzies knelt down and peered long into the little nest. 'The bonny wee bairnie, the nice, wee, dainty bairnie,' she murmured. The tears gathered as she listened to the soft breathing, and watched the rosy sleep. Presently the child opened its eyes, and then—weary, perhaps, of lying there—stretched out its little arms to the stranger. Miss Menzies took it up, and gently folded it to her breast. Its warm waxen fingers strayed over her gaunt face. She did not speak a word as she paced up and down; she could not have spoken—a great revulsion was going on within her; fountains of undreamed of tenderness were welling up; the woman's soul waking for the first time at the baby's touch; a new life beginning for her in the life of another. It was a pang to give the small soft burden out of her arms even when it cried.

'To be fed, ma'am,' respectfully suggested the florid-faced girl, with another low curtsey.

'You are its nurse,' said Miss Menzies, with a strange thrill of envy, as, with many a kiss and Welsh word of endearment, Betty Jones took the baby and laid it across her knee, where it gurgled and cooed in glad anticipation.

There was much to be done and settled on that eventful day; but one thing was clear to Miss Menzies's mind—that child she would never part with; indeed, there seemed but little probability of any one putting in a rival claim. The poor young wife had been brought by her husband to these lodgings; their short honey-moon had been spent there; and after he left her, she had lived there quite alone. No one had come to see her. From the landlady's account, Miss Menzies inferred that her health had been delicate from the first, though she got over her confinement well, and no danger was apprehended till the end came.

'But she never was able to nurse the baby, ma'am, and Betty Jones has been with it ever since its birth. I think poor Mrs Menzies had a shock, ma'am, in a letter she got about a fortnight ago. I found her crying over it more than once, and it was under her pillow when she died. Perhaps you would like to look at it.'

Miss Menzies recognised the handwriting at once—the letter was from her brother, and she read it, to ascertain his plans. How loving it was!—how full of tender memories of their brief three weeks together! Was it indeed so unwise, that marriage of his? It had made two souls happy with some happiness she had never known, which for the first time in her life she could dimly guess at. What was there here to shake the sand of that ebbing life? Hurrying on, she soon came to it. The Brazilian mines were an utter failure; henceforth, he feared he could make but small remittances to his darling, &c. Well, she was gone, poor lamb, where she would not need them; and, at least, till her brother's return, the child was hers—hers! He had stretched out his little arms to *her*. She was sorry about these mines. Dr Black, she remembered, had never thought well of the speculation; but in

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point of fact, it occasioned her just then far greater disquietude to know what to do about Betty the nurse. Mrs Hewson assured her that she was quite essential to the child, and yet there was no wedding-ring upon her finger. It cost Miss Menzies no common effort to allude to this anomaly to the unabashed Betty, and she feared she was guilty of a sin in committing the innocent baby to her care. But then there was his health at stake; and struggling hard against her repugnance, Miss Menzies, before the evening was over, had tolerated the whole history of what Betty called her 'misfortune,' and had positively engaged her to travel to Scotland with her, and there remain for six months, until such time as the little Jamie could safely bear to be weaned; little foreseeing that the incompatibility between their respective races would lead to her Scotch maid giving her warning within a month, while Betty was destined to hold her ground in the respectable spinster's establishment for years and years to come.

Miss Menzies had henceforth a more cheerful method of marking their course; no longer by the setting in of a new symptom, or the trial of a new medicine, but by the unfolding of some fresh childish charm, or the strengthening of some mental promise; no longer by her own gradual decline, but by the upspringing of her bonny boy. And bonny Jamie Menzies truly was, not only to his aunt's and to Betty's idolising gaze, the country people even turned to look after him as he bounded by them in his play-hours; and even Mrs Black, despite her prepossession in favour of her own Sandy, a lad of a quite different type, would frankly declare that 'how yon bonny callant should come o' the Menzies stock passed *her* altogether. Just see to his curls, like gowd i' the sunlight, doctor, and his sma' straight face, and sic wee hands and feet, forbye he's so tall for his years. There never was a Menzies that ever I heard tell o' but had great, lang, banie hands and feet, like the skeleton in your surgery. My! just to see him coming into the kirk wi' his aunt; there's an awfu' differ between them.'

Perhaps, indeed, it was the unconscious influence of this very 'differ' that gave the little fellow such an absolute hold over his aunt's affections. At all events, she could see no fault in him. His childish naughtinesses had their fascinations for her; and her indulgence of his every whim was only exceeded by Betty's, who doted upon her nursling even less wisely, and, having herself a less definite standard of right and wrong, far more perniciously.

Before the child had been two years under her care, Miss Menzies heard of her brother's death. The mortification and anxiety of finding that he had invested his all so insecurely, the shock of his young wife's death, undermined his health; then came repeated attacks of the fever of the country, under which he sank, committing his orphan boy to his sister's kindness, and hopeful to the last that, in future days, he at least might reap a rich harvest from those mine-shares that had proved so disastrous to his unhappy father.

'I'm glad he could keep the hope,' said Miss Menzies one day through her tears, to her confidential friend Dr Black; 'it would cheer himsel'; but I canna' share it. Jamie must just depend upon his own abilities, and it will go hard with me but he shall have a good upbringing.' Dr Black perfectly agreed in despairing of the mines, and added a fervent hope that the boy might never hear of them. Unfortunately, Betty had heard of them, and in after-years often and often she would feed the boy's fancy with pictures of future wealth, and luxury, and consequence, not as the result of industry, but as a substitute for it. Poor Betty! most inveterate of spoilers, warm of heart, but defective in the moral sense that ever assured refractory child the bitter medicine was sweet as sugar, and smacked her lips over it in corroboration; or beat the naughty table that went and 'knocked its pretty head it did;' or gave the forbidden dainty on the sly; or hid the petty delinquency by half-truth or untruth, according to the exigency of the case. Poor fond, foolish Betty! it would be hard to estimate the evil that she did with her flattery and her day-dreams; for the seed fell upon the congenial soil of a peculiarly pleasure-loving and self-indulgent nature. Quite aware of his handsome looks, young Jamie Menzies had an innate love of all that was externally graceful and refined, and an unusual value (unusual among boys) for the distinctions that follow in the train of wealth; and therefore it was by no means the advantage it appeared, but rather it was a serious misfortune that he should be the favourite companion of young Walter Blount, and a very frequent guest at the castle in holiday-time, for it only led to his returning home terribly dissatisfied with all its arrangements, and shrinking from his own future prospects; unless, indeed, these mines Betty told him of should turn out well yet. It was no use talking to his aunt about them—it made her look grumpy at once; but why should they not? A bright possibility gets to look so probable to a young imagination. Sometimes it would cross Miss Menzies's own mind that, from one cause or other, her boy was acquiring tastes not quite suited to the means of a medical student, for such it was now decided he was to be; but she, too, was not insensible to the pleasure of seeing him admired, and would hush many a misgiving by the reflection: 'His forbears held their ain wi' the best in the county, and so may he, and what for no?' But how much contriving and planning, how much pinching of herself in every way it took even now to furnish our young gentleman with the sort of coats and boots he chose to wear, was known only to herself and to Betty. In this one particular the two women agreed, though in their secret hearts there was but little love between them. That 'them old maids knows nothing about boys' was Betty's fixed opinion; and accordingly, beyond her usual curtsey and assenting 'Yes, sure, ma'am,' she paid not the slightest heed to any suggestion of Miss Menzies, however sensible it might be; and, on the other hand, Miss Menzies felt many a secret pang of jealousy at Betty's influence, for the boy had far more often a kiss and good-humoured word for his fresh-faced nurse than for his gaunt undemonstrative aunt, who had no power of shewing the deep-seated love of her heart in pleasant caress or playful word, could never speak it, could only *act* it out in a career of self-sacrifice the young thoughtless nature never even noticed. However, Betty and Miss Menzies had between them the strong bond of a common worship; both were absorbed in Jamie, both had wept and trembled over his sick-bed in his childhood, and both gloried in the beauty and the intellectual promise of his youth. Both believed there never was such a boy, and the imagination of both was constantly occupied with his future; only while Miss Menzies delighted to picture the distinguished and successful professional man, Betty preferred to dream of the rich gentleman with nothing to do, and everything to enjoy; and unfortunately it was this latter anticipation that young Menzies himself preferred.

The time had now come for his entering the Edinburgh University as a student. His aunt was determined to allow him more than half her income. 'Will it suffice, doctor? Will he be able to get on, no perhaps as a Menzies might ha' looked to do, but like mony and mony ithers of gentle bluid?'

'Indeed will he, if he's commonly prudent,' vowed the doctor over and over again, remembering the honest and successful struggle of his own youth on a less liberal allowance, and knowing how well at the present time his own Sandy was getting on with the little he was able to spare him. 'But I'm just afraid,' he said, while canvassing the subject with his wife,

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'that Miss Menzies will be pinching herself more than she should. She's far frailer now than in the days when she was always on her sofa. However, it's a grand thing for her to have something to live for, and to be sure, he's a fine young fellow, and will do her credit, I doubt not, some of these days.'

'I wish ye may be right, doctor,' said Mrs Black with an ominous shake of her head. 'Ye always look on the sunny-side; but my mind misgives me—it's no a' gowd that glitters. And what wi' that auld body his aunt, and that feckless Betty, and the family at the castle, who suld know better, asking him to a' their grand ploys, and setting him abune his station, his head's gey turned. *That* boy has been trained in the way he suldna go, and the end's no come yet.'

When the first session was over, and Miss Menzies was rejoicing in the expectation of seeing again her 'bairn,' as she loved still to call him, she received a letter from him, telling her that two of his most intimate friends, Urquhart and Irvine ('Gude names yon,' said Miss Menzies, half complacently, half anxiously), were planning a short walking-tour in Germany, and had asked him to accompany them. Could she (he was half ashamed to ask it, but he knew her kindness—hoped one day to repay it—Brazilian mines were looking up, he had been informed on the best authority)—could she advance him a small sum? It was to be a *walking* tour, she would observe, and would cost him very little—twenty pounds would do. Twenty pounds! At first, Miss Menzies flatly declared it impossible. It was hard, too, not to see her darling this summer; and yet it was harder still to disappoint him. Betty and she talked it over. Would it be possible to spend less than they did? Could the fire burn lower in the kitchen-grate? Throughout the winter, Miss Menzies had only burned one in her sitting-room, for two or three hours in the middle of the day, lest a casual caller should detect the economy. Could life be supported on a smaller amount of their rigidly simple fare? At all events, they would see what they could do. Betty had saved L.3 of her wages; Miss Menzies had some old brooches and mourning-rings—'gude gold.' The matter was transacted in a roundabout way, with some delay and probable loss; but the upshot of it was, that the effort was made, and the tour taken.

During the next session, Jamie's letters grew shorter still, and came less frequently. Something, too, there was of recklessness in their tone, which troubled Miss Menzies's heart, and she no longer read them aloud to Dr Black when he called. More than once her nephew had inveighed against his 'cursed poverty' (was he then so pinched, puir laddie? yet she had given him almost her all), and had alluded to those mine-shares as though, for him, hope lay mainly in that direction. All this was bad, but there was worse behind. Sandy Black—steady, silent Sandy—had written word to his father that young Menzies was living this session at a great rate, and was in far too gay a set to care for the like of him; that, in fact, their acquaintance had nearly dropped; and that he did not know well what to do, for it was painful to him to say a word against his early friend, but that he feared Jamie gave himself out to be in much better circumstances than he really was, and that there would be a crash before long, for the Edinburgh tradesmen were ill at waiting for their bills. After some deliberation, the kind-hearted doctor determined to communicate this intelligence to his old friend. She would have resented it but for her own secret misgivings. As it was, it confirmed a long-floating plan. She would go to Edinburgh, and judge for herself. She had been to blame in keeping back from her bairnie how straitened her means really were—how impossible, even for her love, to indulge him any further. She would appeal to his better principle, his honour—a Menzies was sure to be honourable—and he would adopt a new self-denying course. Very probably Sandy made the worst of it; his mother was a scraping body, and he had not gentle blood in his veins, and was no judge of what was fitting for Jamie. And yet the tone of her boy's letters corroborated his account. Come what would, she could bear this suspense no longer. She would not trust to such a weak thing as any remonstrance she could pen. When she saw him, it would be given her to speak to his heart. She would go and judge for herself.

It was on a cold day towards the end of January that Miss Menzies set out on this the second journey she had ever taken in the course of her long life. Nearly nineteen years ago, she had travelled to Liverpool, since the baby in the cradle had stretched out his innocent arms towards her. How would the young student receive her now?

Travelling in the most inexpensive manner, outside a coach, then by steam-boat, then a slow train, it was only on the morning of the following day that she reached Edinburgh. Very beautiful it should have looked to a stranger's eye—the New Town, bright in the sunshine; the Old, in the mist of a frosty day—but she had no eyes for the contrast, nor for the picture of the blue Forth and the snow-covered Fifeshire coast, as with a beating heart she drove to her boy's lodgings. It would be terrible if he did not welcome her, if he were ashamed of his old aunt in this gay town; and she glanced with some uneasiness at her shabby attire. And it was terrible, too, to have to restrict him in any of his enjoyments. But he came of a good stout stock; and with his handsome face and clever tongue he would 'warstle well with ony difficulties, when once he came to know of them,' she said, to reassure herself as the cab stopped at the door in L—— Street; and she made her way up the two flights of stairs that led to his lodgings.

'Was Mr Menzies at home?'

'No; he was gone with twa ither young gentlemen to Duddingston Loch twa hours syne.'

She would wait for him then. When ushered into her nephew's room, Miss Menzies looked round in horror at its size and furniture. This was no room for a medical student with an allowance of L.45 a year. In much agitation, she rang the bell, and requested to speak to the landlady, who glanced superciliously at her old-world dress, and seemed a good deal shocked, as well as surprised, to hear of the relation in which she stood to her lodger. The truth soon came out—worse, O worse than her darkest fears! These luxurious rooms—they seemed so to her—occupied since October last, had never yet been paid for; nay, more, much of the furniture they contained was hired.

'The worthless fellow!' exclaimed Mrs Reid, 'to go and give out that his aunt was a lady of fortune!'

'Did he do that?' almost shrieked Miss Menzies. 'O woman, dinna tell me he did that!'

The anguish in her look and tone somewhat softened the landlady's heart.

'Well, perhaps he did not just say so in so many words, but he let me think it. Such an air as there is about him! You'd judge him made of money to see him fling out his sixpences to any poor wife on the stairs; and such like friends as he has coming to see him! The good-for-nothing, deceitful'——

'Hush!' said Miss Menzies imperiously. 'You shall be no loser by him. Go, go, and leave me alone.'

And now that there was no one to defend him against, she sat there more wretched still, because it was now her own heart that blamed him. He, a Menzies, and yet dishonest and untrue—he for whom she would have borne, *had* borne (she seemed to know it for the first time) any privation—was quite careless of her, and of the sorrow and shame he brought upon her declining years. When he returned, for the first time in her life she would speak severely to him, speak as he deserved, the ungrateful, unworthy boy. Mechanically she seated herself at the window

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to wait for his arrival. Looking at every youthful figure that passed, the thought flashed across her mind how ungainly and common they all were compared to her bairn; but she would not admit it. 'What of looks?' she said, chiding herself for her weakness; 'what of the mere outside, if there be not a brave, true heart within?' And her whole frame thrilled with bitter indignation, and she thought over all the wrong and worthlessness of his conduct, lest strength should fail her to speak it out, and her old foolish affection revive the moment she should hear his light foot running up the stair. And so hour after hour passed, but she took no count of them, wrapped in her stern sorrow, and mistaking it for anger, when her eye fell upon a cab driving slowly on in her direction, and followed, or rather accompanied, by eager groups of three or four. Listlessly she watched it. On the box, by the driver, sat a fine-looking youth, with his face buried in his hands. The cab stopped at the foot of the common stair that had led her to the room where she sat. Some one sick, hurt within, no doubt; sorrow everywhere, but none like unto her sorrow! The young man on the box dismounts; another youth, pale and haggard, jumps out as soon as the door is opened. Students, perhaps; perhaps friends of *his*. They are preparing now to lift the sick man out, and the crowd closes more densely round. Ah! there is more than sickness there; she sees it in the horror-stricken faces of those nearest. Yes, at length they have succeeded. One of the young men staggers under the weight of the rigid limbs, and now—— O God! it is her Jamie's curly head that hangs back heavy over the driver's arms. Dead! Drowned! *Her* bairn! There was not a dry eye among them all as the stricken woman, rushing down, flung her gaunt frame upon the body, while the old, old cry welled up once more out of the depths of a broken heart: 'Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!'

A few days later, a woman in the deepest mourning that comes within the reach of the poor, might have been seen calling at several of the fashionable shops in Edinburgh, and requesting to speak to their principal. In all of them her reception was marked with surprise, with something, too, of indignation, succeeded by more of pity. She was collecting her nephew's bills. In all they amounted to between two and three hundred pounds. 'Have patience with me, and I will pay you all,' she had said to every one of the tradesmen. One or two had shrugged their shoulders, fancying that the shock had made her daft; the most of them believed her.

When Miss Menzies returned to her home, her first step was to announce the sale of all her homely furniture, save her boy's bed and a kitchen table and chairs. With the proceeds she defrayed the expenses of the funeral, and a part of the landlady's claim, as well as Betty's wages, and the expense of her journey back to her own country. The parting was a pang to both; for if they had never much loved each other, they had both loved him, and it was touching to see the elder sufferer control her own feelings in her endeavour to comfort the poor Welshwoman in her frantic, unrestrained grief. As soon as the sale was over, Miss Menzies moved into a little two-roomed cottage, taking no servant with her, and began to save all she could out of her little income. None of her old neighbours presumed to interfere. The respect still felt for her family would have checked them, even if her grief had not been sacred to them all. There she lives and saves at the present day. None can look at her emaciated pallid visage without suspecting that she hardly allows herself sufficient food, and in the coldest weather but little smoke is seen to rise from that cottage chimney. There are many kind hearts round who would fain administer to her comforts, but they know well that her proud, lonely nature would resent the attempt, and they dare not seek to turn her from her life-purpose. Dr Black, intimate as he is with her, can do nothing here; and, indeed, though he has a kindlier interest in her than any one else feels, he is perhaps of all the one who pities her privations the least. He knows that, two months since, she paid off one of the least creditable of poor James's liabilities, and that if she be spared a very few years longer, she will have discharged them all. 'No shame shall rest upon my bairn's bonny head in his early grave,' she had said, and she would keep her word. A little cold, a little hunger, and *this* hope in her heart? Dr Black believes her a happier woman now, with 'something to live for,' as he phrases it, than in those self-centered days of invalid life. Ay, and she has another hope in her heart, too sacred even to be mentioned to him. She who has *so* forgiven her prodigal, how can she doubt the forgiveness of the Heavenly Father? She does not question, does not reason, far less could she discuss. Only when her task is done, and her boy's name cleared, she knows there is a better country where the weary are at rest; and thinking of him *there*, she forgets not only the horror of that sudden close, but all the wasted years of wayward youth—and they are baby arms that seem to stretch out to her once more and welcome her to heaven!

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Now that the question of removing the Natural History Department from the British Museum has been decided in the affirmative, a suggestion, which we hope will bear fruit, is put forward in favour of establishing a museum of natural history in sundry quarters of London, more especially in the east. Seeing that the great establishment in Bloomsbury has many a specimen in duplicate, not to say quadruplicate, there would be less difficulty in finding stock for local museums, than in providing proper buildings; and then, will parishes be at the cost of maintenance? We should like to see one established in the Weavers' Park, as it is frequently called, at Mile End, where it would form a place of instructive recreation for a crowded, hard-working population, who at present are ill provided with pleasurable resources. Out of this arises the further question of accommodation for the national pictures, and the Royal Academy, and the arrangements to be taken at the British Museum, where the fast-increasing library necessitates an extension of book-shelves. The new Reading-room, spacious though it be, is already too straitened for the throng of readers. Some are of opinion that persons engaged in literature, scientific inquirers, and students only, should be admitted; and that persons who wish merely to read novels and amusing books, should seek them elsewhere. At present, Mr Panizzi, the chief-librarian, is bound to grant a ticket of admission to any respectable householder who applies for one; and instances of the abuse of the privilege are numerous. For example, an ironmonger having procured tickets for a couple of 'readers,' these individuals take their seats in the room, call for a Directory, and from that address a heap of tradesman's circulars—a proceeding which can hardly be described as using the Reading-room for purposes of study or scientific research.

Before this article appears in print, the parliamentary question concerning the paper-duty will doubtless be settled. The English manufacturer is uneasy at the prospect of free paper and taxed rags. Meanwhile,

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there is a cry for fibres. Fortune waits for him who shall appear with available fibres; and literature, commerce, and art will be benefited. The Company formed to procure cotton, flax, hemp, and jute from India, have had an interview with Sir Charles Wood, and laid specimens before him of fibrous materials, which are useful in the manufacture of silk and woollen cloths as well as paper. The rheea of Assam and the Neilgherry nettle are said to be the most suitable for the purpose, and producible in any quantity however large. The Industrial Society of Mulhouse offer a prize for specimens of paper-pulp equal to that made from rags.

Antiquaries have long referred with admiration to the cloaca maxima of ancient Rome; they have now the opportunity to see the cloaca maxima of modern London, which opens upon the meadows of the Lea, not far from the scene of Alfred's capture of the Danish fleet. It is the outlet of the northern division of metropolitan drainage—a mighty work, which makes satisfactory progress. Never has London been so much cut up with excavations as now, or with so much display of mechanical ingenuity in clearing out unusually deep trenches. The underground railway from Paddington to Farringdon Street is also progressing, and by and by, passengers will be travelling beneath the sewers. The new bridge at Westminster, a specimen of diligent building, will be, when complete, 'in keeping' with the Houses of Parliament, and a grand ornament to the court-end of town. It is to have a rival not far off, for the Charing Cross suspension-bridge is to be replaced by a railway-bridge wide enough for seven lines of rails and footways for pedestrians, and will carry the South Eastern Railway across the river to a terminus on the site of Hungerford Market.

A patented invention has been exhibited to the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia, which, if reported on favourably by their committee, will henceforth have to be taken into consideration in most operations requiring jointed tubes and pipes. It is observable how often long lengths of pipes used for the passage of steam or water become leaky, and the practice of stopping with lead becomes in many instances an obstruction of the bore. The invention in question, which is described as *a self-tightening joint for tubes and pipes*, obviates the faults hitherto complained of, by a coupling which is not affected by temperature, or by rough usage, which needs no stuffing or tool to fit it together, and is neater in appearance and cheaper than any other. The attachment is made or unmade by pressure of the thumb and finger, even should the tube be frozen full of ice. With this coupling, pipes may be laid down in the streets in any weather, and as rapidly as the trenches are dug. It will be highly serviceable in the joints of flexible tubes used for irrigation and in water-supply; while for fire-hose, the inventor has devised a self-acting coupling which fits the tighter the more the water presses inside.

Another example of American ingenuity is a 'burglar's alarum,' with which is combined a galvanometer to indicate the particular spot where the thief is making his attack, and a contrivance to ring a bell. Another is a machine for printing the addresses on newspapers: the papers, when folded and banded, are flung into a hopper, from which they pass to the types, and travel forth properly directed, by the movement of an endless band. Another is a plantarium, or glazed plant-case, to which access is easy from the top or back, while superabundant moisture is permitted to escape, and the whole is so constructed as to be extensible at pleasure. To enable the plants to survive the severe winters of the States, the case rests on a tank which may be filled with hot water at night or kept warm by a spirit-lamp.

Mr Fairbairn is now adding to his valuable experiments on the density of steam and the resistance offered by boiler-plates and boiler-tubes, a series of tests of the law of expansion of superheated steam. In another quarter we hear of a different kind of experiments intended to produce combinations of coal-tar with superheated steam, and thereby to manufacture gas which shall be available for all purposes of illumination, and contain none of the disagreeable products of the gas now in use.—Dr Guy, of King's College, has read a paper before the Society of Arts on a newly constructed lens for microscopic observation, to be handed round in a class-room during a lecture, and on a number of highly ingenious contrivances which all who work with the microscope will do well to take into consideration. Another communication made to the same Society shews how forgery may be prevented by a peculiar quality of paper and ink therein described.—Mr Faraday's lecture on pharoology, or the science of light-houses, has attracted attention on both sides the Channel, seeing that it treated of the magneto-electric light, which is superior to all other electric lights hitherto invented. For six months past, an experimental light of this description has been displayed at the North Foreland, whence it sends its beam far into France, and as Mr Faraday shewed by aid of a cloud of steam, pierces a fog in which an ordinary light would be totally invisible. Hence the magneto-electric is the very light for the fickle atmosphere of coasts; but there are questions of cost and mechanical arrangement to be settled before it can be generally adopted. A company in France—L'Alliance—state that they have overcome the question of cost and of mechanism, and are seeking for a method of producing carbon cylinders which shall be at once homogeneous and good conductors; which, having accomplished, they will be ready to treat with the imperial government for the establishment of the magneto-electric light in the light-houses of France.

Signor Parvesi of Turin makes known another application of charcoal likely to be useful in pharmacy. Dealers in drugs know that castor-oil, if kept too long, will turn rancid; the remedy is to mix it with animal charcoal and a small quantity of calcined magnesia, and keep it for three days in a temperature of from sixty-eight to seventy-eight degrees, when the oil on filtering off is found to be in all respects better than the best of the freshly-made.—Dr Anselmier has presented a paper to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on what he calls *Artificial Autophagy*—that is, a way by which mariners and others, when deprived of food, may keep themselves alive for a long time by opening a vein, and drinking small quantities of their own blood at periodical intervals; which seems something like applying the theory of perpetual motion as a preventive of starvation. Professor Du Bois Reymond of Berlin, pursuing his researches in physiological chemistry, shews that the acid which is said to be generated in living muscle is in reality a result of death, not of vital action; and further, that the fluid which appears as acid on a transverse section of the muscle, is found to be alcaline when the section is longitudinal.—Dr Theophilus Thompson, whose paper on the effect of cod-liver oil in multiplying the red corpuscles of the blood, we noticed last year, has lately made a communication to the Medico-chirurgical Society, on the medical administration of ozonised oils. The mode of preparation is to saturate the oils used in medicine—sunflower, cod-liver, &c.—with oxygen gas, and expose them for some days to the direct action of sunlight, when they may be used

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as a remedy for consumption. Their effect is remarkable; the rapidity of the pulse is reduced, and by thus bringing back the circulation to its normal condition, an important advantage is gained over the malady, and the general health is improved.—M. Houzeau, professor of chemistry at Rouen, has set up a series of delicate instruments to test the air, and is able therewith to note the indications of atmospheric deterioration, and some of the phenomena that accompany epidemics. We hear, moreover, that he professes to extract the ozone from the pure air of the country, and carry it into the town, to renovate the atmosphere of factories and hospitals.—M. Paul Broca, a surgeon of Paris, has repeated the experiments made and described some time ago by Dr Braid of Manchester, as hypnotism; in other words, catalepsy without inhalation. One result of the repetition is, that he finds hypnotism as effectual as chloroform in deadening sensation during surgical operations, having tried it in some very severe cases. It appears that the physiologists of France have only become aware of Dr Braid's experiments within the past few months: and M. Broca intends to devote himself to study all the possible applications of hypnotism as an anæsthetic agent.

Our brethren at the antipodes will now, in all probability, have their desire gratified as regards salmon, for a ship is on her way to Australia carrying thirty thousand salmon ova from a river in Wales. Care has been taken to preserve the natural condition as much as possible during the voyage; the eggs are placed in a cistern on a bed of gravel, and a stream of ice-cold water, to retard maturity, will flow continually across them till they arrive at their destination. This is a noteworthy example of involuntary migration, which some future colonial author, writing on the origin of species, will doubtless take into consideration.

In 'Notes on Californian Trees,' published in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, Mr Andrew Murray communicates interesting particulars concerning the *Wellingtonia gigantea*—the monster pine, one of which represented by 116 feet of its bark, has for some time past astonished visitors to the Crystal Palace. Seeds were wanted by British arboriculturists, and as the trees are too tall to be climbed, a young Irishman, expert with the rifle, was set to shoot down the cones. This kind of sport proving too slow, he, not having the fear of Judge Lynch before his eyes, cut down four of the smallest trees, and got 50,000 seeds, which were sent to this country. Hence we may look forward to seeing the giant growing in our parks and woodlands, and that at no distant date, for the tree is of rapid growth, though this takes place chiefly at night. There is a specimen near Cork already fourteen feet in height; and another in Norfolk has ripened its seed. How many an eventful page of history will have been written before they are 400 feet high! We are glad to hear that the United States authorities have taken measures to prevent any further destruction of the magnificent clump still left standing in California.

Meteorologists are collecting observations on our unusually backward spring, to compare with the records of past years, as a further help in examination of the question as to the weather-cycle theory. The same atmospheric condition appears to have prevailed over the whole of Europe, accompanied in several parts of the continent by combined thunder and snow storms. Of these the most remarkable occurred in Belgium on February 19, between seven and eight in the evening, when, besides an unprecedented fall of snow, twelve churches were simultaneously struck by lightning, at places wide apart—Liége, Courtrai, Malines, Antwerp—comprising nearly the whole breadth of the country. Some of the churches were completely destroyed, and the others more or less injured.

THE CHAFFINCH.

The winter wind howls back to northern seas,
And in his stead comes up the western breeze;
And budded leaves break freshly on the trees;
So, chaffinch, sing,
A happy, piping pipe, the world to please;
For this is Spring.

The youngling birds new in the nest are born;
And fresh with April rain springs up the corn;
White-breasted clouds arise to greet the morn;
So, chaffinch, sing,
And pipe thy song, and sit no more forlorn;
For this is Spring.

We cannot sing in winter, if we would,
As if the frosty time were fair and good;
But winter wind blows bleak by northern flood;
So, chaffinch, sing.
Blue-bells are on the hills, the May's a-bud;
For this is Spring.

The summer cuckoo comes to sing his best;
The swallow twits to find the ancient nest;
Black buds break on the ash, the beech is drest
In green; so, sing.
Bitter is turned to sweet, our hearts to rest;
For this is Spring.

The cressy brooks are purling in the meads;
The plover skims across the crested reeds;
The morning melts the amber-tinted beads
Of dew; so, sing,
And say the world no wrecks of winter heeds;
For this is Spring.

A sunny welcome o'er the land is sent;
The honey-flowers with early bees are bent;
New leafy boats the fairy fays invent,
To sail; so, sing.
Sunny the sunshine is, so rest content;
For this is Spring.

Take, chaffinch, take a novel plume, to keep
The festive season; plumage brown and deep,
With tips of blue; the morning air to sweep
More gay; so, sing,
And quickly wake the woods from winter sleep;
For this is Spring.

Spring, skipping gaily trim by dike and beck,
With wreathed wreaths of flowers herself to deck,
With lilies fresh hung round her crystal neck,
Comes quick; so, sing.
Thy glossy throat no taints of winter speck;
For this is Spring.

So pipe, so sing sweet lays, and let the note
Trill richly up the ruddy, speckless throat,
From hedgerows green, to fill the fields, and float
All day; so, sing,
And heal us, heal us all whom winter smote
With grief, ere Spring.

T. A.

A quack work of very low character is at present in the course of being advertised, with the following recommendation attached: 'This admirable book should be in every person's possession.—CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, Nov. 1859.'

We have simply to state, that no such recommendation ever appeared in CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, *and that the book, from all we can hear of it, is one which should be in* NOBODY'S *possession.*

EDINBURGH, *March* 26, 1860.

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MINOR ASPECTS OF FRENCH LIFE.

WERE any company of educated individuals required to enumerate those emotions of their past lives which, unlike the shadowy and fleeting character of usual feelings, have fixed themselves in their memory, most of them would unhesitatingly give a place in the list to their first day's sensations in a foreign land. There are scenes and moments in the history of every man which are photographed ineffaceably on the mind. It forms part of the interest of one of Schiller's finest poems, that the time when the sea is just seen by a thoughtful youth is one never to be forgotten. Add to that the hour when he was left by an affectionate and anxious father on the scene, and among strangers, where he had the great battle of life to fight; add the period when, after years of toil, he could write his name as one with which the world had become familiar as the representative of successful industry and untarnished honour; add for you also, madam, the moment when, in secrecy and trembling lest the very midnight might betray you, you ventured to try how the matron name you now bear would look in writing, long ere the plighted vow that gave you a legal claim to it had been spoken—and you find in these, recollections that stand alone and for ever in the memory, like that of the first moment under the concave of St Peter's, when you wonder that aught so vast and solemnising should have been reared by mortal hands; or of the first view of the mighty Alps, when you have to struggle for a while against the notion that their snowy pinnacles, so far remote from earth, are mere fantastic clouds. So is it with the first few hours on a foreign shore: all is strange, as if a new world had been opened; and he who has not yet realised the emotion, has that still in prospect which Nero is said to have offered half his capital to discover—a new pleasure.

As this incommunicable and delightful sensation of novelty subsides at length, another feeling almost invariably takes possession of the inquiring tourist—one of surprise that, from all the books he has been perusing, he has learned so little of that which on every side he finds most deeply to interest him. With the external aspects of the scenes they have made him familiar. In any principal city, he can recognise by name, perhaps, the more striking monuments that appear in view; the squares, statues, palaces, churches to which he is conducted, he seems to have known from his childhood; and so little has he to learn from the voluble and consequential *cicerone* that accompanies his party from the hotel, that the three Misses Smith, who form part of it, are confident 'Mr Thomson must have been there before.' He, poor man, is in no frame to accept the compliment; he is inwardly execrating those stupid authors who have written as if columns and palaces, pictures and statues, made a city, and not rather the busy and moving tide of human life and feeling that flows around him. From every quarter of the globe has the complaint arisen, that for all that most forcibly strikes a stranger, the writers of travels, whether they speak of Italy or of India, whether they describe Broadway in New York or the Street of Grief in Jerusalem, have not in the smallest degree prepared him. There is an obvious reason for the fact. First impressions, though by far the most vivid and instructive, not one in a thousand has seen the importance of preserving. Imagining that time would furnish something more worthy of his note-book than a first glance could afford, each traveller has allowed the impressions of wonder it conveyed to him to become familiar; has permitted the subtle essence of novelty, which gave its highest zest to the scene, to escape; and when proceeding to description, has left his readers ignorant, in consequence, of all he himself had at first felt most deeply interesting; as though he should condemn them to cool their thirst in the dog-days with an exhausted orange, or to smell, in a crowded room, a nosegay from which the bloom and the fragrance had fled for ever. That *second thoughts* are best, is a good maxim in the affairs of life; but that *first impressions* are most valuable, should be equally a rule to all who would communicate to their readers the advantages and delights of travel.

It would be difficult to name any scene of striking interest in our own country, that can be visited at less expenditure of time and trouble than are requisite in these days for a trip to France. We do not undervalue home. A holiday at the Lakes or in the Highlands, in Wales or Ireland, let all compass who can afford it; but in them, the old world and your old self are with you still. In a foreign land, one, for a time at least, changes all these. How eagerly does the eye strain itself for the first glimpse of its rising shores; how rapturously does it strive to embody the faint hues of distance into the living objects so long dreamed of, the men and habitations of another clime; and when the steamer shoots at length into the crowded harbour, every object and every sound speaks of another world, of high and delicious interest; an hour in such a scene is felt to be worth a year in a familiar one, giving a fillip to the mind like an alterative in medicine to a jaded frame, and freshening its energies as a breeze does the sluggishness of a summer day. How anxiously do we seek to enter the enchanted scene, though it is no such easy matter! The narrow steps that lead from the deck to

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the paddle-box, and so ashore, are beset by two meeting tides of passengers, whose point of contact is marked by struggles, shrieks, crushing of band-boxes, fainting of women, and triumphant issues from the vortex of the young and brave, who, by dint of strength and of sex, have escaped to the gangway, and may pass through the line of wondering soldiers to the necessary examinations of the custom-house. There, those who have also emerged from the awful conflict are collected in a dense and impatient knot, ever augmenting from behind, till the last of the Britannic freight, even to the fainting invalid, has been accounted for; and there must they wait in patience till the barrier is removed that admits them, two by two, into the presence of the close-cropped, moustachoed, military-looking officials to whom the charge is committed of inspecting passports and examining luggage. Opened at length it is, and what a rush ensues! although it cannot by possibility admit more than its width allows, the centre and outside of the mass appear to act on the conviction that if they only keep pushing with sufficient vigour, the solid flesh that is between them and the envied entrance may be made to evaporate into air. The result of the experiment is only reproaches, remonstrances, screams, and faintings; and when the calm officials within are observed, from time to time, to cast a look upon the scene, in which not a little of pity and contempt are blended, no wonder that our countrymen consider themselves, ere they have been even an hour in France, a set of most ill-used and insulted individuals. What a blessing at length to reach the hall, to breathe in the open street, to be free! But there is no time to loiter—this is but Dieppe. We must have you in Paris before morning, so quick, and into the train.

'Paris!' cries sharply and quickly the military-looking guard who unlocks your door, and seeing you confused somewhat by your long sleep, he politely musters English enough to say: '*Dat way, sare.*' Now for a squeeze again. Your fellow-passengers, invigorated by repose for the dread encounter, are, as you saw them last, in front of the still closed door which is to admit them into the hall where their luggage is to be examined; and happy does the man think himself who is nearest to it. Open at last it goes, and the full tide dashes inward. Hollo! what is this?—nothing but spaciousness, quietness, and order here; nothing but tables round the vast hall, on which every man's baggage, according to the number he received at starting, from 1 upwards, is arranged, as if by fairy hands, awaiting the arrival of the inspectors. Alas! our boxes are marked 413.

'Think,' we observe to our friend Smith, 'of waiting till the whole intermediate packages have passed muster!'

'Nonsense!' he replies. 'I will let you into a secret. Why, mine was 517; but as I managed, as I always do, to push in among the first, I quietly lugged my portmanteau to the top of the line, even above No. 1, and there they come to inspect it.'

Alas! for Smith. His little trick was discovered; and all our poor friend gets for his pains is to be conducted, amid general laughter, to the very extremity of the line, to give indignant utterance to the remark that true liberty is unknown among these French. He is right so far. No more of *that* liberty in which *he* rejoices will he see till he reach Old England. A genuine, pushing, shrieking, selfish crowd, visit what sights, and gaze with what thousands he may, will never gladden his Britannic heart till he is safe at the London terminus. Till then, he must be content to be orderly, polite, and happy, remembering that if the Smiths of creation desire to get forward everywhere, the rest of mankind desire to get forward also, and regard any practical forgetfulness of the fact, such as our friend was surprised in, as gross selfishness and impertinence.

The stranger in France is amazed for a time at its inhabitants having been described to him as a peculiarly civil and obliging people. At first, they appear eminently the reverse. He asks the road, for example, and though the person accosted has instantly his hat in his hand, and seems all smiles and civility, he walks off suddenly with a frown, and the answer only half given. Entering some neighbouring shop for information, the neat-handed maiden behind the counter, who seems at first sight actually radiant with desire to please, instantly becomes cold as an icicle, and turns away with a look and murmur of disdain. Pushing into the omnibus that is awaiting its complement, all that was smiling at the instant of his entrance freezes also into strange and repulsive coldness, and our excellent traveller wonders that the French should ever have been deemed even civilised. He will modify his judgment, should observation or some kind friend hint to him that he who would seek politeness from others must shew it to them. Why, when the gentleman of whom he inquired the way, courteously raised his hat to him, did he keep his own hat nailed so firmly to his head? Why, when he addressed the young shopwoman, and entered the omnibus, did he omit the ordinary civility of touching his beaver as he entered? He forgot to pay that respect to others that is constantly given and looked for, and he instantly ceased to be respected. No man may be so popular with the French as an Englishman, if he will only condescend to their ways a little, and bring himself to believe that, while the consciousness of an ample purse may make him indifferent in some degree to their good opinion, the large good-nature and benevolence which form the true charm of society, can only be opened in their hearts by the golden key of civility. This is a mighty secret for making the wheel of life move easily among our lively neighbours. Whatever may be the real feelings with which the wealthier classes among themselves regard the poor, certain it is that no proprietor would meet his workmen, no master his servant, without an outward acknowledgment of civility, costing little, pleasing much, and binding society together with flowery and far stronger bonds than all the laws and penalties of the statute-book.

The certainty that reigns in France of every one, no matter what his station, meeting the outward respect that their national vanity so prizes, has important social results: it engenders contentment with their lot; it prevents the striving to overstep his sphere and tread on his neighbour's heels, which forms so painful and ruinous a feature in home society, and tempts no one to seem other than he really is. The ambition of a female servant in France is not, by a wretched aping of the bonnet and feathers, the shawl and crinoline of her wealthy mistress, to endeavour to pass on Sundays for a lady; but in the snowy cap and neat stuff-gown of her class, to appear the tidiest of servants—sure that she will thus command a respect which those borrowed plumes, that are not unfrequently the purchase of her truth and honour, could never for a moment obtain.

'You! rubbish!' (*canaille*) we overheard a young puppy of a foreigner say to a poor rag-gatherer, who had gently remonstrated with him for a ruder push in a crowd than was at all necessary.

'Rubbish!' exclaimed the indignant *chiffonnier*. 'Am not I an industrious man? Do I not pay my debts? I support my poverty. I am a peaceful citizen. I owe no man a *centime*. Rubbish! *sacré!*'

He had reason to be indignant. It is not the part we play on the stage of life, but the manner we play it, that ought to constitute merit and command applause.

This happy and philosophic contentment with the condition of life in which each is placed, as it prevents any foolish aping of superiors, saves also from an expensive one. It is arranged in every French

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family, from that of the highest noble to that of the humblest shopkeeper who has a room to receive company, that on such and such an evening the master shall always be found at home. In, without ceremony, drop his friends—the fair sex to talk, the men to discuss the news, the old people to take a hand at *piquet*, the young to have a round of charades; then is music always, and frequently an innocent little dance; and then, with a cup of tea, with which it is the fashion at present to close such evenings, a biscuit, a bunch of grapes, or a glass of light wine, all betake themselves homewards, after a rational and delightful evening, the cost of which, to the entertainers, has been only a few shillings. When any one once receives an invitation to such a circle, it does not require to be repeated: he is always welcome; his presence, in fact, is a compliment to the family; and as these meetings range through all spheres, political, literary, and friendly, they throw around life in France a constant and inexpressible charm.

It must not be forgotten, however, that when the love of society, which in other countries is regarded in the light of a merely occasional relaxation, is considered a necessity of life, its indulgence brings many evils in its train. A Frenchman is never at home, except to company. He has not, as well known, a word for home. Besides the theatres and public places of amusement, every class, from the highest to the lowest, has its favourite coffee-house, where the workman has his glass of beer and interminable game of dominoes, and the shopkeeper or lounger his cup of coffee and his billiards; while in summer, the dancing-garden, or, in Paris, the pavement of the Boulevards or gay alleys of the Tuileries, where the air is so soft that life seems steeped in enjoyment, and the ever-moving crowd appears as gay and happy as if neither sorrow nor sin had a place on earth, furnish to a people so pleased with themselves, and disposed to be pleased with the whole world, their indispensable necessity of society in a form as inexpensive as it is innocent. Doubtless this absence of home-likings and enjoyments—this positive dislike to the fireside, where, amid wife and children, and the cares and anxieties they bring, the character acquires most readily both the tenderness and strength which form true greatness—may be the source to the Frenchman of all that frivolity, fickleness, and ferocity which, from time to time, in modern history, have rendered him an object of such fearful interest to the world. Taking his tone from the oracle of his coffee-house, and sensitively afraid of the ridicule which the manly expression of any purely natural sentiment would occasion there, he loses his individuality in the light, mocking, unbelieving spirit of society, and falls an easy prey to whatever phase or feeling it may assume, equally ready, should it be the order of the day, to be atheist or Christian, monarchist or republican, monkey or tiger. What France still wants, as in the days of the first Bonaparte, is homes and mothers; but where children are regarded as a calamity in a family, to be boarded away as soon as possible; where their very number is fixed by contract, and limited to one, or at most three, by some means known best to themselves; and all that monsieur and madame may be able to indulge in their taste for society, true greatness of character and stability of institutions are expected in vain.

In deploring that disregard of the sacred training and ties of home which prevails in France, it would be unjust to omit one very pleasing feature that marks almost universally its population—their extraordinary respect for old age. It is the paradise of grandmothers. For her, or her aged partner, the warmest seat in the chimney-corner, the best dish at the table, are conceded with spontaneous warmth; and when the saint's day comes round whose name they bear, poor indeed is the relative of the family who does not appear with kind wishes, and a flower or a little present. In the anniversaries of those saints of the calendar, the commonness of whose name gives them a very numerous spiritual offspring, it is said that in Paris alone L.20,000 are often expended on flowers; and as a pleasing indication that this respect for the aged does not evaporate in mere sentiment, there are few able to provide for their own sustenance, who would not consider the asking of public relief for their superannuated or helpless parents an inexpiable and indelible disgrace.

In so far as the female portion of the population is concerned, their devoted industry, while they are able to exercise it, well entitles them to kindness when age and poverty conspire to demand its aid. The great social problem which at present is engaging the benevolent of our own country—how shall we find employment for those of our female population whose condition places them above menial service—has long and successfully been solved in France. It is considered there that when a lady goes to purchase a dress or a pair of gloves, a trinket for herself or a toy for her children, she will prefer being served by one of her own sex, rather than by a broad-shouldered specimen of the other. So long as the soil demands cultivators, the country soldiers and mechanics, merchants and artisans, such as only the brain and strength of manhood can supply, it is thought an ungallant and unseemly invasion of the rights of the weak, that any employment for which they are peculiarly qualified should be taken from them. Woman, that finds both her virtue, comfort, and delight in labour, is permitted, in consequence, to exercise it. She often acts as ticket-dispenser at railway stations, as book-keeper at hotels and shops, and as attendant on the heaped tables of the reading-room. The watchmaker consigns to her delicate touch the finer parts of his mechanism, and the jeweller the setting of his costly gems; the wood-engraver expects his most delicate and tasteful cuts from her; and the picture-dealer invites her to plant her easel in the Louvre or Luxembourg, to reproduce, as she well can, the master-pieces of ancient or modern art. Nor is the mallet of the sculptor considered to disgrace the hands of a princess: one of the noblest statues of modern times, representing Joan of Arc clasping the consecrated sword, being the production of a daughter of the late Citizen King. The individual and social advantages which the honour that is thus paid to labour brings are incalculable. Pride is never permitted to interfere with usefulness; and many a young female, who would have been debarred, as with us, by its pernicious influence from the honourable employment of her powers, and been tempted to seek a refuge from poverty in a life of shame, is enabled, by the wiser and more merciful arrangements which obtain in France, to secure a virtuous and comfortable independence.

This recognition of female usefulness, and respect accorded to its exercise, is attended by other important results to the welfare and arrangements of society. No well-conducted young woman is condemned to the cheerlessness of old-maidish life. A young female, trained to the idea that she has a position of activity to fill, and work to do, is regarded by the other sex, who have marriage in prospect, not in the light of an expensive encumbrance, but as a help and a gain; and it will depend on herself alone if, at a comparatively early age, she does not obtain the opportunity of being a happy wife. Should she decline the position, and that, unfortunately, as many thousands do, with the view of enjoying the happiness of affection without its sacred restraints and duties, she has herself to thank if there are restraints imposed on her by the laws, of another and an ignominious kind. It certainly contrasts most strikingly with the appearance of our own cities, that the most delicate female may walk till midnight along the streets of the French capital without being once reminded that a profession of vice exists. The frequency with which its shameless and bloated aspect, and even voice, obtrudes itself on the

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attention in our own cities would not be tolerated for a moment. We believe that, as a people, there is none more pure on earth than ourselves, and are prepared to admit in regard to Paris, where the sacredness of the marriage-tie is said at this moment to be less esteemed than at any period since the dissolute reign of Louis XIV., and where the illegitimate births of the population are as ten to twenty-three, that disregard for chastity prevails to an extent that is sapping the best foundations of society; but this is certain, that vice, if it is wanted, must be sought. It never, as on our own streets, is suffered to obtrude its hideous or painted visage on the young and innocent, but is kept in the secrecy that becomes its nature. Should a young woman, yet unfallen, be observed by the Argus eyes of the police to loiter at shop-windows or on the street, as she goes to discharge her errands, a request is at once conveyed to her parents or mistress to admonish her; should she persist in her levities, she is by and by requested to walk to the nearest police station, where she is seriously and kindly warned that the next time she attracts attention, she will be required to make up her mind whether a life of honour or publicity is to be her choice. Should this also be ineffectual, she is at once walked off to the reformatory, when, at the end of some months, she has again the choice offered of vice or virtue; and should she decide for the former, she is marked for ever, bound to conform herself to decent laws, and told that the attempt to annoy a passenger on the public street, or even to present herself there, will procure her an instant acquaintance with the hard labour and infamy of a prison. Surely there is something to commend and to copy here. Why should vice only, after nightfall, be the occupant of our public streets? Why should its loathsomeness and temptations be suffered so shamelessly to obtrude themselves on the innocent and virtuous? They order those things better among our neighbours. True it is, that there the well-conducted of society are far more shocked at the appearance of grossness than at its nature. We would not thus have mere appearances of virtue come in place of it; but certainly they should not be so wholly disregarded as among ourselves; and we envy the state of manners which the fact discloses, that a lady who had occasion last summer to walk along the Great Boulevard, on her return from a sick relative, when it was close on midnight, was only once accosted on the entire route, and the person who addressed her was an Englishman.

To the volatile Parisians, our countrymen, for lighter reasons, afford subjects of a good deal of harmless mirth. In the minor theatres, and those *cafés* where comic songs and recitations form part of the entertainment, the Englishman is a stock-piece, produced almost nightly; not in the top-boots and broad skirts which used to form the conventional John Bull, but dapper and trim, with cane and eye-glass, which he is made to stick in the visual orbit, for a good stare, should he happen to be addressed; a perpetual habit of adjusting his shirt-collar and arranging his hair when he enters a room; execrable French, spoken from the depths of the chest, and full of the double meanings which send the audience into shrieks of laughter, but with a generosity of feeling, at the same time, which makes him rather a favourite on the whole. The usual appellation given us by the boy-wits of the street at this moment is, 'Monsieur I say;' not unfrequently, 'Monsieur *Combien;*' '*How much?*' being frequently the whole ready-money phraseology many of our intelligent countrymen can muster; and to see *the donkey with the two panniers*, or, in other words, a good unsuspecting British *paterfamilias* proceeding blandly and benevolently along with a lady on each arm, will throw a whole crowd into motion. That we are reared on horseback; are taught from infancy to box; are accustomed to no food save porter and raw beef-steaks; travel in France because of our intense misery at home; live in cold and perpetual mists; and die at last of consumption, from the dismal necessity of sitting half of our time over coal-fires—are articles of the creed even of intelligent Frenchmen, which no representations to the contrary can shake; and that there would not be one inhabitant in these islands who would not leave it for *la belle France*, provided he were rich enough to afford the expatriation, is believed much more generally than holy writ.

Living in Paris at present, for an English family, requires the fabled dimensions of even English fortunes. From the enormous expenditure incurred during the present reign, by the fortifying and embellishing of the city, and which have made it equally the strongest and most magnificent capital in the world, the rent of houses and price of provisions, which are the chief sources from which the requisite funds are raised, have risen fully one-third during the last ten years. When it is considered that every bullock that enters the gates is taxed sixty-three francs; every sheep, four; every hundred bottles of wine, twenty-seven, and thus in proportion with every article of daily consumption; when every pitcher of water has to be conveyed from the public well by the stout porters of Auvergne, and every billet of wood is at least twice the price of its bulk in Newcastle coal; when the wages of a common kitchen-maid are from sixteen to twenty pounds; and the rent of a house at least three times greater than in the best cities at home; and when there is added to all this the large, half-compulsory contributions that are levied from time to time to procure *fêtes* for the populace on any fitting occasion of public rejoicing, it will be seen that Paris must be, as it really is, one of the most expensive places in the world. By its citizens and shopkeepers, the pressure is very deeply felt. Any one that looked last autumn at the appearance of the city, when the emperor, at the head of eighty thousand soldiers of the conquering army of Italy, made his public entry through its streets, might have regarded the gorgeous and lavish decorations they exhibited as proofs equally of boundless wealth and devoted loyalty. Flags from every window; triumphal arches at every interval; colossal statues of exquisite design, raised on noble and classically sculptured pedestals; gilded Victories, extending from stately columns crowns of laurel over the passing troops whenever a spot favourable for their erection appeared; and the whole public offices of the Place Vendôme, where the empress and her son were seated, covered with hangings of gorgeous crimson velvet, studded with golden bees, and heavy with golden fringes, appeared the willing contributions of a people as loyal as they were opulent. But well did every householder on that line of march know, that aught like the semblance of unwillingness to contribute to the general splendour would be reported by the police as an indication of disaffection to the government, and made the pretext of his speedy ruin. The neck of France is compressed at this moment by a hand of iron; and the condition of her being allowed to breathe is, to appear to be happy and to smile.

The class in Paris that has always performed the most terrible part in its various revolutions—the workmen—have been effectually, for the present, gained over to the cause of order, by the abundant employment which its unparalleled embellishment and extension provide for them. What with extending the fortifications, constructing new approaches, throwing down the high dismal streets of old Paris, to make way for broad boulevards, along which the rattling of artillery may be heard at a moment's notice, whenever the dangerous population that inhabit it shew the slightest symptom of disaffection—the workmen-class are fully employed; and being paid at the rate of five francs a day, while their living, as single men, amounts to little more than half that sum, they are quiet and

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contented. We have frequently looked in at their vast dining-rooms, where, for eightpence a head, they may be seen, seated by hundreds, devouring soup, meat, and brown bread. We have penetrated into their wine-houses and dormitories, where, by twenties and thirties in one apartment, they lodge for about five francs a month; and when coloured ribbons at a button-hole or on a cap indicated that the wearer had, in the course of his profession, made the tour of France, and was a Companion of the Order of the Children of Solomon, or of Father Soubise, societies which no government can suppress, and which, though ostensibly formed with the view of protecting their craft alone, are made political engines of most fearful power. We have been delighted to have a talk with these chiefs of the people, and have seen quite enough of their feelings to find no difficulty in realising the terrors of their famous march to Versailles, to conduct poor Louis XVI. to Paris, or of the bloody scenes of the barricades of later times. They are the most tasteful workmen in the world, at all times the most sober, and, when well fed and employed, the most polite and peaceful; but let the dark day of hunger come, and it would soon be discovered, we fear, that the history of the revolutions of Paris is not yet complete.

A far less pleasing, though equally conspicuous portion of the population of France, are the soldiers. What a rage for military organisation our neighbours have! The pupils of every grammar-school are in uniform, and trained to the modes of camp-discipline from their childhood; the prizes they receive are laurel-crowns: all tends to elevate the successful warrior to the highest platform of humanity; and it is no unnatural consequence that agriculture and commerce, the true sources of a country's greatness, are neglected for the barren and blood-stained honours of the trade of war. Let an eye, accustomed to the rich and cultivated landscapes of our own country, gaze from the railway carriage over the valley of the Seine, or the vast level tracts of corn-land that lead thence to the course of the silver Loire, and a glance will serve to shew that the withdrawal of six hundred thousand of the population from the peaceful pursuits of agriculture to the unprofitableness of soldiering, keeps that science in its infancy, and causes the rich resources of nature to be most cruelly wasted. What mere patches of fields dot the view! so many as a dozen crops will be found on a single acre; while the absence of all plan, and even all fences, make it matter of wonder that a soil so managed should yield even bread in sufficient quantity for the wants of the cultivators. The law which requires that properties shall be equally divided among the children of a deceased proprietor, as it has removed anything like a middle class between the people and throne of France, and has made either a republic or a military despotism a matter of necessity with them, has acted not less injuriously on the interests of agriculture. The country where every rood of ground owns, if it does not maintain, its master, must always be ill cultivated; and should it happen that that individual is forced, for a considerable portion of his life, to shoulder a musket instead of wielding a spade, the evil will be still further aggravated. Such is the present state of affairs in France. The conscription, with its merciless exactions, forces men into the army whose whole soul revolts at the necessity; and as a substitute, even in times of peace, cannot be procured for less than L.80 sterling, it will be readily seen that many a gay uniform in the imperial troops conceals a discontented and rebellious heart.

It cannot be denied, however, that public feeling in France, which attaches such an undue and fatal importance to renown in arms, has a powerful influence both in reconciling the conscript to his obligatory service, and supplying him with motives to rise in it. What power has not that room in Versailles exerted, in which the terrible marshals of Napoleon, Murat, Kleber, Ney, Massena, and Davoust, are represented, not only with the gorgeous decorations of dukes and princes of the empire, but also in that uniform of a private soldier in which their career begun! In the face of any one of the number of young men who are constantly to be found gazing on these pictures, an observer may trace a firm resolution to keep that path of exertion and honour where the glittering prize is alone found. This stimulus to ambition does much to keep the French soldier what he is—prodigal of life, but thoughtful, studious, and self-denying. Raised as they are by conscription, they are often educated and superior men. It perplexes a stranger to see military etiquette, as understood among us, so flagrantly violated daily as that privates should be found drinking or breakfasting at the same tables in the cafés with their officers; and this excited, as his dispatches shew, no little wonder in even the Duke of Wellington, when, in 1815, he found the officer of his guard of honour playing at cards with his men. The explanation is, that the men are frequently the schoolfellows or the relatives of their officers, and hope—promotion being given to merit, and not to money—to be shortly in the same rank. It is pleasing to see even here that they desire to be worthy of the distinction. They are always to be found deep in study in the public libraries, or hanging with avidity about the book and map sellers' shops; and form, by their sobriety and intelligence, a marked contrast to the dissolute, pothouse-frequenting soldiers of our own streets. Strolling through the camp of St Maur lately, where the army of Italy were under canvas, amid cleaning of accoutrements, drill, feats of gymnastics, and marvellous attempts at cooking, we saw many of the men in their tents deeply engaged in study; and on pausing to read a paper in manuscript attached to one of the trees of the place, we found it to be an elegy, in French, Greek, and Latin, on a boy who, a few days previously, had been killed on that spot by lightning, the composition of No. such a one, of such a regiment—a private soldier.

On the whole, we have something to learn from our lively neighbours, and we have purposely dwelt in these observations on the traits of manners and character from which we ought to learn. A person who enters a garden may find either roses or weeds there, just according to what he looks for; and he is, in our opinion, both the more amiable and the wiser man who, instead of returning in triumph with some fetid efflorescence of the dungheap to display in malignant triumph, secures some blushing flower in his perambulations, at once teaching sweetness and diffusing it. They who can discover nothing but nettles in their neighbours' gardens should be scourged with and condemned to eat them; and while ready with our latest breath to cry, 'Britain for ever!' we can add, though of course less heartily, *Vive la France!*

INSIDE THE STUDIO.

Let me at once frankly express my belief, that no human being ever existed more sincerely desirous of worldly prosperity than the present writer. But he has been puzzled, bewildered, spoiled by the conflicting advice of his dearest friends. 'Why don't you do so and so?' inquired one. 'Ah, if you'd only apply yourself,' was the resigned remark of another. 'Slow and *sure*, my boy,' was the authoritative warning of his great uncle; while his cousin William, whom an accidental speculation in soap had pitchforked into prosperity, declared that the only way to succeed in these modern days was to 'hit 'em up.' I had been the uncomplaining victim of each preceding injunction; each had resulted in failure. What was I to do? The battle of life must be fought somehow, but where was the stand-point for victory? At this moment of painful perplexity, an enthusiastic friend informed me of

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the enormous profits daily earned by the exercise of an art then, as the penny-a-liners say, 'in its infancy;' in short, photography.

A motley crew they were, the 'artists' of seven years ago: linendrapers out of situation; temperance lecturers, eking out a slender income by honourable employment; actors and vocalists, whose avocations left them the day at their own disposal; broken-down clerks, and others of meaner station. The ranks of these 'operators' were speedily recruited from the 'doorsmen'—that is, the 'touters,' who, picking up a smattering of the art, set up for themselves, and thus became the rivals of their former masters. When it is remembered with what ease in photography a result of some kind can be obtained, and that, at the time I speak of, almost anything was satisfactory to the public, my readers will cease to be astonished at the number of persons who resorted to the new art, and found in its exercise a profitable employment. My arrangements were speedily made. Borrowing ten pounds from my dear old trusting Aunt Betsey, I invested that amount in the hands of a professor, whose studio was situate in a broad thoroughfare leading out of Fleet Street. I was enjoined by him to be punctual at nine the following morning, when he promised to give me the first insight into an art, by means of which I was speedily to realise a handsome competence, and thus practically refute the evil prognostications of my friends. Exactly at the time specified, I presented myself at the establishment of my new tutor, who hurriedly instructed me how to *pose* a sitter, and, indeed, initiated me into most other of the minor but useful preliminaries. I have, my friends tell me, a moderate share of assurance; but I found myself a perfect young Marlow in comparison with my instructor. Could human lips persuade me that black was *really* white, those of the individual I allude to would have been certainly successful. He possessed, besides, such a marvellous tact in adapting himself to the different peculiarities of his customers, that one could fancy that their very minds were mapped out before him.

Scarcely had we set our studio in order before the doorsman, rapidly ascending the stairs, breathlessly announced a customer. 'She won't go to no more than a shilling,' he gasped. A very corpulent lady indeed. Her face, excessively flushed, was surrounded by a bonnet-cap, which, though wonderfully large, was only in proportion to the size of the bonnet it was intended to adorn. Gloves of the commonest kind concealed her puffy hands, while a shawl of intricate pattern and variegated colour almost entirely covered her respectable but portly form. The 'glass-house' was a temporary erection at the top of the roof. Access was gained by a feeble ladder, originally, for the sake of cheapness, constructed of green wood. The hot sun had twisted its component parts in the most singular but effective manner; it was afflicted with the rickets, and evidently failing fast. By a series of violent efforts on her own part, vigorously encouraged and carefully guided by the professor and myself, the corpulent lady eventually reached that frail, transparent structure, perched, as I before said, on the very apex of the roof.

'Screw her up,' said the operator to me carelessly as he disappeared into the dark room—'screw her up!'

'Goodness gracious!' ejaculated the unfortunate victim; 'what *does* the gentleman mean?'

'He merely requests me to pose you, madam,' I replied.

'Pose! I never was more astonished. Let me go down stairs, young man.'

'I should say to place you in a proper position,' I interrupted soothingly. 'That's it, ma'am. Gloves *off*, if you please; your hands *so;* your eyes fixed on that small piece of white paper: lean against this, if you please (placing her head in the 'rest'). I *will* mind your bonnet. There: that's it—admirable!' I added, really somewhat pleased at the effect I had contributed to create.

'Now, ma'am,' remarked my instructor, as he issued from his den, to the tortured innocent in the chair—'now, ma'am, look pleasant.'

She endeavoured to obey. A strange and awful expression passed over her countenance—the ends of her mouth she somehow hitched up to her ears; her eyes emerged from their sockets, while the loose skin of her forehead arranged itself in folds, like reefs in a ship's sail.

'Do not move,' enjoined the artist, 'till I replace the cap. Cap off. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Cap on, again.'

The victim accepted the relief with a deep sigh of resignation.

I accompanied the artist into his dark room, to witness the process of developing the picture. It 'came out' at last. It certainly resembled the original as she appeared when she was taken; but I need hardly add that the expression of her face, at that moment of agony, was wholly unlike the one her countenance habitually wore.

'You'll never give her that!' I whispered.

'Won't I?' responded my instructor. 'You shall see.' Advancing from his dark room, he had the exquisite assurance thus to address his visitor: 'I congratulate you, madam, on the very best result we have obtained to-day.' (No more than the literal truth; she was the first visitor we had had.) 'The half-tones are superb. Beautiful!' he continued in raptured accents—'beautiful. Are they not, Mr Jinks?'—appealing to me.

'They are certainly most charming,' I was villain enough to assert.

'Well, um, ah!' returned the original of the great work—'well, I don't think it is so *very* like.'

'Oh, it *must* be a likeness,' roundly and positively declared the artist. 'It can't help being a portrait. Look at the shawl.'

'Well, yes, it is like the shawl: the shawl is *capital*.'

'Then, of course, ma'am, it must be like you.'

Not being a sufficient mistress of logic to discuss the point, the unhappy lady surrendered at discretion.

'What price did you? eh'——

'Only a shilling,' interrupted the victim; 'young man below said it was to be only a shilling.'

'Oh,' responded the photographer, with a magnificent bow, 'you will not be imposed on *here*. May I trouble you to walk down stairs while I reduce the picture to the shilling size.'

'Reduce it?'

'This size is *two* shillings; but I do not care for trouble; I will cut it. Your face will be preserved, ma'am, but your shawl will not be seen.'

That remark decided the question: the portrait should remain as it was.

We moved down to the reception-room. 'Would you like to have it coloured?' was the next inquiry.

'Coloured? O dear, no.' *That* she wouldn't.

'Sixpence, merely,' remarked the artist, looking out a 'mat' and 'preserver.'

'Only sixpence?'

'And the improvement,' she was informed, was '*immense!*'

'If it was only sixpence.'

A hint was enough. A dab of powdered colour vigorously thrust on either cheek, then a portion puffed away. The operation was complete before I thought it had been fairly begun.

The portrait, secured in the aforesaid 'mat' and 'preserver,' was then carefully fitted into a case of morocco leather, neatly lined with silk velvet of a crimson hue.

'Without case, two-and-six; with, *five*-and-six. A superior article, you will observe, ma'am, with the hinges gilt.'

The old lady hesitated.

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'A portrait,' remarked the photographer, 'is not an everyday expense. Accident, madam, has been your friend, and you possess a perfect specimen of my art. This gift of fortune, without a case, may fade—may be broken; with a case, it positively lasts for ever—absolutely!'

Flattered, cajoled, convinced, our visitor paid the five-and-six, and was politely shewn down stairs.

A tremendous hubbub—a child something less than three was being brought for its 'picture, bless it!' Five brothers and sisters accompanied the prodigy, for the purpose of witnessing the operation, and generally seeing fair. What a clatter!—what a confusion of tongues! The child had to be partially undressed, its hair to be combed, and its curls to be arranged. These manipulations were executed amid a fire of injunctions. It was to be steady; it was not to frown; it was to hold its head up *so;* it was to keep its hands behind; it was not, on any account whatever, to move its eyes! At last, the infantine object of so much solicitude began to cry, kick, and yell in the most fearful and persevering manner. Finally, the parent was informed by the artist that the latter always charged treble price for children. The parent, hot, excited, indignant, received the announcement with satirical abuse. The child, roaring still louder at the altercation, was caught up by its perspiring mamma; and the whole family, declaiming to each other on the attempted imposition, swept from the reception-room.

A lad and a girl. The former wanted a resemblance of his sister, to take with him to another continent; a second of himself, to leave behind. He was poor, he said, and wished as good a portrait as could be got for the shilling. Our photographer exercised his utmost skill. The brother's likeness, he ascertained, was to be hung up in the best parlour of the little home he left behind; the sister's, to be borne by the wanderer—oh, who shall say whither? So the one the considerate artist inserted in a neat card-board frame, which could be easily suspended from the wall; the other in a small case, easily carried in the pocket. A shilling was all he charged for each of these, though his regular price would be at least four times that amount. I wish people would understand at how small a cost happiness can be distributed. Those trumpery cases were of almost infinitesimal value, yet will the pleasure occasioned by their gift be an agreeable remembrance for two whole lives.

Fine day—business uncommonly brisk. Our next visitor of importance was a policeman. We—mind, I say *we*—were in this instance very successful; yet, somehow, a policeman always looks a policeman. Dress him how you will, the staff seems perpetually peeping from his pocket—'Move on there!' for ever on his lips. He was treated with enormous respect, for it having been most wickedly declared that photographic establishments were becoming positive nuisances, it was of importance to their proprietors to secure the good opinion of the force.

Next in order ascended a clean, tidy, red-faced lass, evidently a servant out for a holiday. She was accompanied by her sweetheart, as clearly a butcher in her neighbourhood. How they laughed! How delighted she was with the smudgy thing given her as her resemblance. Then she would insist on John 'a 'aving on his done.' First he wouldn't; subsequently, he thought he would. Then would *she* have a cheap imitation morocco case? Well! *she* would, if *he* would. Then they both had it, and laughing and blushing, descended, billing and cooing, into the street.

Our succeeding visitor was of a very different stamp. Tall was he, and broad shouldered, wearing perfectly *new* corduroy trousers, tastefully relieved by an expansive waistcoat of plush material and cerulean colour. This obtrusive garment was decorated by gilt buttons of brilliant polish. High cheek-bones had our customer, short hair also, and small eyes. Ascending at once into the glass-room, and sitting down without any absurd preliminary fuss, the gentleman abruptly expressed himself as follows: 'Now, guv'nor, let's have a bob's worth.'

'Certainly, sir,' said the artist, with mock humility; then to me, with a wink: 'Focus the gentleman.'

'Hocus *me!*' cried our visitor in stentorian tones, and drawing himself up to his full height. 'I should like to see the chap as can do it.'

While the operator was giggling and busily preparing in the dark room, I elaborately explained the difference between an 'f' and an 'h,' with such an important addendum as 'ocus.' Calmed at length, the giant arranged his big awkward limbs into what he fancied was a position of extreme elegance. The singular smile which irradiated his square countenance can only be conceived by the liveliest imagination; no artful arrangement of printed words could possibly convey an adequate idea of it. The result of the photographic operation was still more extraordinary. I am not naturally a nervous man, but I confess that the moment before the artist exhibited the portrait to the original, I experienced that peculiar tingling of the nerves which a brave man may be supposed to feel the moment before a battle. My alarm, however, was speedily dissipated; the broad-shouldered fellow was delighted. He insisted on 'ropping' it up himself, and neatly binding the parcel with string. He thumped down stairs, and I heard him stop on the landing. I had the curiosity to look over the balustrades, and was amused to notice the gigantic child absolutely undoing his parcel, that he might once more glance at his prize before going into the street.

A very old lady and a very little boy. She was steeped in an awful silence. The task of life's day was nearly accomplished with her, and night was approaching apace. Slowly, feebly she ascended the stairs; softly, quietly sat down. The first picture he took of her did not please the artist; the second was a success. The boy paid in fourpenny-pieces; he had been breeched, he told us, pointing to his shining clothes, the day before, and his friends had silver-lined the pockets. The little lad had expended a portion of this treasure on a something which should remind him of his kind old grandmother, when she was gone.

No sooner had these departed than I had the misfortune, in turning suddenly round, to knock down the camera, and break the focussing-glass. What is to be done? Our operator is good-natured, and sends his man to a neighbouring warehouse with the instrument, that it may be fitted with a new one. Light, he informs me, has failed for the day. No more business can be done, and the instrument will be repaired by the morrow.

The 'doorsman,' William, returned from his errand, has removed the show-cases in the street; the artist has washed, and taken off his blouse; we both prepare to depart. Hark! a step upon the stairs, and a youth, a very Moses in appearance, enters the reception-room. He demands a guinea portrait. Remembering my accident to the camera, I am instantly bathed in a profuse perspiration, and look despairingly at my instructor. He, to my astonishment, is dilating on the different prices; and eventually a bargain is struck between him and his visitor, by which a coloured portrait of the latter is to be furnished by the former for the sum of one pound five shillings, lawful money of Great Britain.

I perform my part in the farce. The gentleman is requested to walk up stairs. I follow, and 'screw him up.' I tell him to put his arms and his hands in such and such a position; I enjoin him neither to stir nor move, and, abstracted in wonder, leave him to his approaching fate. The confident artist ascends the stairs with a something in the black focussing-cloth; much do I marvel what that something is. My hair stands on end when I recognise it as a *cigar box!*

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'Steady!' The photographer begins to count and critically examine the light, as though he were *really* taking a portrait. 'That will do, sir,' he suddenly remarks, and instantly disappears into the dark room. From the interior of that mysterious recess I hear audible whispers of approval: 'Beautiful result! exquisite! charming!' He comes out with a triumphant smile diffusing itself over his countenance, and in a loud aside, thus addresses me: 'The advantage of an intelligent sitter.—Look at that, sir!' With the last word, he shewed the visitor one of those blotchy-looking things called negatives, where all the blacks are whites, and all the whites are blacks. The sitter held his breath with amazement. 'When that is finished, sir,' resumed the artist, 'it will be a delightful thing.'

'Can I not,' inquired the victim—'can I not take it away with me to-night?'

'A work of art like this, sir, is not completed by inspiration. I must labour at it to-night; to-morrow morning, if you will call *yourself*, sir, I will finish it from the life.'

The victim assented, and began to search for his hat. The following dialogue ensued:

'I am almost ashamed to mention so slight a matter, but I must really trouble you for a deposit.'

'A deposit!'

'We have, you see, sir, people of every kind. On many occasions, I have lost my trouble. In self-defence, I am compelled to make a deposit from my visitors an inflexible rule—inflexible.'

'Will half a sovereign?'

'Oh, perfectly, sir, between *gentlemen*. Then at ten to-morrow I shall have the pleasure. Good-evening, sir; *good*-evening.'

As though such a transaction was an everyday matter, the photographer made no further remark, but arraying himself in walking-costume, paid his 'doorsman' two-and-sixpence, which, with five per cent. commission on the receipts, was the poor fellow's earnings for the day. I and my instructor left the house together.

'That was rather sharp practice of yours,' I observed. 'I am very sorry that my carelessness'——

'Oh, never mention it; I often do that sort of thing when the light fades and the camera is *not* broken.'

'Well—but,' I inquired, 'how do you manage?'

'Oh, easily enough. The deposit settles the business: it will insure the gentleman's punctuality to his appointment, when I shall tell him that some accident has occurred—that my servant has dropped his portrait. Of course, I shall assure him that it is far from my intention to make him pay for the fault of another, but that I must trouble him to sit once more. He will sit, and this time will take away a genuine portrait. These things require tact, you see.'

'NAY-BOEN.'

We are told by a recent visitor of Japan, that there prevails in that empire a system called *nay-boen*, by which an event may for a time be considered as a hushed-up secret, and a person may go about, act, and even die, under a temporary *incognito*. It is a custom which seems to have been found necessary, in relation to the rigorous routine and etiquette which predominates in Japan, in order to render the highly artificial current of life there endurable to human nature. A great officer—even the Tycoon himself—dies, and by *nay-boen* there is not a word of lamentation among his friends till a certain convenient moment. A noble can leave the state and trappings of his ordinary life behind, and under favour of *nay-boen* try to make some money by honest industry, and the world politely takes no notice till he chooses to declare that Richard is himself again. A man may break through the rules of etiquette, and no one take offence, if he respectfully announces that he does so *nay-boen*.

The custom strikes us as singular; but this must be mainly on account of its broad recognised character and its special name, for we certainly have a great deal of *nay-boen* amongst ourselves, and perhaps for the same reason—the necessity of somehow softening the rigid action of conventional rules, and allowing some sort of occasional escape from the duty of acting out an official, or even a social *rôle*. A judge with us is a judge on the bench. When he goes home, he becomes a private gentleman, and may amuse himself by leaping over chairs and tables if he likes. If he has a party of pleasant friends to entertain, he very likely makes fully as great a departure from the gravity of his official function as any Japanese under favour of *nay-boen*. The *élégante* of fashion does not choose to be always dressed for show; in the morning, or what she calls so, she enjoys the luxury and ease of the wrapper and slippers, and may then be said to be living *nay-boen*. View the gravest and most formal assemblages—senates, nay, synods—and you may be assured that all of these men cast aside the solemn face and the serious mind occasionally, and condescend to be at ease and happy under the sanction of an unrecognised system of *nay-boen*.

It is well known, too, that polite society does not choose to have ears and eyes at all moments. When a thing is not intended to be seen or heard, we feel that it would be cruel to see or hear it, and are blind and deaf accordingly. What is this but *nay-boen*? It is a forbearance of the senses, which simple humanity and mutual good feeling call for amongst equals. There is a similar forbearance on the part of inferiors towards those placed over them. Everybody knows that for a dependent person to have over-faithful senses is in the highest degree dangerous. A servant or a steward must see as if he saw not, hear as if he heard not, and remember nothing but his master's commands, if he wishes to lead an easy life, and not be always on the move. In short, he must practise *nay-boen*.

In British morals, *nay-boen* manifestly plays a large part. So long as individuals conduct themselves with outward propriety, they are received into all the circles to which their grade gives them pretensions, although it may be known that their actual life involves some very serious improprieties. If it is a person of rank, or of high official position, heads of families will make no scruple about visiting him, with all their belongings, or being visited; nay, will perhaps feel a pride in the intercourse, so long as the improprieties are presumably secret. But should the improprieties pronounce themselves in some way, so that nobody can be supposed any longer to be ignorant of them, then association becomes no longer possible. What is very remarkable, should this publicity arise from such a step as marriage, which might be considered as a movement towards reformation, or towards a conformity with the decent requirements of society itself, society is equally shocked, and the decree of non-association goes forth as surely and relentlessly as if some further outrage on the most sacred principles had taken place. Now, all this shews how Japanese we are—for, observe, the improprieties are assumed to have been all along known, all along held liable to condemnation, on account of their gross nature and fatal tendency, but all along left unpunished, till the emergence of one additional fact, which does not in the least affect their absolute character, namely, publicity. The fact is, the guilty party sinned *nay-boen*, and society smiled upon him, ate and drank with him, was happy to shew his visiting-card on its drawing-room table, till, the *nay-boen* being broken, and winking no longer possible, everybody of a sudden became rigorously virtuous, and began to enforce those decrees of morality which would never have been heard of otherwise.

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There is in British society the same tenderness towards reprobated opinions. Only let them be kept within the breast of the person entertaining them, and no one finds fault. He may be worthy of the larger excommunication with practical impunity, so long as it is *nay-boen*. But the moment that the *nay-boen* ceases, even though it were by his becoming declaredly something much less worthy of reprobation than what he formerly was known to be in secret, and the thunderbolt can no longer be kept back.

Is it that society wishes to be merciful and forgiving, and is practically more so than it likes to avow? Scarcely so, for there are certain offences which it is never found treating mercifully. A man cannot commit murder *nay-boen*. He cannot, *nay-boen*, disseminate doctrines felt to be subversive of the principle of society. In the cases where *nay-boen* avails, it seems as if there must be some discrepancy between the formally avowed law and the feeling now prevailing. It must be felt that the former requires some kind of softening, if such can at all be had. It must be one of those laws once held to be indispensable, and in which some utility is still thought to exist, from the terror it hangs up in the eyes of offenders, but which the public prosecutor is inclined to put in force as rarely as possible. It is a strange point to arrive at, however, when the judge is content to hide the terrors of judgment, provided the culprit will only hide his criminality.

ON BOARD A SLAVER.

BY ONE OF THE TRADE.

On a wet and cloudy morning in the month of April 1859, I was sitting before the fire of a boarding-house in New York, ruminating on what should be my future mode of life. I had returned some time from my last voyage, which had been to the East Indies, and my funds were rapidly decreasing, and compelled me to look out for another ship. Whilst my mind was following this train of thoughts, I became suddenly aware of voices conversing in a low tone outside my door, which on approaching nearer suddenly died away, and I heard a knock. On my saying, 'Come in,' there entered the landlord of the house, accompanied by a stranger, to whom he introduced me as Captain Manwell, saying that the gentleman, if I was agreeable, had something to communicate; he then withdrew, leaving the stranger with me.

I begged him to be seated, and to commence what he had to say. He was a man rather below the middle height, with dark flashing eyes, and hair of the same hue, regular features, and a pale foreign-looking complexion; he altogether bore the appearance of anything but a sailor. Having taken a chair, and drawn closer to the fire, he told me that he was in command of a ship about to proceed to the west coast of Africa on a trading voyage for palm-oil, and that he wanted some trustworthy men to man her, and that on referring to my landlord for aid, he had strongly recommended me; he had therefore paid me this visit, to offer me a vacancy. Now, these proceedings seemed so strange and mysterious, that I could plainly see there was something at the bottom of them; so looking him steadfastly in the face, I asked him if he meant by the trading voyage 'the game.' He replied yes, that I was right; and having heard from my host that I spoke both Spanish and Portuguese fluently, he offered me a berth of trust, knowing that my knowledge as a linguist would be of great use to him. After some consideration, I consented to go, for my desire to make money and my love of adventure urged me to do it. We then made some arrangements, and I, on my part, promising inviolable secrecy, he left, having given me directions to go down on the following morning to the docks, where I should find him on board the bark *Flora*, where we should make and settle all the arrangements.

I accordingly went down the following morning, and finding he had not yet arrived on board, I employed my time in taking a survey of the ship. I found her to be a long, low, black craft, of 460 tons burden, bark-rigged, with raking masts and sharp bow. She had a raised quarter-deck, with saloon and cabins underneath, for the captain and mates; and a topgallant forecastle for the crew. She had also, I found afterwards, a 'between-deck,' which came in pieces like a Chinese-puzzle, each piece being numbered and marked; but at that time it was lying about in the hold to all appearance lumber. I also noticed the way the cargo was being stowed. At the bottom of the hold, for the ground-tier, were laid bricks, and on the top of them a vast quantity of water-butts, some empty, and some full of rum of that very common sort which goes by the name of nigger rum; also large quantities of rice, beans, &c.—all intended not for cargo, but for slave-stores; while, on the top of these, was closely stowed a general cargo of cotton-pieces, red flannel, beads, old muskets, and knives. The object in stowing the hold in this manner was to place the slave-stores, and all other suspicious-looking articles, out of sight—because, in the case of being boarded by any man-of-war, they have a right not only to demand the ship's papers, but to search the cargo—a precaution which we afterwards found to be well needed. When loaded, the *Flora* only drew six feet of water. Just as I had completed these surveys, I was hailed by the steward, who told me the captain was asking for me. I accordingly went in and signed articles for the voyage. I agreed to ship as an able seaman, but was to be paid extra for interpreting. I received fifteen dollars a month as seaman. There were twelve others beside myself, the captain, two mates, and a steward.

Two days after this, the ship having completed her cargo, we all went on board and sailed. We then shaped our course for St Paul de Loando, in latitude 8° 48′ south, and longitude 13° 8′ east, which is to windward of the entrance of the Congo—the Congo being in latitude 4° 39′ north, and longitude 12° 9′ east. We had a pleasant voyage of seventy-one days. Nothing in particular occurred during the passage. I found, on inquiry, that I was the only seaman on board who really knew the motive of our voyage; and when I hinted to them what it really was, they quite laughed at the idea. When off the coast of Sierra Leone, we met the American man-of-war *Marion;* they sent a boat on board of us, with the second-lieutenant. He examined our papers, &c., which of course he could find no fault with, though it was very evident he smelt a rat. While the officer was in the cabin examining the papers, I looked over the side, and was startled to find that one of the crew in the man-of-war's cutter was an old chum of mine; he did not know me, on account of my foreign appearance, for I had allowed my beard to grow, but on my calling him by name, he recognised me. He came up, and we had a long talk over old times. Of course they all knew who we really were, but they could not seize us, as we had nothing on board to justify the act. The boat at last left, but the lieutenant's report not satisfying the commodore, he came off himself, although to no purpose. Again, on making the Congo, we encountered the English man-of-war *Triton*, who also boarded us, but with the same success as the *Marion*. We sailed and kedged for about forty miles up the river, where we found a village of the name Port O'Lania. It is a small settlement of Portuguese, Spaniards, and Americans, there being about two stores belonging to each flag. Congo, or Lower Guinea, contains the kingdoms of Loango, Congo, Angola, Matamla, and Benguela. Deserts abound, containing a large and various species of wild animals; but near the coast, the soil is more fertile, cotton grows luxuriantly,

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and fruits of every kind abound. The inhabitants go about almost naked. They worship the sun, moon, and stars. The Portuguese have managed to convert some of them into a kind of Christianity, but it is a very poor kind. They principally bribe and coax the chiefs of the various tribes, who compel their followers to worship the same divinity, though really not understanding anything about it.

We made fast to a wharf alongside one of the stores to which we were consigned, where we landed our cargo, and then commenced getting ready for sea. While there, I had the opportunity of witnessing the mode of criminal government among the tribes. The black servant of one of the masters of the American store, for some grudge against his master, set fire to his store. All efforts to extinguish the flames proved useless, and the place was burned to the ground. The chiefs of the various tribes were communicated with, and they soon found out the incendiary. He was tied to a tree, and tried by the three nations, and the chiefs were bound to carry out the sentence they pronounced on him; but we did not stay long enough to hear the result of the court-martial. These kingdoms are composed of about 8000, a chief being in command of each. Our cargo being landed, we now looked out for a cloudy night to slip down the river, for we knew from our agents that the *Triton* was on the look-out for us, and was then stationed at the mouth of the river, to catch us as we came out. But before leaving, the captain called all hands aft, and made known to them the true purpose of our voyage. They had already begun to suspect what it really was. He said that if any man wanted to leave the ship, he would give him all the wages that were due to him, and also three extra months' pay as a present; but as nobody liked being put out on the coast of Guinea alone, they all agreed to sail with him. We then shipped a number of extra men that had been left at various times from the ships. One afternoon, after we had lain at Port O'Lania (so called from all the houses being of wood) for above ten days, we unmoored, and dropped down the river, till we came within ten miles of the *Triton*, where we arrived at 8 P. M. We then anchored, and lay there till 10 P.M. The moon was then set, so after extinguishing every light, we dropped silently down. We found that the *Triton* was lying at the entrance and wide part of the river. We therefore dropped down with the tide, and setting sail as quietly as possible, managed successfully to elude the vigilance of the Tritons.

As soon as we were clear of the land, we set all sail, and under a press of canvas, stood right out to sea. The next morning we commenced getting the ship ready for her live cargo. We first tore up and destroyed the ship's papers, and then everything with the name of the ship on; we painted out the ship's name on the stern, and everything that looked like American, flags in particular. We all went by other names, so that a man could not betray any of the others by telling his name. The captain went by the name of Don Pedro, and every one else had his name to his fancy.

We then stowed all the stores in such a way that we could get at them easily. The water-casks we stowed all bung up, with the bungs all out, and a hose leading out of each hole, for over the casks we stowed a platform or deck of planks; and by means of these hoses we could pump the fresh water out; and when empty, we put salt water in the casks to ballast the ship, and then stowed the stores of sugar, rum, biscuit, &c., in rotation as we should want them. We then put our main-deck or lower-deck together, for, as I before said, when we left New York, the deck was composed of pieces to be put together when required, since, had we left with a regular lower deck, it would have looked suspicious.

We then got our ammunition up, consisting of four 6-pounders, two long brass 18-pounders, and four brass 12-pounders, besides small-arms; so that it would have been impossible for any man-of-war to take us by boats. But now-a-days, since those are all propelled by steam, the slavers stand a bad chance, for steam has not been introduced in the slave-trade. Now that the interior of the ship was ready, we had to look after our gear aloft. We commenced by taking the wedges from between the masts and deck, so that the masts might give with the press of canvas; and then we cut the beams that go fore and aft, for the same reason—namely, that the ship might go easier. During the time that these preparations were being made, the ship had sailed within seventy miles of the island of Ascension, and was now on the other tack, bearing up for a place a little above the Congo, about fifty miles from St Paul de Loando, where we had agreed to touch for the slaves when they were ready. Ships sometimes wait as long as three months and more for the slaves, while the agents are collecting them in the interior. We were lucky, having only to wait thirty days. Our reason for going so far away from land, after leaving the Congo, was this: we knew that the *Triton*, as soon as she found we had escaped her, would coast along the shore, thinking that we should do the same as some other ships erroneously do—namely, sail along the coast and secrete themselves, or pick up detachments of slaves as they go along; but our captain, being an old hand, knew better, for by *going* right out to sea, they would lose our scent. After making the shore about St Paul de Loando, we sailed with the south-east trade-wind along the coast, till we arrived near a place called Ambriz, where we saw them ashore throwing out private signals; we accordingly anchored near the coast at 7 P. M.

The agents came off with the slaves in lighters, containing about 200 each. They were all lashed together with thongs of hide. They were passed up, and sent into the hold. There were altogether 811. As soon as they were on board, we made all sail. Our men were armed, and appointed into watches, as we were obliged to keep a very strict eye on them, to see that they did not get at the stores, or fight with each other; for amongst them there were many different tribes, all at variance with one another, so that sometimes our hold was like a small hell, and the sentinel had frequently to jump down amongst them, to separate the combatants.

The lighters came alongside at 7 P. M., and at 8 P. M. we loosened sail, and squaring the yards to the trade, let slip the anchor and chain in three fathoms' water. We shaped our course for Ascension, which we soon sighted, having a strong south-east trade abaft us. We passed Ascension, and then steered for 2022 miles, right away to the westward. We did this to get out of the track of ships, this not being the ordinary route of ships bound to the West Indies. After that, we steered to the southward, and passed to the southward and westward of Jamaica, just seeing the land in the distance, and then rounding the Isle of Pines.

Before leaving the Congo, we shipped a double crew, so that now we had thirty-five seamen before the mast; but all our services were well needed, for what with accelerating the speed of the ship, by making alterations in her, and attending to the slaves, we all had our hands full. A certain number of us were told off for the latter duty, I being one of them. My department was to take charge of the women.

We kept the ship as clean as possible, for filth is the root of all evil on board a ship.

At sunrise, or not later than 5 A. M. every morning, the slaves were all turned up on deck, and large tubs were produced. A gang of them were made to keep these tubs supplied with salt water while they were in use. Our mode of ablution was rather a novel one; it reminded me of sheep-shearing, or, at least, the washing of sheep previous to shearing, in Devonshire and other counties.

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A circle of fifteen or twenty were made to squat on their hams round the tub, while one of us stood there with a bucket, and kept dipping it in, and then splashing it over them. After they were all well drenched, they would get up and walk forward, where another of the hands was stationed with a coarse cloth of canvas, who would rub them down after the manner of a groom rubbing down a horse.

He was also supplied with a bucket full of vinegar and salt water. This he made them rinse their mouths with, and rub their teeth; for if he does not keep his mouth clean, a yellow substance collects on the gums and teeth of an African, which turns to poison. He is subject to ulcers in his mouth from this; and if he bites you—a thing not at all uncommon—the flesh will frequently mortify. I know this to my cost; for once hitting one of them with the back of my hand, I came in contact with his mouth, and one of his teeth touched and indented my hand, whereby I lost the use of it for some days.

These ablutionary measures employed us till between 8 and 9 A.M., when we used to serve out to them some dry biscuit and rum and water. The rum was a very coarse kind, like Bay rum; none of *us* could drink it, but the slaves received it with great gusto. This would satisfy their cravings till 11 o'clock, when they used to have a hot breakfast, consisting of a kind of hodge-podge. The ingredients were biscuit broken up small, beans, rice, barley, and salt pork—the whole thickened with flour and fat. This was boiled in two large caldrons in the caboose, and when ready, was emptied into tubs and buckets, ranged along the deck. We always tried to keep each tribe by itself; for at meal-time, if they messed together, it was sure to end in a fight. So their meal, if not choice, was substantial and good, and plenty of it.

Of course, we took every care of them, as it was our interest to do so. But in a crowded slave-ship, disease is very rife; we lost only ninety-four, which we considered lucky. Closeness of the bowels, and jaundice, are the most frequent maladies. The first we treated with injections of vinegar, and gunpowder taken internally. Whether this is one of the treatments ashore, I cannot say, but we found it very successful on board.

After their breakfast, they were sent down to clean out the ship. Most of them spoke only the Congo dialect, but some of them understood Portuguese and Spanish. These we picked out as leaders and interpreters of the rest, and supplied them with a shirt or pair of trousers, as a distinguishing mark of rank, which was greatly envied by the others. They were also intrusted with a piece of rope, about a yard long, as an instrument of correction, which they very freely used. We had only to tell these men what we wanted done, and they made the others do it. We also got up various amusements for the slaves, by making drums for them, and a kind of cymbal, to the tune of which they danced.

At 3 P.M. another hot meal was served to them of the same composition as the first, and another at 8 P.M.; after which they were all packed below.

No lights were allowed at night, in case of attracting attention. Even the compass or binnacle lights were well screened with canvas. After passing the Isle of Pines, and having been thirty-one days from Congo, we sighted Boca Grande, on the coast of Cuba. About the coast of Cuba are to be noticed a quantity of small fishing-boats and pilot-boats; these are nearly all in the pay of slave-owners ashore, who pay them to look out for the men-of-war, and also to mislead them, and report accordingly to any slave-ship about the coast that is waiting for a chance to land her cargo. They take it in turn to look out. Their watch lasts for about ten days, when they are relieved by another boat, and receive a daulalaon each man. One of these boats we found on the look-out for us. They informed us that the *Basilisk* English man-of-war was about, and therefore we could not land. Our orders from the shore were, that we were to stretch out to sea for four days, which we did, and then returned; when again we had orders to go out again to sea. We obeyed accordingly, but nearly fell into a trap. We were standing on for a bluff in the Bahama Channel; when nearing it, I thought I recognised it, for I had been frequently on the coast before, surveying in a man-of-war, and this I remembered as being our look-out. I reported this to the captain, Don Pedro, as we called him. He immediately changed the course; and it was lucky he did so, for we afterwards found that H.M.S. *Cumberland* was anchored on the other side of the bluff. Here, then, was another escape. After having been out the appointed time, we again returned, when we received the same orders; but our late narrow shave had rather tamed us, so we went aft to the captain, and told him that after we had escaped so many dangers, it was a pity to run any more. So I, being a good pilot among the many cays that abound, promised to take her in safety to one where we could lay off; and in case of any one molesting us, we could land the slaves on the cay; for a man-of-war can do nothing to you, if you have no slaves on board; so if they were even to be within ten yards of you on the rocks, all that the man-of-war could do would be to liberate them. We accordingly chose Indian Cay for our depôt, and anchored in two fathoms' water. We afterwards discovered that the boat which had been guiding us and bringing our orders out, fell in with H.M.S. *Basilisk*, commanded by Captain Fare. He shipped on board as pilot, and promised Captain Fare to guide him to us; an engagement he performed by taking the *Basilisk* to the opposite direction.

After waiting for two days off the cay—for it takes them some time to get the boats ready, which are all secreted in the rocks—we at last saw five boats approaching, which we rightly guessed were for us. They brought clothes, &c., for the slaves, and money for the seamen; for before one of the slaves left the ship, we were all paid off.

From the day we left New York till the landing of the slaves on the quay, only five months and fourteen days had elapsed. Each man received L.200 for his services, and I received L.19 extra for my services as interpreter. The slaves were then disembarked in the boats, and shoved off. We landed 717 slaves alive. It was then nearly dusk. The pilot-boat remained alongside for the night; and early the next morning, we laid seventeen fires in the ship's hold, and set fire to her, and burned her to the water's edge. We all felt sorry to do it, for she was as pretty a craft as ever floated. Till then, we never knew the ship's name, for the one we left New York with was a false one. But the captain, sympathising with us, said: 'There she burns, lads, the craft in whom we have made our money—the beautiful *Flying Rosario!*'

When she was entirely burned, we went on board the pilot-boat, and were landed at the Boca Grande. This I found was a wharf, ostensibly for the purpose of loading ships with sugar, and I believe a ship occasionally came there as a blind; but it was used really for landing slaves. We were afterwards conveyed by land to Havannah, which we reached in nine days. It was only a little less than 200 miles; but we had frequently to hide ourselves to escape detection, for our dangers were not over. The inhabitants we met, knowing who we were, would not even give us a glass of water under half a dollar. But in Havannah, the slave-trade is so well managed that it is rarely detected.

On my arrival at Havannah, I shipped as soon as possible in another ship for England before I could be robbed of the treasure I had worked so hard for, and perhaps some people will hardly admit, honestly; but nevertheless, on my arrival in London, I enjoyed the fruits of my labour; and now, reader, if it will balance the opinion you have of me, I now serve on board one

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of her Majesty's ships, and engaged in her service on the very field of my late adventures. The other day, while perusing the papers from home, I read in the *Times* of the capture of the *Orion* slave-ship by H.M.S. *Pluto*. I must confess, reader, it was with a feeling of sorrow I could not repress that I found that the captain who commanded the *Orion* was the same I had sailed with in the *Flying Rosario*. You may blame me for this, reader, but old companionship, old fellowship, and old times have their ties, in whatever society we move in.

P.S.—Our passage from New York to Congo was 71 days. The reader may be astonished at the length of voyage; but we went along the land, beating against the south-east trade, and quite a different way to other ships, particularly men-of-war. We did not dare to return the same way, as we should pass the *Marion*, *Triton*, and others of *our friends*. I came home by H.M.S. *Basilisk*, the very ship that chased us in the *Flying Rosario*.*

REMINISCENCES OF QUAKERISM.

About eighteen years ago—which, in reference to American habits and manners, is very much the same as fifty years might be in the history of an old country—I found myself for the first time in a Quaker community. My introduction to the Society of Friends was made in a small but wealthy seaport of New England, which I will call Old Cribton, where every man and woman—indeed, every individual above the age of fifteen—was a Quaker by birth, or, to use the orthodox term, had been 'born into the Meeting.' Notwithstanding this, there was scarcely a genuine young or middle-aged Quaker in the town at the time of my visit—the Society of Friends having been reduced by vindictive civil feuds to a scanty community of elders—who merited the title through age no less than through their standing in the meeting. In fact, there had been a regular exodus of the people about the close of the first quarter of the century, when staid and grave Quaker men and women suddenly threw aside their broad-brims and poke bonnets, and came forth, both themselves and their children, from the bondage of their youth, and made haste to learn new ways of spending their riches like other wealthy Christians; and great was the wealth of some of the brotherhood; for Old Cribton had been a thriving place, and the Friends had prospered largely in their worldly affairs, and had long been laying by money from the sheer want of opportunities of getting rid of it. When I came among them, they had scarcely recovered from the bewilderment of their sudden plunge into worldliness; and the entire body-politic seemed to be composed of the most incongruous elements. The old people still went to meeting 'first day' and 'fifth day'—namely, Sunday and Thursday; were true to their drabs and browns; lived in ugly houses, scantily supplied with uncomfortable stiff-backed chairs, and hearse-like horse-hair sofas; and looked with self-righteous reprobation on everything and everybody not perfectly in harmony with their own ideas of what was right or wrong. The middle-aged men and women were, I believe, in their hearts 'Friends,' although outwardly they had cast off every trace of Quakerism, for they wore the brightest colours and followed the latest fashions, lived in grand new houses, said their prayers aloud in would-be Gothic churches, went to concerts and balls, and brought up their children in unbounded indulgence. The young people looked with only half-disguised contempt on the bigotry and ignorance of their grandsires, and on the lately acquired taste and learning of their parents; and as if anxious to avoid all risk of being recognised as the descendants of a prudent and wary race, threw themselves headlong into the depths of every novel doctrine that German or American genius could devise. The anomalous condition of society that was generated from these incongruous materials was extremely bewildering to a stranger, and sometimes not a little ludicrous, for the change had been made so suddenly and violently that the new order of things seemed everywhere out of keeping. I was naturally anxious to learn how the great wrench from Quakerism had been effected; and as I fortunately had made the acquaintance of one of the chief actors in this strange religious pantomime, I soon learned the full particulars of the occurrence, which, notwithstanding the important results which it has brought about in reference to the history and almost to the existence of Quakerism in an influential section of the New England communities, must have been highly absurd, one would think, even in the eyes of those who took part in it.

During the last century, the doctrines of Fox had so effectually supplanted the faith of the Puritans in the district of Old Cribton, that in the early years of the present century all the population—which was then a scanty one—belonged to the 'Sit-Stills,' or Friends, as they called themselves. At first, they governed their spiritual children with tolerant gentleness; but by degrees their rule became more and more stern, until at length its severity exceeded that of the most intolerant of the Puritans. Thus, while young America was enjoying its republican liberty, alike among Episcopalians and Presbyterians of every denomination, the Friends, both in their head-quarters in Pennsylvania and in their New England strongholds, were tightening the reins of discipline with unrelenting pressure. In this state of things the most harmless actions were stigmatised as heinous offences, instigated by Satan to lure souls to perdition; even a walk, for walking's sake, on a fine day, was sure to bring down upon the daring culprits who indulged in it the severe animadversions of that terrific Vehmgerichte, who, under the name of 'overseers,' were appointed to exercise a galling kind of inquisitorial surveillance over their neighbours. These overseers, who were chosen from among the most zealous of the brothers and sisters, known as the elders, seem to have been intrusted with very various duties; for, in addition to the charge of hunting out offences, however secret and hidden, they were also expected to keep themselves perfectly *au fait* as to the *affaires de cœur* of the entire society, to nip all imprudent loves in the bud, and gently to fan the genial flame where private and public interests would be promoted by the union of any likely young couple—*likely* being a word which, among these Friends, seemed to convey an idea of all that was admirable as to conduct, worldly possessions, and natural endowments. Where prudence did not, in their eyes, appear to sanction the wishes of a loving pair, their hopes were speedily frustrated by dint of exhortations, taunts, reproofs, and petty acts of tyranny, which never ceased till the little spirit still remaining in the hearts of the poor Quaker damsels was thoroughly crushed within them, while their swains were acted upon by a similar mode of proceeding, modified to suit the special case. Places of public entertainment did not exist at Old Cribton, which saved a great deal of trouble both to the overseers and the weak brethren who might have been tempted to patronise them in spite of those domestic inquisitors; but although dancing and music were abominations not to be mentioned by prudent Friends except with reprobation, two masters in those arts actually managed to scrape together a living by teaching them to select classes, who met at night when the elders were calmly slumbering in their beds. The secrecy, dangers, and difficulties which encompassed such meetings, made the pleasure of snatching these forbidden fruits the greater; and the recollection of the perils they had

* The above is a genuine statement of one who has served on board a slave-ship.

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encountered on these occasions, dwelt in the minds of the performers long after they had emancipated themselves from every tie of Quaker thraldom.

Some of them, indeed, had good reason to remember those stealthily acquired lessons, if we may judge by the experience of a man whose name is now known as that of one of the most munificent of the New York prince-merchants, but who, in his youth, had formed one of the Old Cribton band of daring dancers. According to his own account, when he was about fifteen or sixteen, he had attended one of these nocturnal dancing-classes through several weeks of an unusually hard winter, when, one night, his attendance was brought to a close by an accident which very nearly maimed him for life. Like his companions in sin, he was obliged to escape from the house through the window of his room, after the rest of the family had gone to bed; but unfortunately for him, the rain-water pipe, which usually facilitated his descent to the top of a large water-barrel which intervened between his window and the ground, was on this special night so thoroughly encased in ice, rapidly formed after a partial thaw, that it was only by wrapping a pair of long stockings many times round his hands, that he could get sufficient grasp of the icy surface to venture upon the descent. Notwithstanding the protection afforded by the stockings, his hands were fearfully cut, and, missing his footing down the slippery side of the barrel, he was unable to arrest the speed at which he was propelled, and heavily struck the ground, upsetting a wooden pail standing near, and rolling along with it upon the frozen ground with a force that made every bone in his body ache. The noise of this double fall roused the inmates of the house, and before he could manage to raise himself, he felt his bruised arms held as in a vice, and his whole body cudgelled with an earnestness of purpose and force of hand that he had no difficulty in ascribing to his much-dreaded father. For a time he bore the shower of blows that came pouring down upon him, and did not move or utter a sound; but at length the pain of a sprained ancle and a bruised body were too much for the boy, and he called out: 'Father, father, it's I; it's thy son Henry!' 'How darest thee tell such a lie? My son Henry is a quiet lad; he is sleeping in his bed, instead of seeking after mischief as thou art,' replied the cudgeller; and the blows fell thicker and faster than before, until the paternal arm gave in from sheer exhaustion, and the poor boy was left stiff and benumbed to lament over the result of his luckless escapade. Not a word was ever said on the subject of the night's adventure by the stern Quaker parent, and no notice was taken by any of the family of the limping gait of the culprit; but the window through which he had been accustomed to make his nocturnal descents was secured by a close iron grating on the following day, and before he was sufficiently recovered from the effects of his fall to think of devising new means of escape, he was sent off on a voyage round the world in a whaling-vessel, where he met with a rough and sharp commencement of his future active and successful career.

Severities of this kind were more or less rigidly practised in every household; and hence it is no wonder that there should have been a large proportion of the community ready primed for explosion whenever the spark could be applied. This was at length supplied by the preachings of one Brother Hicks, who boldly proclaimed that the Spirit moved him to denounce all slavish adhesion to *form*, whether affecting the body or the soul, as a trap of Satan's to ensnare weak Christians. This doctrine met with immense success; for, carried out to its full significance, it implied perfect liberty in the choice of modes of living and dressing, and in this sense it was eagerly received. The women especially felt that the happy moment had come for making a strenuous attempt to free themselves from some of the oppressive restrictions that checked the indulgence of their feminine instincts in regard to dress; and while their husbands and brothers were holding many grave councils together, trying to hit upon some feasible schemes for securing independence for themselves, without utterly breaking loose from the meeting, they settled the matter by a *coup de main*, and wrenched themselves away in a manner truly feminine, both as to the mode of its operation and the reckless disregard of consequence which it evinced.

One fine and genial Sunday, or first day, instead of the usual demure-looking fawn and dove coloured figures that commonly fluttered through the streets about eleven o'clock in the morning, there appeared, converging towards the dingy old meeting-house from every quarter, groups of gaudily attired females, who, amid much rustling of silks and fluttering of feathers, tripped jauntily along the narrow passage that divided the bare benches of the male and female members of the meeting, and settled themselves down on the seats reserved for the elders, facing the rest of the congregation. Here they were seen by the horror-struck Friends as they entered the building, many of them somewhat ruffled at the unwonted occurrence of their own special Dinahs and Deborahs having failed to be at hand to attend them to meeting at the proper hour. Who can venture to conjecture what the feelings of these outraged parents must have been, as by degrees they recognised their erring truants in the hideous flock of parrots that were perched, in defiance of all decency and order, in their own seats of honour! Whatever their agony of mind may have been, they maintained their habitual reserve, and heated and angered as they were, crowded together upon the lower benches, adhering to their usual silence till the meeting adjourned at the accustomed hour, and only shewing the perturbed condition of their spirits by extra groaning and sighing, and by a more than common display of that coughing, blowing of noses, and scraping of feet, to which the Friends in their meetings seem especially given, as if they felt they needed some counterpoise to their enforced inaction of tongue. To people less intensely scandalised by what they saw, the exhibition must have been ludicrous in the extreme, for the preparations for this travestie having of necessity been made in haste and secrecy, every kind of finery that could be procured was put on without regard to the colour or texture of the article; the result was such that even the fair wearers themselves shuddered at the recollection of their own burlesque appearance, when, in after-years, they related the manner in which they had dressed themselves in all the Chinese and Indian silks and crapes, feathers and tinsel, which they could find among the 'curiosities' that lay hidden in the lumber-rooms of almost every house in this seafaring town, where most families had some relative who had been in foreign parts. Ludicrous, however, as the exhibition must have been, it gave the death-blow to Quakerism at Old Cribton; for the charms of feathers and furbelows, once indulged in, could not be renounced; and the women, by insisting upon dressing as they pleased, effectually secured their final separation from the Society of Friends. The rest was a mere matter of time; and before many years had passed, these quondam Quakers were attending imitation Gothic churches which they had built for themselves, and listening to organs, sermons, and chants; living in huge granite houses, decorated without with grand façades and porticos, and within with mirrors and marbles, mosaics and statues, and heavily framed copies of paintings by the old masters, which the owners had collected together when making the tour of Europe. These things were, of course, abominations in the eyes of those stanch Friends who still remained faithful to the meeting; but the taste for them spread like wild-fire among the renegades; and those who could not afford time—

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always a valuable commodity in America—for giving themselves a European polish, lost no opportunity of expending their wealth after the newly approved fashion, by ordering all the requisite elegances to be supplied to them from the proper sources in the old world. Awkward mistakes sometimes arose from this practice, as in the case of a wealthy man, the president of a temperance league, who, on sending to Italy for a large group to adorn the entrance-hall of his house, received a very fine work of art, representing Bacchus reclining, goblet in hand, beneath a vine, evidently in a condition the very opposite of teetotalism, and surrounded by dancing satyrs and lovely bacchantes.

Nor was this sudden patronage of the fine arts always ingrafted on the requisite amount of preliminary learning, and this also led sometimes to slight blunders. There was a story current that a travelled Crœsus, who had paved his vestibule with coloured bricks, on which was conspicuously inscribed the hospitable salutation *Salve*, was commended by an old Friend, to whom he was exhibiting the wonders of his house, for thus publicly testifying his sense of what he owed to a deceased relative, who was generally believed to have begun to accumulate his fortune by vending medicines from door to door! But notwithstanding these and similar misconceptions, the elegances of life were rapidly diffused among the people, and it was only in regard to books that the wealthy quondam Quakers shewed themselves niggardly; conservatories, vineries, and pineries they had, but no libraries—scarcely a bookshelf, indeed, was to be seen in their houses. The newspapers, a Bible, and a few stray sermons, with an occasional volume of some cheap, badly printed edition of the standard work of the season, being apparently found adequate to supply all the literary provender they needed; indeed, it always seemed to me that books were looked upon as litter, which should be duly cleared away like waste-paper, whenever they came into sight. With the present generation it is very different, and they, I have no doubt, have learned to feel that, although conservatories and hot-houses may be very acceptable luxuries to those who can afford to have them, a study well filled with books, whether it be a mere closet or a grand hall, is an indispensable part of the house of every man of cultivated mind. This singular want of appreciation of the necessity of books, and of reading for its own sake, seemed a predominant characteristic in those who had grown up within the narrow limits of a genuine Quaker home; and if the community of Friends in this country resemble their transatlantic brethren in these particulars, one can hardly wonder that Quakerism fails to maintain its footing amongst other religious sects in an age like the present, which is characterised by an insatiable craving after literature.

THE LUCKY HAND.

A STOCK-BROKER'S STORY.

I'LL tell you the queerest thing that ever happened to me in business. One evening, about twenty years ago, I was going home along the City Road to my own house at Pentonville Hill. It was near the end of December. I had stayed balancing accounts in my office some time after the Stock Exchange closed. A frosty night, with a half-fog in it, had fallen; and there was a rather valuable pocket-book safely buttoned up in the breast-pocket of my great-coat, for I had that day sold five hundred Western Canal shares, which, in common with all such property, the railways were rapidly bringing down. They belonged to one of my best customers, had been advantageously disposed of, and I was carrying home the bank-notes, thinking my own house was a safer place than the office, as the gentleman had not pleased to mention his banker. The City Road is not a solitary place at 5 P. M. I walked on, summing up the day's transactions and the probabilities of the morrow, looking into the windows of all newsmen and stationers for the evening papers I thought most reliable, and occasionally seeing that my great-coat was securely buttoned.

I was engaged in the latter occupation within sight of that notable inn, the Angel, Islington, when I became conscious of being watched and followed by a man who seemed determined to keep his eye on me. His dress and appearance belonged to the shabby respectable; himself and everything about him looked as if they had seen better days. His figure was tall and thin, his face long and sharp; his hair was perfectly gray, yet I felt convinced that his years did not much exceed my own, and I was then on the sunny-side of fifty. It was strange, too, that he made no attempt at concealing his pursuit of me; indeed, there was nothing sly or cunning-looking about the man. Still, I had my pocket-book to take care of; and as we reached a quieter part of the road skirting the New River Company's Water-works, I resolved to let him know he was observed, by turning abruptly and facing him in the full light of a street-lamp.

Had it been any description of womankind, instead of a gray-haired and evidently not well-to-do man, I should have gone home to Mrs Rugly more puffed up with vanity and self-conceit than that honest woman was accustomed to find me, for the best dressed specimen of beauty and fashion in all Belgravia could not have been greeted with a gaze of greater admiration and delight than that he bestowed on my cane-coloured whiskers and almost carroty hair. Was the man mad, or making game of me? Somehow, he did not look to be either; there was an appearance of perfect earnestness and sincerity in his demonstrations, as if his whole heart was in the business, and he neither thought nor cared for anything else.

'Do you do anything in the Stock Exchange, sir?' said he, before I could make up my mind what proceedings to take.

'Yes,' said I, astonished out of all my caution. 'Why do you ask?'

'Because, sir, I want a little business done in that way. It's not much, but I'll pay you any commission I can;' and he pressed so near that I laid my hand on my breast-buttons. 'If you will be so good as to tell me your office, or anywhere you like to see me, I'll come to-morrow forenoon.'

'Here's my address,' said I. 'I'm always glad to see people in the way of business; in the meantime, I am in haste to get home, and wish you a very good-night.'

My steps did not linger after that declaration. The shabby, admiring man might have confederates, and the road was not busy; but when I looked back at the next turn, there he was, standing in the same spot, and gazing after me as if I had been his guardian angel leaving him to himself.

Mrs Rugly and I had a good laugh over that interview, when we sat by the fire after our boys and girls had gone to bed. I wanted to make her believe he was a countess in disguise; she insisted he was a sharper, and meant to wheedle me out of money or stock. At last, we agreed the man must be mad; and I went to the office next morning resolved to let him slip out of my acquaintance as quietly as he had stepped into it. According to my usual custom, I was at my office full three hours before the Exchange opened, but there was the man pacing up and down in front of the premises, and evidently waiting for me. When we had got fairly into the sanctuary of business, *alias* the small and dingy room which serves gentlemen of my profession in the neighbourhood of Capel Court, he came to the point without giving me time to ask it, by producing a pocket-book with as

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many marks of better days and hard service as himself, turning it over so as to let me see a very few notes, reading a memorandum for his own instruction, and then requesting me to buy for him three hundred shares in a certain Scotch railway.

The line is now one of the best paying in Britain, but for prudential reasons, which one ought to have in speaking of anything Scotch, I will not give its particular designation. It had been commenced in the first fervour of railway-making, when the public mind having awakened to the utility of the iron-road, for which George Stephenson and his supporters had fought so tough a battle, rushed into companies and scrip in every direction, and would have laid down rails between John o' Groats and the Land's End. The line in question was not quite so unpromising, but from local causes, as well as a temporary reaction of the ferment, its scrip was going rapidly down. I was aware that interested parties were doing their best to keep up the shares, and brokers who had none to sell called it a bad speculation. Perhaps I ought to claim credit for conscientiousness beyond the wont of Capel Court men, but my would-be customer looked so hard-up, so earnestly bent on turning his few notes to the best advantage, that I could not help telling him my mind on the subject, and seriously advising him to have nothing to do with the Scotch railway. He heard me with a look of quiet but immovable obstinacy.

'It may be all true, sir; I am sure it is, for I have heard as much from all quarters; but buy the three hundred shares for me—they are down fifty per cent. now. I have got a hundred pounds here, and I'll pay you the rest within a fortnight.'

'You'll lose your money,' said I; 'the line will never pay.'

'It will pay, and I won't lose!' said the man, his eye kindling with a fire so bright and wild that it made me think of our conclusions overnight.

'I don't care if I tell you, though some people might think it silly to believe in such things, that I had a dream about that railway, sir. My uncle was a first-rate speculator, a Lancashire man, one of the earliest that came out strong for George Stephenson; you have heard of him, perhaps;' and he named a gentleman well known in the first railway-war, but then deceased for some years. 'He brought me up, and would have left me his shares in the North-Western, but I displeased him by marrying against his will, and my uncle never forgave anybody. I don't repent that yet; my wife's the best woman in the world, and a prettier face I never saw; but we've been poor, sir, very poor, and nothing has succeeded with me, though I have tried a good many things. When my uncle died, five years ago, he left his shares, bank-stock and all, to a housekeeper he had. It has set up her whole family. I'm told they're Liverpool gentry now; but I had not seen him for seventeen years, till one night last month. I had a dream; it must have been near daybreak. The old man appeared to come into my room, looking as he used to do when we were good friends, and bringing with him a person whom I never saw before. "Tom," said he, "this gentleman is a stock-broker; get him to buy you three hundred shares in the —— Railway, and you'll be a rich man before seven years." He said a few more words which don't matter just at present, then walked away; and I woke up so sure of the whole business, that I struck a light, and looked round the room for the man he had brought, till poor Sally thought I had lost my judgment. The dream occurred every night for a week after. I got up all the money I could muster, and went over London, looking for the stock-broker, but I never saw him till yesterday evening, when I was going home; and, sir, you are the very man my uncle brought with him: I would know your face among twenty thousand, and if you will buy me the shares, it will be the better for us both.'

Mrs Rugly, at least, gave me credit for sense and discretion; but the singular story, the fact that he had recognised me, and the man's own faith in his dream, made me give up reasoning against the Scotch railway, and consent to buy the shares. They had another fall that very day; and knowing they were still in the descending line, I bought them in slowly, so that by the end of the week the three hundred shares were secured with little more than the contents of my friend's pocket-book. The man had interested me. You perceive it is possible to interest even a stock-broker; and while buying up the shares, I made some inquiries after his antecedents. There was not a broker in the Exchange who could not tell me something about him, and their accounts confirmed his own—that he had tried a good many things, and succeeded in nothing. There was no speculation—mine, canal, dock, or railway—in which he had not dabbled; and the most popular superstition in Capel Court was, that whatsoever he bought shares in was sure to go to the dogs, except he sold out immediately, when it was equally certain to rise in the market. There were tales of stock-brokers who had made their fortunes, and those of their customers, by the guidance of that curious rule. As the natural consequence of so much ill-luck and determination to speculate, I also heard that he was in the habit of owing and borrowing, and that his funds and his credit were now at a very low ebb. Nobody could imagine where he got the hundred pounds, except from his relations in Lancashire, on a promise to embark for Australia, to which safe distance their united endeavours had not been sufficient to send him and his wife, though employed to that end for the last ten years. Whether fortunately or otherwise, I cannot say, but he had no children; and in spite of his unsuccessful stock-jobbing, the pair were said to live in affectionate harmony, not always found in better supplied homes. Theirs, at the time of my story, was a second floor in Cummin Street, Pentonville. Their name was Raxworth, and there was at once a contrast and a resemblance between them: while he was a tall man, she was a little woman; but both were gray before the time, very thin, and looked as if they were always expecting something.

Faith is infectious. When I had bought the shares, delivered them to Mr Raxworth, and, above all, talked over the matter with Mrs Rugly, she and I felt so persuaded that something would come of the dream, that we kept our eyes on the Raxworths, took a deep interest in their welfare, and would have been friendly with them, but for an unexpected obstacle. On the evening after I had bought up the last of the shares, and we were settling money-matters in the back-room of a neighbouring coffee-house, where Raxworth insisted on treating me to a steak and porter, because I would charge him no commission, one pot followed another, till my friend's eyes began to twinkle, and his words flowed rapidly. He told me all he would do when his fortune was made by the —— Railway; of the relations he would cut dead for looking down on him and Sally; of the house he would build overlooking Birkenhead, and to which he would take her home in her own carriage, to spite people who thought little of her for being a dressmaker's girl, though anybody who saw Sally knew she was born to be a lady.

'No doubt of it,' said I, my own heart getting warm. 'I am sure Mrs Rugly would like to know her; we'll call on you some day this week.'

'No, if you please,' said Raxworth, starting back with a blank terror in his look. 'I beg your pardon, Mr Rugly: it would be a great pleasure to my wife and me; in fact, we are too poor acquaintances for you. But don't come, sir, don't come to our house at all. After what the old man said, that might be true as well as the rest of the dream.'

'What did the old man say, Mr Raxworth?' said I,

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laying down my pot with my whole stock of determination.

'Well, sir, I should have told you before, but I thought you would not buy the shares for me. My uncle, after he told me about the making of my fortune, and the hand you were to have in it, said a few words more, and they were the strangest of all: "Take care of him, for he will kill your wife!" Now, sir, I don't believe you would do the like, but it was all in the same dream; that was the last thing my uncle said. Don't come to the house, sir, nor have anything more to do with us!'

Raxworth believed in what he told me, and I did not tell that part of his dream to Mrs Rugly; but I made him a solemn promise, and took a fixed resolution, to avoid their domicile, which, under one excuse or another, I kept to the letter.

In pursuing this policy, I gradually lost sight of the man of the three hundred shares. I saw him in Capel Court sometimes, occasionally met him going home, heard of him first as an agent for somebody's unadulterated coffee, then as a traveller for a patent pill, and lastly, of his subscribing a pictorial Bible. They had removed from Cummin Street to a humbler lodging in Clerkenwell, and his wife was taking in plain work. To say the truth, I had no wish to see the poor man. In spite of his dream, the —— Railway had gone utterly and totally to the dogs; the most sanguine speculators pronounced it a bad job; its shares were declared to be nowhere at all; and many a time Mrs Rugly and I lamented over poor Raxworth and his three hundred.

In the cares of one's family, and the ups and downs of one's business, time slips away wonderfully. It was five years after I had bought the said shares; there had been a panic, bad times, a settling down and a clearing up again, when, to the amazement of the whole Stock Exchange, there was a resurrection of the —— Railway. Somebody from Glasgow had taken it in hand. The gentleman had a large capital and rich cousins. The newspapers began to talk of what immense utility the line would be to the northern towns and the agricultural districts; its shares came into the market, and went up every day. Where was Raxworth? I could not make out, till one day he appeared in my office, looking grayer and more shabby than ever, but with the same earnest eyes.

'They're going up, Mr Rugly!' was his first salutation.

'Yes,' said I. 'You'll get back your hundred pounds yet.'

'Get back my hundred pounds!' he screamed, for his voice had grown strangely cracked and shrill. 'I'll make my fortune: didn't the old man say it? Have Sally and I lived poor and pinched, wanting coal in winter, and beer in summer, all these years, only to get back a hundred pounds? No, Mr Rugly, I won't sell out till they come to cent. per cent. at least.'

No arguments could shake that resolution, and I did not try to do it; the matter was beyond my Capel Court experience; but for once Raxworth was not mistaken. The shares went up higher and higher—such a run upon a railway was never known. At length they reached cent. per cent., and then he sent me a brief note to sell out immediately, and buy him six hundred shares in the South-Western. Raxworth had got above my reasoning. Henceforth, I obeyed his mandates without question, and they always came by post. Somehow, whatever he bought, whatever he sold, success and profit attended his speculations. I knew him to net five thousand by one venture that same year, and he doubled it within the next. His luck became as proverbial among the brokers as his want of it had been before. He was now a comparatively rich man. I was aware of his having a considerable deposit in the Bank of England, besides owning railway stock to a still greater amount; yet when I saw him again, Raxworth looked as shabby, as careworn, and as earnest as he had looked when I was going to congratulate him on the prospect of getting back his hundred pounds. He settled with me liberally, promised the continuance of his patronage, told me he had bought the ground for his house overlooking Birkenhead, and that Sally and he would enjoy their money; but he could not understand her, she was growing so strange like, and taking on so many odd ways.

To bring my story to an end, it turned out that the sudden accession to wealth, after such long poverty and frequent disappointment, upset poor Mrs Raxworth's brain. The strangeness and the odd ways resulted at last in frantic madness, and she died a few years ago in a private asylum. Her husband still lives and speculates; his capital is now immense, though he has not always won at the same rate. His house has been built, and is let, for he never inhabited it, nor set up his carriage. I can see no change in his appearance from the day he came to tell me 'they were going up.' Once, after a long reckoning, he asked me if the old man had not spoken true in his dream. 'Only,' said he, 'we did not understand it right about Sally; but that could not be helped, and nothing can, Mr Rugly. Never mind, I have a great respect for you, because I know you to be a lucky hand.'

That was all I ever heard him say on the subject which had troubled him so much in his poverty-stricken days, when he begged me not to come to the house nor have anything to do with them, lest his uncle's prophecy about the killing of Sally should come to pass. I suppose the killing of her mind by the fortune which came through me must have been the proper interpretation of the dream, if it had any, and was not all a downright invention of Raxworth's fancy, running as it always did on stocks and shares. At all events, he made money, and that makes people take everything else uncommonly easy; yet somehow there is nobody's business I care less for doing, and I know he employs me only for being a lucky hand, which is a character worth having in the Stock Exchange.

LYING IN STONE.

Sun and shade, a pleasant dapple,
Pave the stone-floor of the chapel,
Where the knight of alabaster
Sleeps, nor dreams of past disaster;
With his round ruff like a wheel,
And his stone heart lapped in steel;
With a lady by his side,
Centuries ago, a bride;
And their fourteen children pushing
For more room upon the cushion.
All above, the faded gold,
From the heraldries unrolled,
Peels and shrivels—dust, decay,
Gnawing at it day by day.
On the chancel's rusty nail
Rots the ragged suit of mail;
Where the tombstone's edges jut,
Helmet, like a broken nut,
Hangs a mouldy trophy still,
For the spider's web to fill.
In the changeless sunset light
Of the window sleeps the knight;
Soldier, who once fought till death
For his queen, Elizabeth—
Wars all over, let him rest
In his doublet and his vest,
After many a dire disaster,
On his couch of alabaster.

W. T.

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THE STUCKEYS.

I THINK we are apt sometimes to form exaggerated estimates of the comfort and good-fortune of our neighbours. 'Lucky dog,' says Benedict to Cælebs (out of earshot of Mrs B., though)—'lucky dog; you've no cares, no responsibilities, no anxieties. Wait till you're a husband and a father, that's all.' 'Happy fellow,' exclaims Cælebs in turn to Benedict, often in the hearing of Mrs B., not ill-pleased at the observation—'happy fellow, who wouldn't be you? Charming wife, lovely children, comfortable home, domestic joy, everything you can possibly require: how immensely jolly you must be!' ('Agreeable man, Cælebs's,' remarks Mrs B. afterwards; 'agreeable, very, and gentlemanly. Ask him to dinner, B., next Friday.') Surely each gentleman has overvalued the position of the other. It cannot be that Cælebs's dreary career in his grimy Lincoln's Inn chambers, where the whitewasher has been an extinct creature for many a long year, and where the laundress—well—is troubled with spasms only to be alleviated by alcoholic stimulants from Cælebs's bottles—it cannot really be that all this is preferable in Benedict's eyes to his own cozy life in his well-furnished and most pleasant house at Kensington Gore? And it would be strange if Cælebs has such a very strong envy of his friend's situation, considering the terms—not those of reverence or regard by any means—in which he has been heard to comment upon Mrs B.; considering how he has talked scoffingly of Benedict's 'knuckling under' and being 'second best,' and of some one having always the whip-hand of him, and so on. But I suppose poor human nature will always be discontented and envious. We shall ever want to change places—to 'better' ourselves, as the housemaids say—to occupy the easy-chair, or what seems to be the easy-chair, some one else is enjoying, and put that some one else into the draught, real or fancied, that we have been sitting in; and possibly there is no one so badly off but there is to be found some other one to look up to and envy him, and what a comfort to the unfortunate and desponding that must be!

I was on the threshold of stating that my friend Stuckey was one of the happiest of men, when I was betrayed into the above remarks; and notwithstanding them, I still proceed with that statement. Of course, all happiness is comparative, and I don't mean to say that *his* happiness would have been everybody's happiness, but Stuckey was unquestionably very happy. I remember that at school he had been called 'Miss Charlotte,' and 'Coddle,' and 'Molly Stuckey,' and other depreciating nicknames; for he was small in frame and stature, blond and weakly-looking, had a feeble, hesitating, fluttering manner, a treble voice, was generally shy and diffident, and wanting in self-assertion and reliance. But he was so kindly-mannered, tender-hearted, and good-humoured, that there were always plenty of stouter arms to fight his battles, and stronger heads to accomplish his Latin verses for him. To do him strict justice, he was a fearful hand at hexameters; although he was not by any means dull, as his singular success in his business afterwards clearly demonstrated. This was something in the broker-way; but whether it had reference to indigo or sugar, or ships or stock, I have really no very definite idea—as to how he passed his time during his daily sojourn in the city, being, of course, a mystery known only to himself and his clerks. At the West End, he was a liberal, amiable, cheerful little gentleman, whom everybody liked, although it was the fashion to crack graceless jests about him. Well, he had strong sentimental inclinations, and during his wooing of Mrs Stuckey, his combined timidity and spooneyism certainly made him ridiculous and rather a bore; and I know that among a particularly ill-disciplined bachelor clique, there was a habit of bandying about jokes touching the manner of Stuckey's courtship, as to whether he employed an advocate to speak for him, whether *he* proposed to her, or *she* to him, and so on. However, as he wedded where he wooed, he effectually silenced the jesters.

I fear I am often negligent and forgetful of the smaller requirements of society, especially in the matters of visit-paying, morning-calling, and card-leaving. I remember well receiving the cards of Mr and Mrs Herbert Hopgood Stuckey, tied together by silver whip-cord, in the knot associated with true lovers—the words Isabella Anna Keswick written inside the envelope by way of record of the maiden name of Mrs Stuckey—and a small sheet of note-paper of superfine fabric accompanying these, with a picture in silver relievo of an elegant fountain in full play, with two doves sitting on its margin, busily engaged in admiring the water-work; while underneath all this, was a date written in a feminine hand, faint, angular, and sloping. I know the period fixed for the return of the happy couple seemed, at that time, so remote, that I thrust the letter and cards at once in my table-drawer, as matters about which it was not necessary to employ myself at present, or indeed for some while to come. Of course, when next I found the cards, the date fixed for the 'at home' had long gone by. In this state of things, my difficulty as to what society would require me to do was painful. I considered the matter over for a prolonged period, but

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could decide upon no definite course of action. At length I remembered that Flanner at the club was regarded as rather an authority upon such questions, and I determined to submit the case to him, and be guided by his opinion. On the very next day, I happened to meet him on the steps, and at once opened upon him, putting him in possession of my dilemma. Flanner looked up the street and down the street, stared vacantly at a passing Hansom cab-man—who, fancying he had secured a fare, went through a series of violent gesticulations in conse-quence—shook his head about mysteriously in his glossy black satin stock, with a very perceptible buckle at the back, and at last gave utterance to the oracular dictum, that he thought a card left with a corner turned down would meet all the circumstances of the case. Having thus spoken, he left me, not by any means the better for his counsel. What did turning down the corner of the card really mean? I had often heard of it, indeed, had seen it done, but had never fathomed its mystery. Who first turned down his card, and who first understood his intention when he had done so? What was the subtle compliment that lurked behind that symbolic dog's-ear? I was pur-suing this train of interrogation for some time without obtaining any relief from it, in the way of a satisfactory answer. I mistrusted Flanner. I did not leave a turned-down card; I did not leave any card. Time went on, aggravating my neglect, until I seemed to see the figure of Society—garbed in the very latest fashions, and rather thin and old under her paint—standing between Stuckey and me, with the words, addressed to me (for she was patting him protectingly on the head): 'Avaunt, bad man! You have outraged *me;* you have cut *him; he* has cut you! Go!' So I thought to myself once more that it was all up with me, and that good little Stuckey and I had parted for ever.

But I was walking down Ludgate Hill one day, looking in at the mercers' windows, and pondering—I admit that I am a shocking dreamer, even in passing along the public thoroughfares, and am well known to the police, I doubt not, on that account—pondering in which of those gorgeous vestments I should like to see my wife arrayed, supposing that I had a wife, when suddenly I heard the pattering of footsteps behind me, and a panting as for breath. I turned round, and found myself face to face with—Stuckey! Five years had passed since he had married, since I had received his cards, and neglected them in a manner so appalling to society.

'How are you? How fast you walk! I've been following you a long way. How thin you look! You're not ill, are you? I'm *so* glad to see you. How are you?'

We shook hands violently, protractedly.

'How are you, Stuckey?'

'Dear me, this *is* a pleasure.' Spoken gaspingly, and with much wiping of a warm face. 'Let bygones be bygones!' he continued.

'Let bygones be bygones.' I repeated the words vaguely, mechanically, for I could not quite see their relevancy.

'Thank you—quite right. I was sure you would say so. Forget and forgive!' Stuckey's behaviour was as though he had done me a vital injury, and I had, notwithstanding, pardoned him. He was in a state of buoyant excitement.

'And when will you come and see us? When will you come and dine with us? I shall be *so* pleased; Mrs Stuckey will be *so* delighted. When will you come? Sunday? Next Sunday—three o'clock. We always dine at three on Sundays, because the children dine with us.'

'Children?'

'Yes, of course. Dear me, how long it is since we've met! You'll come, then? Thank you, thank you. I won't detain you now. Shrub Villa, Chiswick Mall. Sunday—three o'clock sharp.' And we parted. And on Sunday I partook of the hospitalities of Shrub Villa.

It was a pleasant house looking on to the river and over to the green meadows of Barnes and Mortlake, and with a view of Hammersmith's pretty suspension-bridge dangling its neat chains above the shining water—the prospect being barred and sliced by the tall sombre poplars always bowing their high heads and whispering together mysteriously in front of the house. Then at the back was a garden, kept very trim and neat, with the flower-plots cut into fantas-tical stars, and crescents, and curves. Of course it was small, and walled in and suburban-looking, as befitted its contiguity to the great city; and of course it boasted the conventional summer-house, without which no Englishman's garden is complete. But it was very pleasant withal, its neat gravel-walks—a grand name for short twelve-yard paths—looking as though they had been ironed, and the flower-beds as though they had been got up after the manner of fine linen.

'How good of you to come! Let me introduce you to my wife. Mrs Stuckey—Mr Blank.'

My welcome was warm in the extreme. A tall lady (O these little men, they will have long wives!), in a rustling blue silk and a large amethyst brooch, said she had often heard Herbert speak of me, and was now very glad indeed to make my acquaintance.

'Our eldest girl,' said Stuckey, producing a smart young lady, whose appearance was a credit to soap and water, and the general efficiency of the nursery—'Bertha Keswick.'

'Stand straight, Bertha, dear,' said Mrs Stuckey; 'and take your necklace out of your mouth.'

'The twins!' Stuckey continued, triumphantly point-ing to two young gentlemen with very blue eyes, red cheeks, and white hair, brown holland doublets, and crimson belts—'Albert Edward and Eustace Arthur. If it wasn't for the mole on Albert's chin, we should never know them apart.' The twins grinned violently, as though their resemblance were a great joke.

'Wait a moment,' said Stuckey; and he rushed into the house, to return immediately afterwards, bearing—the baby.

I had always fancied that a man holding a baby in long-clothes was a not dignified, and, in fact, a rather ridiculous object. Such vain imaginings, however, were speedily put to flight by the appearance of Stuckey. He was so honestly proud of his situation, and so great an adept at the mystery of baby-holding, was so simple, and frank, and real about the whole business, that all notion of the ludicrous was utterly routed.

'Herbert's a capital nurse,' remarked Mrs Stuckey; and certainly he appeared to justify this high praise—so valuable coming from a mother—by the easy way in which he supported the infant burden, and handled and dandled it generally; the infant burden seeming perfectly happy and comfortable, crowing deliriously when it was tossed up in the air at stated intervals by its bearer, as though the intention was to bring it up as an acrobat, and its education had already commenced in that line. In fact, it was put through a series of performances even in that early stage of its career. At given signals, it purred, and gurgled, and gulped, and made-believe to swallow its fists after the manner of a conjuror, opened and shut its eyes, stared wildly, miles away from its spectators—a habit peculiar to babies—clutched at every object within reach; and finally, being taken with a disposition to cry, was removed from the scene, after a represen-tation which had been an unquestionable triumph throughout. I confess to having rather a timidity about babies, and was not therefore sorry for the departure of the juvenile performer. I was afraid Stuckey, in the full glory of paternity, would request me to hold the infant, with the object of

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ascertaining how extraordinarily heavy it was, and altogether how remarkable for its age; I know that some dire misfortune could only have resulted from such a step.

I soon found that all jesting upon any presumed diffidence and infirmity of purpose of Stuckey was completely thrown away.

No man could have been more thoroughly the presiding genius of his own house than Stuckey was; evidence of this was in all directions. In the hall was Stuckey's bust, considerably strengthened and intellectualised—but sculptors will do these things; in the dining-room was a three-quarter life-size portrait in oils; in the drawing-room was a florescent water-colour edition of Stuckey; to say nothing of photographs of Stuckey in various stages of development—coloured, 'untouched,' and 'stereoscopic'—to be found all over the house; and the full-length of Stuckey when a child, in a hat and feathers, and playing with a hoop, now hung in the spare bedroom, and pronounced to be the image of the twins. As for Mrs Stuckey, tall, stately, strong-minded, Roman-nosed woman that she was, she perfectly idolised her lord, deferred to his opinion in almost every particular, thought him a perfect genius, a very king of men, unmatched and unmatchable; and certainly the little fellow must have had great talents to have so thoroughly impressed a woman like Mrs Stuckey, eminently a superior woman in every way.

We were soon at dinner—Mrs Stuckey flanked by the twins; opposite to me, Bertha Keswick Stuckey and a little old lady, who was introduced to me as Mrs Shawcroft. I was afterwards informed by Stuckey that she was 'the aunt who had brought up Mrs Stuckey.' She had bright, glittering little eyes, and a delicate complexion, set off perhaps in a measure by artificial means, jet-black ringlets, secured by a velvet band; and a smart lace-cap studded with pink bows. She nodded, and smiled, and winked at everybody at the table, in a way that was more cordial than comprehensible; partook amply of the dinner, drank her wine with a relish—tossing back her head and smacking her lips so forcibly as to incur the disapproval of Mrs Stuckey—and was eventually led from the room by her maid. Her memory, it was subsequently stated, had a little failed her, which struck me as not impossible. She was also alleged to have been a great toast and beauty in her day, and to have refused innumerable offers; but I have heard this story told of so many old ladies, that I am beginning to be a little hardened about it.

'I hope you will make a good dinner,' said Stuckey. 'You see your fare.' It was very good roast fillet of veal and bacon. 'We live simply. It's better, I think, for the children, and indeed for all of us. I'm a plain man'——

'No, my dear,' broke in Mrs Stuckey archly; 'if you had been, I shouldn't have married you.'

I saw that the joke was not new to them, but was a favourite none the less, and I heartily joined in the pleasant mirth it occasioned.

'Don't cut your bread, Bertha,' said Mrs Stuckey. And then addressing me: 'Were you ever in Australia, Mr Blank?'

The question seemed certainly sudden, and I thought I saw Stuckey frown over his plate as he heard it. I replied that I had never visited that colony.

'Because I have a brother in Australia.'

'Indeed.' (Stuckey was decidedly scowling at an inoffensive piece of bacon in his plate.)

'He has done remarkably well there.'

'Indeed.'

'He was not fortunate in other places; but there he has succeeded wonderfully. He occasioned my family considerable trouble at one period of his life; but that's all over now. He has amassed considerable wealth there.'

'Was he a farmer?' I inquired, heedless of Stuckey's evident wrath.

'O dear, yes; he owned an enormous tract of land.' Mrs Stuckey was afraid to say how many thousand sheep he possessed.

'A million,' suggested Bertha Keswick.

The twins also gave vent to a cry which seemed to be interpreted by the family circle to mean that they too considered the amount in question to be a million.

'No, my dears,' remarked Mrs Stuckey; 'I don't think it was so much as a million.' She did not negative the proposition altogether, she merely put it aside as a little overstated.

There was another utterance on the part of the twins, who rejoiced in a language of their own, of a guttural gasping and indistinct character, into the mysteries of which I was clearly uninitiated. The remark, however, was not lost on their mother.

'Yes, my dears, quite right. Uncle Bob is coming home—shall you be glad to see Uncle Bob?'

A curious prolonged polysyllabic shout from the two young gentlemen expressed in their language—Twinese, I suppose it should be called—an affirmative reply to this inquiry.

'There, that's enough of Uncle Bob,' interrupted Stuckey. 'Some more veal, Blank, my boy?'

'Ma,' cried Miss Bertha, 'Albert 's kicking me.'

'Hush, my dear. Albert, keep your feet still, or you shall be sent from the table.'

A howl from the twins, probably expressive of their agony at this threat, changed to an equally indistinct hymn of apparent thanksgiving when an apple-pie was brought into the room.

The dinner completed, even to the dessert, at which ceremonial reappeared the baby for its customary weekly half-glass of port-wine, taken with much winking, and crowing, and sucking of lips, Stuckey and I were left alone with the decanters.

'So Uncle Bob's coming home,' I said, musingly, and mischievously, and curiously, I must admit.

'Uncle Bob be'—— He stopped himself just in time, as it seemed to me. 'Help yourself,' he continued in a milder voice: 'that's the port, on your right;' and very nice port it was.

'I'm sick of Uncle Bob; I hear of nothing but Uncle Bob; I don't believe in Uncle Bob, and I don't want my children to be brought up to believe in Uncle Bob. There!' Then quite quietly: 'Try a biscuit: that's preserved ginger in the glass-dish.'

I saw that there was a tender place in the happiness of Herbert Hopgood Stuckey, Esq., and that it was in respect of his brother-in-law, Mr Robert Keswick.

'He *may* be a great Australian capitalist, a successful gold-digger, an extraordinary agricultural character, a wonderful sheep-owner, and that sort of thing. He *may* be six feet one in his stockings, and a Hercules in muscularity. What's that to me? Not *that!* Do I care for him? Not *that!*'

A soliloquy addressed to his own portrait in a fierce and menacing manner. *That*, was a derisive snap of the fingers.

'Shall we have another bottle up? Do, my dear fellow, do. Or would you like claret? Not any more? Really? Well, shall we take a turn on the Mall and smoke a cigar?'

We were soon out, watching the *Cardinal Wolsey* steam-boat panting and puffing in a weakly way along the river, on its journey to Hampton Court—or rather, I should say, to run aground in its usual manner just above Kew Bridge. A maniac brass band on the deck of the vessel was performing a version of *Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill*, that can only be characterised as a wanton outrage on melody.

We returned to tea, presided over, in a dignified fashion, by Mrs Stuckey, although her lace-sleeves would keep bobbing and flapping about the cups, as though they were angling for the lumps of sugar.

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The twins, preparatory to their retirement for the night, were put through a singular recitation of *Twinkle, twinkle!* I gathered from the bystanders the name of the work from which every intelligible syllable of the English tongue seemed to be carefully excluded. I soon afterwards took my leave. Stuckey came down with me to the garden-gate.

'Pray come and see us again—now *do;* there's a dear fellow. Don't say you will, and forget it. Come often; pray do; and mind you, Blank, my wife is a very charming woman, but don't make any mistake. I *will* be master in my own house; and I will not—I say I will *not*—have Uncle Bob for ever flouted in my face. Uncle Bob, indeed! Good-night.'

My day had been decidedly pleasant. Stuckey soon repeated his invitation; our old intimacy was fairly re-established, and we met frequently. When Mrs Stuckey's name appeared once more in the left-hand corner of the outside sheet of the *Times*, Stuckey dined with me at the club, and we drank the good health of 'mother and child' in champagne, proceeding afterwards half-price to the Adelphi, and spending altogether a very pleasant evening, although Stuckey did become very unwell towards the close of it. However, I saw him again in the course of a few days, when he said he was never better, and that he reached Chiswick Mall on the evening in question in perfect comfort, which was doubtless true, so far as he knew anything about it.

Mother and child did extremely well. In due time, Mrs Stuckey was once more in the drawing-room; Dr Brazley's carriage was seen less frequently at Stuckey's door; and the white kid was removed from the knocker. A new baby reigned instead of the old baby, who was dethroned from sovereignty in the nursery, and fell back into private life. Good Mrs Codlin, who always came to the support of Mrs Stuckey on these occasions, pronounced 'little Miss Newcome,' as she delighted to call the last addition to Stuckey's nursery, the finest babe she'd ever seen in all her born-days; which, she added with justice, was saying a good deal, as no doubt it was. After much consultation, it was decided that the young lady was to be christened 'Isabella Maria Keswick Stuckey.'

On the occasion of Mrs Stuckey resuming her accustomed place at the head of Stuckey's table, quite a little festival was held, at which I assisted. Mrs Shawcroft also was present, pursuing with redoubled energy her usual avocations of nodding, smiling, and winking. Stuckey celebrated the event by opening some sparkling hock, for which pleasant beverage he was aware Mrs Stuckey had a partiality: she decidedly appreciated the attention. Stuckey made a neat little speech, in which he thanked everybody round the table for the extraordinary kindness each had showered upon him—the effect of this was momentarily impaired by the twins bursting into loud crying, from pure misconception of the business before them—and concluding the address by turning to me, shaking me warmly by the hand, and saying: 'Of you, my dear Blank, my friend, I may say, from childhood, I have one more kindness to ask. There is an infant upstairs who has recently honoured this roof, I mean, who has of late come among us; will you confer upon this household the inestimable benefit of standing at the baptismal font godfather to that child?'

I said at once, boldly, that I would; and we shook hands fervently upon that declaration.

'Herbert means, of course,' Mrs Stuckey broke in nervously—'of course, as proxy for' ——

'Isabella!' cried Stuckey sternly, 'I mean nothing of the kind.'

'Oh! provisionally, then, upon'——

'No, Mrs Stuckey; *not* provisionally. I have asked my dear friend Blank to be the godfather of Isabella Maria Keswick Stuckey, now upstairs, and unfortunately, perhaps, not of an age to be with us. My dear friend Blank has kindly consented to oblige us by standing godfather; and godfather he shall be, unconditionally, unprovisionally.'

Mrs Stuckey seemed deeply affected, and produced her pocket-handkerchief. She prepared to leave the room.

'One moment, one moment, my dear Isabella,' cried Stuckey, stopping her by a gesture. 'I should be sorry, deeply pained, if on this really festive occasion, in your delicate state of health, before the children too, I should have dropped one word that could in the slightest degree have distressed you. You must be aware, my dear Isabella, how far from my intention such a thing must be; and upon reflection, you will see, I am quite sure, that I have taken the right view of this matter.'

He sat down, and Mrs Stuckey left the room, followed by the children, terribly frightened, it must be owned. Mrs Shawcroft was subsequently removed by her maid.

'These things *will* be,' said Stuckey. 'A dear, good, sensible woman, but, on *that* point, terribly mistaken.'

The day had lost its joyous character. We found it dull indoors, so we put on our hats for a stroll along the Mall. Stuckey had not forgotten his grievance.

'It's my own fault,' he said; 'I saw what was coming, and ought to have stopped it long ago. She hasn't many relations, thank goodness, and directly she began with exalted notions about this one, I ought to have put an end to it at once. Don't I know who Uncle Bob is? Don't I know that that precious brother of hers has been the disgrace, the scamp, and black sheep of the family? Do I believe in his wealth? Do I expect my children will reap a half-penny of benefit from it? Wasn't he set up here in business, once, twice, thrice, and failed each time? Wasn't he set up in Canada, and didn't he fail there? in New York, and hadn't he to bolt? Then he's shipped to Australia, and is to come home with enormous riches. Is it likely? I ask you, is it likely? Am *I* to do homage before the shrine of such a man as that? *I*, a respectable man, who've worked hard for every farthing I've got. No; I say, *No!*'

He had worked himself up into a passion. There was a cab coming along the Mall at a rapid pace, the cabman lashing his horse, and the horse responding by spasmodic starts and plunges.

'Where's Stuckey's?' asked the driver, pulling up very sharp, as he neared where we stood, causing his astonished steed to stand on his hind legs for a minute or two by the suddenness of the proceeding.

'What do you say, sir?' inquired Stuckey in his most indignant voice. 'What do you want?'

'S-Sthuckey's!' roared the cabman, inebriated and angry.

'I am Mr Stuckey, and *that* is my house. Now, then!' and Stuckey looked quite prepared to fight anybody, at any odds, if need be.

'All right, then!' cried another voice, proceeding from a very stout gentleman sitting on the top of the cab. 'Then I'll get down.'

He proceeded to descend in a reckless vague way, and of course fell heavily on to the road. The cabman came down from his box, regarded his fare vacantly for a few moments, and then proceeded to indulge himself with a violent fit of idiotic laughter, leaning his back for support against the hind-wheel of the cab. With some difficulty, Stuckey and I proceeded to assist the fallen man. He seemed perfectly satisfied with his situation, and we could not prevail on him to do more than sit up, which he did at last, his legs straight out before him, and his feet sticking up at right angles with them, in what he appeared to think a defiant and presumptuous fashion, for he began squaring at them pugnaciously. He wore a quantity of dull brown hair about his face, and a large shapeless fur-cap, with long protruding ear-flappets, and a peak

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in front, the cap matching his hair in colour, and looking like a continuation of it. He possessed round, blunt features, tanned a dun red by exposure to sun and wind. His dress was nautical in character, and, in spite of his fall and palpable intoxication, he did not release a short black pipe from his mouth, or a thick bludgeon from his hand.

'Ain't it a lark?' asked the cabman feebly, apparently addressing his inquiry to the opposite shore of the Thames. 'Has anybody got a light? Ain't my fare a Trojan? Brought him all the way from Poplar! Stopped to refresh at every "public" we came to! Ha, ha! Hip, hip!' The horse, concluding that the remark had reference to him, immediately commenced to move on; the cabman, of course, slipped off the wheel, and, losing that support, fell flat on his back.

'Where are we?' inquired the gentleman in the fur-cap, in a growling, husky, indistinct voice. 'Is this Stuckey's?'

The commotion of the cab, and the incidents attaching to it—the falls of the driver, and the fare—had not been unperceived by the inmates of Shrub Villa. Mrs Stuckey was soon at the garden-gate, attended by her eldest daughter.

'Is any one hurt?' she asked kindly.

'My dear Isabella! how imprudent; you'll take cold.'

'No, dear; thank you; I've got my warm shawl on. What *is* the matter?'

'Nothing, my dear; only a tipsy man fallen in the road.'

'O ma!' quoth Bertha Keswick Stuckey, 'I'm frightened at tipsy men.'

'He won't hurt you, dear.' And Mrs Stuckey came out to where the fur-cap was sitting.

'Rum and water, six pennorth!' murmured the cap.

Mrs Stuckey stooped down curiously to look at him. 'Gracious me!' she screamed; 'why, it's Robert!'

'That's me, my dear,' answered the fur-cap sportively. 'I'm Robert—Kitchee, Kitchee;' and he tried to seize Mrs Stuckey by the waist. She shrunk back frightened and pale in the face.

'Uncle Bob, by jingo!' said Stuckey. 'Go in, my dear,' he went on quietly, 'and take Bertha away.'

'O Herbert!'—— And the pocket-handkerchief was out.

'Hush, my love. Don't be frightened; don't distress yourself. I'll take care of him.' Mrs Stuckey, much perturbed, withdrew from the scene.

'Blank, my boy, give us a hand; we must get him in somehow. He's *her* brother, you know, after all.'

We pulled Mr Robert Keswick on to his feet; then by propping him up on either side in the manner of the shores of a tumbling house, we succeeded in getting him indoors, although he immediately afterwards collapsed again on the door-mat.

The door was hardly closed when a loud knocking ensued: it was the cabman, who had managed to regain his feet and a small portion of his senses.

'Where to?' he said; and then continued: 'O ah! all right; fifteen shillings; that's the fare; then sumfing to drink, and sumfing for myself, and sumfing for the 'orse, and sumfing for driving quick, and back-carriage, and being a fine night. Say a sov—say a sov. Come; that *is* moderate.'

'Pay him,' cried Mr Robert Keswick, flourishing his arms about wildly—'pay him; pay everybody—everything!' after which burst of enthusiasm, he curled himself up, and went to sleep with his head comfortably settled in the umbrella-stand.

'Then he *has* money?' said Mrs Stuckey, reappearing at the parlour-door. At a look from Stuckey, however, she vanished.

'Here, cabman; here's five shillings. Be off.'

'Five bob! Come, I like that. What's that for?'

'Very well, then, sleep in the police-station, and have your cab put in the pound.'

'I won't move under a sov,' said the cabman, as he walked away to tumble into his vehicle, sleep in the straw for a couple of hours—his horse meanwhile smoking and shivering fearfully—and ultimately drive back to town at a hand-gallop without another word.

'And you desire *that thing* for the sponsor of the blessed infant upstairs, Isabella?'

'No, Herbert, not now. I only thought that, for the children's sake, if he had acquired a fortune in Australia'——

'Hush, Isabella!' And Mrs Stuckey never spoke upon that subject again.

The success of the incorrigible Bob was of course fabulous. When he came to his senses—which was not until after a sleep of many hours' duration—it was discovered that his fortune was represented by the clothes he had on his back, and the three-and-tenpence, the clasp-knife, and the ounce and a half of tobacco that he had in his pocket. He had been as unfortunate in Australia as elsewhere; the farm and the sheep, about the extent and amount of which he had written home so eloquently, had no other existence than in his own muddled brain. He had spent all the money that he had been trusted with; had carried on a vagabond, reckless, ignoble career for some years; and finally, had re-embarked for England, working his passage home. Stuckey treated him with his usual consideration and kindness, meeting with much trouble and annoyance in return; set him up once again; and finally despatched him to New Zealand. As to his doings in that colony, no tidings have ever been received, and people for the most part, even including Mr Stuckey, are rather afraid to inquire. It may be taken for certain, however, that there is no chance of his being selected for sponsor to any of the Stuckey nursery, or ever in that way—and I hope fervently not in any other—interfering again with the domestic comfort and happiness of the Stuckeys.

HUDSON'S BAY AND ITS FURS.

LITTLE did Charles II. think, and as little did he care, when, in 1670, he gave a charter to the Hudson's Bay Company, how knotty and important would become the commercial and political consequences of that gift. Royal personages seldom look far into the future when they exercise this kind of prerogative. Sufficient for them if they can buy the support—and perchance obtain a money-consideration into the bargain—of courtiers and merchants by an act of grace which costs nothing. The charter in question gave to a company of dealers, established in London, the *exclusive* right to trade with the Indians for furs and other commodities, throughout a vast region of North America. Whether England possessed a right of sovereignty over those regions is not altogether clear; but there was no one to dispute the right; and to this day the Company maintain the validity of the transaction; nay, more, they claim also a certain right of political power, which they exercise to discourage free settlers in those lands. As to the area of country known as the Hudson's Bay Territories, it considerably exceeds 2,000,000 square miles—more than twenty times that of Great Britain; nay, some authorities carry it greatly beyond 3,000,000; so ignorant are we of the sterile region between Labrador on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west. With the exception of a small district called Rupert's Land, these territories at present possess scarcely any commercial value, other than that of the fur-bearing animals which roam over that vast area. Politicians will shortly be called upon to settle many weighty questions concerning the Company's charter and the future management of the country. Let us leave those disputed points, and discourse a little on the very remarkable features of the trade to which they chiefly relate.

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The furs, then, which are stripped from the backs of the North American animals, to furnish warm garments for Europeans and Asiatics, are chiefly those of the beaver, bear, cony, ermine, fitch, fox, lynx, marten, minx, musquash, nutria, raccoon, sable, and muskrat; to which may be added the seal and the otter, occupying a sort of borderland between terrestrial and marine animals. These animals are either shot or caught in traps; their skins are stripped off, and when dried and otherwise slightly prepared, constitute *peltry*, the article in which the Hudson's Bay Company almost exclusively deal. The separation of the fur or hair from the membrane or pelt to which it is attached, is the work of the furrier, and is not effected until the interest of the Company in the matter has quite ended.

So much for the fur; and now for the fur-hunters. Those who have read Cooper's *Pioneers*, *Prairie*, and *Last of the Mohicans*, will be full of what may be termed the poetry of fur-hunting and trapping; old Leatherstocking is a hero whom one could not willingly let die. Those, too, who know Moore's *Canadian Boat-song* are influenced by a tinge of romance thrown over the life of the *voyageurs* of past times, who brought down the peltry from the inner country by the Ottawa River, and delivered it to dealers at Montreal on the St Lawrence. Matters have changed in many ways since those days; but still the fur-hunting is carried on, not by European settlers, but chiefly by natives—called Indians for want of any other collective name. These Indians are improvident, ignorant men, who have not the foresight to make good bargains, nor the resolution to improve their position. The Company say, indeed, that these Indians would actually starve if others did not think for them; but this must be taken as the dictum of a body who have a special interest in keeping the natives in a state of dependence. It is well known to persons not necessarily hostile to the Company, that the natives are purposely kept in ignorance of the European value of furs; and that the bargains are made, not according to that value, but according to the necessities of the hunters. Near the boundary between the British and the United States possessions, the hunters are sharper, because they know more; and the Company there have to modify their traditional policy. It is no libel to say this; we find something like it in the proceedings of most companies and corporations, most firms and individuals, who have a monopoly of one particular trade in one particular time and place. The reader must bear in mind that the fur-hunters are not the slaves or serfs, and scarcely even the subjects or servants of the Company; they are, nominally at least, free and independent; they may work or not work, hunt or not hunt, as they please; if they choose to serve the Company, they do so at what may be called piece-work, so much for every skin brought to a trading-station; or if they choose to find the means of living in any other way, it is open to them so to do. If, therefore, the Company were to offer too low, the hunters would refuse to tender their services; and thus a minimum of price is established. How very low that minimum is, however, we shall see presently. Even this price is not paid in money; there are no shops at which the Indians can buy, except the Company's stores; and thus money is of no use unless the Indians could open communications with free settlers, or with the Americans across the border—precisely the things which the Company endeavour to prevent. Hence the trade is one of barter or truck, almost wholly monopolised by the Company. As to the number of Indians in the whole territory, and the proportion of those who hunt or trap furs for the Company, there are only some very vague estimates. In 1857, when a searching inquiry was made by a committee of the House of Commons into the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company, a statement was put in, shewing the total number to be about 147,000; to which were added about 11,000 whites and half-breeds. Such of these as think proper to engage in hunting or trapping for the Company attend periodically at about a hundred and fifty trading-posts or 'forts' scattered over the vast area, and there conduct their trafficking by barter. It matters little to the Company whether the hunters are whites of the Leatherstocking genus, or half-breeds, or natives of pure Indian blood—except to this extent, that the Indians, less experienced in European ways, are more manageable on the tariff question, and on that account greater favourites at the trading-posts. In the days of the bow and arrow, when each hunter could make his own weapons, there was a great degree of independence as to the means of bringing down the buffalo for food; but now the gun is nearly everywhere used; and as this weapon can only be obtained from the Company—except by some of the Indians living near the American border—the state of dependence has been increased.

Let us see, then, how matters are managed. The Company must 'open shop' at each of the hundred and fifty stations, and each shop must be supplied with the articles necessary to induce the fur-hunters to barter. The Company look to Birmingham for the chief articles of the supply; and it is not denied that the principle of cheapness has very great influence on the selection. The merest 'Brummagem' is something wonderful to an Indian whose wardrobe consists of a skin, and whose house is a wigwam; and, therefore, cheap goods are made to suffice. Of course, it does not follow that the goods are rubbish; they must have some excellences, or the hunters would not take them. Guns, shot, gunpowder, axes, and other tools, knives, blankets, pieces of cloth, made-up garments, and a long list of useful articles, are purchased in England, and sent out annually to the Territories. There is a supplementary collection of small articles, which, for reasons doubtless clear enough to the Company's servants, are not bartered away, but are disposed of as gratuities to such of the natives as may happen to be in favour at a particular time and place. These comprise awls, hooks, needles, thread, beads, gartering-ribbons, and other small articles. There is generally two years' supply at the principal stations of all these commodities, to guard against a deficiency in case of any unforeseen delay in the arrival of the annual cargo or cargoes. It is to obtain these things that the fur-hunter makes a traffic arrangement with the Company. They will not give him money, nor would it be useful to him if he had it; they do not give him food—except, perhaps, for the short period when he is at the station—for they have none to give; but if they will give him a gun, a small store of shot and powder, a blanket, and a few other articles, he will trust to his own skill to bring down the buffalo, or to catch fish for food. There is hence a bargain made—so many skins for so many articles of European manufacture. But as the hunter is an improvident, hand-to-mouth sort of man, he has no stock in trade to begin with, and, therefore, the Company give him what may perhaps be called an outfit. In the fall of the year, the native fur-hunter goes to the trading-post where he is known, and obtains such a supply as will enable him to rough it during the winter—a blanket, and perhaps a coat, a gun and ammunition, and so on. It is implied that he is to obtain furs during the winter, and bring them to the station in the spring for barter: if he does not do this, the Company lose the outfit, for there is nothing in which payment can be made but in furs. It thus arises that each chief-factor or chief-trader is the centre of a district of fur-hunters, most of whom are known to him, and with whom he has trading relations depending in some degree on the honour of both parties.

Spring arrives; the hunters and trappers bring

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their peltry to the stations; the accounts are made up; the value of the furs is estimated; the value of the outfit, supplied in the previous autumn, is deducted; and the hunter receives, in balance, an order for a certain amount of goods from the store at the station. This order is in the form of *tallies*—small pieces of wood, each indicating the value of one beaver-skin; for, it must here be explained, that the sterling or standard of this curious currency is one such skin or fur; the value of the larger articles of commerce is estimated at so many 'beavers;' while of smaller articles, a certain number of them make 'one beaver.' Armed with his tallies, the fur-hunter proceeds to the store-room, and looks around at the tempting array of guns, knives, bullets, powder, powder-horns, flints, axes, slop-coats, blankets, &c. A slop-coat equals six beavers, which number of pieces of wood he gives if he wishes to obtain a bran-new outer garment; for a gun, he has to give twenty beavers; for a knife, two; and so on. As to the rule, how many beavers equal a silver fox, or how many of the less valuable furs equal one beaver, it is determined in a peculiar way. The market-value of the furs in Europe is not the only test acted upon; the Company favour the poorer furs rather than the richer, by giving a little more than the proportionate value for them. The reason assigned is this: if the hunters were encouraged by a very high rate for the best furs, they would hunt those animals with such avidity as to exterminate the breed in a short time; whereas by offering sufficient for the poorer furs to serve as an incentive to exertion, the Company succeed in bringing all the various kinds into the market, and in preventing the utter exhaustion of the better kinds. The reasoning may be sound or not, but at anyrate it tells well for the Company, seeing that, although they make a handsome profit by all the furs, it is relatively still larger for the more valuable kinds. The Company have the matter in their own hands, and make the relative prices of the furs differ in a way not at all analogous to European usages. Two martens make one full-sized beaver, ten muskrats make one beaver, four beavers make one silver fox, in this curious system of commercial arithmetic.

But who determines how many muskrats or martens shall go for a knife?—how many beavers or silver foxes for a gun? This was a matter on which the parliamentary committee took great pains to get at the truth; but the directors and servants of the Company, when examined, adroitly managed to enter into as little detail as possible on these delicate points. It gradually came out, however, in evidence, that the Company made a tariff many years ago, which they have on some few occasions altered since, and in the making of which the fur-hunters have had very little voice indeed. In this tariff, articles of English manufacture are set down at enormous prices as measured by furs. A common coarse blanket is entered at four beavers; now, an average beaver-skin yields about one pound of fur, which may be as high as thirty shillings in the London market, and was never known to fall below seven or eight shillings per pound. A Birmingham gun, costing the Company twenty-two shillings, is made equal to twenty beavers; and the same sort of gun is made exchangeable for five silver foxes, often worth fifty guineas or pounds at the Company's London sales. On the other hand, some of the witnesses averred that, when paid in muskrats, and when muskrats were low in the London market, such a thing has been known as only fifty shillings' worth of fur being obtained for a twenty-two shilling gun. So long as actual facts are not correctly known, estimates will run wild; and therefore it is not surprising that the profits realised by the Company have occasionally been entered at very enormous figures. Several years ago, Lieutenant Chappel estimated these profits at *two thousand per cent.* The Rev. G. C. Nicholay, in his small volume on the *Oregon Territory*, said: 'A four-penny comb will barter for a bear's skin worth L.2.' Dr King, in his *Arctic Narrative*, said: 'A coarse knife, worth, all expenses included, no more than six-pence, is bartered for three marten skins, worth in London five guineas; and for the skin of the black sea-otter, worth fifty guineas, the natives obtain in exchange goods only to the value of fifty shillings.' The leading men in the Company strongly objected, before the parliamentary committee, to these figures as representing the *average* profits realised; but they equally objected to furnish materials for forming a really accurate estimate. It is curious, in reading the voluminous report of the proceedings, to see how the witnesses fenced with this question: one, a man of great experience in the Territories, wound up his communicativeness by admitting that he could not say that the profits were *not* five hundred per cent.; but he was innocently ignorant of the real ratio. The very highest authority in the Company, the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, was asked repeatedly whether the Company would submit their tariff to the inspection of the committee; he replied: 'I see this objection, that you are entering unnecessarily into the details of the trade; those details, when published, may encourage other people to enter into competition with the Company.' A candid exposition of the very heart and soul of monopoly.

We cannot tell, therefore, whether Chingangook, or any other fur-hunter of the prairies, brings hundreds per cent. or thousands per cent. to the great Company who are lords of the soil; but at anyrate the guns, and blankets, and knives go to a remarkably good market. There appears to be an admission, that about sixty thousand pounds' worth of English goods are distributed annually to about sixty thousand hunters and trappers; or one pound per head for all the hunter's labours in a year. This seems small enough, certainly; but small as it is, it is open to diminution; for the station-price, estimated in money, is double of that actually paid for the articles in England: thirty thousand pounds being raised a hundred per cent. to pay for freight, risk, and interest on such capital. As the Company sell no food, and as the hunters receive only a few commodities of other kinds in the autumn, they often suffer severely during the winter, undergoing privations of various kinds, amounting sometimes to actual starvation. But it would not be just to lay this at the door of the Company; the region is for the most part very sterile; and as the Indians are not an agricultural people, short supplies of food will necessarily occur sometimes. One merit the Company insist on claiming for themselves: their servants receive strict orders to prevent as much as possible the distribution of ardent spirits among the natives; it is forbidden to regard such drinks as a purchase-price for furs, and no facilities are afforded for conducting such a traffic.

But let us follow our furs to market. The hunters, as we have seen, capture the animals, skin them, slightly prepare the pelts, and bring them to the posts, forts, or stations. These stations are remarkable places. They mostly consist of a few log-houses, with a store-house of considerable dimensions. Sixteen of the largest stations are governed by *chief-factors;* twenty-five of the next in importance are governed by *chief-traders;* and the rest, nearly a hundred and twenty in number, are under the charge of traders of less rank. All the chief-factors and chief-traders are shareholders or partners in the Company, receiving a share of the profits in lieu of salaries. The Company act on the principle of promotion. Persons go out from this country—especially from the Orkneys—hardy trustworthy men, who hope to rise by a vigilant attention to their duties. And they *do* rise. They mostly begin in subordinate situations, at salaries which enable them to save a little; for they live

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frugally, and have neither the means nor the inclination to spend much. As opportunities occur, they are raised in rank; and there is probably no company better served by its *employés* than this. The factors and traders receive general orders from time to time from the directors in London; but in minor matters they are left very much to their own discretion. Once a year the principal among them meet, and hold a kind of parliament or council, under the presidency of Sir George Simpson, who has for forty years been governor of the Company's territories. This council combines in a curious way commercial, legislative, and judicial functions; and its decisions are considered to be generally operative during the ensuing period of twelve months. The position and characters of these factors and traders are in many ways remarkable; and our Arctic explorers—such of them at least as make the overland expedition by way of the Mackenzie, Coppermine, or Great Fish rivers—almost uniformly speak well of the assistance rendered to them in regions where assistance is so much needed; indeed, the Hudson's Bay Company have honourably distinguished themselves in this department of national enterprise. The factors and traders have often been able to supply English commodities to the explorers, though not so often food, for the varieties and stores of provisions are by no means lavish. The people at the stations buy *pemmican*—a sort of dried buffalo-beef—from the natives, at the rate, estimated in barter, of twopence or twopence half-penny per pound; and this is the chief reliable article of food. There are not many spots which grow corn, nor many persons to cultivate it, except in Rupert's Land or Red River Settlement; and therefore the meal for bread has to be brought chiefly into the country from other places.

When the factor or trader has taken all the peltry which the hunters and trappers can bring, and has paid for it in sixpenny knives, half-crown blankets, guinea guns, &c., he prepares to despatch it to head-quarters. These are Montreal on the St Lawrence, or York Factory on the shores of Hudson's Bay. To get to either place from the remote interior stations is a wearisome journey. There are few roads worthy of the name; and river-transit is almost wholly relied upon. The Company keep in their employ about five hundred boatmen or voyageurs, who, in canoes suited to the peculiar navigation, carry up the manufactured goods sent out from England, and bring down the peltry preparatory to shipment. There are numerous obstructions in these rivers, which occasion a necessity for *portages;* that is, a mode of management in which the peltry or goods, the food, and the canoes themselves, are carried on the men's shoulders from one navigable spot to another. Thus, it happens that the entire journey, for sending out English goods to a station near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, or to one at the base of the Rocky Mountains, occupies an enormous amount of time; the home-transit of the peltry occupies about an equal time; and the Company urge that, in any estimate of profit, this long suspension of a return to capital expended ought to be taken into account.

Vessels are ready at certain seasons to bring the furs across the Atlantic; they belong to the Company, and are managed with reference exclusively to this peculiar trade. The world in general hears little about these furs until they make their appearance, all smartened up into hats and robes, boas and muffs, at the retail shops. The custom of the Company is to hold one great sale annually. The furs are gradually collected, in hundreds of thousands, at the Company's warehouses in the city. The average number is said to be about seven hundred thousand a year—mostly of the smaller kinds. In the early spring, the fur-merchants in England and the continent look out for this sale. The Company sell by auction, in the same way as the importers of tea, drugs, &c. Leipsic is an especially busy purchaser. It sends over numerous merchants to London, who purchase very largely at the Company's sales; and this portion of the supply, when it reaches Leipsic, is distributed over nearly the whole of the continent of Europe. The English merchants buy as much as they require, or as much as the price induces them to speculate in, or as much as the Company can supply; they either sell to the hatters and furriers, or they export; but the export trade is chiefly in the hands of the Leipsic merchants above adverted to.

The whole thing is remarkable from beginning to end. Here we find millions of square miles of country governed, and thought about, and legislated upon, almost solely in reference to the means for stripping small animals of the fur that belongs to them, and transferring that fur to the heads or the backs of men and women in the older continent. It cannot always remain thus; we may surely count on the day when the land known as the Hudson's Bay Territories will be good for something more than this.

MADAME DE VERMONT.

I HAD brought old Susette intelligence of the death of the mistress she served in her youth, and never went on a more unwilling mission. The deceased countess had been a benefactress to Susette and her family. The farm and cottage they owned on the pleasant banks of the Seine, where it flows down clear and narrow from the hills of Burgundy, were her gifts. Every New-year's Day, her steward had a standing order to present the entire household with new dresses; and Susette herself had an annual pension of a thousand francs from the countess ever since her marriage, which happened some forty years before.

The old woman sat spinning at her cottage-door, with white linen cap and handkerchief, russet gown, and blue striped apron, in which I had seen her arrayed summer and winter for many a year. I told my sad news with all the ceremony and circumspection it seemed to require, but, to my amazement, Susette made no demonstrations of grief, heard me to an end tell how madame had died almost suddenly, after a very short illness, at her residence in St Petersburg, without word or motion, except that she turned the wheel more slowly, looked vacantly out on the soft spring evening, which was now falling on farm and vineyard, as if the far past came back with it, and said, with an expression of more bitterness than sorrow: 'She 's gone at last, then.'

I made no response; it was my firm conviction that Susette's senses were leaving her. Perhaps the old woman guessed my thoughts. She continued to spin silently for a few minutes, with her eyes fixed on her apron, then stopped her wheel, looked me full in the face, and said: 'You have often wanted to know why madame always lived abroad, and why I didn't go with her; I 'll tell you, now that she 's gone. You 're a friend of the family, and won't talk about it; and I should like you to know why I won't mourn for the countess.

'I was the first maid that ever the countess had. My mother had been *femme de chambre* to her mother, Madame Valeré; and when Mademoiselle Clarise went to the convent of St Ursula, where all the ladies of her family got their education, she sent me with her to be a good girl, and never part from my young mistress till I got a good husband. The convent of St Ursula stood in a valley shut in by low hills in the heart of the wine-country, where grapes ripen under the long summers of Champagne. The vineyards belonging to it stretched up the hills as far as one could see. The nuns were kindly, and not overstrict. I can tell you there was little fasting or penance done in that convent. They took few scholars,

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and those only of the best families, gave them the best of teaching, kept all the fêtes, and made a feast more or less on every saint's day. I had leave to play with my young mistress, to keep her things in order, and to pick up scraps of learning beyond most girls of my station. Mademoiselle and I grew up almost like sisters; she never kept thought or act of hers from me; not that she wanted advice, though I was the eldest by three years. The very nuns used to wonder at the sense she had—never in a scrape, never out of discretion; the rest of the scholars called her nothing but Madame le Sage.

'The years passed quickly away, as they do when people are young. Her education was finished, and we went home to Madame Valeré's house in Paris. The family had been among the best in France, and never forgot their birth and station; but the Revolution had left them neither land nor fortune. Madame Valeré was a widow, with a great old house in the Faubourg St Germain, and a small pension allowed her by the king, Louis Dix-huit, when he got back to his throne; so mademoiselle had no chance but to get well married or become a nun, as she often told me; and I used to say she was sure to get a good husband, being so pretty. I thought my words were like to turn out true before we were three months at home, for a young officer, who happened to be the son of an old friend of madame's, called to see the ladies one morning, and never kept out of the house after. His name was Victor Florian. He was just the man for her—brave and handsome, with such fine dark eyes and hair. My young mistress thought so too. There were rings and letters between them unknown to madame or anybody but me. Victor was a great favourite with the old lady; she used to tell his exploits. How he had served in the last of the empire, and how it was through giving most of his pay to support an aged grandmother and two aunts that he was so poor; for Monsieur Florian had no fortune but his sword. She had a thousand more fine things to tell of him. My poor mistress heard them all, and I suppose he told her the rest; but just when they were as deep in love as two young people could be, Count de Vermont saw mademoiselle at a ball. He could not be called old, being little above forty; he could not be called ugly, though his features were large, and his look heavy. Compared with Victor, he was nobody at all; but the count was rich; he had lands in Burgundy, a fine house in Paris, and money in the bank. Well, he saw mademoiselle, danced with her, asked leave to visit at the house, and proposed for her to madame. It was a capital match; the old lady was like to dance for joy, and expected Clarise to do the same. Of course she did not; but the sense the nuns used to admire in her confounded me when I came into the dressing-room, and finding her all in tears, began to cry too, saying that Monsieur Florian would break his heart, and that the best thing they could do was to run away.

"No, no, Susette," said she; "he has no fortune, neither have I; we could not live as becomes our station. Waiting would do us no good; he will never have more than his pay. My mother expects me to marry the count, and I won't get such an offer every morning."

'I could not think her hard-hearted, she cried so much about it. Madame Valeré must have guessed something was wrong; but high-born ladies have a deal of discretion, and she took no notice. I was sent with all his gifts and letters to Monsieur Florian one evening quietly, and I thought the poor young man would have lost his senses. However, the *trousseau* was got ready, and my young mistress became Madame de Vermont.

'I went home with her to the count's fine house, and must say he was not a bad husband. She wanted for nothing that a countess could or should wish for; of dress, jewels, and company, she had enough and to spare. The count was kind to Madame Valeré, and would have had her to live with them, but she stuck to her old house, thinking it more independent. He was kind to me as being his lady's confidential maid, though I never liked him. He was kind to every friend of the family, and above them all, to Monsieur Florian. They had been acquainted long before the marriage; the count's brother was colonel of the regiment in which Florian served. He knew nothing of the love between him and my mistress—how could he? the thing was kept so secret; so the poor count was always inviting the young officer to his house. Monsieur Florian was always coming, and I could not help thinking no good would come of that; because for all the words said before prefect and priest, the old love had not died in their hearts. Wherever she went, his eyes followed the countess; it was the work of all his days to get near her. Of course she had to be civil, but meant nothing wrong. "Never fear, Susette," she used to say, when I warned her against him; "Victor is a man of honour, and I will never disgrace my family."

'At last they began to write letters; I suppose they must have been sad ones, for one day I found them both weeping in madame's boudoir, and afterwards she told me that Monsieur Florian was going to join his regiment in the south. That was about six months after my mistress had got her new name; and next week there was great news among Florian's friends. An old uncle who had disowned him for serving the Emperor, and promised to leave his estate to a convent, died, and left a will making him his sole heir. They say the monks were so greatly disappointed that they refused to say a single mass for him, and nobody could believe the old man had changed his mind, till a notary-public read the will in a general assembly of all his friends and relations.

'It was the very next Wednesday; the count had gone to see his mother, who still lived in the house she occupied before the revolution in Versailles. I don't think my mistress expected anybody; she had been out most of the day in the shops and the gardens, for it was summer-time, and had sent me late in the evening for a new novel she wanted from the bookseller. The house was quiet, as generally happened when the count was absent; most of the servants had got a holiday, and among them the porter; but I had a key, and could admit myself. My mistress's dressing-room was at the back of the house, which, though it stood in the Rue St Honoré, was an old one. They said it had been a country-house belonging to Queen Catherine de Medici, ages before the street was built. There was a garden behind; but the high houses were so built round it that there was no way out or in, except by a sort of pavilion which communicated with the dressing-room by a small door at the one end, and with the garden by a stair at the other. The door next the dressing-room was opened by a key which my mistress kept in the lock for her own convenience; she liked the garden, and used to prune the roses and tie up the jessamine there with her own hands. I am telling all this to let you understand how the thing happened. When I came back with the novel, the house was as quiet as I left it, but as I reached the dressing-room door, I heard voices within; it was not the count returned, for I peeped through the keyhole, and there was Monsieur Florian on his knees before my mistress, clasping both her hands, and praying her to fly with him. She was crying, as if her heart would break, and saying: "No, Victor, no; I am a married woman." A sound below made me start from my peeping in an instant. Somebody came quickly upstairs. The step was so light, I took it for Julien the valet, and was coming out singing, that my mistress might know there were people about, when the count himself walked past me, right into the dressing-room. I ran in too, determined to stand by my mistress. There

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was nobody but herself now, my singing or his step having given the alarm; but without a word, the count walked straight to the pavilion door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Monsieur," said she, with uncommon dignity, as if no lady had ever been so insulted, "what does this mean?"

"That is for you to consider, madame," said he, and ran to his own room. We heard him go and come as quick as lightning, and before either of us could speak, he was there with a loaded pistol in his hand.

"Husband!" cried my mistress, throwing herself on her knees between him and the pavilion door, "for the love of God, let him go. He has never wronged you; neither have I. But I will retire to a convent; I will do anything you please; only let him go. You would not shoot an unarmed man."

'The count made no answer, but flung her out of his way. I cannot say whether it was a push or a blow, whether the act roused the southern blood of her family—they were from Marseille—or whether she saw that nothing better could be done, but springing up, she snatched the pistol from his hand before he could prevent her, turned it on himself, drew the trigger, and being too near to miss her aim, the count received the bullet in his breast, staggered back against the door he had locked, swayed for a moment, and fell heavily to the floor. Before the smoke cleared away, I saw her stoop over him, and take the key out of his pocket; but the count never moved more.

"Susette," said she, "we must give the alarm; remember he shot himself;" and she dropped the pistol beside him, just as Julien and the housemaid came rushing up to see what had happened. I suppose such a screaming was never heard in the Rue St Honoré as I made, and my mistress went into hysterics wonderfully like nature. The count had committed suicide in her dressing-room, for no reason that we could guess. Such was the account furnished to the police and the neighbours; and when opportunity served, two or three hours after, Monsieur Florian left the house, with my longest dress and largest shawl on. Everybody pitied madame, and puzzled themselves to make out why the count shot himself. Some thought it was on account of a quarrel with his mother—the old lady had a reputation that way; some asserted it was owing to an intrigue he had in Versailles; some, that he was mixed up in a conspiracy against the government; and all Paris talked and wondered over his suicide, till something else happened for them to talk and wonder about. We had a greater puzzle regarding the count. He had never known, never suspected anything, to our knowledge, yet he left madame his mother three hours earlier than usual, must have watched Monsieur Florian, seen him enter the house, admitted himself with his own key and very little noise, and guessed that he was in the dressing-room. People thought it was grief that made madame grow so pale and thin, but I knew it was fear that he might have had an informer, and that some end of the story would come out. However, at last an explanation was found, though not a very clear one; among the count's private keys there was one that fitted madame's escritoire, and Dennis, the locksmith, who worked for him, told me he had made it to monsieur's order some weeks before his death. So much for heavy-looking men. I never knew one of them who could not keep his own counsel and ferret out other people's.

'When the funeral was over, and the will read, we found that all his lands in Burgundy and all his money in the bank had been bequeathed to madame. His relations were all rich, but they did not dispute the will, as rich people commonly do; and now, I thought, after the weeds there would come a wedding, as my mistress and her lover had both fortune enough to please their families. I said as much to her one day when we were alone in the great saloon. She never liked the dressing-room after that evening, would not see Monsieur Florian, and kept herself very lonely.

"No, Susette," said she, "I will never marry or love more. To save him and my own reputation, I murdered my husband, the man who loved, and married, and left me all his possessions when I was a penniless girl. Do you think that any lover would keep his faith to a woman with such blood on her hands? I will not give Victor the opportunity of changing. As soon as my affairs are arranged, I will leave him and France for ever. My house is already bespoken in St Petersburg, and there I will live, far from all who ever knew me. Susette, you have been the truest and most trusty maid that ever mistress had; I have settled an annuity of a thousand francs upon you for life, besides a cottage and a farm in Burgundy; it will do for Julien and you. I know you have been engaged for some time, and I'll see you married before I go."

'My mistress was right about Julien, yet I meant what I said to her every word. "Let me go with you, mistress, to Russia, or the world's end. I don't care half as much for Julien as I do for you."

"No, no, Susette," she said again, and her look grew terribly wise and cold; "you know what has happened, and it don't do to live with people who know such things of us. Neither you nor I could stand that trial. Be a good girl; marry Julien; and remember me only in your prayers."

'Madame kept her word—nothing could turn her from it. She left Monsieur Florian, and he never married, but rose to be colonel in the room of the count's brother, and fell fighting in Africa. Before the countess left France, she executed a will, leaving her fortune first to her mother, and then to her husband's relations. But Madame Valeré never inherited; she's gone many a year ago, and never could understand why her only daughter, who allowed her such a handsome income, chose to live in the far north. I am told the countess associated only with Russians, and took up a strange habit of sleeping by day and waking by night. She has given me the thousand francs, the cottage and the farm, these forty years. I accepted them on Julien's account; he was my lover. We have got on as well as most married people. Julien is an old man now; I am an old woman. Our two sons have grown up and married; yonder are our grandchildren playing by the river-side. But in my dreams I have a grudge against her, for the honest faith and affection she flung back upon my heart, as not likely to stand the test of time, because I happened to be her maid, and knew the one secret of her life. Now you understand why I'll wear no mourning for Madame de Vermont.'

ATMOSPHERIC CURRENTS.

Of the many provisions for the existence and welfare of organic beings which it has pleased a bountiful Creator to make, there is, we may safely say, none so absolutely essential as the atmosphere. Without it, no animal could prolong its existence even for five minutes; without it, the vegetable creation would speedily cease to exist, and earth would again become a scene of mineral existence only. Nor are the uses of the atmosphere confined to thus supporting animal and vegetable life, by affording material for the process of respiration, for the benefits it affords as a vehicle for water are only less important. Again, were it not for the admirable properties of the atmosphere as a non-conductor of heat, our globe would be absolutely uninhabitable for any of the creatures at present found upon it. By day, the heat of the sun would reach an excess of which we can absolutely form no conception, while his beams would not be intercepted by any grateful cloud, nor his strength moderated by the freshening breeze; and the temperature of the ground, never moistened by either dew or

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rain, would be such that neither man nor beast could walk on it: while, on the other hand, no sooner would the sun be set, than we should be instantly plunged into Egyptian darkness, and within a few hours' time the temperature would fall to a point as much below a Melville Island winter, as the heat of the day would be above a Benares summer. It is to the atmosphere we owe the beautiful blue of the sky, and the splendid red of the setting sun, the gorgeous clouds that majestically sail over the heavens in snowy grandeur or golden radiance, the sweet melody of music, and the soft tones of friendship or of love. For thousands of years, too, this wonderful ocean of gas has been the agent in carrying on all the commerce of the globe, and bringing into friendly relation nations widely separated; and even now that the science of man has discovered means of traversing the seas independent of the winds, we could yet but ill dispense with its services in this respect.

We propose at present to bring before our readers a few considerations regarding these currents in the atmosphere by which commerce has been so long carried on, and their effect on the climate of different localities; and shall first say a few words about the physical constitution of the atmosphere itself. The atmosphere, then, is a gaseous envelope covering the whole earth, and extending to nearly a uniform height everywhere; this height may be taken as being about forty-five miles, and though it is impossible accurately to determine it, yet it is quite possible to shew that it is perfectly definite, and that the atmosphere does not extend indefinitely into space, as some have supposed; for the highest layer of particles of air must be precisely at such a distance from the earth's surface as that the repulsive force between each particle composing this layer, and the particles of the layer next below it, shall be exactly counterbalanced by the attraction of the earth's mass. Within this limit, the atmosphere cannot be condensed, since the repulsive force between its particles prevents it; and beyond this limit it cannot extend, since the attraction of gravity retains it.

The air is not the imponderable substance it is often supposed to be; and the expression, 'trifles light as air,' must seem somewhat inapt when we consider that, on every square inch of the surface of our globe, and of every body upon it, the atmosphere presses with a weight of fifteen pounds, and that in every direction, upwards and sideways, as well as downwards; indeed, were it not that it presses in every direction, nothing could be constructed of sufficient strength to bear the enormous weight which would then be laid upon it. A table, for instance, 5 feet by 4 feet 2 inches, would have to bear over twenty tons. It is this pressure, as doubtless our readers well know, and not any abhorrence of a vacuum on nature's part, which raises the water in a pump to the height of thirty-three feet, and the mercury in a barometer to the height of thirty inches; for the column of water or of mercury inside the tube is exactly balanced by the column of air outside; and it could easily be shewn, by direct experiment, that a rectangular column of water, whose height should be thirty-three feet, and whose base should be one inch square, would weigh exactly fifteen pounds, and similarly of a column of mercury thirty inches high.

The lower portion of the atmosphere is much the denser, owing to the pressure of the upper portion; so much so, indeed, that the half of the entire atmosphere is found below the height of three and a half miles, and at this point the barometer stands at fifteen inches instead of thirty. In air of such rarity—and even greater elevations have been reached, as by M. Gay-Lussac in a balloon—respiration becomes exceedingly laborious, and blood often starts from the mouth and eyes; birds are unable to fly, and if let go, they either return to the balloon, or, after ineffectual fluttering, descend with great rapidity in spiral lines like birds of prey; or from still greater elevations, where, of course, their wings are still more useless, they drop directly downwards for a great distance.

This elevation of three and a half miles may be called the line of repose of the atmosphere, being a calm space intervening between two regions liable to storms, and having currents of air flowing in different directions on each side of it, so that if air move from north to south below, its place is filled again by a counter-current moving from south to north above this line, so that a perpetual interchange is kept up.

The great agent in causing currents of air, or winds, on the surface of the globe, is the heat of the sun. The air is not heated directly by the sun, or at least only in a very slight degree, for no transparent body will become hot by rays simply passing through it. The glass in a window remains quite cool though transmitting the fiercest rays of the sun; but if blackened on the inside, so that the rays cannot pass through, it immediately becomes hot; similarly, the air becomes heated principally by radiation from the ground, and, as in all fluids, whether gaseous or liquid, the heated mass, becoming lighter by the expansion consequent on heating, immediately ascends. This method of acquiring heat throughout is called *convection*, since in it the heated particles are conveyed from below upwards, and belongs to all fluid bodies; for they being bad conductors of heat, would require a great time to become heated throughout, as solid bodies do, by *conduction*, in which the particles of matter do not change their relative position.

Suppose, now, that the sun shines on a large tract of land—for instance, the Desert of Sahara: a vast volume of air being thus heated, begins immediately to ascend; a vacuum is consequently left; and air from all sides immediately rushes in to fill this vacuum, thus producing wind. This is beautifully exemplified in the case of islands in the midst of the sea, as, for instance, the West Indian Islands, where we find the wind every day blowing from all sides towards the island, thus constituting what is known as the sea-breeze of the day. The cause of the wind in such cases being directed towards the island, is, that the heating, and consequent ascent of the air, takes place much more over land than over water, and this for two reasons—first, because a given amount of heat falling on a certain extent of surface of land, raises the temperature of that surface through no less than five times the number of degrees that it would raise a similar extent of surface of water; and secondly, because a large amount of the heat which the water would gain, is immediately rendered latent by the conversion of a portion of the water into vapour, and thus does not contribute to raise the temperature of the water.

But if a surface of land, receiving a certain amount of heat, is raised in temperature through five times as many degrees as a surface of water of the same extent would be, it follows, as a matter of course, that in losing a certain amount of heat, it falls in temperature through five times as many degrees as water does; there is therefore, after sunset, a much greater condensation of the air over the land than there is over the water; and the former, increasing in density very much in consequence, presses outwards towards the sea with considerable force; the column of dense air over the land being lowered by thus flowing out over the sea, has its height repaired in the upper regions by air flowing in from the upper atmosphere over the sea to fill the vacuum; this is condensed, sinks down, and flows out to sea in its turn; and thus we have the wind blowing continuously in a direction exactly the reverse of its direction during the day, and forming the evening land-breeze, so well known in the West Indian and other tropical islands.

Let us now consider the trade-winds, which blow constantly from north-east and south-east towards

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the equator throughout the year. They are caused by the heat of the sun rarefying the air within the tropics; and on the ascent of this rarefied air to the higher regions, air, of course, flows towards the equator from north and south, to fill up the vacuum. Now, the speed with which any point on the earth's surface is carried along, in the daily rotation of the earth, varies according to the distance of the point from the equator, becoming less and less as it approaches the poles, the air, of course, over such a point, has no greater rotatory speed than the point itself, and does not readily acquire the greater speed at which the parts of the earth nearer the equator are travelling; therefore, as it passes over these parts, it is actually left behind by them; and since the earth rotates on its axis from west to east, these winds acquire an apparent motion from east to west—the motion being referred by the observer to them, instead of to himself, just as in a steam-boat passing along a river's bank. It is evident that when these two motions—namely, one towards the equator from the poles, and the other from east to west—when they, we say, are combined, the result will be that the direction of these winds will be from north-east in the northern hemisphere, and from south-east in the southern. As might be supposed, from the above account, these winds die away as they approach the equator, for there the upward motion takes the place of the horizontal, and accordingly, for some degrees at each side of the equator, there is a belt of calm air, which it is very difficult for ships to cross under canvas alone; they often require several days, or even weeks, to reach the region of winds on the other side; and as this belt must be twice crossed on the route round the Cape to India, we see where the principal advantage of steamers over sailing vessels is gained on that voyage. Sometimes, when the sun is at his extreme northern limit, in the month of June, this belt is so far north that the equator bounds its southern edge, and the south-east trade-wind has even been found on the north of the equator; and similarly, during the month of December, the north-east trade-wind has been known to cross the line to the southern hemisphere.

The monsoons of India and China next fall under our notice. These, as our readers must be aware, are strong winds blowing, in these countries, from north-east during the winter months of the year, and from south-west during the summer. Of these, the south-west monsoon is by far the most violent, and also by far the most important, since it is this wind which brings to the parched and thirsty soil the copious rains which so materially enhance the climate of India, and the productiveness of its soil, although, perhaps, they prove a little disagreeable, in some respects, to European residents.

It will easily be seen that the north-east monsoon is nothing but the north-east trade-wind, which has been prevented from blowing, during six months of the year, by the causes which produce the south-west monsoon. These causes are the same in principle as those which produce the trade-winds, but difference of circumstances alter the result. During the summer months, the sun shines in full strength on the continent of India, and since, as we explained above, land radiates heat much faster, and to a greater degree, than water, a great rarefaction, and consequent ascent of air, takes place over the whole continent; air rushes violently in from the Indian Ocean, which lies to the southwards, to supply the deficiency thus caused; but as the rotatory motion of the earth must be slower in all parts of India than at the equator, the earth is left behind by the wind, which arrives there travelling at the higher rate of speed which it has acquired at the equator. Combining these two motions as before, we get a south-west direction for the summer monsoon.

The evaporation of water in the Indian Ocean is, of course, very great, and therefore the south-west monsoon arrives on the coast of India absolutely saturated with moisture. As the wind thus saturated rises to the higher regions, which it does on being rarefied after arriving over the land, it, of course, becomes much cooled, and therefore unable to retain its former amount of water in solution; the excess is, of course, precipitated; and hence the violent rains which accompany the south-west monsoon, and cool the country, so as to render it habitable during the summer months. As we said above, however, the under-currents of the atmosphere do not ascend higher than about three and a half miles; and, consequently, the south-west monsoon must be checked on reaching the Himalaya in the north-east, since their height varies from four to five and a half miles; and, accordingly, it turns its course to a direction parallel to this great mountain-chain, and rushes up the country as a south-easterly wind, thus assuming along the north-east boundary of India the appearance of the southern trade-wind in latitude 25° to 30° north. After depositing a vast quantity of water on its way up the country, in consequence of the great fall in temperature caused by these mountains, its course is again checked at the north-west boundary of the Punjab by another bend in the chain; and turning along the mountains so as to become a north-east wind, it is neutralised by meeting with the ordinary south-west monsoon blowing from the Arabian Sea up the course of the Indus.

It will be seen that a peculiar combination of circumstances is necessary in order to produce a south-west monsoon in any part of the world. In the first place, there must be land, not on the equator, but to the northwards of it, but yet sufficiently near the tropics to produce great rarefaction of the air on the sun's arriving at or near the zenith during the summer months; secondly, there must be water between this land and the equator, since otherwise there would be more rarefaction of air there, and no current could possibly set to the northwards, but the north-east trade-wind would continue blowing as before, though it would cease further from the equator than during the winter months.

There is, therefore, no south-west monsoon, nor interruption to the north-east trade-wind in the Atlantic, since here there is a uniform surface of water; nor in Africa, since here there is a uniform surface of land; but along the north seaboard of the Mediterranean the same conditions are found; and accordingly, here, again, we find winds blowing corresponding to the monsoons, though much weaker, for two reasons—first, because the heat of the sun is much less, since it shines on land much further from the equator than the land along the north seaboard of the Indian Ocean; and secondly, because the surface of land which this heat has to act on here is much smaller; still, however, the winds are quite recognisable, and well known to mariners in those parts. We find them mentioned in the writings of antiquity; for instance, Demosthenes cautions the Athenians against delaying to send succours northwards to Olynthus, lest the Etesians should set in, and effectually prevent them. These Etesians correspond to the north-east monsoon of India, or the ordinary trade-wind of other parts, and in Greece, as in India, only blow during the six months that the sun is in the southern hemisphere, because checked during the other six months by the wind from the south-west. A south-west wind ought also to be found along the extreme south coast of the United States, in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida; and during our winter months we might expect to find a north-west monsoon blowing inland on the north coast of Australia.

From constant and periodic winds, such as we have been considering, we must pass to those which, though not falling under either of these heads, are yet the

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prevailing winds in certain districts. Such are the south-west winds of Western Europe and the western parts of North America on the seaboard of the Pacific, which become more westerly as we approach the northern parts of those continents; and again, such are the north-west winds of the Pacific coast of South America, which become more westerly as we go further south. These are the most important winds of temperate zones; and it is to their influence that the western shores of great continents owe their decided superiority over the eastern as regards mildness and equability of climate. Let us contrast, for instance, the climate of these kingdoms with that of Labrador and Newfoundland in about the same latitude on the east coast of America, and the latter, again, with British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, on the west coast of the same continent. In both cases, we find that the average temperature of the whole year is 18° Fahrenheit higher on the western than on the eastern side; and again, we must recollect that not only is the *average* in favour of the western side by so large a difference, but that the climate is also much more equable on the western side, the range from summer to winter temperature being much less; for the heat of the Labrador summer is very much greater than that of ours, as is the cold of winter more severe. We have an advantage of one or two degrees over the western coast of America in the same latitude as regards average temperature, and this is probably owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream. But yet the climate of British Columbia is a magnificent one; and when combined with its advantages of commercial situation, and roadsteads for shipping, will render it a colony of the very highest importance, both mercantile and political. It is to these prevailing south-west winds that these climatal advantages of the western sides of great continents are owing. We mentioned above that a current the reverse of the trade-wind must set from the tropics towards the poles in the upper regions of the atmosphere, in order to refill the vacuum caused by the flow of the trade-winds towards the equator. This upper current consists of the heated air which has been drawn up within the tropics, and rising from the ocean as it does over a great part of the globe, is perfectly saturated with moisture. It does not readily lose the whole of the more rapid motion of rotation which it had acquired within the tropics, and hence, by overtaking the earth in higher latitudes it impinges against the west sides of the continent as a south-west wind. It must be remembered, that partly in consequence of condensation, and partly to supply the vacuum caused by the current towards the equator, the upper current will in higher latitudes descend and become terrestrial; and it may also be seen that the further it goes from the equator the more will its west-to-east motion predominate; so that in high latitudes it becomes almost a due west wind. This is more easily observed in the southern hemisphere than in the northern, since in the former the globe is circumnavigable, and there it is well known that it is almost impossible to round Cape Horn to the westward, and on the other hand, the voyage home from Australia is always made by Cape Horn; not only so, indeed, but if any vessel has to sail from Australia to the Cape of Good Hope, it is found to be a saving of time to go round two-thirds of the globe by the Cape Horn route, rather than to sail for one-third in the teeth of the wind on the direct route. Corresponding with these westerly winds in the lower atmosphere in high latitudes, there is a constant current from east to west in the upper atmosphere within the tropics; for it is evident that by ascending in consequence of rarefaction, the trade-winds only lose their motion from the poles towards the equator, and not their motion from east to west.

Let us consider the effect of the south-west winds we have spoken of on the climate of the west sides of continents, and we may take British Columbia as a good instance in point. In the first place, since the wind is blowing from the equator, it conveys a large quantity of heat, in consequence of this alone; but, in the second place, it arrives, as we have said, saturated with aqueous vapour. Now, it is no doubt well known to most of our readers that it takes a vast quantity of heat to convert, say, a pound of water at 212°, or the boiling-point, into a pound of steam at 212°, the heat thus absorbed being quite inappreciable by the thermometer, and being therefore known by the name of latent heat; and the same quantity of heat is thus rendered latent by the formation of vapour at whatever temperature it may be formed; and on the reconversion of this vapour into water, the very same quantity of heat is again evolved, and rendered appreciable by the thermometer. Arriving, then, upon the land, and being condensed and cooled by imparting its heat to it, this air becomes incapable of holding so much aqueous vapour in solution; the excess is of course precipitated as water, and, consequently, gives out the large amount of latent heat which it contained. Passing onwards over the country, the wind encounters the Rocky Mountains, and, in consequence of the condensation and cooling it here experiences, gives out its last remains of moisture and warmth, and therefore thenceforth blows over the rest of the continent, as a cold dry wind, communicating neither warmth in winter nor coolness in summer, so that on the east coast we find an extreme climate, in which the cold of winter is most rigorous, and the heat of summer very severe.

Passing from west to east over the great continent of the old world, we find the very same phenomena—the west coast having a mild equable climate, such as is usually enjoyed by islands, and hence called insular; while the east coast has an extreme climate, the range from summer to winter average temperature being very great—as, for instance, at Pekin, where the range is as much as 90° Fahrenheit; whereas the range in these kingdoms is only 20° in some parts. Such difference in climate between the east and west sides of a continent is not found within 30° of the equator, since within this limit the cause of the difference is wanting, as the trade-winds blow uniformly towards the equator, at least as far as this latitude.

Cyclones are a matter of much more importance than other winds, both because they are more numerous, and because they follow certain laws, which are capable of investigation, and, indeed, have been largely investigated. It has been computed, from accurate observations, that of the winds which blow in these islands, two-thirds come under the head of cyclones. The late terrible storm, so lamentably signalised by the loss of the *Royal Charter*, was unquestionably a cyclone, for, as was no doubt observed by all who read the accounts of it carefully, the wind was from the north-west on the north coast of Wales, while within a very short period of time it was from the south-east on the Kentish coast; and Admiral Elliott's squadron, which stood out to sea from Plymouth on the approach of the storm, actually passed through the centre of the hurricane, and after enjoying a brief calm here, was again involved in the storm, but with the wind blowing from exactly the opposite quarter.

Dreadful, however, as the effects of such storms are, even in these islands, yet temperate zones enjoy a comparative immunity from them; it is within the tropics that they assume their most awful and terrific aspect. There, ships are often laid on their beam-ends till their mastheads dip beneath the water; and it is nothing uncommon to see a whole plantation of gigantic sugar-canes cleared in an instant of time, and hurried aloft, roots and all, by the violence of the whirlwind.

It has been observed that these cyclones never approach within ten degrees of the equator, the reason of this, of course, being that within these limits the wind moves in but one direction, and that directly upwards, so that here there is perpetual calm; and

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accordingly, on the approach of one of these hurricanes, those vessels in the North Atlantic which are sufficiently near always run for Trinidad. It is a curious fact, also, connected with these typhoons, that high land seems to have a peculiar tendency to divert their onward course, and near such land they often recurve in a peculiar manner, to avoid it; for this reason, the island of Mauritius is much used as a harbour of refuge in the Southern Indian Ocean, as they generally recurve when passing near it and the Isle of Bourbon. To account for the rotatory motion of these typhoons, various theories have been proposed, the discussion of which would be hardly suitable to these pages; but we may mention that Mr Redfield, of New York, considers that this motion, when once begun, from whatever cause it may be, is afterwards kept up by the pressure exercised by the external air on the rotating column, as this external air is drawn in, and in its turn ascends in a spiral manner through the storm, to be in its turn poured out above, for such an ascent of air undoubtedly takes place in these cyclones, and Mr Redfield considers them to be comparable to chimneys, a comparative vacuum being formed inside by the centrifugal force generated by their rotation. Our readers must, of course, judge of this theory for themselves, and until this and other such points are settled, we shall content ourselves with merely mentioning a few other well-established and curious facts regarding these cyclones.

Whatever be the original cause of the rotation of a cyclone, its direction is invariable in the same hemisphere, being always from right to left in the northern hemisphere, and from left to right, like the hands of a watch, in the southern; and this rotation will sometimes, near the centre of the storm, be as rapid as 120 miles an hour, though the progressive motion of the storm seldom exceeds fifteen or sixteen, whence it happens that ships sometimes sail into the middle of a storm by merely overtaking it, whereas had they lain to for a time, they would have escaped it. Hence, also, we derive the explanation of the phenomenon termed a ground-swell, or undulatory motion of the surface of the sea, though the wind may at the same time be perfectly quiet, a state of things which generally lasts for a considerable time after a storm, and may begin before a storm sets in; it is caused by the progressive movement of the undulations being more rapid than that of the storm, so that they outrun it, like heralds sent before to tell of an enemy's approach, or affectionate missives despatched by a friend after his departure to assure us of his continued existence.

Strange to say, these cyclones seem to move rather against than with the trade-winds, for they invariably move from the equator towards the poles, whereas the trade-winds move from the higher latitudes towards the equator. This phenomenon has excited much surprise, and hitherto, we believe, has received no satisfactory solution. They also widen out in diameter, and decrease in violence, as they approach our latitudes, and thus often encounter and neutralise each other. Though so much less severe, they seem to be more frequent in the temperate zones, probably owing to new storms being generated in the temperate zones themselves, besides those which enter them from the tropics. Here, also, we may be actually within the northern limit of a cyclone, and yet the air be perfectly still, for as the poleward side of a cyclone invariably blows from east to west, it may meet the ordinary westerly winds of these latitudes, and, owing to the slower motion of cyclones in temperate zones, may only just neutralise them, so that a calm will be the result; while on the southerly limit of the very same cyclone there may be a considerable storm, since there these forces will aid instead of neutralising each other. Observations on cyclones here are therefore more difficult and less valuable than if made within the tropics; but there, on the other hand, the means of observation are much less. Were a system of submarine telegraphs established in the West Indian islands, and observations carefully made simultaneously at different points, and then collated, much valuable information might be obtained, and the same use might be made of the East Indian system of telegraphs. The study of cyclones, as well, indeed, as of atmospheric currents in general, is of much importance, not merely in a theoretical point of view, but also as bearing in a most practical manner on the interests of navigation and the safety of human life.

A LAST PICTURE FROM THE GALLERY OF INDIAN REVOLT.

THERE is nothing more striking to the domestic reader perusing the incidents of the Indian Mutiny at home and at ease, than the apparent carelessness with which, after a little, the isolated European communities regarded the progress of revolt, even when it was almost at their very doors. They ate, they drank—they took their curry and 'brandy pawnee'—they married and were given in marriage, just as though the flood of rebellion were not certain, sooner or later, to eddy about their own little stronghold. Even the ladies took their carriage exercise as usual on the one drive of the Station, and retired to rest more troubled with heat and mosquitoes than with any thought of the grim chamberlain, Murder, who might be withdrawing their curtains that very night. No doubt the continued cry of 'Wolf, wolf,' when (just yet at least) there was no Wolf, dulled the sense of danger, while the climate induced apathy of mind as well as of body; but still much of the general indifference at such a time remains unaccounted for, and affects us who read of it as the sight of some gallant ship might do, that disdains to reef a single sail, though the wind-cloud has long given warning, and the trumpet of the tempest is about to blare.

The little town of Arrah, situated in the district of Shahabad, near the junction of the Ganges and the Soane, was about twenty-four miles from the military station of Dinapoor, but possessed neither fort nor garrison of its own; its proximity to that post, however, after the Meerut mutiny and the massacre at Delhi, was by no means an advantage, since the three regiments of sepoys quartered there were daily expected to revolt, whose direct route to join their disaffected brethren in the north-west lay through Arrah itself. Nevertheless, the only change in the habits of the few European residents, whether male or female, seems to have been that they congregated rather more frequently on the 'course,' or in the doctor's garden, to exchange scraps of news, in paragraphs from newspapers, and extracts from private letters; nor even when the direst tidings were received from neighbouring Patna, was any decision arrived at beyond the sending of the women and children to Dinapoor, where the presence of her Majesty's 10th Regiment would insure their safety. Some of the Arrah people—who were, by the by, all civilians—were in favour of one plan, and some of another; and when the magistrate, Mr Wake, asked, 'Who will act with me?' only a single voice replied, 'I will.' 'Thank you, sir,' said Mr Wake; 'what is your name?' 'My name is Cock,' was the reply; and a thoroughly game-bird that gentleman turned out to be.

Eventually, all the non-officials, except two, took themselves off to Dinapoor, reducing the white population of Arrah to eight gentlemen, who took up their abode together in the judge's house. The jail contained between four and five hundred of the worst characters in India, and the jail-guard were little better than those they guarded; but still the civil business was transacted regularly, as though

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it was not certain that the general overturn must sooner or later make magistrate and malefactors exchange positions; while the hospitalities of Mr Littledale—the judge—were exercised as genially as though it were not every whit as likely that his guests would have their throats cut any day as dine. Two of the company, assisted by a large force of native watchmen—totally unreliable—patrolled the town, the night being divided into four watches, of two hours each; and one besides kept nightly watch at home. Except for this dangerous patrolling, the party stayed wholly within doors, 'letter-writing, reading, and, as a desperate resource, float-fishing in the tank until the dinner-hour.' Mr Boyle, the resident railway engineer, had now arrived, raising the little garrison to nine in number, but in reality doubling its strength and efficiency by his presence. When the rest of the residents had broken up their council without a decision, he had taken one of his own, and acted upon it single-handed, as he was luckily in a position to do. 'He had collected several cartloads of new bricks, and built up with them the veranda arches of a small two-storied building, originally destined for a billiard-room, and distant sixty yards from his own house. The new walls, though without mortar or cement of any kind, were artistically constructed, and formed a very sufficient defence against a musket-bullet. The low arches beneath were, with the exception of rather a spacious loophole, entirely bricked up, while on the upper floor, between the pillars, a sort of breastwork was formed, upon which numerous sand-bags were placed, having intervals left between them for the guns of the besieged. Other arrangements were carried out in the interior. Into this extemporised fortification Mr Boyle conveyed a large supply of rice, grain, biscuits, and water, with a small quantity of brandy and beer.'

It might naturally be supposed that having this place of comparative safety to retire into, men in their exposed position would have betaken themselves thither at once, and awaited the worst; but there was a billiard-*table* at the judge's, it seems, which there was not in the new edifice, and things were altogether more comfortable where they were at present, so they stayed on. Death-news from Santhal, from Neemuch, from Futtehpoor, the hideous tale of Cawnpore, and alarms from everywhere, reached them from day to day. At last, 'by express urgent,' a laconic note is received from the general at Dinapoor: 'A revolt among the native troops is likely to occur this day [July 25, 1857]. Stand prepared accordingly.' Even then, they lingered on for hours, until 'two railway inspectors and another man' came spurring in to say that the revolted sepoys had passed the river in force, and were actually upon them. Whereupon the dog-cart is ordered, and being well filled with arms, is driven through the town to the new fortification, escorted by the little band of whites, and by fifty Sikhs, whom they know not whether to trust or not, but hope for the best. Then, by way of extra stores, 'a five-dozen case of port and sherry, belonging to the doctor,' is taken in at the eleventh hour, 'which afterwards proved of the greatest service;' and the Sikhs also take in a quantity of water for their own use. The gallant Cock, too, joins them at this last moment, and Syed Azimoodeen Hossein, a Mohammedan gentleman, with his servant. Altogether, they are nine Europeans, six Eurasians, one Mussulman, and the fifty Sikh police (who had luckily been sent from Patna with treasure a few days before). Had these last been treacherous, 'they might have eaten us all up for breakfast, had it so pleased them,' says Mr Halls,* which could scarcely have been a consolatory reflection to him on that Sunday night, July 28, when 'we went into our fortified billiard-room, and built ourselves up.'

On Monday morning, up came the sepoys; they broke open the jail, looted the treasury of 70,000 rupees, and were joined by the jail-guards, prisoners, and hundreds of bad characters from the neighbouring villages. 'All these assembled on a rising-ground, about 600 yards from and in full view of our position, by sound of trumpet, and then moved down steadily towards us till they got within 200 yards, when their trumpets sounded a charge, and down they came at the double-quick, shouting like demons, and firing as fast as they could. Our side, however, soon began to reply from their double-barrelled guns, and the carbines of the Sikhs, and some of the rascals were soon knocked over. This brought the multitude to a stand-still; and some more being hit, the greater part of them retreated into and behind a large house situated, most unfortunately for us, at sixty yards' distance. The others took skirmishing order on our flanks and rear, where they were well sheltered by trees, outhouses, and garden-walls, whence they kept up a continual fire all day, and occasionally throughout the night.'

In the morning 'the enemy astonished us by a loud taunting shout, followed up by a formidable bang and a splintering of bricks. They had, in fact, brought two small cannon—4-pounders—to bear upon us, and again for awhile we thought that all was up. After a shot or two, we got more accustomed to them, as we found our main walls tolerably proof, and the bricked-up intervals were not hit more than once in a dozen times. Still it was not agreeable to have two cannon firing at us in cross directions, while the rascally gunners had a complete shelter, formed by bricks, earth, and our own tables and chairs. One gun was sixty yards distant, the other about one hundred and fifty; the balls from the latter scarcely hit the house at all, but went over with a whizz and concussion that shook every part. Afterwards they made a hole in the garden-wall behind us, and through it got one of the guns to bear at sixteen yards; even then, however, the shot did not penetrate the main walls, and only hit the loose bricks occasionally, which were not always beaten down, as we had strengthened them from within.

'Finally, on the fifth day of the siege, the fellows hoisted up one of the guns on the top of the large house opposite, which was rather serious, as a shot could now be sent over our defences right into the middle of us. But they were not good shots, and were not permitted to take aim at leisure, Boyle, Field, Anderson, and others of our best marksmen being continually on the top of our fortress, blazing away on and about the said piece of artillery. We found, nevertheless, a good many of the larger shot, both at the time and afterwards, inside and imbedded in the walls. If the fire from the cannon had proved very serious, there would have been a sally to spike them, if possible, though a large *ascites trocar* was the only spike procurable, and such a use of it would have been entirely *unprofessional*.'

About midnight on Wednesday, they hear the volleys of musketry and continuous dropping fire, which seem to tell them that relief is at hand; but, alas! it is not relief, but slaughter and defeat of those who would have relieved them—the unfortunate four hundred who have been sent from Dinapoor in vain. One of the Sikhs who accompanied the force manages to reach them with that evil news, 'being drawn up by ropes into our stronghold.' Matters begin indeed to look very hopeless, and the insurgents, 'under the shelter of some outhouses, which come up to the very walls,' are already commencing a mine; only 'our gallant Sikhs stealthily stole out at night and brought in the mining-tools, and as we were pressed for water, conceived the idea of digging a well inside the house. This well, eighteen feet deep, was completed in twelve

* *Two Months in Arrah in* 1857. By John James Halls, late Assistant-surgeon at the Civil Station of Arrah. Longmans. 1860.

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hours; plenty of water was obtained, and all of us, Sikhs and Europeans, had a regular wash, an inadmissible luxury before. The water running down on the outside of the house must have somewhat astonished our foes, if they expected to reduce us by thirst. . . . . Almost every morning, the wretches had some new contrivance for our destruction. One time they tried to smoke us out by burning capsicums to the windward; another time, in the middle of the night, they startled us by a horrible shout, "*Maro! Maro!*" (Kill, kill!), and we frequently thought they were coming to the assault. . . . . The discomforts of our situation were much aggravated by the vicinity of four dead horses, which, when living, some short-sighted mortals had tied up, to be ready in case flight were practicable. The poor animals were at once shot by the sepoys, and the effluvia arising from their rapid decomposition was most horrible; had the wind blown from their quarter, we could scarcely have escaped serious illness. Fortunately, the wind came thence for three hours only, but then the stench was deadly. I said: "This is the worst enemy of all; we shall be struck down with fever or cholera." However, I administered a dose of port wine to the garrison, and took one myself, and as the wind soon changed, we got rid of some portion of the smell; what remained, however, was sufficiently pestiferous, and the concomitant plague of flies very troublesome and disgusting. I may here mention the terrible retribution which befell one of our adversaries, who was shot within seventy yards of the house; his companions did not dare (or care) to carry him off. The man was not quite dead, and for nearly two days we could see him feebly endeavouring to scare off the kites and crows, which appeared, however, to disregard his efforts. He died at length, but who shall analyse his bodily and mental sufferings ere death came to his relief? *We* had no pity to throw away upon him.'

Indeed (although much has been made of this distressing circumstance), it was scarcely to be expected that an act of Good Samaritanship should be performed towards such an enemy, and under the fire of some six thousand muskets. At length, when succour is well-nigh despaired of, 'a voice calls out from behind some trees that there is news, and begs us not to shoot;' and two men come forward, and inform the little garrison that Major Vincent Eyre, having defeated the sepoys with his gallant handful of men, is close at hand for their deliverance, which information is hailed as one may imagine.

Of each of his fellow-defenders, Mr Halls has something pleasant to say, from Mr Wake, the magistrate, the life and soul of the party for spirits, but who is such a bad shot, that after two discharges, he gives up firing his gun off altogether, down to the Sikh lieutenant, Hooken Singh, who laughs out, '*Koochpurwa nahin!*' (No harm done, no matter!) after every unsuccessful cannon-shot. It must have been 'some credit' to them, as Mark Tapley says, to have been 'jolly' under such circumstances as these: 'Provisions, though tolerably plenteous, were not remarkable for quality. Feverish, jaded, bitten by mosquitoes and flies, each man rose at early dawn from his couch on the floor—Sikhs and Europeans slept cheek by jowl—after having taken his share of watching during the night; he next generally proceeded to a corner where tea was preparing by means of a patent lamp. If fortunate, and among the first arrivals, he perhaps got a good half cup of tea; but as the pot was continually being filled up with water, without a corresponding supply of the "herb," the last applicants had to content themselves with little better than the pure element. A few biscuits, some parched grain, and a cheroot, completed the breakfast, when the enemy's fire generally commenced for the day.

'Dinner, at three o'clock, was an improvement on the former meal; rice and date, with a little chutney, forming a filling, if not very nutritive repast. To this was added on two days a portion of mutton; and each man had a quarter of a bottle of beer, the moment of drinking which was, perhaps, the most luxurious of the twenty-four hours. Plates being scarce, four or five only could dine at once. The dining-room, a sort of pit formed by a small staircase, the lower end of which had been bricked up, was for some time thought the securest place in the house, till one day the diners were astonished by the appearance of a brass piano-castor, which had been fired from one of the cannon, and came smashing through the thin wall, an unexpected and unwelcome guest. Providentially, no one was hurt, the usual occupant of the stair opposite to where the missile penetrated being that day late for dinner.'

After the failure of the relief from Dinapoor, a diary of events was kept in pencil upon the walls of the little fort, that some record should be left to their fellow-countrymen, in the event of that destruction which seemed to be so certain and so near. The little garrison were indeed in the very jaws of death, and, for the short time it lasted, had an experience more tremendous, perhaps, than that of any other Europeans throughout the mutiny—at least of those who survived it. In Lucknow, the strength of the Residency, and the number of the besieged—hideously disproportionate as it was to that of the besiegers—must have begotten a mutual confidence scarcely to be felt by the handful at Arrah in their billiard-room with its walls of uncemented bricks; while, moreover, in the latter case, the danger was *voluntarily* incurred, the path of escape to Dinapoor and the 10th Regiment being open until the very last.

A SPRING MADRIGAL.

When lily bells ring out perfume,
In joy that spring's bright days are come,
And insects stir their busy wings,
And throstle to his mate still sings—
Such sweet sounds move
The heart to love.

When May-buds scent the woodland's side,
And high in air the midges ride,
And grasses raise their waving heads,
And noble oak its foliage spreads—
These fair sights move
The heart to love.

When fishes leave the deep dark pool,
And kine stand in the shade to cool,
And from the earth the gentle shower
Brings odours rivalling the flower—
These changes move
The heart to love.

Then maidens' hearts are ripe with love,
And rural swains with vigour move
To wooing, as the cooing dove,
And fill with sighs the weald and grove—
All these things move
The heart to love.

K.

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A BOTTLE DEPARTMENT.

In the month of May 1859, a South Australian fisherman saw a bottle washed on shore near the mouth of the river Murray. He picked it up, and found it quite incrusted with small shells. On opening the bottle, a piece of paper appeared, on which a few words were written, to the effect that the writer was on board a ship coming from Liverpool; that on the 4th of May 1857, the ship was near the Cape de Verd Islands; that the paper, enclosed in a bottle, was about to be cast into the sea; and that the finder of the paper, whoever he might be, was requested to send it to the writer's brother at Sheffield.

Let us make the singular voyage of this paper the text for a brief discourse.

That light solid bodies, floating on the surface of the ocean, will move hither and thither by the action of ebb and flood tide, we all know; that a strong wind will have the same effect, irrespective of tide, we also know; and sailors know, if landsmen do not, that there are moving currents in the ocean independent both of winds and tides. But it is not known, until after long-continued and carefully-made observations, what is the average amount and direction of movement at any particular place. In all probability, he was no very profound philosopher who first conceived the idea of testing this matter by watching floating bodies on the surface of the water; it was rather the manner of realising the idea, than the idea itself, that deserves notice. A glass bottle, or a metal vessel shaped like a bottle, will sink in water if left open, because the specific gravity of glass and metal is greater than that of water; but if the bottle be securely corked and sealed, it will float, on account of the interior being filled with air instead of water. Let us suppose that a passenger, on the way to Australia, throws such a bottle overboard: unless it strikes against a rock, it may float about for a long period of time. But how is the thrower ever to know whither the bottle will float, or on what shore it may be thrown? 'Well,' says some ingenious individual, whose name has not been handed down to posterity, 'let us write a few words on a piece of paper, requesting the finder of the bottle to send the paper to some particular address.' The right plan is hit upon. If the finder be good-natured enough to respond to the appeal, and, moreover, makes a record of the when and the where of the finding, he may render it certain that the bottle has performed a long and curious voyage, although the details of the voyage are yet unknown. Thus the Australian fisherman picked up a bottle which had for two years been knocking about the ocean, and must, under any circumstances, have travelled many thousand miles, let its course have been what it might.

Seventeen years ago, it occurred to Commander Becher that the *Nautical Magazine* might be made the vehicle for a systematic record of these interesting bottle-voyages. For a period of thirty or forty years previously, the newspapers had occasional paragraphs to the effect that a bottle had been 'picked up,' containing such and such items of information; and the question arose, whether these records, collected and tabulated, might not in time give useful information concerning the currents, tides, and winds of the ocean. Each record, it is true, is subject to possible calamities, numerous and varied. If the bottle be not well corked and sealed, water will enter, and bottle and paper will go to the bottom. If it strikes against a rock, its fate is equally disastrous. If it floats to some shore, it may be at a spot where it escapes human observation for a year or more, or even for ever. If it be really picked up and opened, the contents may be unreadable by the finder; or he may not care about it; or he may be too poor or too ignorant to forward the paper to the required destination. Any one of these contingencies may happen. Still, good may result from a collecting of those papers which *do* come safely to hand, even if they be only one in a hundred. So Commander Becher thought, and he carried out his plan in an ingenious manner. In order to keep his plan within practicable limits at first, he confined his attention to a portion of the Atlantic Ocean. He laid down a chart on Mercator's projection, extending from 6 degrees south latitude to 63 degrees north latitude; and from the coasts of Europe and Africa on the east, to those of North and South America on the west. This chart he caused to be engraved to the size of about eighteen inches by twelve. On it he laid down a sort of history of every bottle-voyage of which authentic information had come to hand. He made a black spot to denote the place of the ship when the bottle was thrown into the sea; another spot to denote the place where the bottle was picked up; and a straight line connecting the two. He would of course have preferred to trace the crooked route—often, doubtless, a *very* crooked route—which the bottle had really followed; but this was precisely the kind of knowledge which he did not possess, and which, indeed, was the very problem to be ultimately solved. One hundred and nineteen bottles had their voyages and travels put into print in this way. Very curious it is to see the lines of route as thus marked out. Some—let the actual courses have been what they may—display a tendency from east to west; others as decided a leaning from west to east; and each is a member of a group pretty constant in its travelling characteristics. For instance,

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most of those which were thrown into the sea near the north-west coast of Africa were, if found at all, discovered on the shores of some or other among the West India Islands. If set afloat anywhere on the route between England and New York, they have a tendency to effect a landing about the Scilly Islands, or on the Cornwall or Devon coasts. If our arctic explorers launched a bottle when about to enter the stormy seas of Greenland, there was a fair chance that it would land somewhere on the Orkneys or the Hebrides; on the other hand, some of the bottles appear to have made most eccentric voyages; and it was evident that much had yet to be learned before the varying effects of currents, tides, and winds could be known.

This bottle-chart attracted a good deal of attention among nautical men. It was rendered more useful by several pages of appended text, giving the chief particulars of each bottle-voyage—such as the name of the ship, the signature of the person who cast the bottle into the sea, the date, the latitude and longitude, the place where, and the time when, the bottle was picked up, and the interval which had elapsed between the immersion and the finding of the bottle. A correspondence which followed the publication of the chart rendered evident the fact, that large numbers of these erratic bottles are always floating about, having a much greater chance of being lost altogether than of ever coming to hand. A surgeon on board an Indiaman stated that he threw bottles overboard *every day* during the voyage, each bottle containing a paper with a memorandum such as those above adverted to: so far as he knew, very few of those bottles reached the hands of persons who took any further interest in the matter. Sometimes the bottle or its paper had much to go through before the wishes of the writer could be fulfilled. In one instance, the commander of the *Chanticleer* threw a bottle overboard in the Atlantic; it was picked up by a peasant on the coast of Spain four months afterwards; he kept it two months, not knowing what to make of the matter; it passed into the hands of a more intelligent Spaniard, who sent it to the British consul at Corunna, by whom it was forwarded to the Secretary of the Admiralty. Sometimes the object of the writer was evidently a useful one—that of contributing his mite towards a history of the winds and waves; while others displayed mere vanity and waggery, the paper being filled with odd scraps of verses and jokes. If there was a request that the paper should be sent to the Admiralty, foreign officials displayed readiness in complying with the request; and even if the parties concerned were only moving in private life, the same thing was often courteously done. Thus, a bottle was picked up on the French coast, near Bayonne, which had been thrown into the sea nine months before by a passenger on board the merchantship *Lady Louisa*. The writing within directed that the paper should be sent to the passenger's brother, to a particular address at Woolwich; and after passing through many hands, the paper was transmitted by the Minister of Marine as directed.

The *Nautical Magazine* became a recognised treasury for narratives of these bottle-voyages; and the number increased so fast, that Commander Becher deemed it desirable to revise in 1852 the chart which he had prepared in 1843. He added sixty-two to the former number, and rendered his chart a much more fully occupied piece of paper than before. Again did the contributions accumulate, and again was the engraver set to work; for in 1856, Commander (now Captain) Becher caused a third edition of the chart to be prepared. A Mediterranean series was also commenced in 1853, and beginnings have been made for an Indian and Pacific series; but for a long time to come, the Atlantic will be the chief scene of bottle-voyaging, owing to the large number of ships that are always crossing it.

Some of these bottles make very long voyages, and, considering the circumstances, often in a short space of time, though in other cases the period has extended over several years. As we have already remarked, however, both *time* and *space* are left very vaguely determined, for there is a great doubt whether the bottle will be picked up just when it has concluded its voyage; while the route followed is in almost every instance much longer than a straight line between the two points. So far as concerns the measured distance in a straight line, we find instances of 690 miles, 2020 miles, 2260 miles, 3600 miles, and 3900 miles. The bottle found on the Australian coast in 1859, adverted to in our opening paragraph, must have made a voyage of very many thousand miles, for the editor of the *Nautical Magazine*, judging from the known directions of currents, inferred that it had been carried from the Cape de Verd Islands eastward or south-east by the Guinea current, then westward by the equatorial current, then along the American coast by the Brazilian current, then across the South Atlantic eastward towards the Cape of Good Hope, and then across a wide stretch of ocean to Australia. In 1858 a bottle travelled from Manilla to the Moluccas, about 1000 miles, in six months, shewing that there are pretty active influences at work in those seas, even without allowing for any unknown sojourn of the bottle on the shore. This sojourn is indeed sometimes a long one. A bottle from the *Thunder*, in 1847, was nearly three years before it was picked up; one from the *Lark*, in 1838, four years; one from the *Manning*, in 1810, five years; one from the *Lady Louisa*, in 1830, nine years; one from the *Symmetry*, in 1825, ten years; one from the *Carshalton Park*, in 1827, eleven years. The most lengthened delay ever recorded, was that of a bottle from the *Blonde*, which, thrown into the sea on the 23d of September 1826, on a voyage from Liverpool to New York, was picked up on the French coast on the 15th of June 1842—nearly sixteen years afterwards. How long it had remained in that spot, no one can tell.

It has been contended by some persons, seamen, *savans*, and others, that the voyages of the bottles are often too capricious to render much scientific service; and they appeal to the bottle-chart for many curious instances of this. Some authorities assert that there is a current to the east from Labrador and Newfoundland towards the British Islands; yet Sir John Ross asserts, that in 1818, he threw into the sea twenty-five copper cylinders, when his arctic ship was about entering Davis' Strait; and not one of these floating cylinders was ever known to come to hand—a fact which appeared to him somewhat incompatible with received notions. In 1819, two bottles were thrown out on one day from the *Newcastle;* one was picked up on the coast of Ireland, and the other at the far-distant Azores.

But it is very fairly contended, on the other hand, that these so-called 'capricious' voyages are not capricious at all; but depend on physical causes which, though not well understood at present, may by and by be rendered intelligible by these very voyages themselves. One or more of Ross's cylinders may, for aught we know, be at this moment snugly housed in some creek or cove among the scantily inhabited Hebrides. Of the two bottles, one of which travelled to Ireland, and the other to the Azores, both may have travelled together to the last-named place, where one ran ashore, while the other got into another current which swept it round to Ireland; for it is known that some of the bottles take remarkably circuitous routes, according as they are caught in particular currents. Thus, a bottle was thrown into the sea from the *Prima Donna* ship in 1850, off Cape Coast in Africa; it was picked up on the coast of Cornwall; and from the course of the various currents, it is believed that this bottle had been first carried

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south by the Guinea current, then west by the equatorial current, then north-west into the Gulf of Mexico, and then by the Gulf Stream to Cornwall. Many singular examples are on record, tending to shew that, on an average, there is an eastward movement of the surface-drift in the northern part of the Atlantic, and a westward in the tropical part. The *Corsair* threw out two bottles in 1838: one was picked up 160 miles off, the other 250 miles, but both had followed nearly the same general direction. The *Blonde*, already mentioned, threw out two bottles in 1826, within five days of each other; one was espied fourteen years afterwards, and the other nearly sixteen years, but both nearly on the same part of the French coast. The *Alexander* threw out two bottles on the same day in 1818; both were found fourteen months afterwards on our western coasts. When Captains Collinson and M'Clure started for Behring's Strait in 1850, in search of Sir John Franklin, they both threw bottles into the sea while sailing down the Atlantic: the bottle from the *Investigator* (M'Clure) was launched on the 22d of February, about 600 miles north of the equator; that from the *Enterprise* (Collinson) was launched nearly at the equator on the 3d of March. After voyages of 186 and 367 days respectively, these bottles were picked up almost exactly at the same spot on the Honduras coast. The *Wellington* threw out two bottles in 1836, on two consecutive days: one was found nine months afterwards, the other, not till after four years; but this was due to the fact that the second bottle happened to reach the same coast at a spot very little frequented. The direction of the current, or at least of the surface-drift, was very singularly shewn by the voyage of a bottle in 1842. A ship left Thurso with Highland emigrants for Canada; when 1500 miles out, a bottle was launched; and this bottle found its way to a part of the coast within two miles of the very port whence the ship had sailed five months before.

Few persons now doubt the usefulness of this system. All we have to guard against is, hasty inferences from the details of any particular voyage. Captain Becher remarks, in connection with one of his charts: 'The uniformity in the direction of the courses between the points of departure and arrival is very remarkable in most parts of the chart. In the equatorial regions, and in the more northern latitudes, when the effects of the Gulf Stream and westerly winds prevail, this uniformity of direction is remarkable; as also the courses of those few which have been thrown over on the eastern limits of that stream. So that in many parts of the ocean before us, a good guess might be made at the direction which a bottle would take when committed to the sea. So far as the surface-drift is concerned, the experiment has been successful.' The Admiralty share this opinion; for they have encouraged the officers of the Queen's ships to launch a bottle occasionally.

Of the thousands—nay, millions—of beer-bottles, pale-ale bottles, wine-bottles, brandy-bottles, pickle-bottles which are taken out annually by ships leaving our shores, any one is suitable for this purpose, if properly secured; but Captain Fishbourne, of the hydrographer's department, has suggested a better arrangement for those who really wish to regard this matter as one of scientific interest. He suggests that the bottles should be made white by the introduction of oxide of arsenic into the liquid glass of which they are made, in order that they may be more visible while floating. He also advises that, when a bottle is picked up at sea (not on the shore), it should be opened, the paper read, and another paper inserted with it, stating the particulars of the finding; after which the bottle is to be again sealed, and thrown into the sea at once. If this were done three or four times in succession, three or four points in the track of the bottle would be made known, and a rough approximation to its curve of movement might be made. So far as we can detect, by examining the chart and records, this ingenious suggestion has not yet been acted on.

One of the most remarkable examples on record, not of the voyage, but of the finding, of a floating messenger, occupied the attention of newspaper-readers eight or nine years ago. It is known that in 1493, Columbus, when near the Azores, encountered a dreadful storm; and it is stated in an old book of voyages that, on that occasion, being doubtful whether he would live to reach Spain again, he wrote a few particulars of his voyage on a piece of parchment, enclosed it in a keg or small wooden cask, and cast it into the sea—hoping that the document might reach the hands of his joint sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. On the 27th of August 1851 (so said the *Times*, on the authority of an American newspaper), Captain d'Auberville, in the bark *Chieftain* of Boston, picked up a floating substance on the African coast opposite Gibraltar. It was so covered with barnacles and sea-shells that its nature could not at first be determined; but on closer scrutiny, it proved to be a small cedar keg. When opened, the keg displayed within it a cocoa-nut shell, coated with some resinous composition; and within the cocoa-nut was a piece of parchment covered with very old writing, which none on board could read. A merchant at Gibraltar, however, deciphered it, and found that it purported to be written by Christopher Columbus in 1493; that the ship was in a dreadful storm between Spain and the Azores; and that Columbus had determined to throw these documents, in three kegs, into the sea, in the hope that one of them at least might reach the shore. This story is so interesting that one yearns to believe it true. A keg *might* have remained for more than three centuries and a half unseen on the African coast; but still, we ask, where is the keg, and where is the parchment? There are persons in Europe who would almost give its weight in gold for such a precious testimony of the great navigator.

JUVENILE THEATRICALS.

THE royal dramatic representations given during the winter at Windsor Castle have been duly chronicled and extolled; so have private theatricals in the ancestral halls of England; the successful performances of the military and marines at Aldershott and Chatham; and the talented displays of amateurs and professionals, for philanthropic ends, throughout the country.

These entertainments have all received their well-earned meed of praise; while the holiday performances at Sycamore Cottage, Weston-cum-Haalingdean, have entirely escaped the notice of reporters and critics. Yet never were any persons more truly deserving of the name of amateurs than my six-years-old twin nephew and niece, Willy and Jemima (familiarly, Mimi), who came down to spend Christmas-time with me, and who have favoured me with representations of the various plays that they have witnessed when taken by papa to the London theatres. Love of the dramatic art must be their incentive to exertion, rather than any wish to shine in the eyes of the world, since I myself am, in their case, the entire 'enlightened British public;' and, to confess the truth, I don't think that they value my opinion a button. Be that as it may, it is certain that they are indefatigable, and that they work quite as hard as though their daily bread were dependent on the success of their histrionic efforts. I wake in the morning to the clash and clang of a desperate broadsword combat, and fall asleep at night to the song of the *Walking Sandwich*. The versatility of the young actors is amazing. Willy can personify everything, from King Lear down to Sam Waxend the drunken cobbler; and Mimi is equally at home in Lady Macbeth and Dolly Suds the washerwoman. It is customary with amateurs, in general, to select

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comediettas of a drawing-room character, as being easily represented; but my youngsters are far above any such considerations; and during their sojourn at Sycamore Cottage, I have been fortunate enough to witness a surprising range of pieces, culled from tragedy, comedy, opera, melodrame, and farce—from everything, indeed, except pantomime. Thank goodness, my Liliputian performers have never seen a pantomime; if they had, I tremble to think what would have been the result. For a parlour pantomime they would have performed to a dead certainty.

The pieces follow one another in such rapid succession that I sometimes experience a great difficulty in perceiving where the tragedy ends and the farce begins. Melodrame, I fancy, is their favourite style, judging from the frequency with which the 'perilous pass' (between the sofa, chiffonier, and easy-chair) is threaded; the 'romantic bridge' (of sofa pillows), too, is in great requisition; by means of (a fender) *escalade*, the 'dangerous (sideboard) heights' are gained half-a-dozen times a day; the (Christmas hamper) 'rock,' otherwise 'inaccessible,' is reached with the timely aid of (footstool) 'ladders;' the (carpet-bag) 'river' is navigated, and the 'stormy sea' (of hearthrug) crossed repeatedly in an 'open' (market-basket) 'boat;' 'Eliza, with little Harry in her arms'—to wit, Mimi and her wax-doll—jumps and bounds across the 'blocks of ice' (that is, every article of furniture in the room) in a manner highly suggestive of sprained ankles and grazed elbows; and Willy, the other day, naïvely asked my advice as to whether he should send for the carpenter to cut a trap in the floor, in order to give due effect to the spectacle of the *Corsican Brothers*.

With regard to dresses and properties, anything and everything, wearable or portable, has been pressed into the service: anti-Macassars and D'Oyleys have figured as cardinals' aprons and Elizabethan stomachers and coifs; the breakfast-cloth, by a rapid turn in fortune's wheel, has been exalted to the rank of a Roman toga; the coloured damask table-cover has done duty as a Turkish robe; while our cook has lost a good deal of time and temper in searching for stray rolling-pins and saucepan lids, converted 'for the nonce' into truncheons and shields, and then thrown carelessly by.

Auxiliary aid has been found extremely difficult to obtain: Torty, my cat, who is of a mild disposition, and who has resided here from early kittenhood, has always resolutely refused the manager's offers. She has in vain been talked to, persuaded, scolded, and, I'm afraid, slily cuffed. She has no notion of acting; as, witness the highly undramatic manner in which she scuttled across the passage, out at the back-door, down the garden, over the wall, and through the paddock, into the village, when Willy had strapped the doll on her back, attired in a short white skirt and fleshings, to personify Mazeppa! The action of the drama required only that she should have raced round the room, up the hamper, and over the sofa-pillows, from which she should have darted on the sideboard, and there lain down, and died of exhaustion, leaving the rescued Mazeppa to the kind offices of his friends. Having failed thus signally as an Arab steed, Torty was next cast the part of the *Dog of Montargis*, which sagacious animal carries a lantern to guide an ancient dame to the spot where an officer lies murdered, in the forest of Bondy. No amount of patience could teach pussy to hold the lantern; at last, it was tied round her neck; but she so mewed and spat, and, in the struggle to get free from the incumbrance, so burned her nose and paws, that the idea of playing the piece was abandoned as impracticable. Neither, when the *Cherokee Chief* was in course of rehearsal, could Torty be convinced of the necessity that existed for her remaining quietly under the sofa, exposed to a raking fire of dried pease and paper-pellets, inasmuch as she was wholly unconscious that she was supposed to represent a ferocious tiger lying *perdu* in a jungle; though, at the last rehearsal of that effective situation, Torty seemed perfectly alive to the requirements of the character, for, aggravated thereto by the well-sustained assaults of the enemy, she sprang from her lair in a terrible rage, and rushing furiously at Tom Oakheart the sailor (Willy), carved a curious hieroglyphic on his chin; since which, being voted a bad actress, Torty has remained unmolested on the ottoman by the fireplace, from which calm retreat she lazily surveys the doings of the company, their dressings and undressings, their marchings and countermarchings, their evolutions and revolutions, their blood-thirsty combats, and their pathetic love-scenes. To pussy, it is now a matter of perfect indifference whether the 'unhappy Persian captive' (Mimi), bound with 'galling fetters' (of tape), sighs her heart out behind the 'bars of her prison' (the small-clothes horse); or whether she assumes the (pasteboard) 'crown of England,' and, as Queen Elizabeth, boxes the ears of a lordly favourite. At first, it is true, the overture, played on 'popular instruments' (the shovel and tongs), somewhat discomposed the serenity of her countenance; and she used to set up her back when the 'loud roar of the (tea-tray) thunder' resounded through the apartment, or the 'dreadful boom of (hammer and soup-ladle) cannon' rent the air; but now, after several weeks' experience, she purs and dozes her days away pretty much as she used to do when Sycamore Cottage was the abode of perfect quietude.

The next attempt at obtaining extra assistance was also frustrated. A magnificent cockatoo, sent me by a dear friend in Australia, inhabits one corner of the parlour. Being of domestic habits, he seldom quits his perch, at the top of a high rose-wood pole, with mimic branches fixed at intervals here and there to assist him in getting up and down; though he does occasionally condescend to honour us with his company at meal-times, when he calls our attention to his wants by vociferating, in hoarse angry tones, 'Pretty cockatoo.' This ill-tempered importation from a foreign land the children tried to conciliate, by dint of bribes abstracted from the sugar-basin, and whilst they titivated his delicate yellow plumage with patches of red and blue paint. That was what they begged the loan of my box of water-colours for. The piebald coat, they averred, was a capital 'make-up' for the part which they wanted him to support—the popinjay in the *Fire-raiser*. His performance was to consist merely in standing quietly on the perch, until shot by the young lady, when he should have fallen at her feet, 'stiff, stark, stone-dead,' as the song says. After several rehearsals, it was proved beyond doubt that 'pretty cockatoo' was too stupid to drop at the right moment; so it was arranged that he should be jerked off his perch by means of a string, which my nephew—not without much difficulty—had contrived to attach to his leg. *Bang* went the pop-gun, and *down* went the bird! Poor dear creature! his leg was nearly broken; but for the hurt he took ample revenge, seizing poor Mimi's plump little arm, as she threw herself on her knee in attitude, and biting out a piece of the flesh. After this act of cannibalism, the cockatoo was discarded with ignominy, and having evidently no taste for theatrical doings, has ever since resided in retirement.

These repeated failures, one would imagine, might have taught the juvenile actors the wisdom of relying upon their own unaided resources; yet not an hour after the popinjay affair, when they were preparing to enact the grand oriental spectacle of *Blue Beard*, I actually overheard them talking in the passage to Bim Rudd (our cowboy), and trying to cajole him into bringing the huge mastiff, Boatswain, into the parlour, to personate the elephant! 'It beant no use, missy; Boz'n, he be desput zavage! I'se zartain he wouldn't ha' that'n thingamee tied to his jaws nohow.' 'That'n thingamee' I found was Mimi's

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green parasol, which she thought would make a capital substitute for the elephant's trunk. I immediately put a most decided negative on Boatswain's *début*, for he happens to be the very Caliban of dogs, brimful of spite and ill-nature, and, on the slightest provocation, I feel sure that he would have demolished the whole dramatic corps of Sycamore Cottage. During his five months' residence in our dog-kennel, he has not made a single friend, nor would I keep him, but that he was a legacy from Cousin Walford, who stated in his will that he 'did not know of any one, except Hannah Letbee, that he could trouble with such an ill-conditioned beast.' Thus foiled in their designs on Boatswain, they turned for aid to Bim (Abimelech) himself, and—their hopes of an elephant being crushed—resolved upon transforming the cowboy into the skeleton of the fatal Blue Chamber! Now Bim is not particularly well adapted for such a *rôle*, as he is very fat, and wears a perpetual grin of good-humour on his broad chubby face. These trifling disadvantages were kindly overlooked by his employers; and when they had encased him tightly in an old black shawl, illustrated, with (anything but) anatomical accuracy, by a set of ribs in chalk; whitened his visage; and propped his mouth wide open with three pieces of a broken tobacco-pipe, to resemble frightful gigantic teeth—Bim really made a more respectable skeleton than could have been anticipated. Since then, I have permitted him, when his morning's work is done, to assist regularly in the performances, wherein, as a supernumerary, he is faultless; but when trusted to deliver a few lines, he speaks them in a broad Somersetshire dialect, and with much alteration of the hard words.

There are some drawbacks to all these pleasures, certainly. My drab burnoose, for instance, has been so recklessly hauled about by monks, brigands, and lovers in disguise, that it has been rendered 'incapable;' the choicest volumes from my book-shelves have been fearfully maltreated by Dominie Sampson; my newly arrived *Chambers's Journal*, to the perusal of which I intended to devote my evening, I was horrified to find cut up in infinitesimal fragments, and showered about for a snow-storm in the *Green Bushes*. Yesterday, in the twilight, I prepared the tea (as I supposed), but which turned out to be a pleasant mixture of sand and currants; the witches in *Macbeth* had forgotten to inform me that they had used my tea-caddy as a caldron wherein to deposit their mystic charms and cook their unwholesome broth. Inquiring what had become of its usual contents, I was referred to a jar in the parlour cupboard, where I found my tea had been emptied amongst a lot of ground-rice.

My pet square table (the desolate island of the actors) has been put *hors de combat* by having one of its legs fractured; my knives have been irreparably damaged in deadly warfare; the roll of new flannel that I was going to make into petticoats for my poor neighbour, Sally Lindop's children, was missing for more than a week, when, just as I had given it up for lost, and purchased another piece in its stead, Mimi remembered that the article in question had been used to stuff a *porter's knot* for Sampson Burr.

This evening's performance consists of the interesting drama, entitled *Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow*. Mimi, as the heroine, wrapped in a checked bed-curtain, by way of a tartan plaid, a ragged handkerchief on her head, to denote extreme misery, was occupied for more than ten minutes in singing snatches of Scottish ballads, with a woful attempt at the accent; *hers* being an imitation of the Scotch dialect of the metropolitan actress whom she had seen perform the part. The last ration had been served out, and death by starvation stared the besieged in the face, when suddenly Jessie starts up; she hears the 'bonny air,' *The Campbells are Coming*, played on the bagpipes (the bellows); the British army (Willy) rapidly approaches, knocks down the rebellious sepoys (Bim) over and over again, and stabs them to the heart repeatedly, observing at the same time that 'such rascals can't be *too dead!*'

The fortress (the centre table) is stormed, and I, whom the actors persist in recognising as the 'blood-stained tyrant,' Nena Sahib, am glad to evacuate the Residency, and make a precipitate retreat into the neighbouring territory (my bedroom), carrying with me my baggage (writing materials), and leaving the conquerors in undisputed possession of Lucknow.

The uproar of victory greets my ears, and, stealing gently to the door, I reconnoitre through the keyhole. The British leader, in the centre of the fortress, waves aloft a flag of triumph (my French cambric handkerchief on the end of the toasting-fork); at his feet, reclining in a graceful *pose*, is Jessie Brown, crowned with victorious laurel (my visiting-cap with the artificials); while massive chests of captured plate (the cream-jug and tea-spoons) are ostentatiously spread out before them; and the rifled treasures of the east (my garnet necklace and emerald brooch) dangle triumphantly from the gaselier that is suspended above the interesting group.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It is a pleasant familiar instance of the great law of compensation, that in this grim northern climate of ours—thanks to our abundant supply of coal and gas—a look of indoor comfort is easily attained, comes within the compass of small means, and is quite compatible with homely furniture. Mrs Macgregor's parlour in the little sea-coast town of C—— was a striking case in point, one wild October evening about thirteen years ago. The wind that was raging out of doors seemed to have only exhilarating effect upon the fire within, which roared in friendly emulation, and leaped up in bright flames almost outshining the gas, though the three burners were lit, for Mrs Macgregor was expecting company. The closely drawn curtains were not very new indeed, but of a good uncompromising red, in which a burst of fire-light would pick out now and then bits of quite gorgeous colouring; the horse-hair sofa—generally a depressing article of furniture—had fine lustrous effects in the blaze; a large cat, sitting erect on the rug, with eyes firmly closed against the unwonted brilliancy, did his part towards the general effect; and best of all, a round table in the middle of the room, with a snowy table-cloth, set out with piles of scones, delicate cookies, currant-jelly of ruby redness, orange-marmalade clear as amber, and all the glories of a Scotch tea, contributed to produce a sense of comfort which gladdened Mrs Macgregor's honest heart, as she watched the 'infusing,' and waited for the first tap at her little front door.

That first tap was timidly given by Miss Mackay the milliner; the next by Mrs Caird, the widow of a United Presbyterian minister—a woman of lugubrious spirit still, though many years had elapsed since her husband's death—wearing for best a crape-covered gown, whose excessive gloom even Mrs Macgregor's fire could not light up; the third guest was Mrs Agnew of the post-office, a round cheery little woman, given to tittle-tattle—incapable, indeed, of tampering with a single letter that passed through her hands, but gifted with a rapid and unhesitating faculty of induction, whereby she got as much from the direction, post-mark, weight, and general aspect of a letter, as many a duller mind from its whole contents. These three ladies were all the guests expected, and accordingly the proceedings of the evening began. It was not, however, till the meal was over, with much hospitality on one side, and appreciation on the other, that the

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conversation took any turn that need interest us with reference to the story we have to tell. But then, as they gathered round the fire, Mrs Macgregor repeated to Mrs Caird a regret that she had before expressed. 'Eh, but it's a pity Mr John wadna leuk in upon us this evening. I mind how weel he liket the barley-scones, with sweet butter and plenty o' jelly; but to be sure he's past caring for sic things the noo. He'll maybe come for you, Mrs Caird, and tak a drap toddy and a bit kippered saumont to his supper. I like weel to look on his bonny face, sae grown as he is sin' he went awa to college. Ye're a lucky woman to hae sic a son.'

Mrs Caird sighed deeply. She was, as we have said, of a lugubrious spirit, and much as she loved her boy, she preferred to look upon him as an anxious responsibility rather than an out-and-out blessing. 'None but a mother can know, Mrs Macgregor, how great a burden I'm often called on to bear. There's so much sin and temptation at the college, and John's just so carried away by learning and what he calls philosophy—false philosophy, I misdoubt. I see a change on him that I'm wae to see. It's not so much his conduct; he's kept out of debt, I'll say that; but his clothes have a terrible wild cut about them; and say what I would, he let me go alone, last Sabbath afternoon, to worthy Mr Peddie's second discoorse; and when I got home, there he was, just buried in some new book he'd got by Mr Senior. "What's that, John?" said I, for it had not the look of a right Sabbath book. "Metaphysics," said he, not so much as looking up. Metaphysics indeed! I doubt they're just another word for infidelity. It's seldom Mr Senior is seen in church or chapel.'

'He's an Englishman,' suggested kind Miss Mackay; 'maybe he'll no care for our worship.'

'Eh, but he's a pleasant man yon,' broke in Mrs Agnew, 'for a' he's an Englishman. It's wonderful what a smile he has—sic a bonny glint in his brown eyes, spreading all over his face, and leaving a light on it ever so long. It's no mickle he says to a body; but whiles he comes into the shop to get a parcel weighed, and a heavy one it often is. And of late there's been mony a letter for him with big seals, forbye ordinar anes, whilk are but few; and I'm thinking he'll be hearing something to his advantage some o' these neist days.'

'Nae doot, nae doot,' chimed in Mrs Macgregor. 'Mrs Forbes said to me nae further back than last Saturday: "I shall lose my lodger sune, Mrs Macgregor," said she. I wondered to see her smile the while, for ye'll mind how she took on when Mr Senior gaed awa last spring—just aboot the time Miss Teresa sickened. I wouldna wonder if there's mair beneath it than meets the eye; and I'm sure I'm no ane to grudge at a neebor's good-luck.' And Mrs Macgregor stopped short, looking round at her friends with a sagacious smile, as though to invite them to commit themselves by some more definite observation than she chose to hazard.

Mrs Caird only sighed, and shook her head; but Miss Mackay followed the lead. 'That there is then, Mrs Macgregor, and the whole town will know it before many days are over our heads. It's but this evening I sent home a cap of real Valenciennes—I've had the lace by me ever since I set up, and no one would give me five shillings a yard—well worth it is and more, though a little yellow; but, said I, "Mrs Forbes, 'twill look all the richer trimmed with the white satin ribbon"'——

But just then she was interrupted by a sharp rat-tat-tat, such as Mrs Macgregor's knocker was never known before to be capable of; and in came Mr Caird, or Mr John, as his old friend Mrs Macgregor preferred to call him—a young man of twenty, and a medical student of much promise at the university; in appearance and manner, an insufferable snob, or an uncommonly dashing fellow, according to taste, for Mr John was in the very efflorescence of that chain-and-pin period, which youths of his class for the most part go through, and affected a certain reckless, dare-devil tone, though with a good true heart at bottom, and far more faith in his mother's teaching than he cared to let her know. His entrance caused a little commotion.

'Tea! oh, hang tea! No, no; a good stiff glass of toddy was the thing for me;' and while he was brewing it, Miss Mackay resumed: 'We were talking, Mr John, of a family near hand; I wonder whether you'll be guessing who. I mind, two years ago, how you'd be looking at a young lady's bonnet all through the minister's sermon, though what it was you saw in her, or what it is that Mr Senior has seen'——

'What *are* you driving at?' burst in the young man. 'Senior—Teresa; why, you're chaffing—you must be chaffing.'

'I do not know what that should mean, John,' solemnly interposed Mrs Caird, who never lost an opportunity of rebuking her son in company: 'no fit language, I fear; but a sorrowful truth it is that you little heeded good Mr Peddie's discourses, as Miss Mackay minds full well.'

'Oh, bother Mr Peddie, mother—an old woman's head-piece with the lungs of a mad bull!' ('Deed, then, and he does skirl!' chuckled Mrs Macgregor, who was herself stanch to the Establishment.) 'What is this about Senior?'

'Nae less than that he's to marry Teresa Forbes,' burst in the three ladies at once; their surmise once shared, ripening suddenly into certainty.

'Impossible! Why, they say he's to have the vacant chair at A——. Why, he's old enough to be her father!'

'Na, na, Mr John,' interrupted Mrs Agnew; 'that I gainsay. His hair is as brown as your ain; he'll nae be mair than thirty-five at the maist—he's whiles the leuk of a boy in his face when he smiles at you. And proud Miss Teresa may weel be, for it's an awfu' lift for her, and her aunt sae come down in the warld. Eh, but I'd be sorry they had taken him in, as is but too likely, for I'll warrant he's gey simple for a' his book-larning.'

'Books indeed! books!' scoffed Mr John. 'He's had an eye for a pretty ankle. Cunning old cove. I'd wager my head it's all the old girl's doing, and that poor Teresa has had no voice in the matter.' And he gulped down his toddy with a sly look, but a sharp twinge of regret; for Teresa had been the dream of his boyhood, and in spite of much foolish braggadocio, that dream, in many a scene of temptation, had had power to keep him pure.

But to get at the true state of the case, we must not only cross the way to Mrs Forbes's superior residence, but go back four years in Mrs Forbes's history, and then we can better decide between Mrs Agnew's and Mr John's counter-theories, both of which sound plausible, yet neither of which may be true for all that. Four years ago, then, Mrs Forbes, a respectable widow lady—whose father was a laird, though a poor one, and whose husband, though but the captain of a trading-vessel, had contrived to leave her a snug little sum—received two letters by the same post, each of which occasioned her no slight disquiet. The one announced that the company in which her small capital had hitherto been profitably invested, was about to reduce its rate of interest by one and a half per cent. The second was from her only brother, a handsome ne'er-do-weel, whom she had not seen for years, but who, after selling their father's small patrimony, and running through what it had brought, had made his way to the continent, enlisted in the Austrian army, and married at Venice a young girl of mixed German and Italian descent. Every now and then, generally about New-year's Day, sometimes on her own birthday, Mrs Forbes would get a letter from this half-forgotten brother, telling of

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some step he had gained, of his full satisfaction in his foreign wife, and of his love for his one little girl; always shewing a kindly interest in his sister's welfare, and proving that the man's career was worthier than his unsteady boyhood promised. Once there had come from him a beautiful mantle of Italian lace, and folded up carefully inside it was a large sheet of foreign paper, enclosing a thick wavy curl of true auburn hair from the little Teresa's head.

These letters were a great interest to Mrs Forbes, whenever they came, connecting her as they did with life and circumstances so different from her own. They afforded a species of excitement, something akin to what the latest novel wakes in us (but Mrs Forbes never read a novel), pleasantly stirring the vague poetical element, which she shared with the rest of her kind, though quite unconscious of it. Even this particular letter, of which we are about to speak, would not have been unwelcome, but for that other letter the post had brought. But the two together were certainly embarrassing. Her brother had lost his wife, his loving devoted Teresa; that was sad news to begin with. Then his regiment had been ordered off to the very heart of Hungary, and what was he to do with his little orphan girl of fourteen? He had had little time for decision, he said, and in his deep grief perhaps he had hardly been able to judge for the best. The child had relatives, indeed, on her mother's side, but they were fervent Catholics. He had not thought so much of these things as he ought; but he thought of them now. His own health was not strong, and if he never returned from this remote and, they told him, disturbed district, he would like that his little lassie should be brought up in old Scotland; and though it was twenty years and more since they had met, he knew that his sister Chrissy had still a warm heart towards him, and would be good to his bairn, for the sake of the old days when brother and sister read their Bible together at their mother's knee. A friend of his happened to be going to England at this very time; Teresa would travel with him, and he would see that she was safely sent on into Scotland. He thought she would arrive about ten days later than the letter.

An addition to the household, then, and an income, that seemed to have no margin before, still further reduced! Mrs Forbes rang the bell for her maid Janet, who had lived with her ever since her marriage; not that she exactly expected that Janet would help her out of her perplexity, being a woman of few ideas and fewer words—half 'doited,' some of the neighbours averred; but one must talk to somebody, and Mrs Forbes talked a great deal to her faithful servant.

'Janet, I am going to be a good deal poorer than I have been. I'm sure I don't know what I can do.'

'Deed, then, nor do I. Ye maun stop half my wage, and no be sae wastefu' wi' the tea. The pot was just awfu' strong when I got it this morning.'

'Janet, how can you say so, when you know your tea's the only thing you care about in the way of meals? But, O woman, we're to have one more mouth to feed! My brother's only daughter will be here in ten days' time.'

Janet's countenance relaxed. 'Hech! but it will be canty, a young step through the house.'

'But the expense, Janet?'

'Ye maun save ither ways. There's my wage, ye can stop a' thegither.'

'Not that; but, Janet, I can let lodgings.'

'Deed, no; and you a leddy born. It's verra weel for the like o' Mrs Agnew, but no for you.'

'But I will—I must. I'll put out a board at once. It's early for bathers, but I can try.'

Mrs Forbes did put out her board. A week later, Mr Senior took her two best rooms. A studious man—a brieflless barrister, he said—who wanted little but fresh sea-air out of doors, and quiet within. Could Mrs Forbes promise him quiet? That she certainly could. Henceforth, she carried on her colloquies with Janet in a whisper, and got shorter answers than ever, for Janet had a 'dour' temper, and resented the measure taken. It was, she thought, an open avowal of poverty, unbecoming a 'leddy born,' to which she would have preferred the greatest domestic straits.

A fortnight later, and Teresa arrived, a slight slip of a girl, with a sallow complexion and a small head, weighed down, it seemed, by its massy auburn hair; large blue eyes, with lids red and swollen by weeping. No beauty, certainly; the face too small, tapering too much at the chin: the face of a kitten, you would have said, but for that look of anguish in the blue eyes. They received her kindly, those good women, in their own way. Mrs Forbes tried to make her eat a good substantial Scotch meal, and to get her to admire Scotland. Janet put on a fire in her little room—a good inspiration but for the trick of smoking which that unused chimney had. Teresa was very shy, very silent, and when she answered them, they could hardly understand her, she spoke English with so foreign an accent, German being her mother-tongue. They heard her sob that night, as they listened at her door, heard her speak; it was well they did not understand the words—'Es ist grausam hier. Bin so ganz allein. Mutter, meine Mutter. Alles so leer, so kalk, so einsam!' But something in the very tone of the words made Mrs Forbes shake her head anxiously, and Janet greet outright.

So matters went on for a time. Teresa hardly ever spoke. She would creep up stairs out of her aunt's parlour, and sit alone shivering in her little room, sometimes silent for hours, sometimes murmuring her passionate German sentences, and sobbing aloud. One day, Mr Senior, whose room was near, chanced to hear the unwonted sound. When Janet was taking away his dinner, he startled her by speaking, and asking its cause—scared her, she said, for he had never before shewn himself aware of Janet's conscious and rational existence, apparently regarding her as a mere apparatus connected with mutton-chops. 'It's a young lassie, niece to Mistress Forbes, frae some far awa country, and her mither was a German; and she's dead; and I'm thinking she'll no be lang for this world hersel', puir dumb lammie!'

'Dumb! I am sure I heard words as well as sobs.'

'There's no ane in a' C——, then, can tell scarce a word she says, and that's as bad as dumb, ony way,' said Janet, whipping off the table-cloth with asperity, for she was by no means favourably disposed to the lodger.

'Poor child, poor child!' said Mr Senior. 'Tell Mrs Forbes she may bring her in to speak to me, if she likes; I know a little German.' And he plunged back into his book.

Now, Janet considering, for her part, that the sooner missy forgot that outlandish tongue the better, nothing might have come of this good-natured proposition, but that the following day, Mr Senior, going out for his morning-ramble, met the poor girl creeping up to her solitary room. The wild woe in the eyes touched his kind heart at once. 'Das arme Kind,' he said, gently pushing the masses of hair away from the pale, tear-stained face, and his dark, deep-set eye softening into ineffable pity. The young girl started at the familiar words, the gentle touch. Here she should be understood. Clasping her hands together, she poured forth her heart's too heavy burden. Her mother, her beautiful mother, she said, was dead; her kind father gone away, far away, to die, as she thought, and she herself sent alone to this foreign land, where all was so cold and bare—where the sky and sea were only cloud and roar—no sun, no blue in either—where they had such hard faces, and spoke in so rough a language—where she was of no use to any one, and no one loved her—oh it was too much! Should she be able to die? Did grief ever kill the young? Every night she prayed to die. All this, and more, she

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poured forth in a very passion of words and sobs, but with the blue eyes fixed on Mr Senior's with something of wistful hope. He did not say much in reply, but his eyes moistened, and there spread over his face that singular irradiation which we have heard Mrs Agnew notice in his smile. He answered her in German, bade her hope and work. First of all, she had to learn English, for her father's sake; it was his tongue; and she must believe that the sun could shine even here for the young—would shine for her again, and life grow dear. And tenderly passing his hand over the drooping head, he ran rapidly down stairs.

Teresa stood there for a little while; then, instead of going on to her own room, turned back to the kitchen, where Janet was about to prepare Mr Senior's dinner. 'Who *is* dat Herr?' said the young girl with unwonted animation.

Janet looked up surprised, and shook her head.

'Dat man; no, he is not man. How say you Herr? He go down from above—out—out there—so;' and with rapid gesture, and her little hand firmly grasping Janet's bony arm, she contrived to work her meaning into the good woman's head.

'The Gude preserve us! what has come over the lammie? Why, it's naebody but Mr Senior, who is living here this summer. Mrs Forbes was so kind as let her rooms to him, missy, whilk was a come-down for such as she'——

'Lives he then here? Always here?' interrupted the child.

'Well, he's here the noo,' replied Janet; 'and I'm going to get his dinner ready, ye see.'

'I will helfen. How say you his name?'

'Just Mr Senior,' grunted Janet.

'Say it one other more!' pleaded Teresa.

'It's a puir name to say; but you'll hear it often enough fra Mrs Forbes; she's uncommon taken up aboot him; and it's "Mr Senior's dinner," and "Mr Senior's fire," till I'm just fashed wi' him—no but he's a quiet-like body too. But eh! I'm pleased to see ye, missy, wi' the bit colour in your wee facie!'

Teresa looked up with something like a smile; then gathering all the pease into her lap, began to shell them with much care and deliberation, while inwardly repeating to herself as close an imitation as she could of the name Janet had given her. From that hour she began to revive. These young hearts, so infinite in their power to suffer, have a blessed compensation in their readiness to heal. The feeling of life which makes early sorrows so poignant, is also incompatible with their long duration. So it is! First comes the wild storm, and the thunder, rain, with bursts of sunshine brighter than before; later on, no more storm, only the quiet cloud, the silent mist, but they last throughout the remainder of the day! Some train of thought like this may have been dimly flitting across Janet's mind, as ejaculating, 'Did ye ever! Eh, but they're awsome strange, these young lassies. Ye never ken what airt to look to for change of weather—sune up, sune doon,' she proceeded to put on 'the brose.' Meanwhile, Mr Senior was wandering along the shore, wrapped in his own favourite and absorbing speculation, and no more thinking about Teresa than the sun thinks of the smallest daisy that has opened out its rose-tipped petals to his warmth ninety-five million of miles below.

The next three years passed away with but little of outward occurrence to mark them for any of the dwellers under Mrs Forbes's roof. Each, however, had a special way of reckoning time, and to none had it appeared long. To Mr Senior, the days and months were marked by progress in the pursuit of philosophical truth, which was the passion of his life. Yet not always by progress either. There were dark seasons when the thinking of years seemed to have sprung from some erroneous inference, and each giddy step had to be retraced, each difficulty grappled with anew. But meanwhile, the few sheets of manuscript that lay upon his desk when first Teresa came, had swelled to a thick pile the desk would hardly close over.

As for Mrs Forbes, she had had for systematic pursuit that respectable struggle to make both ends meet, which those amongst us similarly occupied know to be a sure preventive against any sense of ennui. The liberal rent which Mr Senior paid for those two upstair-rooms did indeed a good deal more than compensate for the diminished rate of interest, but then there was the additional expense entailed by Teresa, towards which her brother had as yet contributed little. So there were estimates to be made at the beginning of every month, and ingenious expedients for keeping within them, and these gave Mrs Forbes occupation enough, and that lent cheerfulness, which springs from a successful struggle. Janet's great era was the arrival of our missy, to whom she had attached herself with all the rough tenderness of her nature; and the most prominent event of the intermediate years was the scalding of her leg one luckless winter-day, which—the burn being treated according to her own pharmacopœia, with several unguents of a complex but pre-eminently greasy character—led at length to a 'sair, sair income,' and 'fashed her ever sin',' making it irksome to her to go much up and down stairs. And as for Teresa, she, too, had her own special system of dividing time. Her early years, with their many joys, and their one sharp sorrow, seemed to lie far away—a region of myth, separated from her actual life by a sharp line of demarcation her imagination was less and less frequently taxed to cross. The horror of her first arrival shrank almost out of sight. Surely her conscious existence began that day she met Mr Senior first, when he spoke to her so gently, and laid his hand like a blessing on her head. From that hour, the young girl had been his bond-slave. Hers was a singular nature altogether, with its passionate overflow of tenderness, and its somewhat morbid tendency to concentration, which she owed perhaps to her mixed descent, and which the circumstances of the last few years had done much to foster. Good Mrs Forbes, faithful Janet, called forth a quiet sense of gratitude, but nothing more; the girls she had met at the classes to which she had been sent, shocked her innate refinement by their loud voices and boisterous mirth; their brothers were more repugnant still; worthy Mr Peddie had upon her spirits the effect that the east wind and sea-fog had had upon her arrival; at the sight of Mrs Caird's weeds, she shuddered as at an open grave; and the look of boyish admiration in John Caird's honest young face, roused a haughty sense of indignation she would not have known how to shape into words. But Mr Senior! he so great and wise—oh! she did not need that the neighbours should whisper round of the books he had written—he so gentle and so good—why, all her being was but one thought of him—a thought that grew and strengthened with her growth and strength, she reasoning upon it the while as little as upon the rounding of her slight figure to a richer symmetry, or the clearer colouring put by the northern breezes into her delicate face. Enough for her that every day she saw him; that, sitting there at work in her little room, she could hear his footsteps pacing up and down; that sometimes he spoke to her; more than once—O condescension!—had bidden her bring her books to him, had corrected her pronunciation, or made plain to her the meaning of what she had read.

Best of all, that she was allowed to serve him, her skilful needle being often employed on his behalf; and since Janet's lameness, the privilege of answering his bell having devolved upon her. 'Deed, and our missy has wings to her feet. It's just a mairvel to me how thochtful she is, aye minding to spare my leg,' said

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the unsuspecting Janet. All the days in Teresa's calendar were now very good, but some—those on which Mr Senior had oftenest looked up at her with a smile—were hearts' holy days indeed; nay, on one transcendent occasion he had called her 'Dear!' O the music and the sunshine, the sweetness and the glow! Talk of romance as past and gone, or seek to confine it to any special sphere! Why, that quiet girl, with her little tray, laying down the plates noiselessly as snow-flakes, for that middle-aged student in that common-place room, had within her the very same feeling that has prompted the noblest deeds of heroic times; would have walked up to the cannon's mouth, if need were, to save one hair of that thoughtful head from injury, as simply and undoubtingly as she set about her daily work now.

But in this quiet life there was a change at hand, one of which Teresa had never thought at all, though it was the most natural thing in the world. The marvel really was how a man like Mr Senior should have buried himself so long in these dull rooms in this obscure town; not that he should at length be thinking of leaving them. He had taken them at first week by week, then on and on, till weeks had swelled into years, their only significant record to him being that bulky manuscript, to which the last line had just been added.

It was a fine day in early summer, and he had returned from his ramble with a feeling of unwonted exhilaration. The labour of years was finished. That book once published, he should not have lived quite in vain. Teresa was in his room, lifting away books and papers with reverent care, before she brought up the tea-things. 'Who will ever replace you, little ministering spirit, with your quiet step and your dainty ways? One must miss you much.'

Such a glad beating of the heart, she could not answer quite at once: 'I am not going away, sir.'

'No, but I am. Will you inform your aunt that business takes me suddenly to London; that I give up my snug rooms in a week's time—but I leave early to-morrow?'

No answer, only a gasping for breath. Looking up, he saw that she was fainting, had just time to catch her before her fall, and to lay her on the sofa; then he ran down to Mrs Forbes's parlour. Mrs Forbes was out. Should he summon Janet? No; he recoiled from that; the child would soon revive. The child! oh, she was no child that fair creature lying there. For the first time he sees her as she really is. Her long hair has broken away in heavy masses from the slight comb that held it up—the blue eyes are nearly closed. What a depth of shadow their long lashes cast on the smooth white cheek! She has fainted quite away. He wheels the sofa to the open window, chafes the little lifeless hands, kisses the cold brow with something of a father's tenderness. This delicate graceful form, it pains him to think that it should ever have undergone any fatigue for him. Stay! she revives—he is glad he did not call Janet—the colour is returning to her lips—she tries to rise. 'Lie still, dear Teresa.' Her eyes open—how deep their blue is! As they meet his, very, very slowly the tears gather. 'You are not well, poor child. You have been over-exerting yourself. I am glad I am going away—you will have less trouble.' He is glad he is going away! The tears are frozen by the bitter words; he fears she is going to faint again. 'I shall be very anxious about you, Teresa. I shall often think of you, and wonder how you are getting on.' How she smiles on him! What worship there is in those blue eyes! He sees their beauty only. Where is his insight, his knowledge of human nature? He would do anything he could to cheer her; but he is so utterly in the dark, ten to one his next words will only give her further pain. 'I hope some kind pleasant ladies will be the next occupants of these rooms—not a dull recluse, not a book-worm like myself. You will all be glad to get rid of me. You are better now; you feel that you can walk down stairs? You should go to bed at once, poor child. You will not, of course, think of rising to-morrow. I shall be off too early. Janet will see to me. I will say good-bye now. Leben Sie wohl, liebes Mädchen.' He took her hand kindly. Did his lips touch her hair? She thought so; but everything turned round as the door closed; and making her way to her own little room, she very nearly fainted away again.

When Mrs Forbes returned from a long friendly chat with Mrs Macgregor over the way, she found unwelcome tidings awaiting her—Mr Senior was to leave very early the next morning. How strangely sudden! though, to be sure, he had only taken the lodgings from week to week all these years, stipulating after the first month or so for the power of giving them up whenever he liked. It was a grievous loss, though. However, the last letter from Hungary did enclose a remittance, and hinted at some bright prospect, to be further explained in the next. 'We must hope for the best, Janet. We could not expect that Mr Senior would stay with us always. Don't look so dour about it.'

'It 's no aboot that; he may gang to the world's end for me. But missy is no in her ordinar' the night. I dinna ken what 's come ower her. She 's white, white, and trembles as if she 'd seen a ghaist.'

'Dear, dear,' said Mrs Forbes, 'I hope it 's not fever. Mrs Macgregor has been telling me of several cases;' and she hurried up to her niece's room, where the poor girl had taken shelter again, after making the necessary communication to Janet. There she lay pale and shivering; but she would not—she could not tell what the blow was that had so shattered her. She instinctively felt that no one would understand; perhaps they would laugh. She had heard them laugh at Miss Mackay about some minister who had once lodged at her house. No one should ever know. She could have told him, she thought, better than any one else; yet when she was with him, she could not speak a word, not even when he said 'Dear Teresa!' Recalling the low, deep-toned voice, the tears came more freely, and brought some relief. She truly told her aunt that her head ached violently, but told her no more; she begged to have the room darkened, and to be left quite alone. Mrs Forbes went down comforted that there was as yet no fear in the case, though still rather uneasy, but without the slightest suspicion of the truth. How blind we often are to what goes on under our own roof!—how slow to discover a fact where we have never suspected a probability! All night long, the poor girl wept; when the morning came, she did not dare to rise and prepare Mr Senior's early breakfast. He had forbidden her to do so, and in the hurry of departure he might not speak to her so tenderly as last night he did. 'Leben Sie wohl, liebes Mädchen,' he had said. Watching at her window, she saw him leave the house, and then turn round to look at the rooms he had so long occupied. Did he remember her? She thought he did. She must live upon that last look, those last words; and she should not live long—that was a blessing! The house seemed to her already a tomb; but when, pale and tottering, she went into the deserted room, she found, to her unspeakable relief, that all traces of the beloved presence were not removed. There were several of his books still there, and, more, there was a slip of paper directed to her. 'Would she allow these heavy, lumbering volumes to remain a while in the book-shelves? he would send for them some not very distant day.' *His* books—those on which his dark eyes had rested, the pages which his hands had turned! She would read them all before she died; and she *did* read them. Scientific disquisitions, metaphysical treatises, grave histories, a few odd volumes of Shakspeare and Shelley—she read them

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all, lured on by frequent pencil-notes on the margin, which always threw light on the text. It may be asked, what could so slenderly educated a girl gather from such works as these? But hers was not an ordinary mind, and, at all events, those books, that set her thinking as she had never thought before, were all the solace of her life; only the bodily health drooped sadly. The unwonted mental effort, the rising at daybreak to these precious studies—which she did not like her aunt even to guess at—the hunger and thirst of the poor bereaved heart—all these told upon her frame; she grew thin and wan, a blue ring darkened round the blue eyes. The neighbours shook their heads, and wondered Mrs Forbes was so slow to call in Dr Maclagan, even after Miss Teresa had all but fainted away in the kirk. The fact was, that the good woman had not only an economical dread of doctor's bills, but a sincere horror of doctors, and, had Teresa been her own child, would have felt just as little inclined to call one in; but one day she got alarmed herself. She had had a letter from her brother, telling her good tidings indeed. He had been fortunate enough to save the colonel of his regiment from a brutal attack of the insurgent peasantry, and for his brave conduct on the occasion, had not only been promoted by the general in command, but the colonel, an old man, and childless, had said he should henceforth look upon him as his adopted son. Further, he hoped soon to return to Venice, and then he would send for Teresa. When Mrs Forbes came to this part of the letter, she looked up to her niece's face for a smile of delight, and was shocked to see a deadly pallor overspread it. 'There's something ails the lassie more than common, or she would brighten up at such good news of her father,' was the conclusion to which she came; and when she next met Dr Maclagan in the street, she asked him just to come in and take a look at Teresa. After much feeling of her pulse, and listening to the beating of her heart, the doctor looked rather grave; but he sent no doctor's stuff, only prescribed plenty of fresh air and exercise, and, above all, 'to keep her mind easy.' 'Keep her mind easy, indeed!' said Mrs Forbes to Janet—'the nonsense those doctors talk! If it had been me, now, with my anxieties and on-looking; but the poor lassie has not a care—how should she? She just lives on like a lily of the field, as we're all told to do.'

'Ay,' grunted Janet, 'the doctor's nae warlock. I'd ha'e thocht better of him if he'd ordered just a drap toddy, to pit some colour into the puir lammie's white face.'

The summer had now worn on and on, till the September-days closed in short and dull. Teresa faded like the flowers, but still went about as usual. One afternoon, when she was dusting and re-arranging the books so sacred to her, she was startled by a ring at the bell; like Mr Senior's bell, but that could not be—that was impossible. No; that *is* his voice at the door; she hears Janet bid him 'just go ben' and take them. It is he; he has come for his books. He started when he saw her kneeling there—he had met Dr Maclagan, who had shaken his head about her—but so pale, so hollow-eyed, so changed; he had not expected this. Helping her to rise—'You have been ill; you have not been taking care of yourself, Teresa.' The tender voice—the voice she had so yearned to hear once more—she hears it, she is not dreaming; the joy is too great for words. 'I have come back for my books, Teresa, come back for one night, just to have a look at my old haunts. I am staying at the hotel till to-morrow. I have been asked to stand for the vacant chair at A——. If I get it, we shall not be very distant from each other. I shall run over sometimes to little quiet C——.'

Quick as lightning, her father's letter, her probable recall to Italy, flash through her mind. No, she cannot bear it. She is at his feet: 'I love you—I have always loved you! It is not life without you! Take me with you where you go; I will be your servant. Oh, I can work; I will get strong. Take me with you, or I die—I die.'

If the Scotch carpet at Mr Senior's feet had yawned into a hideous abyss; if the sea-breeze that blew in had carried him off on its wings through that open window; if any other portent more remarkable still had suddenly occurred, he could not have been more utterly amazed. But the first impulse of his generous nature was to screen the poor suppliant from all eyes and ears less tender than his own. He raised her, tried to calm her, promised her that she should see him again—that she should not be parted from him; implored her to hide her agitation from her aunt—not to speak to her on the subject; said he would return on the morrow; rushed down stairs, calling out to Janet that he had taken the books he wanted, and would send the next day for the rest, and went back to the hotel, there to pace up and down through one of the most distracted nights that ever fell to metaphysician's lot. Teresa was a long time sleepless too, but only from too great happiness. She should go with him then, and be his servant. He had promised her that she should not be parted from him. There came, indeed, from time to time a shuddering fear of what her aunt or her father might say; but his promise seemed to her stronger than any obstacle, and she fell asleep, to dream sweet dreams of life-long service.

The next morning Mr Senior called early, and asked to see Mrs Forbes. What that worthy woman's amazement was when he proceeded to ask her consent to his marriage with her niece Teresa, no judicious story-teller would embarrass himself by trying to describe. 'You have no objection, Mrs Forbes; you do not anticipate any from her father?'

'Oh, sir, I'm just unable to say what I think of the poor girl's good-fortune—the honour to us all; and I can answer for my brother as for myself, but she's such a strange lassie. I've never rightly known what to make of her, and she'll maybe not view it in a right light.'

'You think me too old for her?' rejoined Mr Senior, rejoicing that Teresa's secret was safe.

'No, sir, not one day too old. But she's just so unlike other girls, and of late she's been so frail and tearful. She may have thought of dying, but I do not think such a thing as marriage has ever crossed her head.'

'You will let me speak to her, then; and if she answers as we wish, we will keep our own counsel, Mrs Forbes. I will return to my old quarters. I have a good deal of writing before me, and the wedding can be got over some morning quickly, without any one being the wiser. I think we shall all prefer that.'

That day-month was the occasion of Mrs Macgregor's tea-party, and as we have seen, spite of all precautions taken, the neighbours were not without some inkling of what was going on. While they were discussing the matter, Mr John Caird and Mrs Agnew each stoutly maintaining the reasonableness of their own point of view, Mr Senior sits busily writing in the long-accustomed room, page after page getting quickly covered over. He is writing the lectures he will have to deliver at A—— at the opening of the session in November. Teresa sits near him, but a little out of his sight; she has a piece of work in her hand, but she has dropped it to watch that grand thoughtful brow contracting for a few moments over the deep-set eyes, then smooth as marble again, as the clear, forcible words crystallise round the supple thought, and the pen flies on faster than before. Teresa sits rapt in speechless worship. The fire-light is playing on the glossy coils of her auburn hair, the roundness of the smooth cheek, the delicate curve of the parted lips.

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By and by, Mr Senior throws down his pen and pushes those close-covered sheets away. 'Teresa!' She is there—she is kneeling before him, she is looking with those innocent blue eyes into his. 'You should be more to me than all my books,' he sighs, bending down to the fair fragrant face.

Two or three days later, they were married.

NATURAL HISTORY AT OUR TERRACE.

A LARGE volume on natural history might be written without going further for materials than to the margin of the nearest duck-pond; indeed, something of the sort has been already done, and a duck-pond has been shewn to be one of the most populous and interesting of vivariums, abounding in wonders, and full of facts profoundly interesting to the scientific man. Unfortunately, I am not a scientific man myself, and should cut but a poor figure in a duck-pond; but I am in some sort a man of observation, and have noted some phases in natural history occurring in an area something less in extent than an average duck-pond—namely, the little back-garden in the rear of the house in which I dwell. Said back-garden is about thirty-five feet in length, and eighteen feet in width: it is surrounded on three sides by brick walls, and on the fourth by the kitchen, which projects from the house, and, in common with all the houses on the Terrace, has a flat leaden roof. The back of the house faces the west, and the three garden-walls the north, south, and east. Over the end-wall, which is but five feet high on the garden-side, but about fifteen on the other, rise a row of poplars, whose foliage in summer forms an agreeable screen in that quarter, but shuts out the sunshine from the few flowers growing in the borders beneath. It is only in the borders that anything can be planted, the centre of the small area being a gravelled parallelogram. On the wall which faces the south, a vine has been trained, bearing sweet-water grapes, and some of the branches extend over the western front of the kitchen, festooning the window with the quivering leaves and pendent branches of fruit.

During the winter, all in this Islington garden appears dead and motionless, and the only signs of life discernible are certain colonies of snails which have taken up their quarters in holes in the wall, where portions of the bricks have fallen out, and which wall has been suffered to go partly to decay, rather than injure the vine by its reparation. The snails are not quite safe, however, for more than once, on looking out in the dawn of a winter's morning, I have seen the thrush, who never comes near us in summer, poking his head into their holes, and impaling them on his bill. The slightest alarm will scare away the hungry bird, who throws himself over the wall, and is seen no more. When the warm spring comes, the snails gradually move off, and spend the summer elsewhere, infesting the garden very little, if at all.

House-sparrows.—These, by far the ugliest and most impudent of all British birds, swarm in London and the suburbs at all seasons, and are said to number double the amount of the human population within the sound of Bow bells. In the fall of the year, and throughout winter, they congregate, about two hours before sunset, in the nearest trees, and there make such a din as drowns at times even the roar of London streets. It is from this cause that so many trees in the front grounds of suburban villas, which would otherwise be allowed to grow to their fair proportions, are mutilated and cut down to shapeless trunks. The sparrows in such myriads in a large tree are an intolerable nuisance, while their droppings poison the air. They are kept down in the poplars at the end of the Terrace gardens by the Terrace cats, who promenade the top of the wall, and scale the trees after them, bagging them easily during their conclaves. When pairing-time comes in the spring, the sparrows, in their eagerness to build, will fight like tigers for a site for the nest. Year after year, they build in the open mouth of the waste-pipe from the roof, and as regularly lose a portion of their brood by the sudden showers which wash them away. Their nests are most slovenly affairs, and generally fall to pieces by the time they are done with.

Earth-worms.—These gentry manifest their presence chiefly in the central square of gravel, by boring their way up in the night, and leaving numberless small mounds or worm-casts, disfiguring the surface. Early in the morning, the sparrows, and now and then a robin, may be seen making havoc among them. It is not a pleasant sight to watch the little redbreast gorging a stout vigorous worm as thick and as long as a black-lead pencil. It is a work of no small time or trouble, either, to get him into the crop; and the struggles of the worm, even after he is bagged, threaten for a time to burst his living cerements, so that robin has to straddle his legs to save himself from being toppled over. He seems, however, proud of his exploit, and generally mounts a tree and commences a song as soon as it is accomplished. In the fall of the year, when the ground is covered with the dying leaves of the poplar-trees, the worms perform an exploit which has puzzled me not a little, both as to how, and for what purpose it is done. The poplar leaves are large, averaging from six to seven inches in length; and they have not been long on the ground before I find them in the morning rolled up into cylinders by the worms, and in this form, lining their holes to the depth of from two to five inches, the remaining inch or so sticking out of the soil. A hundred times have I pulled them out, and unrolled them for the purpose of examination: in some cases, I have found a part of the leaf eaten away; in others, it was quite entire; and it is impossible to say whether the part eaten was the food of the worm, or of slugs or insects previously feeding on it. If the leaf be not disturbed, the whole will disappear underground in a few days. It may be that this is a provision of food against the winter season, but how the thing takes place, it is not easy to imagine, and the process cannot be watched.

Spiders.—The old wall on which the vine is trained is the home of various sorts of spiders, who commence their activities with the warm weather. Some of them spread their nets over every orifice in the bricks, with the view, perhaps, of catching such winged insects as have taken refuge within during the cold weather; others, or the same species, cover the surface of the old bricks with a thin slimy film of web, which entangles the feet of minute flies or beetles, who thus fall a prey to them. In the hot summer-days, the hunter-spider, a gray, stone-coloured, thick-legged, weasen-bodied fellow, is on the alert after blue-bottles, house-flies, or even smaller prey. His mode of hunting is most reckless: he takes up his position on a vine-leaf, where he lurks under cover, crouching quite motionless sometimes for the hour together. If a fly settles on the leaf, or even on another leaf within six or eight inches of him, he disappears instantaneously, and so does the fly. I remarked this many times before suspecting what happened—the flight of the creature being so rapid that beyond his instantaneous vanishing I could discern nothing; but as the fly vanished also, I conjectured they must both go together. After frequent investigations, I found this to be the case. The hunter throws himself on his prey with the speed of light, and is by the force of his leap projected, together with his victim, into the air; but to save his neck, and his plunder, he attaches his web to the leaf ere darting off, and is thus brought up before touching the ground. It is curious to notice how exactly he measures the distance, often falling within an inch of the soil, but never touching it. If,

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after he has thus suddenly disappeared, you pass your finger round the lower edge of the leaf from which he started, you will invariably bring him up with his prey struggling in his grasp. He is not generally in a hurry to return to his lair, and unless his prize be very small, prefers to kill it and feast on it as it hangs, only quitting the carcass when it is sucked dry; with a gnat, however, or a small fly, he will climb the rope to his starting-point, and there make his meal. He is audaciously reckless and rapacious, and will attack other spiders, as well as insects, sometimes to the loss of his own life in such assaults.

About the beginning of September, the garden-spinners begin to cover all approaches to the vine with their radiating nets—thus preserving the fruit from flies. They will complete one of these snares fourteen inches in diameter in the course of a forenoon, and if it be then destroyed, will renew it again by eventide. The long radiating ropes which connect it to its supports are thick, strong, and non-elastic, and not being viscous, may be handled without injury; but the close cross-bars which unite them together are so slimy as to adhere to everything with which they come in contact, and so elastic as to bear stretching to twenty times their normal length. If, while the spinner is at work on her snare, you alarm her by interfering with a twig or straw, she instantly drops to the ground, and running rapidly to a portion of the soil that is of the same colour as her own body, coils herself up to simulate a pellet of earth, when you must have sharp eyes to identify her. If she has finished her web, instead of dropping off when alarmed, she runs to her lair, which she has made by curling a leaf funnel-wise and fastening it so with her web. As the autumn advances, the spinner catches abundance of game, and grows hideously burly and fat. You may see her in October swaddling the long-bodied crane-fly in her deadly filaments, and afterwards sucking at his vitals for seven or eight hours at a stretch. When she has arrived at these bloated proportions, she is very often attacked by the hunter, who may be seen watching her lair, and prowling round the adjacent leaves where she is accustomed to take the air. Several times have I witnessed a pitched battle, always to the death, between these blood-thirsty foes. By October, the hunter has grown as big as the spinner, bating the rotundity of belly; and if she comes out fairly from her lair, he will assail her, while she, on her part, never declines the combat. He launches himself at her head or breast in sudden darts, retiring as quickly, while she strives to catch him with her claws, rearing herself up for that purpose. If she succeeds in grappling him fast, she rolls over and over, and so entangles him in her web, now exuding from all her spinnarets, that he is reduced to a mummy in a few seconds, and it is all over with him. When she has thus wrapped him up, she bears him off to her lair, and sucks him as dry as if he were a blue-bottle. On the other hand, however, she is sometimes sorely put to it in the fight, and I have seen her beat a retreat to her lair, whither the hunter will not follow her at the time, but where I have reason to think she dies of her wounds, and serves to feed her conqueror; for after battles of this sort in which she has been beaten, I have noticed her web deserted, and the poor flies caught in it left to struggle out if they can, or to perish from hunger. There is a report, I believe sometimes endorsed by naturalists, to the effect that the garden-spinner, though tenderly careful of her young, devours her husband. I have a suspicion that her battles with the hunter, whom she sometimes does devour, but not always, are the only foundation for this report. At anyrate, I have watched her behaviour for years, and have never known her, while free, to attack any of the spider race, unless first attacked. When imprisoned, the case is different: put any number of spinners under a glass, with nothing else to prey upon, and ere long they will fight and devour one another, until the strongest alone survives.

Cryptogamia.—For nearly a year, the house next door was uninhabited, and there was consequently no servant-girl to holly-stone the flags leading from the garden-gate to the door. One morning, on going out, I was struck with the impression on the flag-stones, in a lighter tint than the stones themselves, of an exact representation of the iron gate, with its cross-bars and lance-headed rails. Day by day, for some time, the impression grew more vivid, and was remarked by others as well as myself; and some absurd guesses were hazarded as to the cause of it. In a few days after it was most vivid, it disappeared suddenly and completely; and those who had noticed it, myself among the rest, began to doubt whether we had seen such a phenomenon at all. But in a short time it came again, and this time it was so plain as to be quite unmistakable, and to challenge the attention of passers-by. On procuring the key of the gate, and proceeding to examine the thing more closely, I found the stone covered with an exceedingly minute growth of cryptogamia, which was easily scraped off with a knife, and which, when it was removed, brought away the impression with it. I soon found out that the impression was due to a light burning all night long in an upper window of one of the opposite villas, which throwing the shadow of the gate and rails on the flags, produced etiolation in that portion of the minute vegetable growth which was thus darkened. The disappearance of the impression was due to a few hours of sunshine occurring in the damp season, which parched up the whole growth; and its more vivid recurrence was consequent on the return and longer continuance of the damp weather. Here was a mystery which in the good old times might have set a whole parish by the ears, and have provoked them to witch-burning to ease their minds.

Bees.—There are no bee-hives within a couple of miles of the Terrace gardens, but during the season of flowers, the honey-bees are daily visitors to the spot, although there is not much to tempt them beyond a few lilies, nasturtiums, larkspurs, and patches of mignonette, with the addition occasionally of such full-blown potted flowers as we are seduced to buy of the travelling-gardeners. I have only one thing to remark touching the honey-bees, and that is as to their mode of operation with the larkspurs. In this flower, the minute morsel of sweets they desiderate lies at the bottom of the long spur which gives the plant its name, and is so far down that it cannot be reached by the proboscis of the worker, who is therefore obliged to get at it another way. In fact, he never attempts to fathom the inside of the long tube with his snout, but turns his attention to the outer extremity, which he saws off in the neatest manner, thus laying bare the treasure, and helping himself. So small is the portion severed, that the flower does not appear injured by the operation, and it is only by close inspection that the theft can be discovered. I have watched this singular manœuvre again and again, and have observed that the flowers are suffered to become quite full blown before undergoing amputation, the bees returning to the plant from time to time, until the whole of its produce is secured. The honey-bee, however, is not, I suspect, the only bee who visits us: that old standard rose-tree which never bears anything better than a blighted bud—the soil of Islington being incapable of maturing a complete rose—yet bears evidence of the visits of the leaf-cutter bee, in the form of circular holes, or rather sections of circular holes, from which disks or parts of disks of the leaf have been cut away. So far as my experience goes, this geometrical gentleman, whether he cuts a complete disk or a part of one, never leaves the leaf entire round the abstracted portion, always forming a part of the outline with the edge of the leaf. Further, I have never succeeded in catching

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him at work, and, of course, therefore, could not swear the trespass against him in a court of law.

Caterpillars.—In the south-west corner of the patch, overshadowed by the poplars, stands a lilac-tree, which bears bonny bunches of flowers in the early summer, but whose lower leaves become withered at the tips before August is gone, presenting a wofully shabby appearance. On examining the leaves, it is found that they are each one rolled up at the extremity, and retained in that position by thin silky filaments, and that the internal space is the home of an ill-looking pale-green caterpillar, who has preyed on the soft fibre and juices of the leaf, and thus reduced it to its deplorable condition. The low-growing leaves of the tree only are thus infested—while those rising above four or five feet from the ground, and thence to the top of the tree, where the sparrows are apt to congregate, are free from them.

Locusts.—A few summers ago, some straggling monsters of the locust tribe were blown by a south wind across the gardens and suburbs of Islington. Some of them fell to the lot of Our Terrace, and I caught two, the larger of which measured three inches and an eighth, while the smaller wanted an eighth of the three inches. Wishing to preserve them, and not liking to kill them cruelly, I put them into an old envelope-box, thinking 'They'll die of themselves if you let 'em alone.' I forgot them for three days, and then, on opening the box, discovered that the larger had killed the smaller one, and devoured him almost to the last visible particle, nothing being left save the antennæ, a few minute fragments of the legs and of the thin shelly armour. The survivor did not appear much the fatter for his meal, nor had he apparently increased in size.

Cats.—The cats of Our Terrace exist under peculiar circumstances, which are doubtless pleasant to themselves, but are demoralising in the result. I have stated already that the kitchens project in the rear, each under a flat leaden roof; this gives to the thirty-odd houses some two hundred yards of promenade, over which the cats have free warren. The result is, that in fine weather they are never at home; and during summer, they would hardly be at home at all, were it not for the forenoon visits of their commissariat, the catsmeat-man, whose cry about eleven o'clock summons them all to the front-doors. Thus, they are quite a different race from the citizen's cat, little given to the rug at the fireside, and still less to petting and nursing. They breed out of doors, and, to their disgrace be it said, often eat their own offspring. They slaughter the sparrows by hundreds when the young are first learning to fly, pouncing on them from their lairs in the poplars with unerring aim. Owing to their vagabond habits, they generally get left behind when the householders of the Terrace move off elsewhere; in which case, an outcast cat will look out for a vacancy, and cautiously induct herself into it when it occurs, in spite of all opposition. When my old favourite, 'Stalker,' died a few winters back, I installed a Skye terrier in his place, resolving to have done with cats; but this was not allowed—the demise of Stalker got wind, and in due course a substitute made her appearance at the kitchen-fire, and, spite of Rough the terrier, made good her position. What is inexplicable, Rough, who hunts all the other cats, and sends them flying, became speedily reconciled to the intruder, and even allows her to take the meat out of his mouth, which she does not scruple to do whenever so disposed.

Gnats.—Of all the insects frequenting the garden, and their name is legion, the most long-lived and enduring appear to be the gnats, whose larvæ, by the way, are rather too abundant in the water-butt. Long after the blue-bottles, bees, crane-flies, and moths have all disappeared, the gnats in swarms are seen disporting in the air, and playfully chasing each other under the shelter of the walls. As late as the beginning of December, have I seen troops of them thus enjoying themselves, and it is not until the frost sets in in earnest, that they finally vanish.

Grapes.—A last word on the subject of our vine. For now nearly twenty years, it has borne a good crop of grapes every autumn, and not more than three years out of the twenty has the fruit failed to ripen—though the ripening, which generally takes place at the end of September, has sometimes been deferred to the beginning of November. Other exposed vines, growing within a few furlongs, have met with a very different fate, often bearing no fruit at all, and for the most part losing their fruit by frost before it was ripe. The reason of this difference I take to be, that the Terrace gardens are by their position sheltered from the east and north winds, which cannot get at them. Does not this point to the conditions under which grapes might be grown in England in the open air with a good prospect of success? and if so, do not the required conditions already exist in those long miles of railway-cuttings running north and south, and north-west and south-east? I am convinced that if the slopes of these cuttings were planted with vines, and average care and attention were paid to their culture, securing to the fruit the reflected heat from the soil, they would yield excellent crops of grapes, fit either for table-fruit or conversion into wine.

SEVERAL SAINTS.

The Protestants have abolished the saints, and only retained a sprinkling of mock-saints; but every true Roman Catholic still says his prayers before the likeness of his patron-saint, or of him under whose department the particular complaint of the moment may fall. The duties of the saints are regulated according to their supposed abilities.

St George, St Maurice, and St Michael are the patrons of nobility; the patron of the theologians is, queerly enough, the hard-believing apostle Thomas; and that of the pigs, St Antonius. St Ivon has jurisdiction over the lawyers. Physicians, in difficulties, address their patrons St Cosmus and St Damianus. Huntsmen, before bestriding their horses, recommend their necks to St Hubert; and when sitting down to dinner, to St Martin, the patron of tipplers—and a very zealous and careful gentleman he was. Each trade has its particular patron-saint, to whom Roman Catholic trades-people probably recommend their business, when the many holydays or pilgrimages prevent them from attending to it themselves. Each nation has also its patron. That of the Portuguese is St Anton. Since they are not very numerous, he protects them together with his principal clients, the swine. St James is the patron of the Spaniards; St Denis, of the French; and St George, of the English. The poor Venetians send their sighs to St Marc; and St Patrick is the patron of the Irish, as everybody knows.

Some saints, not sufficiently employed otherwise, affect particular branches. St Aja is an accomplished lawyer, and grants assistance—for a good fee, to the church of course—in lawsuits; St Cyprian helps against the gout; and St Florian is commander of Heaven's fire-brigade. St Benedict knows all about poison; and St Hubert, as a perfect sportsman, understands what to do in mad-dog cases. St Petronella cures fevers; St Rochers, the plague; St Ulric destroys rats and mice; St Apollonia cures toothache, if not coming from pregnancy, in which case ladies must address St Margaret, who is Heaven's midwife. St Blasius cures sore throats; St Valentine, epileptic

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fits; St Lucia, sore eyes; while the veterinary surgeon among the saints is St Leonard.

The idea that it is meritorious to live as miserably as possible prevailed amongst the Christians of the first centuries; and after the persecutions under Diocletian and Decius, martyrdom became quite a rage among them. Such as could not reach it, tried at least to torment themselves as much as possible, and this fanaticism spread more and more among the Christians during the fourth century. Zeno, bishop of Verona (360), said: 'It is the highest glory of Christian virtue *to tread nature under the feet*,' and this was the leading principle of the time. It cast over the whole Christian world a gloom, the consequences of which are felt to the present day.

The wildernesses of Egypt and Syria were the favourite stages on which those self-tormenting Christians exhibited their performances. All tried to trample nature under their feet, and it is almost sickening to read of the manner in which they proceeded. One of those saints lived for fifty years in a subterranean cave, without seeing during all this time the genial light of the sun. Some had themselves buried up to their necks in the hot sand, and their uncovered heads exposed to the fierce sun of that country; others were embaled in furs, in which only a small hole was left for breathing; and one of them hewed a kind of shell out of the room, which he carried about as a snail carries its house. Many of them were loaded with iron chains and weights, and St Eusebius had always two hundred and sixty pounds of iron about him. One of these poor maniacs pressed himself into the hoop of a carriage-wheel, and remained in this position for ten years; after which time he changed it for a very narrow cage. Others vowed not to speak one word for years; not to look on the face of man; to hop about on one leg; and to eat nothing but grass. Some slept on thorns, nay, many tried to dispense with sleep altogether; and all had an extraordinary faculty for living a long time without food. Every physician knows that this is very often the case with insane people. Simeon, the son of an Egyptian shepherd, ate only every Sunday, and wore round his waist a cord which was drawn so exceedingly tight as to produce wounds, from which emanated such a sickening smell, that nobody could stay with him. Not satisfied with this degree of misery, he placed himself on the top of a column, and remained there for years. The first column which he erected for this purpose was only four yards high; but his columns grew with his madness, and reached at last the height of forty yards. On this he stood for *thirty years!* It was one of his amusements and exercises to bow to the ground during his prayers; nor could the suppleness of his backbone have suffered from the exposure to the weather, for an eye-witness counted not less than 1277 of such bows following each other rapidly, and they were continued for a longer time, after the spectator was tired of counting them. Simeon at last succeeded in existing forty days without food. When his emaciated body had no longer strength to stand on his column, he had a pole erected on it, to which he was attached by chains in an erect position. This kind of devotion found many imitators.

An eye-witness, who observed the lives of those desert saints during a whole month, has left us the following description of them: 'Some, with their eyes turned up towards heaven, pray with sighs and whining for mercy; others, their hands tied on their back, think themselves not worthy to look up to heaven, sit on the ground among ashes, hide their faces between their knees, and strike their heads against the ground; others are howling as at the death of a beloved person; others reproach themselves for not being able to shed tears enough. Their body is, as David says, covered with boils and matter; they mix their drink with tears, and their bread with ashes; their skin hangs about their bones, dried like grass. One does not hear anything else but "Woe, woe! forgiving mercy!" Some dare scarcely refresh their burning tongues with a few drops of water; and having swallowed only a few morsels of bread, they throw the rest away, in the conviction of their unworthiness. They do not think of anything else but death, eternity, and judgment! They have callous knees, hollow eyes and cheeks, their chests are wounded by strokes, and they very often spit blood; they are covered with filthy rags full of vermin, like criminals in prisons or possessed. Some of them pray to their neighbours not to bury them, but to throw them away, that they might rot like beasts!'

Such of those hermits as were not yet mad, must needs have become so by this manner of living. The example set by the holiest amongst them challenged imitation and roused ambition.

The ascetic fanaticism became an epidemic. The wilderness was so crowded with howling saints, that they were compelled to form large communities—monasteries. St Pachome is considered as their originator. In his own, he had 1700 monks; and over 7000 others he had the supreme direction. There were, in the fourth century, no less than 100,000 monks and nuns in Egypt, for the yet more excitable women participated, of course, in this ascetic fashion. The laughter of the heathens was of no avail, for the most revered Fathers of the Church called this kind of life the direct way to Paradise. The most sacred bonds of nature were torn asunder by this rage. Youths left their brides, like St Alexius, to pass their wedding-nights in the desert. One Annuo entertained his bride by reading to her the Epistles of St Paul to the Corinthians, which inspired her to such a degree, that she ran off with her husband to the desert, where they lived in a wretched hovel as if they were not married. John Colybita, the son of very respectable people in Rome, ran also off on his wedding-night, but was driven back by invincible home-sickness. Seventeen years he lived in a dog's hut, which he had placed near the dwelling of his mourning parents, to whom he made himself known only in his last moments.

Such things were the fruit of the teaching of men like St Jerome, who said: 'And if your young sisters and brothers fall round your neck—and if your mother, with tears, and dishevelled hair, and torn garments, shews the breast which nourished you—if your father throws himself down on the threshold—*tread then away with your feet*, and hasten to the standard of the cross with dry eyes.' Many were driven into the desert by vanity or ambition, for the hermits and monks were highly respected. The country where particularly holy saints of this kind lived thought itself highly blessed, and very often the inhabitants of countries not favoured in this way kidnapped them. This happened several times to Salamanius, from Kapersana, near the Euphrates, who, during all his changes, did not utter a single word. The Emperor Theodosius said: 'If I were not Theodosius, I would wish to be a monk.'

Particular fame amongst the saints of the desert is enjoyed by St Paul, St Antony, St Pachome, St Hilarion, and the two St Macarius. To St Antony are ascribed a great many wonders. The Roman authors tell us that the wild beasts obeyed him like trained poodle-dogs; very often they crowded round his cave, but waited always till he had finished his prayers, when they received his blessing, and went after their prey with the most Christian thoughts. When he buried St Paul, from Thebes, in Egypt, who died 113

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years old, two pious lions helped him to dig the grave. When they had finished, they received St Antony's blessing, and went away into the desert contentedly wagging their tails. St Macarius enjoyed the confidence of the wild beasts. Once came a hyena, and knocked modestly at his door. When he opened, she laid before his feet a blind cub of hers, together with the skin of a lamb, as a fee for the cure. 'I do not want it,' said the angry saint: 'you have stolen it;' and the pious hyena was so affected, that she shed tears. This touched the saint, and he said, in a more friendly manner: 'If you will promise never to kill a lamb again, I will take this skin, and heal your cub.' The hyena nodded assent, and the saint effected the cure desired.

This fanaticism, originating in the Orient, found also plenty of admirers in Europe, particularly through the influence and writings of St Ambrose, bishop of Milan, and St Jerome. St Martin was the first who established monasteries in France. He was born in 316 in Pannonia, and became a soldier. When he once gave the half of his cloak to a beggar, he fancied that he heard the voice of Christ saying: 'What you have done to others, you have done to me.' This occurrence induced him to leave his regiment, and to turn saint. He ascended to high fame, and became both archbishop of Tours and a very haughty saint. When appearing before the Emperor Valentinian, this prince was not inclined to rise from his throne to greet the saint. The holy man was very much vexed at such presumption, sent a prayer to Heaven, and—says the legend—flames sprung from the seat of the emperor, compelling him to rise very precipitately.

The number of the European saints is legion, and we shall only mention the most respected among them. St Benedict, the father of the numberless Benedictine monks, was born in 480, and died in 543. The legend informs us, that he already sung psalms in the womb of his mother; and when he cried like other children, angels brought him toys, and made music on instruments which were invented many centuries later amongst men. His first wonder was that of mending a broken pot by his prayers. Many of those saints shew quite a wonderful fervency and perseverance in praying. An Irish saint, of the name of Kewden, prayed so long, that a swallow had not only time to lay her eggs into his joined hands, but to hatch them also!

A very respectable saint was St Bernard. Luther says of him: 'If there was ever a pious monk, it was Bernard. Of his like, I have never heard or read, and I estimate him higher than all the monks and priests of the whole world.' He was born in 1091 at Fontaine, near Dijon, and belonged to a noble family. It is true he was a fanatic, but a thoroughly noble-minded man. He tormented his body dreadfully, and dined with his monks on beech-leaves and the worst barley-bread. If he occasionally indulged his stomach with a little bit of flour-pap seasoned with oil and honey, he atoned afterwards for this weakness with tears and prayers. His piety and mental gifts procured him great fame and veneration, and when once entering Milan, his hands and arms were swollen by the kisses of the importunate believers crowding around him. He might have become archbishop, or even pope, if he had chosen, but he preferred his humble station. Notwithstanding this, he decided between popes and kings, and none of them dared to enter his monastery on horseback. He was the soul of the second crusade; but beside such trifles, he did a great many real wonders, and his victories over the poor devil are numberless. That was not to be wondered at, for the force of his prayer was such that it moved stones. Once a stone Christ descended from his cross to embrace the pious man, and an image of the Virgin did yet more—she tendered him her breast, and he sucked from it the sweetest woman's milk. Once, when entering the cathedral at Speyer, he greeted the image of the Virgin there, saying: 'Hail, O queen!' and to the wonder of all present, the stone Virgin opened her mouth and answered: 'We thank you, our dear Bernard;' but they were yet more astonished, when the surly saint uttered the impolite words of the apostle: 'Women must be silent in the assembly.'

The good which the Benedictines and Bernardines did was soon counterbalanced by the mendicant orders. The idea of them originated in the brain of John Bernardus, the son of a merchant in Assisi, in Umbria. He is known by the name of St Francis of Assisi, or of the Seraphic Father. He was deemed good for nothing, and became a soldier. As such, he was taken prisoner, and fell dangerously ill. When he recovered, he became a saint—that is to say, first, a simple fool, associating with beggars and rogues, kissing their boils and ulcers, wearing the most filthy rags, and robbing his father, in order to employ the money on the restoration of an old church. The bishop of Assisi patronised the fool, and sent him out begging for this purpose, and he succeeded uncommonly well. In the beginning, Francis was despised and laughed at, but in three or four years his fame rose to such a pitch that he was received in procession by clergy and people, when approaching a town, and all the bells were set ringing (1211). He was without doubt an original and a very queer fellow, of whom the Catholic authors relate the most funny things in the most serious manner. He was very fond of animals, and called them his brothers and sisters. A louse, which he found on his cape, he took very carefully between his fingers, kissed it, and said: 'Dear sister louse, praise the Lord with me,' and placed it on his head, from which it probably came. He very often held a sermon before the geese, ducks, and fowls; and when once sparrows and swallows disturbed him in this by the noise they made, he begged his dear sisters to be quiet. A peasant carrying two lambs to the market, was asked by him: 'Why do you torment my brothers thus?' He used to call his body his brother-ass, and often took his revenge on it: he would roll himself stark naked amongst thorns, immerse himself up to the neck in freezing tanks, or wallow in the snow.

St Dominic was the founder of the order of the Dominican monks, and also the originator of the censure of books, and the inquisition, that greatest disgrace to the Roman Church. Notwithstanding this, St Dominic is a most revered saint. He invented nine different positions in praying, and prayed himself with such a fervency that he was raised by it a few feet above ground. You may see in the Louvre, in Paris, a picture which represents him in this state. How he otherwise violated the laws of nature by his wonders, we shall pass over, and proceed to speak about a few female saints.

Their number is very great, and the wonders which they performed are yet more astonishing.

St Theresa is one of the greatest among the lady-saints. She was born in 1515, in Spain, and descended from a noble family. Her worshippers give her the most curious names, as Ark of Wisdom, Heavenly Amazon, Balm-garden, and Organ and Private Secretary of the Holy Ghost. Already, when a child, she intended to run away from her parents, to go to Africa, in order to suffer martyrdom, but was prevented. However, when she had attained her seventeenth year, her parents thought it better to send her to the monastery of the Carmelites at Avila. She was visited by the most awful revelations and visions; and when once the Host flew on its own account from the hand of the bishop into the mouth of Theresa, the saint was made. At last she became abbess of a monastery at Pastrana, and could indulge her sanctity to her heart's content. St Theresa's nuns were compelled to go barefooted, and to submit to the

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most severe discipline. The strictest obedience was required from them; and a nun, who made a wry face at bad bread, was stripped, and tied to the manger of a donkey, where she had to eat oats and hay for ten days. It was therefore not to be wondered at if the nuns followed literally the commands of their saint. Once she was asked by a nun who was to sing the vespers; and the saint, being in no good-humour, answered peevishly: 'Why, the cat!' The nun took the cat under her arm, and pinched its tail before the altar till it sang its finest tunes. Self-torment was the order of the day in this monastery. The nuns used an immense quantity of rods. They slept on thorns, or on the snow, drank from spittoons, took dead mice and other disgusting things in their mouths, drank blood, dipped their bread in rotten eggs, and pierced their tongues with pins, when they had used them out of tune.

About the same time flourished the Italian St Catharine of Cardone. Love had made her mad; she lived in a cave, wore a gown interwoven with thorns and iron wire, ate grass like a beast, without using her hands; and once she did not eat for forty days. In this manner she managed to live during three years. St Passidea was a nun from Siena. She scourged herself with thorns, and washed the wounds with vinegar, salt, and pepper. She slept on pease and cherry-stones, went into freezing tanks, and placed herself even for a time, with her head downward, in a smoky chimney!

St Claire led a very austere life. Instead of a shift, she wore a pig's skin, or some cloth made of horse-hair, and was so exceedingly humble that she would kiss the feet of the most filthy dairy-wench, and wash them after kissing. When she died, there were found in her heart small specimens of all the instruments used in torturing our Saviour. St Claire was the mother of the female Franciscans, and to her are about 900 nunneries indebted for their existence.

We shall wind up our file of saints with St Rosa, who slept on knotty stems and bits of glass. The whole nunnery wherein she resided was teeming with fleas, but none of those libertine cavaliers dared bite so good a woman. We must believe it, for it is stated in the bull of the pope which contains her diploma as a saint!

Besides these saints, and many hundreds which we have no time to mention, prayers are sometimes said before the pictures of others who never existed, and owe their origin to some legend—as St Christopherus, St George, St Mauritany with 6600 companions, the Seven Sleepers, St Ursula with her 11,000 virgins, and St Guinefort of Verona, who was a very honest fellow, but unfortunately a four-legged *dog!*

THE LIFE-ASSURANCE AGENT'S APPEAL.

TUNE—*Ally Croker.*

COME now, my friend, and do not stare,
But listen to my strain a bit;
I wish to make you just aware
Of something for your benefit:
As yet, you say, upon your life
You have not got a policy;
'Tis downright treason to your wife;
I wish you would your folly see,
And think of life-insurance,
The uses of insurance;
O think of the uncertainty
Of life and health's endurance!

Our office is for soundness known,
The STEADFAST PERPENDICULAR;
And when you would be choosing one,
You can't be too particular.
Our 'cumulated fund appears
Increasing at a steady rate;
A bonus every seven years,
And yet our premiums moderate.
Then think upon insurance,
The use of life-insurance;
Remember the uncertainty
Of life and health's endurance!

You're twenty-seven next birthday;
You ne'er had epilepsy, sir,
Insanity, gout, hernia,
Consumption, or dyspepsy, sir.
Your medical attendant says,
You're come of healthy parentage;
You've lived in Britain all your days,
And are of your apparent age:
Then oh, my friend, insurance,
Think, think of life-insurance;
O think of the uncertainty
Of life and health's endurance!

Your present state of health is good,
With healthy occupation, sir;
Your well-formed bellows-chest has stood
The doctor's auscultation, sir;
No hazard in your way of life;
You're neither lag nor cripple, sir;
Last year you took yourself a wife,
But have not ta'en to tipple, sir;
A model for insurance,
Most fit for life-insurance;
Oh, if you'll not cast in your lot,
You'll vex me past endurance!

Pray, don't forget, though healthy yet,
You're subject to mortality;
The life of man we only can
Foretell in the totality.
The first year's premium being paid,
You may demise to-morrow, sir,
And then your widow will not need
To either beg or borrow, sir:
She's saved by life-insurance,
By noble life-insurance;
She's clad and fed by what you did
While life had still endurance.

But say you've got a policy,
Or even more than one of 'em,
You may another take with me—
You'll thrive beneath a ton of 'em!
One ought to add a thousand pounds,
Each new responsibility;
It is a duty has no bounds,
Save just a man's ability:
Then oh, once more, insurance,
Think well of life-insurance;
Remember the uncertainty
Of life and health's endurance!

Long, long ago there was a cove,
Who called himself knight-errant, sir,
Who, as the Ladies' Friend, did rove,
Protecting them from Tyrant, sir;
But, ladies, *I'm your best friend now,*
As good as any lover t'ye,
For all my object's to endow,
And save you, dears, from Poverty:
Then oh, my dears, insurance,
Cry loud for life-insurance:
If husbands not cast in their lot,
Declare them past endurance!

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THE AMBASSADOR'S BALL.

AMONG the persons of distinction who composed the highest society of Paris in 1810, none were more conspicuous than the Austrian ambassador, Prince Carl von Schwartzenberg, and his family. The prince himself, a handsome, stately man, dignified, yet popular and easy in his bearing, distinguished both in the council-chamber and in the field, was a really imposing representative of his imperial master. Not less remarkable was his charming princess; a rare intelligence, grace, fascination, and sincere amiability all combined to fit her for her brilliant position. The prince and princess held at their magnificent Hôtel de Légation, Rue de Mont Blanc, a court—in all but its name and tedious ceremonials. Here French and Germans met on common ground, unfettered by the uneasiness, restraint, and smothered suspicion which darkened the atmosphere of St Cloud. Here, on the contrary, there seemed to be good-will and friendliness for all—a moral sunshine in which even strangers gladly came to bask. To those who were admitted to any degree of intimacy with the family, the source of this pervading light and warmth remained no secret. Beneath the splendours of the Hôtel de Légation there flourished all the simple virtues of household affections. Husband and wife loved each other tenderly, as it was not the fashion for French husbands and wives to love in those days; a charming family was growing up about them; they had a circle of valued household friends. Prince Joseph von Schwartzenberg, the ambassador's elder brother, had also taken up his residence in Paris. The brothers were deeply attached to each other; their children had the same masters, and lived like brothers and sisters together; each family shared and heightened the other's pleasures. No wonder that, amidst the false glitter of the Empire, this home-happiness—quiet, pure, and true—should have exercised a subtle charm on those who came within its influence.

Of all the festivities which had taken place in honour of the nuptials of Marie Louise, that of the Hôtel de Légation was to be the crown. It was not considered simply as a ball given by the ambassador; it was the fête of Austria herself in honour of a daughter of the House of Hapsburg. Every Austrian in Paris felt himself personally compromised in the success of this entertainment, which was to be on a scale of far greater magnificence than any which had preceded it. If Austria had been forced to lay down her arms on the field of Wagram, here at least France should confess herself vanquished. The fête was to take place on the 1st of July, and for weeks beforehand, an army of workmen were employed in the necessary preparations. As the time drew near, they worked in relays, day and night. Indeed, those whose turn fell in the night were more fortunate than their brethren, for the heat by day was intense; the paint blistered the wood-work, the stone-blocks glowed under that burning sun. Scarcely a drop of rain had fallen for weeks; the foliage withered in every direction, as if under the breath of a simoom; the turf and boughs required for decoration had to be kept fresh by artificial means. The hôtel itself, it was thought, would not be large enough for the occasion, so the mansion next door to it was hired, and the two buildings thrown into one. But the grand ball-room, a palace in itself for size and magnificence, was erected of solid wood-work in the garden. Its roof and walls, covered on the outside with waxed-cloth, were decorated in the interior with tapestry, and all the resources of upholstery and taste expended in the arrangement of mirrors, candelabra, coloured lamps, and every kind of dazzling ornament. The roof, which was dome-shaped, was supported by wooden pillars covered with white satin damask, striped in gold and silver, and festooned with muslin, gauze, and other light fabrics, bound by wreaths of artificial flowers. Massive glass-lustres swung on gold and silver chains from the roof, and were combined in one graceful and harmonious whole with the other decorations, by means of floating draperies, flowers, and ribbons. At one end of this pavilion rose a dais, carpeted with cloth of gold, on which two throne-chairs were placed for the emperor and his bride; at the opposite end, was a gallery for the orchestra. There were three entrances to the ball-room besides that for the musicians at the back of the orchestra—one behind the dais, communicating with the mansion; another into a wide long gallery, temporary like the ball-room, and decorated to match it; this gallery ran parallel with the hôtel, and had several doors communicating with it and with the gardens. But the principal entrance to the ball-room was a magnificent portal, from which a flight of broad steps led down into the gardens, where every arrangement had been made to facilitate the ingress and egress of the crowd of guests. Over the portal shone in illuminated letters the following inscription, in German, which some friend of Prince Schwartzenberg, inspired evidently by the muse who presides over mottoes for crackers and bonbons, improvised for the occasion:

With gentle Beauty's charm is glorious Valour bound!
All hail! the golden age again on earth is found!

So rose the light graceful structure, as by the wand of some architectural Ariel: it looked, with its gold-worked tapestries, the bridal whiteness of the

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diaphonous draperies, the lustre and colour afforded by silver, gold, flowers, mirrors, chandeliers, and costly ornaments of every description, as if it had been transplanted out of the Thousand and One Nights. There was only one calamity to be dreaded: that long, low bank of cloud in which the sun had set on the last of June looked ominous enough; what if the rain should pour down in torrents next day, as fête-givers and fête-goers know too well it seems to take a malicious pleasure in doing on such occasions? What would become of the ball-room and all its magnificence then? Fortunately, the 1st of July set all fear of such a provoking *contre-temps* at rest; the sun blazed out of a sky without a cloud. Every preparation was happily complete, and with the comfortable certainty that not the smallest detail had been overlooked which would add distinction to so grand a festivity, the ambassador, his family, and friends betook themselves to the lighter cares of the toilet, not without congratulations among the younger Austrian officers on the superior brilliancy of their national uniform over that of their French rivals.

It was still broad daylight when the Hôtel de Légation was illuminated, and already in quick, and still quicker succession, the carriages of the guests rolled between the crowd which lined the streets. A grenadier detachment of the Imperial Guard had betimes occupied the posts assigned them. The Austrian nobility were in readiness to receive the arrivals, and every lady was presented with a beautiful bouquet before being conducted to the ball-room, now rapidly filling. The rank and dignity of the guests increased with every minute; kings and queens had already been announced, and now there was a pause of expectancy. At length the word of command to the troops, then the roll of drums, the crash of military music, announced the approach of the imperial state-carriage. The two families of Schwartzenberg and Metternich received the Emperor and Marie Louise. After a short congratulatory address from the ambassador, and when the empress had accepted a bouquet from the princely ladies, her husband, taking her hand, conducted her to the ball-room. Many persons who had a near view of Napoleon for the first time, remarked the regular beauty of his features, but all were struck with the fixed, iron character of his face. His deportment was stern and unbending, almost that of a man in some fit of ill-humoured sullenness. Not a gleam of kindliness in the eye—its glance darting straight forward like that of an eagle on its prey; not even a forced smile played upon those inflexible lips, which seemed as if they could only open to utter some terrible command. Napoleon declined the refreshments offered, and promenaded with the empress through the reception-rooms, galleries, and ball-room in an abstracted manner, negligently addressing a few words here and there, and casting quick sharp glances over the brilliant throng. They shrank almost visibly from his gaze. That stern dark presence spread an indefinable gloom over this grand festival; it was much like the appearance of some schoolmaster, infinitely more feared than loved, among a troop of children enjoying themselves at a puppet-show.

This feeling weighed upon the guests as they silently followed the imperial couple through the illuminated gardens. What was lacking in mirth, however, music did her best to supply, for bands, both instrumental and vocal, were stationed at different spots, who burst into choral songs and symphonies at the approach of the emperor. The Austrians had prepared a flattering surprise for Marie Louise. Seats placed upon a lawn invited Napoleon and herself to rest; and here an exact model of the familiar castle of Saxenberg, brilliantly illuminated, presented itself to her eyes; while there emerged from the shrubberies a troop of opera-dancers in the costume of Austrian peasants, who went through the national dances of her country. Then followed a pantomimic war and peace, where Mars displayed nothing more formidable than the honours of victory, and Peace came attended by every image of happiness and prosperity. This was hardly over when a great flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of a courier, who, booted, spurred, and covered with dust, presented his dispatches to the emperor. A murmur of some conquest in Spain ran through the assembly, but Napoleon, who was in the secret, proclaimed the correspondence to be from Vienna, and presented the empress with a *bonâ-fide* letter from her father, written purposely to grace this occasion. After a display of fireworks, the company returned to the grand ball-room, and the emperor having paused at the portal to spell out the meaning of the German Alexandrines, took his place with his bride on the dais, and the orchestra struck up.

The ball was opened by the queen of Naples with Prince Esterhazy, and Eugene, viceroy of Italy, with the Princess Schwartzenberg. While the dancing was going on, the imperial couple promenaded the room in opposite directions, conversed slightly with different persons, and gave an opportunity for the presentation of strangers, and those younger members of French and Austrian nobility who made their début into society at this grand fête. Marie Louise soon resumed her seat, but Napoleon remained at the other end of the pavilion, conversing first with one, then with another. The Princess Schwartzenberg presented her young daughters to him, and received his compliments on the magnificence of the arrangements. The princess felt while she listened to them that all anxieties and fears with regard to the entertainment might now fairly be laid aside; never could ball-room present a more brilliant spectacle, never could fête promise a grander success. The hearts of both host and hostess grew light as they saw Napoleon in the best possible humour, evidently bent upon being polite after his fashion. It was now past midnight; the revelry was at its height; the whirl of the dance had completely broken the *gêne* of the great conqueror's presence. Dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, kings and queens, were all enjoying themselves like ordinary mortals. There were silvery laughter, sweet low voices, and glances still more sweet and eloquent; plenty of whispering and flirtation going on under cover of the music, especially in the less thronged galleries among the younger portion of the assembly. Tiaraed ladies, and bestarred and beribboned gentlemen, verging upon fifty, but successfully got up to seem twenty years younger, were looking forward with gentle anticipation to the supper, lying in state of gold and silver in a suite of banqueting-rooms. Some of the guests were proud of their jewels, their wit, or their grace; some women were proud of their own beauty, others of the beauty of their daughters; but not an Austrian present was there who was not proud of the ball; and well they might be. Under those snowy draperies, the light fell full and brilliant on such an assembly as Paris has hardly gathered since; jewels flashed, plumes waved, decorations glittered, to be multiplied infinitely in countless mirrors—the magnificent pavilion shewed like one vast restless sea of splendour. Vague forebodings are rife in the minds of men, but why should they enter here? what

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room here for a thought of broken faith—a sigh for the cast-off wife at Malmaison—why should a dark fancy see in the cold shrinking girl on the dais an image of Iphigenia at the altar? Away with all ill-timed fancies! The orchestra strikes up a waltz; gayer, louder is the music; quicker, and still more quick the measure of the dance.

There is a slight stir at that end of the ball-room where Napoleon is standing: the merest trifle—the flame from one of the lamps has laid hold of a gauze festoon. The light harmless-looking blaze has vanished instantly; a few flakes fall, which Count Bentheim extinguishes with his hat. It is quite over now—no, not quite; that is fire creeping there along that drapery overhead. Quick as thought, Count Damanion, one of the emperor's chamberlains, climbs a pillar, tears it down, and crushes out the flame in a moment. But look there—higher than any one can reach, what are those fiery tongues darting out from the fluted muslin straight over the orchestra? The music was hushed at once; the band hurrying to escape by the door leading into the gardens, at the back of the orchestra, gave free passage to the night-air. A rising wind blew very freshly in, and fanned the flames into instant fury. Wave after wave of fire surged over the whole roof; burning fragments were falling everywhere on the light draperies below and the ladies' dresses. The emperor had at once made his way to the dais; some of his attendants, bewildered by the sudden alarm, suspected treachery, and pressed closely round him, their swords drawn in their hands. He himself was perfectly calm and composed; attended by the ambassador, with the empress on his arm, he left the pavilion with no more haste than he had entered it, exhorting the crowd, as he passed along, to keep order. On the first alarm, Prince Schwartzenberg had despatched an adjutant to order the imperial carriage to a private gate into the gardens near at hand; but Napoleon, when this was nearly reached, turned suddenly round, and refused in the most peremptory manner to leave by any but the principal entrance. His decision was no doubt formed under the idea that if this accident were connected with a design upon his life, the narrowness and seclusion of the by-street into which the other gateway opened would favour the plans of conspirators. The carriage had to be ordered back, and thus a cruel delay arose for Prince Schwartzenberg, waiting with death in his heart beside Napoleon, who remained silent and unmoved, the empress trembling on his arm, the din of that dreadful tumult in their ears, the glare of the conflagration increasing every moment. Not more than one minute had passed between the first alarm and the emperor's departure, yet the flames had spread with such frightful rapidity that it was already impossible to save the ball-room. Tolerable composure had been hitherto maintained, but the restraint of Napoleon's presence withdrawn, every consideration gave way, and in agony and violence the tumultuous multitude pressed towards the doors.

One of the German guests thus describes the scene. 'I had escaped,' he says, 'from the oppression and heat of the ball-room into the gallery, which was far less crowded. On a sudden, wild shrieks and tumult rose. Rushing back to the pavilion, I saw the roof one mass of quivering flames, leaping and spreading in every direction. There was no time, however, to look on; a surging crowd drove me back with them into the hôtel. I disengaged myself from them, and regained the scene of the accident through the gardens. The immense pavilion was now in a universal blaze; the flames actually seemed to pursue the stream of fugitives. Heavy lustres were falling; planks, boards, and beams dashed burning together. The wood-work, exposed as it had been to the sun, the paint and draperies, were burning like fireworks, and all the water poured on from the fire-engines seemed to have no effect whatever upon the fury of the flames. While I stood looking on for a few seconds, they darted high above the roof of the gallery; heavy beams were falling close behind me, and I was obliged to escape while there was yet time into the gardens. Never can I forget the spectacle there presented, that dreadful confusion of personal danger, fear, and agony. Some were rushing about, their light dresses on fire; others had been thrown down and trampled under foot. Husbands were seeking their wives, mothers crying frantically for their daughters; groans of suffering, shrieks of terror, the cries of those who threw themselves with passionate joy into each other's arms, the wail of agony, the heart-rending appeals for help; all mingled in a horrible diapason.' Many persons were severely injured by the flight of steps from the principal entrance giving way suddenly. The queens of Naples and Westphalia were both thrown down, and narrowly escaped being trampled to death. The Russian ambassador, Prince Kurakin, was rescued with great difficulty by his friends; other hands, less friendly, cut all the diamond buttons off his coat. Every distinction of rank was suddenly levelled in that assembly; stars, ribbons, nay, majesty itself, were jostled by servants, soldiers, and workmen; the firemen, half-intoxicated, pushed their way through the crowd; royal ladies were elbowed by musicians and opera-dancers; and as a background to this scene of confusion, rose higher, fiercer, more general every moment, the terrible conflagration, paling and mocking the illuminations of the gardens. The hôtel itself had now caught fire; the alarm had spread everywhere; and the streets were thronged with people crying out that half Paris would be burned down.

The saddest part of the story remains still to be told. When the fire broke out, Prince Joseph von Schwartzenberg was standing in conversation with the empress. His first care was for his wife, the Princess Pauline, whom he had left only a few minutes before in another part of the room. He searched the ball-room for her in vain, and was assured by several persons that she was already in the gardens; there many people declared they had seen her carried, fainting, indeed, but otherwise uninjured, into the hôtel. Prince Joseph eagerly repaired thither, but only to find a lady, a perfect stranger to him, who remarkably resembled his princess. Hurrying back in an agony, his daughter, frightfully burnt, was brought to him; the princess had gained the gardens in safety, but returned for her child; they were escaping together, when a mass of blazing wood-work fell, and separated them. This was all the poor girl had to tell. At this moment, the torturing presentiment which had laid hold of the unhappy husband passed through every degree, and certainty flashed upon his mind with a light more fearful than that of the conflagration. As he approached the pavilion, his eye fell upon an ominous sight—the Princess von Leyen, her rich dress hanging in fragments, the diadem she had worn burnt deeply into her forehead. She had only been rescued from the flames to linger a few days in suffering; and, alas! those who had brought her out told that they had seen a figure in the midst of the fire whom it was impossible to save. On hearing these words, Prince Joseph broke away from his friends, and would have rushed up the burning steps, when floor and ceiling crashed into one ruin, volumes of raging fire and smoke poured forth, and—all was over.

So swift had been the destroyer in its work, that hardly a quarter of an hour had elapsed between the accident, seemingly so slight, to the gauze festoon, and this final act of the tragedy. For one minute, this awful spectacle suspended the restless agony of the crowd, and while they stood stupified before it, the emperor, in his well-known gray coat, suddenly reappeared among them. Under his orders, the strangers

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present withdrew without confusion; every entrance to the grounds was guarded by soldiers; the important contents of the archive-room, on which the fire had seized, were conveyed into a place of safety. Napoleon himself directed the efforts made for extinguishing the fire, and the search for the missing Princess Pauline von Schwartzenberg. This was entirely unsuccessful; not a clue could be obtained to her fate, though every house in the vicinity and those of all her friends were visited, and the smouldering ruins carefully searched. Prince Joseph hovered about, appearing now in the gardens, now in the different apartments, ready to sink from exhaustion, yet roused into activity through his restless anguish. Even Napoleon found pity for the unhappy man; he joined his friends in trying to persuade him to withdraw, and addressed a few words of encouragement and hope to him from time to time. But the presence and words of the emperor made no impression on his stubborn despair; he had no ear save for the death-cry in his heart, and for the reports —always the same—of the messengers sent hither and thither on their hopeless quest.

Not till the fire had been well got under did Napoleon return to St Cloud. He left behind him a thousand soldiers of the Imperial Guard, who bivouacked there for the night, and sat down to the sumptuous banquet prepared for very different guests. As if no element of horror were to be wanting, towards the morning a fearful thunder-storm broke over the smoking ruins. The rain now fell in torrents, and served to extinguish the fire completely. Where the sun had set on that palace ball-room, he now rose over a hideous heap of ruins, charred beams, shattered masonry, broken furniture, mirrors, and porcelain; every chance hollow was a pool of stagnant water. Fragments of lustres, swords, bracelets, and other ornaments lay fused together in masses. Nor was this all: under a pile of half-burned wood-work, a corpse was discovered, blackened and shrivelled almost out of human form. It could only be identified as that of the missing princess by a jewelled necklace, on which the names of her eight children were engraved; a ninth, yet unborn, perished with the ill-fated wife and mother. At this saddest of all sights, every voice was hushed; tears stood in the eyes of all, even in those of the soldiers; and at the moment, the last thunders of the storm, two heavy claps, rolled solemnly overhead.

Dismal days succeeded this catastrophe. A universal gloom overspread Paris. There were dark whispers of conspiracy, incendiarism—reports that the enemies of Napoleon had resolved by one bold stroke to rid themselves of the obnoxious ruler, his family, and his devoted friends. The obsequies of the Princess Pauline von Schwartzenberg were followed by those of the Princess von Leyen, and of several ladies of high rank, who died in consequence of injuries received. More than twenty persons lost their lives; the number of those more or less hurt was upwards of sixty. The deep and unwholesome impression produced on the public mind was unmistakable, an impression which resisted every effort made in high quarters to suppress and divert it. To the bulk of the people, Napoleon's divorce and subsequent marriage had been extremely distasteful; and this, not only because Josephine was universally beloved, but that a superstitious belief had arisen—shared in some degree by her husband himself—that her presence was the good genius of his fortunes. Already there was vague but popular prediction extant, that the dowry of an Austrian archduchess would be bitter misfortunes for France and its chief; and now the memory of the terrible disaster attendant on the nuptials of Marie Antoinette, aunt to the empress, with the Dauphin, was revived, and the present calamity considered a fresh proof that fate had a fearful warning in store for every alliance of France with the House of Hapsburg. When, within a few years, the divorcer of Josephine was discrowned and forsaken, many prophets, wise after the event, beheld in this fatal festival an omen of the downfall of the imperial fortunes.

HELP TO THE SHIPWRECKED.

There are but few of us in this little island of Britain —not chained by Poverty's ungolden links to inland toil—who have not, once at least, whether from distant hilltop or the yellow sands themselves, beheld the Sea. There are none of us who do not associate it with the National glory and existence, and feel an interest in those who make their business in great waters, such as only islanders can. A large proportion of us have their homes upon the brink of it, beholding all the year its terrors and its beauties, and listening alike to its summer murmur and its wintry roar, and of whom it is said that, if they be removed from its neighbourhood, they pine and languish above all other transplanted persons, so wondrous is its attraction to the mind of man. We all love to have some picture of it on our walls, as well as in our memories, and delight to read of the perils of those who go down to the sea in ships, more than of any other human experiences. Thus it is that a mere statistical record, such as the Annual Report of the National Life-boat Institution, has an interest for us which a whole library of Blue-books upon other matters would fail to raise; while the Wreck-chart which accompanies it, is like no common map, but rather a picture of the burial-place of many ships and mariners —the God's-acre of the British Seas. Very sad is it to see our coasts so thickly bestrewn with those black spots which signify Total Loss by Stranding and Foundering—leaving scarce a headland untouched, and making funereal the whole mouth of the Bristol Channel. As for the crosses denoting Partial Loss, they would almost persuade one that the game of life at sea was *Tit, tat, toe;* an idea that is much strengthened by the noughts, which stand for the collisions—dark for Total Loss, and light for Partial—and which are linked together so closely in the Irish Channel, that they almost reach from shore to shore. The collisions of steam-ships with themselves, or with sailing-vessels, are also distinguished by particular marks, making up on some parts of the coast a fearful total of the year's casualties—opposite Lowestoft, for instance, there being no less than twenty-four of them —and very insufficiently relieved by the few red spots which dot the dangerous shores, and mark the presence of a life-boat. Nevertheless, but for those hundred-and-one red spots, the Wreck-chart would be a far more mournful spectacle than it is, inasmuch as then the black marks would too often be the palls of the crews as well as of the ships. These boats—no matter how heavy the seas or dark the night—are always ready to be launched at the first signal of distress in the offing, at the discharge of gun or rocket, or that more terrible and imminent token, the wail of a doomed ship's company. During the past year, the boats of the National Life-boat Institution have been called out for active and dangerous service on sixty-eight occasions; while 227 lives have been preserved by the exertions of their crews. For these especial purposes, and for their customary quarterly exercises, they have been manned by about 4000 men. Each boat has a coxswain-superintendent, with a fixed annual salary of L.8. On every occasion of ordinary exercise, the men are paid 5s. in rough weather, and 3s. in smooth; and whenever they go off to a wreck to save life, 10s. by day, and L.1 by night.

Once only has a boat belonging to the Institution been upset during the year, notwithstanding the risks to which so many have been exposed—namely, that belonging to Aldborough station, with the loss of three out of the fifteen men who composed her crew. The

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survivors, however, assert that no boat could have done otherwise than capsize in similar circumstances, and that all would have been saved (for she self-righted immediately), but for the extreme coldness of the December sea. This self-righting, and the self-discharge of all water that breaks in upon them, are supposed to be characteristic of this saving fleet, the boats of which have from six to fourteen oars apiece. The loss of life in the British Seas during the past year has been unprecedentedly great—as indeed have been the number of rescues, with the exception of the years 1852 and 1853—and extends to no less than 1646 persons; of whom, however, 800 perished in two vessels alone—the *Royal Charter* and the *Pomona*—under circumstances where not even a life-boat could have in the least availed. Of course, more lives have been saved by ordinary boats than by those of the Institution, fishing-smacks and other craft being much oftener at hand when disasters happen; nor, indeed, are the services of the boats in question generally called into requisition, when it is safe for other kinds of vessels to approach a wreck. To despairing mariners in their shattered hulk, however, grinding upon some rocky barrier, or sinking into some treacherous quicksand, these boats are Life-boats indeed. For instance, 'on the 30th of January last, the ship *Ann Mitchell*, of Glasgow, was wrecked on Arklow Banks. Several fishing-smacks attempted in vain to approach her. The steamer *Ruby*, bound for Bristol, laid-to for five hours, with the laudable view of succouring the crew; but the sea was so very heavy that neither smacks nor steamer could even come within hail of the wreck. The Arklow life-boat, belonging to this Institution, made her appearance. She nobly ran through the heavy breakers, and succeeded in taking off the whole nine men from the wreck.'

Besides maintaining this costly fleet in due repair, the Institution bestows rewards of medals or money upon all who distinguish themselves in saving shipwrecked persons. 'In order to enhance the value of the medals of the Institution, they are never granted except when risk of life is believed to have been incurred; and the most careful investigation is made of every case of application for reward before it is decided on. 'On the same principle, the bestowal of the gold medal is of very rare occurrence, it being only given for services of an extraordinary and exceptional character.'

The gold medal, twenty silver medals, thirteen votes of thanks, inscribed on vellum, and L.1108, 15s. have been granted during the last twelve months for these noble services. The gold medal, with five pounds was conferred on 'Joseph Rodgers, a Maltese seaman, in acknowledgment of his heroic conduct in swimming ashore with a line from the steam-ship *Royal Charter*, whereby several lives were saved, on the occasion of the unfortunate wreck of that vessel, during a very heavy gale of wind, on the Anglesey coast on the night of the 25th October last. At the time, the sea was breaking with frightful violence on the rocks, and had the vessel herself been able to resist the force of the waves, his daring effort to help his fellows in distress would, without doubt, have been gloriously rewarded by the safe deliverance of most, if not all, of those 490 persons who sailed with him in the ship. It was, however, decreed otherwise, as the ship broke up before more than twenty-five persons had been able to avail themselves of the means of rescue afforded them by the intrepidity of the brave man whose act we are recording. Nevertheless, that act is as deserving of admiration as if it had been the means of saving all on board. The extreme risk attending its performance may not have struck every one, yet it would be impossible to exaggerate it. It is known to every person conversant with the effects of a broken sea on the shore, that even if that shore be of smooth sand or shingle, the force of the falling waves is so great, and their retreating force so almost equally dangerous, as to overcome, in most cases, the power and skill of the strongest and most skilful swimmers. How much more is the danger enhanced when the infuriated surges dash themselves, and all that they bear upon them, with headlong violence, on the sharp and serrated edges of the adamantine rock! Yet still more must the risk be increased when all around is darkness; when broken spars and pieces of wreck are interspersed amongst the waves; and when the temperature of the water is so low as to chill the blood and half-quench the vital energies of the most vigorous frame. All these sources of danger must have presented themselves to Rodgers; yet he heeded them not. True, he was personally interested in reaching the shore, but he could not have thought that the probability of doing so was increased by his carrying a line from the ship, and he might well have paused ere plunging into the deep, to reflect if the chances of his own destruction did not greatly predominate over those of his reaching the shore alive. And no doubt he would have so reflected, and would have acted on that reflection, had he not yielded himself up to an impulse of a feeling and generous nature, which at such a moment absorbed every other, and which, banishing self from the mind, thought only of the object to be effected.'

The 105 rewards given for more or less meritorious and daring conduct, are by no means confined, indeed, to those in the employment of the Institution, although, of course—as in the case of the lost Aldborough life-boat, where the survivors received L.31, 15s., and the widows of those who perished L.75—they are more particularly its care.

Among other well-expended rewards, we find—'Voted L.18 to a Bacton yawl's crew of eighteen men, for putting off and rescuing four out of five of the crew of a fishing-smack which was wrecked on the Hasborough Sand, off Bacton, on the 27th November last. The poor men had been in the rigging without food or drink sixty hours, before they were rescued from the mast of their sunken vessel. For three nights and two days they held on this uncertain support—about eight feet above the raging sea—without food, and almost without clothing. One of the men took off his shirt, and held it out as a signal of distress till it was blown from his feeble grasp. This is a case of most remarkable endurance. It was but a small vessel, a smack with four hands; the fourth, a boy, climbed the mast with the others, and held on till the second day, when he became exhausted, and relaxing his hold, slipped down into the sea. One of the men went down after him, seized him, and dragged him up the mast again; but there was nothing to which to lash him, and no cross-trees or spars on which to rest, so that, during the night, when almost senseless with cold and fatigue, the poor boy slipped down again, and was lost in the darkness. On Sunday, they were tantalised with the hope of immediate succour. A vessel saw their signals and heard their cries, and sent a boat to their relief; but, after buffeting with the wind and tide, they had the mortification to see her give up the attempt, and return to the vessel. Then it was that black despair took possession of them, and they gave themselves up for lost; but clinging to their frail support for an hour or two longer, they heard a gun fire. This gave them fresh courage, for they took it to be a signal, as in fact it was, that their case was known, and an attempt would be made to save them. The vessel stood in and communicated with the shore, and a boat put off to search for them; but they were such a speck on the ocean, that, night coming on, they could not be seen, and the boat returned to shore. For the third night, therefore, they had still to cling on, expecting every moment that the mast would go over and bury them in the deep. On the

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Monday morning, the Bacton boat made another attempt, fell in with them at ten o'clock, and landed them at Palling, more dead than alive, whence, as soon as they could be moved, they were brought to the Yarmouth Sailors' Home, their swollen limbs, benumbed frames, and ghastly countenances testifying to the sufferings they had undergone. At this Home the poor men remained several weeks, receiving every attention from the officers of the establishment.'

These extraneous but by no means useless expenses of the Institution are, of course, greatly exceeded by the vast ordinary outlay incidental to keeping up so large a number of boats with their equipments in a state of the highest efficiency; twelve new ones have been placed upon the coast during the past year—and about a similar number of life-boat carriages, which are often necessary for their speedy land-transport to the scene of danger—while others are in course of building. These are great efforts; and although the income of the Institution is over eleven thousand pounds, we cannot wonder, however we may regret, that its expenditure has exceeded that by some six hundred pounds. Surely we should not grudge such a society a little pecuniary help, when we read that, during its thirty-five years of existence, it has expended on life-boat establishments nearly thirty-seven thousand pounds, and has voted eighty-two gold, and six hundred and fifty-eight silver medals for distinguished services, besides pecuniary awards amounting to almost thirteen thousand pounds; while, during the same period, it has been the means of preserving no less than eleven thousand four hundred and one of our fellow-creatures from a watery grave.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

No one could have entered Mr and Mrs Senior's sitting-room at A——, as we are now going to do, without looking round it with complacency. There was not very much furniture, indeed, and still less ornament, but the colouring was harmonious, and every article well chosen. A few exquisite prints hung on the delicate green walls, and on the mantelpiece glowed choice specimens of Bohemian glass, the gift of Teresa's father. Books, the best of all furniture, lay scattered about in pleasant profusion; for this, the largest room in the house, was rather study than drawing-room, though it did not want tokens of a woman's frequent presence either. Who but a woman would ever have thought of bringing back such spoils from the half-bare hedges of this northern clime, as that gay berry nosegay on the table, intermixed with ivy and yellow fern? Then there was the little table, with all the pretty paraphernalia of a woman's industry; and now that she has risen to light the lamp, and that we can see more clearly, we discover in the snug corner, between Teresa's chair and the fireplace, a tiny ark, with blue vault and lace-clouds—the small heaven where the first baby peacefully sleeps. And it is the best baby too! It positively never cries, never disturbs its father, as Teresa would have gravely told you, as foremost of its merits; for it is still in and for him that she exclusively lives. The baby, his baby even, is as nothing compared to him. She has arranged the shade of the lamp, so as best to save his eyes, while by its light, falling full on her, she plies that dexterous needle on some gossamer-work for baby's decoration. She is too busy now to let the needle fall, else she would ask nothing better than to sit, as we have seen her sit before, hands folded, watching the thoughts that cast their light or shadow on that noble brow; as the professor reads. But this evening he is not reading, though he holds the book before him; he is looking intently at her. How very beautiful she is grown! There is a richer moulding now of the flexible figure, a brighter colour in the cheek, a deeper meaning in the eyes. Something, too, of dignity is added to the careless native grace. Every movement seems set to slower, sweeter music! His thoughts have flown back to that strange, sad evening, two years ago, when she lay at his feet, in the agony of her humble love; he recalls that night of terrible conflict between his vast pity for her, and his shrinking from the step which has crowned his life. But what a shock it was to him then to discover her feeling for him—what an utter surprise! He had not thought himself likely to gain a woman's love, and besides, a different type of beauty still floated before his fancy. Dull soul that he was, never to guess the treasures of heart and mind hid in that gentle form—never to find out the secret of those years of thoughtful, untiring ministering on the part of one so young, of that death-like faintness when he first told her he was leaving! Even since their marriage, how blind and cold he had often been to her beauty and her love! Now, the great peril so lately past, and the little new link between them in its cradle there, seem to have awakened in his heart an intense tenderness. The tears gather in his eyes as he watches her at her work. She looks up; he is not reading. She will cross the room just to kiss his hand. Something she sees in his face leads her to kneel down beside him, secure she shall not disturb, for there is some mysterious rapport, magnetism, what you will, between the two; and, immeasurably his inferior as she knows herself to be, she does not often fear to 'miss a letter in the spelling of his mind.'

'You are thinking of the past, my master; and so am I.'

He passed his hand lightly over the soft waves of her hair. 'An old line I have somewhere seen has been haunting me: "How much the wife is dearer than the bride!"'

Again she kissed the hand she held. 'You married me out of pity, my husband!' He started. How had she found this out? He had never heard her hint at it till now. Before he could answer, she went on: 'I was a silly, ignorant child. I did not know how unlikely it was that you should love me; I did not think much about whether you loved me or not, thinking only of my love for you. When that wonderful, unhoped-for joy came, when you asked me in a few grave words to be your wife—I, I who had meant to be your servant—there did not come into my foolish head one doubt, one fear, lest, I being so unworthy, you should be less happy. Nay,' placing her hand on his lips, 'let me go on now. I think, dear, I was more silly than other girls, for, do you know, it never struck me how far beneath you I was in position, and in everything else, how unfit to be the companion of one like you! I am glad my eyes were blind then. I think, loving you as I did, I never could have let you stoop to me, had I seen clearly; and God is so good, He did not give me clear sight all at once, or how should I have borne it? Gradually it broke in upon me from little things I have heard since we came here, little things about other people.' Again he tried to interrupt her, but she would be heard. 'Yes, I am glad it was so. It is more natural, more fit than that you should have been attracted by a simple girl like me. I grow proud, thinking of your noble, generous heart. But, husband, you *do* love me now!' And she hid her sweet face on his breast. She was quite right; her husband *did* love her indeed.

Meanwhile, time passed on, and Mr and Mrs Senior, all in all to each other, never discovered the fact that they were no particular favourites with the good people of A——. He was not lightly to be forgiven

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by the ladies of the place for the choice he had made; and she was condemned by them on several counts. First, there was her original position, a fact aggravated by the utter impossibility of charging her with any traces of it in look or manner. Simple as a child, and still retaining a slightly foreign accent, there was about all Teresa said or did, a dignity and a grace that might have become far higher circles than any her critics had ever entered. All her movements were undulating, harmonious; all her attitudes, fresh and picturesque. Then, although her opinion of herself would have been a very humble one, had she taken the pains to form it, she never did think about herself, she was so entirely taken up in thinking of her husband. *He* was greatest, wisest, noblest; in her estimation, immeasurably superior to all his colleagues: nay, to all the world. How, then, should she—his constant companion, she who belonged to him—be daunted or disturbed by any other society? She hardly ever went out, because he disliked visiting; and then, whenever he did accept an invitation, it was so delightful to sit and wait for his return, and see that the fire burned its brightest welcome; but had it so happened, she would have gone to spend the evening at a palace with the same unconscious ease with which she moved about in her own house, and she was as free from awkward shyness and *mauvaise honte* as a bird in the wood; so that there was nothing to be said against her on the score of manners; except, indeed—and it is a grave charge in the estimation of many—that she was so unlike everybody else. That she truly was. She had very little conventional small-talk, but alternated between intervals of silence, when subjects did not interest her, and bursts of something very like eloquence, when they did. Then, again, all—even the best and most attached wives in the town—agreed that she was quite preposterous in her devotion to her husband; that a good thing might be carried too far; that it was enough to spoil the best man on earth; and that, as for those poor children, they could but suspect that they must be cruelly neglected. And generally a dissertation on the subject would end with an expression of pity for Mr Senior, who never could, it was dogmatically affirmed, find his wife in the least companionable, and who had often no doubt regretted bitterly the unequal and unbecoming marriage he had made.

So we blunder on in our comments upon the inner life of our next-door neighbours—envying them, perhaps, for some external brightness, mere glitter to their eye, mere sounding brass to their ear; and pitying them for something that they recognise as the choice and peculiar blessing in their lot. For my own part, I have so often heard a home-circle congratulated on some added income, or social step gained that brought more than counterbalancing care; and compassionated because of that chronic invalid, whose patient sick-room was the very holy of holies of the house; that idiot child or infirm relative, for whom each eye softened, and each voice took a tenderer tone; I have so often seen the survivors of the so-called ill-matched couple go mourning to the grave, and marvelled at the prompt replacing of the loss deemed irreparable—that I no longer venture to dole out condolence or felicitations unclaimed, and generally assume, that whatever my own impressions about my neighbours may be, in nine cases out of ten they are wrong. Certainly, in this particular case of the Seniors, the A—— coteries were egregiously at fault. They grew each year more completely happy in each other. Her mind expanded till she became the favourite companion of her husband's mind, as well as the pleasure of his heart. He shared with her his intellectual life, theories, doubts, difficulties—all. Her constant presence was sweet and soothing to him at all times, as the song of birds, the murmur of the distant sea, the perfume of flowers, the light shadow of dancing leaves upon the grass, or any other of the beneficent natural influences we half unconsciously enjoy. However busy he might be—too busy to notice her—she never entered the room but that it seemed to him to grow lighter. But we must pass swiftly over these swift years with their uneventful happiness. The baby in the cradle that night when Teresa first took courage to read aloud the secret of her husband's generous heart, was a fine intelligent girl of eleven now; and there is a little Teresa, a merry, laughing, light-hearted monkey of eight, very unlike either parent, in whom the elder and quieter sister's heart is much wrapped up, and whom she governs with a pretty show of grave authority. These girls have a happy childhood, but they are a good deal alone, for papa cannot always read and write when they are in the room. Their mother has brought them up in her own loving faith. They most affectionately revere their father, and fully believe that, for talent and goodness, there is not his equal in Great Britain. To be with him, is their best reward; to please him, their most powerful motive. Perhaps, in the very bottom of their hearts, they love their mother still better; but they feel as if this were wrong, and would not dare to tell her so for the world. Mrs Forbes and the faithful Janet were not unfrequent visitors at the professor's house, and the two girls spent much of their time with them, and were the life of the quiet home at C——. The great excitement in that household just now was the expected return of Teresa's father to his own country. The old Austrian colonel before mentioned had lately died, leaving a good deal of property to his adopted son. The war that broke out in Hungary about the time of Teresa's marriage had interfered with his projected return to Venice, but it had afforded him many opportunities of advancement. Now that it was all over, he was able to leave the service with honour—a major, with considerable means of his own, if he could once extricate them from the variety of investments the good colonel had taken pleasure in. But it would not be till the beginning of next winter (it was the spring of 1859 now) that he could calculate upon realising, and then he should hurry home. What joy to see his Teresa and her children! Perhaps he might be able to buy back the old place; perhaps it would be better to live with his kind sister Chrissy in her house at C——. Anyhow, he hoped to pay her back some of the kindness she had shewn his child. She would not object, he was sure, to his throwing out a room or two, if need were; he should like good roomy quarters for the young ones. After his wild rambling youth, who would ever have thought of his quietly laying his bones in old Scotland within sound of the kirk bell!

Mrs Forbes and Janet talked of little else than the major's return, and sometimes they nearly fell out about the alterations in the house, or the enlargement in the housekeeping, that would or would not ensue upon his arrival. On their last return from A——, they again fell to some of their old discussions.

'The major will be a douce man, I'm thinking, by his letters, and 'ull no fash aboot brick and mortar when he sees how gude a house this is. But I'd be wae he suld see sic a change upon his dochter as I do.'

'What nonsense you talk, Janet! My brother has not seen Teresa for seventeen years or more; he'll hardly remember the child's thin sallow face, which little promised then to turn out as it has. I'm sure the change is all for the better; and a sweet-looking woman she still is, though not so very young now, which makes you and me feel that we are getting old, Janet. Years will tell upon us all.'

'I didna say the years had dune it,' said Janet tartly, for she was always sensitive on the subject of age. 'But there's something ails the young mistress—something wrang. Ae day I found her wi' her hand upon her heart, and like to faint; she as gude

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as owned she wasna sae strong. "But, O Janet," said she, "Mr Senior manna ken." I thocht to mysel, let him alane wi' his beuks, and he'll no ken what's under his verra nose. But I held my whisht. Eh, but she 's awfully taken up aboot him!'

'I think,' said Mrs Forbes, 'that you 're mistaken about Teresa. She used to have those faintnesses as a girl, you 'll remember, and nothing came of them. But I own I had my misgivings about the professor himself. He was grown thin and pale, I thought; and when he knew Teresa was not noticing him, I 've caught a sad look on his face. They have a happy home, Janet; God grant them health to enjoy it—there 's nothing else wanting.'

Alas! the good women with their forebodings were both but too right—the happy home was already darkened by the shadow of a gathering cloud. A silent fear had for some little time past risen in Mr Senior's mind, a foreboding of grave, if not mortal disease. If right in his suspicions, much terrible suffering, from which his sensitive organisation peculiarly recoiled, lay before him, even if a lingering life were allowed. He shrank from mentioning his suspicions to his wife; he had not courage to confront her agony. But no weary look of his, no diminished brightness in his smile, could escape her watchfulness, although she had not a conjecture of the serious danger he apprehended. The vacation was at hand. They should pass through Edinburgh, and he would just consult their old acquaintance, Mr John Caird, now a physician of repute, as to the best regimen during the summer holidays. That was all Teresa thought, so effectually had her husband concealed his fears. But her heart was very heavy as she kissed her children's bright faces on the threshold of the dear home. How if she should die, and leave him in delicate health? That strange faintness—thank God, he knew nothing of it!—which had come over her more than once of late, always brought with it a cold fear of being taken away from him. For the first time for many years, there was an unshared thought in the heart of each. Arrived at Edinburgh, Mr Senior installed his Teresa in the most comfortable hotel of its brightest street, and cheerfully said, as he left her: 'Who would have thought of that raw, vilely dressed student, turning out a grave authority before whom I for one shall quake? I half believe I am fanciful and over-fearful in matters of health, and that I shall get laughed at for my pains. However, I must go, for he has promised to receive me this afternoon. I shall be with you again in an hour.' And smiling at her, he went away, thinking in his brave, kind heart—'If I do bring back my sentence of death, it will be time enough to torture her with it then—my poor Teresa!'

In an hour he did return, ran up the stairs like a boy, and clasped her to his heart. 'I half suspected I was a fool, *Liebchen*, but I am rejoiced to know it for a certainty. I've had a private bugbear of my own of late. Dr Caird assures me that alarm is quite unfounded.'

'Alarm!' she said, growing very pale.

'What! frightened, love, at the ghost of a fear? Dr Caird laid it at once. That was all I really cared to know. I could hardly listen to his cautious commonplaces. But what a change in him! The boy was not father to that man. He looked at me with the most sad and solemn face—partly professional, I suppose; partly, I daresay, caught from that lugubrious mother of his, who lives with him, I find; one of your *bêtes noires* in quiet C——, how many years ago? But you must come out before the evening's beauty fades. To-morrow, Dr Caird said he should call to renew his acquaintance with the *Frau Professorinn*, and to-morrow I must spend at the college. Let us make the most of our time now; I feel stronger than I have done for weeks.'

They went out, with their happy, grateful hearts, into the bright sun-lighted street, with its gay crowds—they wandered in the gardens, fresh with their early green—they watched the rosy light deepen, then fade in the west, and the Castle rock tower higher in the gloaming—they planned their holiday tour to the southern coast.

To Mr Senior, perhaps the world had never seemed so fair before—the pressure of an anxiety to which he was constitutionally sensitive removed, his elastic nature thrilled with the joy of the reaction. Before him stretched out again happy years of mental activity and home peace; he was not to be called on to relinquish the 'luxury and triumph of thinking,' nor the familiar sweetnesses of his Teresa's love. How exquisite the trembling of the young leaves against the 'daffodil sky!'—how very dear the pressure of the little hand upon his arm! His whole nature melted into unutterable enjoyment—and hers reflected his.

The next morning, Dr Caird called early, and found Teresa alone. Was the professor out? Yes, for some hours. He seemed relieved, and drew his chair beside hers. He was very grave and solemn indeed. She could hardly credit her own recollection of the youth, with his fresh broad face and many-coloured apparel. She inquired for his mother; reverted to old days in C——; to former neighbours, and the changes time had wrought among them; admired Edinburgh enthusiastically: no subject seemed to take with him; he answered briefly—absently, she thought; and each succeeding pause was longer than before.

She was inwardly thinking how she should relate her hard conversational struggle to her husband, and sunning her spirit in the playful smile with which he would, she knew, listen and sympathise, when, with an apparent effort, Dr Caird suddenly said: 'I wished to speak to you this morning on the subject of Mr Senior's health. You have doubtless been for some time aware of the impression on his own mind concerning which he consulted me?'

'No, she had not been so till his return yesterday afternoon, when, for the first time, he had hinted at some past anxiety over and gone. In his great kindness, he had concealed it from her, till it was happily dispelled.'

'Still you must for some time past have remarked symptoms of failing health?'

'Failing health!' She rose, she struggled for breath. 'No—slight loss of appetite—sleep rather more broken, he never was a sound sleeper—an air of lassitude—a shadow round the eyes, nothing more—all arising from overwork, she knew. Her husband told her that Dr Caird advised change of air and scene—but had quite set his fears to rest.'

'Yes, his fears had taken a wrong direction. But I deeply grieve to tell you that I have every reason to apprehend a still more serious calamity'—— He stopped; Teresa was pale as death, and gasping fearfully. 'You are ill,' said he, throwing open the window through which the merry street-sounds came. 'Let me ring for a glass of wine—this shock is too great—let me lay you on the sofa.'

'No, no,' said she, making a violent effort, but still shivering convulsively. 'I am better now—this will pass over. But that I may have strength to bear what you have to tell me—will you place your hand on my pulse, my heart?—may there not be disease here?' The doctor felt the pulse, then kneeled down beside her, and listened. 'Do not, I beseech you, hide from me the truth. God is so merciful, I do not think He will leave me to live without my husband. But I must be strong while he wants me.'

There were tears in Dr Caird's eyes as he rose. 'Had she felt these symptoms long?'

'Is there heart-disease?' she replied, clasping her hands.

'Yes, undoubtedly; but with care and' ('the avoidance of strong emotion,' he was about to say, but he

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checked the useless words) 'with care and prudence, her life might be long spared.'

She shook her head almost impatiently. 'What must I do to keep strong—strong while he wants me?'

Dr Caird took a small bottle out of his pocket, and rang the bell. 'Drink this,' he said, giving her the powerful cordial he had prepared.

When the colour had returned to her lips, and she could stand firm again, she implored him to go on, and tell her all the truth, assuring him she could bear it now.

With the utmost tenderness, he proceeded to state to her the grounds for, and the nature of, his apprehensions in her husband's case. Yet how give a death-blow tenderly? He had to name a terrible scourge, a word at which every cheek grows pale.

Teresa quivered throughout her frame, and hid her face. She had heard from her husband that it was from this, in another form, that his mother died—had seen him shudder as he recalled her sufferings. 'You did not hint at this to him?' she said. 'God bless you for that!'

'I did not. His relief at discovering that his own apprehension was unfounded was so great—he told me so candidly of what he called his constitutional cowardliness in the matter of physical pain—seemed so confident of recovery from all other, and he believed minor complaints, and so unwilling to listen to any further discussion of the case—that I could not make up my mind to do so. Medicines can do little in the case. I have prescribed rest and change of scene. There may not be much actual pain; and I thought it best to save him the anticipation for a little time at least. But I felt I ought to prepare you.'

'I thank you from my heart. Will it be possible to conceal from him the nature of the illness to—to'—— She could not say to the last, but looked into his face so piteously that again the doctor's eyes were clouded. Before departing, he, at her earnest request, traced for her the probable stages of her husband's malady; pointed out every means of alleviation; minutely laid down the most judicious treatment, physically and mentally, in his case; and with reference to hers, had specially enjoined that she should never be without a powerful stimulant at hand, to be taken whenever she anticipated the recurrence of such attacks as the one he had that day witnessed. 'Your own life may be prolonged for many years, or it may be suddenly arrested, according as these spasms are treated promptly. They may not return for months, but I implore you always to have a strong cordial, such as I shall prescribe, within reach. Take this precaution—attend to your general health, and as much as possible'—— (Again he checked himself—what mockery to talk to her of a mind at rest!) 'May God bless and support you. Turn to Him!'

And the busy professional man turned away with tearful eyes and a heavy heart. His worthy mother would have groaned over Teresa as a sad idolator, and he himself held most of his mother's views. There was a Mrs Caird at home, a very different type of wife, though an excellent woman, with whom he enjoyed average happiness, and little Cairds, who made the brightness of his life. But for all these interests and more—so strong was the memory of his boyish dream—that he felt he would gladly have forfeited some years of fees and fame, rather than have been the one appointed to inflict the anguish of this fearful knowledge upon the object of his early love.

Teresa sat long where he had left her, stunned by the suddenness and the weight of the blow. So it is ever ordained by our Heavenly Father's pity. These terrible griefs which come to most of us once in our lifetime, which we are marvels and mysteries to ourselves ever after for having survived, seem at the first unreal. There was the sun shining in as it did an hour before; there were the people walking, laughing in the streets. Her mind reeled away from the terrible truth. She heard, she saw for a little space—she did not feel. Then there floated in upon the southern breeze the merry chimes of St Giles's: it was one o'clock. He would be here in less than an hour. Stronger even than this agony was the need of hiding it from him. He must never know what *she* knows, and yet she lives, for it is necessary she should live to nurse, to cheer him. The suffering stage may not set in yet; there may be yet before him summer months of enjoyment of his beloved nature and his high thoughts. It matters not what she suffers, he must not read his doom in her face. And God was so merciful: she should not survive him—they would not be parted long.

When Mr Senior came, he found all things ready for their departure. 'How bright your colour is, love!' was his first exclamation. 'Has the grave doctor paid his visit? Come and sit by me, and tell me all about it. I like your little narratives, with their pretty strokes of satire.' And smiling, she drew her footstool to his side, and he forgot his weariness listening to her sprightly talk.

Will any one say that this is unnatural, over-drawn, impossible? *It is true.* Such heroism as this, such utter forgetfulness of self, for the sake of some dearer self in husband or child, is no rare thing among women. We rejoice to know of this sublime strength of love put forth in many a character deemed commonplace, and in circumstances that may and do happen every day; and for every instance of the kind that comes within our knowledge, let us thank God with deepened reverence for the human nature which is His highest work, and fuller faith in its possibilities to come.

Mr and Mrs Senior travelled to the south of England during this last summer. For some time, there was full enjoyment on the part of the invalid of the sweet coast-scenery and the warmer climate; gradually the sense of lassitude increased, and pain set in more frequently; but he never guessed the fearful cause of the downward progress, and still there were every day intervals of ease. Whenever these came, Teresa's face was still bright—more beautiful than even her husband thought it, as he often told her. Never had she valued this beauty more. No taste of his had ever been unheeded by her, but now she was more than ever solicitous to wear his favourite colours, to roll her rich hair in the classic coils he liked, to make a lovely picture in the sick man's eye. Sometimes he would playfully chide her lavish expenditure in books and flowers, but she would as playfully justify the skilfulness of her management; for she well knew that he had no long illness to provide for; for herself, she never contemplated any further future, and her father's wealth would more than suffice for her girls. From them they had long and frequent letters, telling of a happy summer spent with Aunt Forbes and dear old Janet, and of all their anticipations not only of their parents' return, but of grandpapa's arrival.

'We will return home, love, and see our children once more,' said Mr Senior one early autumn day. This *once more* was the first intimation he had given her in words of his consciousness of danger. From that time they spoke with perfect openness of the great change which awaited them both; for Teresa now told her husband what reason she had to hope that she should not long survive him. True, she had been marvellously free from all alarming attacks this summer, but then *he* had required her health, and her trust was undoubting in God's mercy, calling her away when he needed her no more. At first, this shocked him—thinking of the orphan girls. But she gradually won him over to believe with her, that they would be well and tenderly cared for by her father and her aunt; and to rejoice that in all probability

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she would not be long desolate. Her great and absorbing love had this reward—that he fully believed in it.

By slow, short stages, they travelled northwards. When they reached Edinburgh, Mr Senior's strength was too exhausted to proceed; and Teresa was glad to have Dr Caird at hand, confiding, as she had good reason to do, implicitly in his skill and kindness. So she wrote to C——, to ask her aunt to come over—bringing the girls with her. There was much sweetness mingled with the sadness of the meeting. How the children had grown! how fresh and fair they looked! pictures of health and strength.

'They have your eyes, Teresa,' their father said, while she propped him up on his sofa, that he might see them better, as they stood there tightly grasping each other's hands, awed by the change upon his face. Long and lovingly he looked at them, while still Teresa looked at him; then he bade them go out and admire the beautiful town. 'It would rest him,' he said, 'to be alone with their mother.'

We will not dwell upon these last sacred days of unutterable anguish, and yet strong consolation; of intimate communion of soul with soul in the near presence of the great mystery of death; of faith growing brighter as the shadow deepened, and love more than ever felt to be undying. Mr Senior's last words to his wife were: 'Much that was once very dark is growing clear to me now, love; we shall meet again,' and his dying glance met her exulting smile.

That night the children lay sobbing in each other's arms: 'Papa has left us, mamma will surely leave us too.' It did not seem to them possible that she should survive him; yet her calm had startled her kind aunt, as she had kissed and blessed them, spoken to them of *him*, and of what his daughters should be. Mrs Forbes had noticed it to Dr Caird, but he shook his head.

'I dread the re-action,' he said. 'I thought her changed and feeble, as though the vital energies, so long strained, had suddenly run down. I wish it had been possible to watch over her this first night; but the very mention of such a thing brought on such agitation, I feared to urge it further. I have placed a very strong restorative by her side, in case of faintness. I shall call very early in the morning. God help the mourner; we must leave her alone with her dead!'

Mrs Forbes and her faithful Janet sat up late that night. Creeping to the door of *that* room, they shuddered to hear Teresa speaking low, lavishing kisses, words of love, old fresh familiar phrases—for the first time in vain. It seemed sacrilege to listen, and they turned away. The next time, Janet thought she heard a quiet sobbing. 'Puir, puir lammie, the Gude Shepherd hush her in His bosom, I pray; maybe she'll greet hersel to sleep there.' Later on in the night, all was silent; she slept, no doubt, and they went up to their rooms with thankful hearts.

Dr Caird came, as he had promised, very early the next morning. Teresa had not rung yet, they told him, she had fallen to sleep so late. Cruel it seemed to him to wake her from that merciful unconsciousness; and yet a vague anxiety crept over him as he sat and waited, growing and growing till he could bear it no longer. He knocked gently—no answer; knocked again, then gently opened the door. Did she then sleep so fast after much weeping? She had nestled close to the marble form, one arm thrown across it, her face hid on its breast. The attitude so life-like, so easy, and yet this strange oppressive silence! The cordial draught stands untouched on the table there.

Dr Caird steadies himself as he gazes on the scene he will never to his dying day forget—the grand calm face, the solemn outline beneath the rigid folds; and close beside the graceful form in its bright attire, the auburn hair streaming over the motionless breast! He takes the little hand; it is quite cold, not stiff yet.

Out of doors, the yellow fog was gathering thick, and a few snow-flakes were beginning to fall. O well for her that there was no wakening to this wintry life, *alone!* The few who knew and loved her best owned that it was well; that she died by the merciful visitation of God.

THE LATEST EPIC.

When what is mortal of Mr Alfred Tennyson and of Mr and Mrs Browning perisheth—and may their end be distant!—there will be no small difficulty in discovering their fit successors. There is no lack of poets, indeed, who would easily put to shame the too eulogised herd of rhymsters of a century ago—the common soldiers of all ranks in Literature being both stronger and better than of yore—but of the acknowledged Heirs to the Laurel, of whom at that epoch a dozen could have been checked off at least, without contradiction, there is now, perhaps, not one Apparent, and but few Presumptive. In Poetry, if not in War, it is a far greater evil to have an army without chiefs, than to have chiefs without an army; quality, not quantity of Verse being the thing desirable—for, as has been written of draught ale, so of verse, man wants but little here below, but likes that little good.

There are not above half-a-dozen names which now occur to us—and which we decline here to mention, for fear of making a mortal foe of some omitted seventh—that have bidden fair at any time within the last ten years to become the future Laureates of England; and some even of those—such as the author of *Festus*—have since committed literary suicide, having published such a second volume as has put their admirers to silence and an open shame. Of these half-dozen, the last in order of publication was Mr Owen Meredith, of *Clytemnestra* and *The Wanderer*, and now, within the last few weeks, of *Lucile*. Mr Meredith's second volume was a good one, and although plainly an echo of Mr Browning's, lacked little of the dramatic strength and descriptive power of its original, and was something quite different from that faint and melancholy reverberation which echoes from Mr Browning usually are. On this occasion he appears to be fired by the example of *Aurora Leigh*, and has given us a modern epic, consisting of six cantos, which will furnish a meditative reader—who reads poetry upon Sundays—with one page *per diem* for all the year round. The plot of the poem, in spite of its not being a good one, has been used many scores of times before. The *dramatis personæ* are these. A Platonic lady—Lucile herself—who plays (metaphorically speaking) fast and loose with more than one young gentleman, and becomes eventually a nun and the bride of Heaven, having thrown away all her sublunary matrimonial chances in an extravagant fashion. Who is it that does not recognise this very unsatisfactory, and happily rather uncommon female?

Her youth
One occasion had known, when, if fused in another,
That tumult of soul, which she now sought to smother,
Finding scope within man's larger life, and controlled
By man's clearer judgment, perchance might have rolled
Into channels enriching the troubled existence
Which it now only vexed with an inward resistance.
But that chance fell too soon, when the crude sense of power
Which had been to her nature so fatal a dower,
Was too fierce and unfashioned to fuse itself yet
In the life of another, and served but to fret
And to startle the man it yet haunted and thralled;
And that moment, once lost, had been never recalled.
But it left her heart sore: and to shelter her heart
From approach, she then sought, in that delicate art

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Of concealment, those thousand adroit strategies
Of feminine wit, which repel while they please,
A weapon, at once, and a shield, to conceal
And defend all that women can earnestly feel.
Thus, striving her instincts to hide and repress,
She felt frightened at times by her very success;
She pined for the hill-tops, the clouds, and the stars:
Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars,
If they keep us behind prison-windows: impassioned
Her heart rose and burst the light cage she had fashioned
Out of glittering trifles around it, unfurled
Wings of desolate flight, and soared up from the world.
In this dual identity possibly lay
The secret and charm of her singular sway
Over men of the world. 'Twas the genius, all warm
With the woman, that gave to the woman a charm
Indescribably strange; there appeared in her life
A puzzle, a mystery—something at strife
With such men, which yet thralled and enchained them in part,
And, perplexing the fancy, still haunted the heart.
That intensity, earnestness, depth, or veracity,
Which starward impelled her with such pertinacity
As turns to the loadstar the needle, reflected
Itself upon others: she therefore affected,
Unconsciously, those amongst whom she was thrown,
As the magnet the metals it neighbours.

There is a beautiful and charming young person, Matilda—Lady Vargrave—who is made miserable on the above-mentioned lady's account, until the latter chooses to come forward with that protection and patronage which people's Soul-sisters have always extended to people's Wives, and makes her happy.

In her habit and hat, with her glad golden hair,
As airy and blithe as a blithe bird in air,
And her arch rosy lips, and her eager blue eyes,
With their little impertinent look of surprise,
And her round youthful figure, and fair neck, below
The dark drooping feather, as radiant as snow—
I can only declare, that if *I* had the chance
Of passing three days in the exquisite glance
Of those eyes, or caressing the hand that now petted
That fine English mare, I should much have regretted
Whatever might lose me one little half-hour
Of a pastime so pleasant, when once in my power.
For, if one drop of milk from the bright Milky-Way
Could turn into a woman, 'twould look, I daresay,
Not more fresh than Matilda was looking that day.

There is a Duc de Luvois, so exceedingly chivalric and high-minded, in consequence of being related to the Bourbon family, that he can follow no other profession than that of systematic Seduction. His vices, our author confesses—

From their earnest intense prosecution,
Appeared almost (!) criminal. Nevertheless
What in him gave to vice, from its pathos and stress,
A sort of malignity, might have, perchance,
Had the object been changed by transposed circumstance,
Given vigour to virtue.

The circumstance, however, not being 'transposed,' this gentleman remains an unmitigated sensualist.

There is a Lord Alfred Vargrave, one of those magnificent young gentlemen in high life who can do anything if they choose, only they never do choose, and can accomplish the very grandest acts, only they are not necessary.

Having failed at the springs they seek first
To satiate wholly the undying thirst
Of a deathless desire, they would quench it for ever
In the dregs of a sensual opiate—endeavour
To trample out that which is brightest in them,
The star that is set on their soul's diadem,
Because it has failed to enkindle in others
One spark from the glory which nothing quite smothers:
For they cannot all stifle the spirit. At night
They reel home from the orgy beneath the wan light
Of the star that reproachfully leads them. The world
In darkness and dream and oblivion is furled;
Their destiny stirs and awakes in them then.
While their cheek with the wine is yet flushing, these men
Arise, and the serpent and ape at their feet
Crouch and huddle. Their hair creeps. Their brow gathers heat
From some seraph that sadly regards them. They start,
Like a god from the clay, into beauty and art.
What breaks from the lip with such passionate strain?
Some wild song of the revel, re-echoed again?
Nay, hark! 'tis the psalm of the soul, as her wings
Are unfurled—'tis the Bard, 'tis no drunkard, that sings!
Heaven opens. Earth yawns. Hell delivers its prey.
The beast and false prophet slink, baffled, away.
The world stands afar off to wonder or scoff—
The chariots of Israel, the horsemen thereof!
The spirit ascends through the heavenly portal,
And the mantle, descending, hath covered the mortal!

The man is a profligate sensualist,
The man's life a reckless debauch, you insist:
Let the man's life be all that you will, I appeal
The man's work is immortal—behold it, and kneel!
But the life of the man? Can you tell where it lies?
In the effort to sink, or the power to rise?
Can you guess what the thirst is, the man quenches thus?
In vain! shall we tell what he fails to tell us?

This Byronic, Lytton-Bulweresque young gentleman is the hero, and at first in love with either of the young ladies, according to 'transposed' circumstances—that is to say, with whichever happens to be nearest at hand—but when he marries Matilda, his affections are of course thenceforward wrapped up entirely in Lucile.

Besides these characters, there is a not very funny cousin of Lord Vargrave's and a Scotch Baronet, who is the person of lowest rank admitted into this very exclusive drama of modern life. There is nothing vulgar—if what is titled is secure from that dreadful adjective—from the first line of this poem to the last. A guide, to be sure, is casually spoken of, and well described.

His guide rode beside him.
The king of the guides!
The great Bernard himself! ever boldly he rides,
Ever gaily he sings! For to him, from of old,
The hills have confided their secrets, and told
Where the white partridge lies, and the cock o' the woods;
Where the izard flits fine through the cold solitudes;
Where the bear lurks *perdu*; and the lynx on his prey
At nightfall descends, when the mountains are grey;
Where the sassafras blooms, and the blue-bell is born,
And the wild rhododendron first reddens at morn;
Where the source of the waters is fine as a thread;
How the storm on the wild Maladetta is spread;
Where the thunder is hoarded, the snows lie asleep,
Whence the torrents are fed, and the cataracts leap;
And, familiarly known in the hamlets, the vales
Have whispered to him all their thousand love-tales;
He has laughed with the girls, he has leaped with the boys;
Ever blithe, ever bold, ever boon, he enjoys
An existence untroubled by envy or strife,
While he feeds on the dews and the juices of life.
And so lightly he sings, and so gaily he rides,
For Bernard le Sauteur is the king of all guides!

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But it must be remembered that this guide only attends upon the very highest class of continental travellers, and is not to be considered as a type of, or to be in any way confounded with, the lower orders. Social position is never lost sight of for a single stanza, not even when the gentleman, who is all passion, is making love to the lady, who is all sentiment.

'It is not [says he] the Duke de Luvois that here kneels
To the Countess Lucile. 'Tis a soul that appeals
To a soul,' &c. &c.

Are Dukes and Countesses so exceedingly snobbish as this? How very odd such a statement, at so tender a moment, would sound in the mouth of one of the middle classes: 'Forget that your father keeps a green-grocer's shop in a leading thoroughfare; forget that I own a mill. 'Tis a soul,' &c. The egotism, the blind selfishness, the entire absence of any thought of making themselves useful or beneficial to others, that pervade all these noble persons for 260 pages, would gladden the soul of Mr Bright. They make love to one another indeed (whenever it is clearly wrong and vicious so to do), but never with such an enthusiasm as causes them to forget themselves. Mr Owen Meredith flatters himself he knows how to make love, and that he speaks the language correctly in which it is most conveniently made.

I swear
I have wandered about in the world everywhere;
From many strange mouths have heard many strange tongues;
Strained with many strange idioms my lips and my lungs;
Walked in many a far land, regretting my own;
In many a language groaned many a groan;
And have often had reason to curse those wild fellows
Who built the high house at which Heaven turned jealous,
Making human audacity stumble and stammer
When seized by the throat in the hard gripe of Grammar.
But the language of languages dearest to me
Is that in which once, *O ma toute chérie*,
When, together, we bent o'er your nosegay for hours,
You explained what was silently said by the flowers,
And, selecting the sweetest of all, sent a flame
Through my heart, as, in laughing, you murmured *je t'aime*.
O my Rosebud of Pæstum, whose bloom never dies!
Now dead on my bosom that dear flow'ret lies;
But the meaning you gave to it then cannot fade;
In my being it blooms, and its fragrance hath made
A garden within me, where memory strays,
Evermore, with faint footfalls, down blossoming ways.

There are numbers of excellent passages such as this scattered about the volume, which displays throughout all the ease, and some of the wit, of the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. But this 'fatal facility' of rhyming begets pages of twaddle, such as not even the high society which forms its theme can render supportable.

Lord Alfred Vargrave is made a decent husband of at last by the loss of his property, which one is at first inclined to hope is total, as thereby forcing him to exhibit some of those transcendentabilities which he hides so carefully from the vulgar eye. But the poverty is, after all, by no means abject, since he can send his eldest son to Eton, and afterwards place him in a (doubtless 'crack') regiment bound for the Crimea, where he is struck down by a Russian bullet. Of course, he is in love with the niece of his father's enemy, and forbidden to marry her.

If my niece wishes ever
To behold me again, understand, she will never
Wed that man.

All in the 'fine old crusted' style, and extending to painful limits. Of course, the uncle is in the French army, bronzed in Algerian campaigns—perhaps in smoking Moors alive in caverns of refuge—and is the Duc de Luvois in 'transposed' circumstances; while Lucile, who is a sort of religious Vivandière, intercedes with him for the lovesick and wounded youth, and the curtain falls upon the usual domestic felicities.

Another, then, and one of the most promising, of our already sufficiently scanty band of growing poets, has, in short, made a complete mess of it, and had much better have burnt his *Lucile* than published it. If Owen Meredith be indeed, as is commonly reported, but a *nom de plume*, and the poet himself the son of him he is said to be, he would do better, while emulating his father's talents, not to perpetuate his faults by reproducing from his early *répertoire*—which he himself would have us forget—his worst and weakest characters.

A COLONIAL ADVENTURE.

MANY years of my life have passed since I bade farewell, for good and aye, to the flourishing colony of Nova Scotia; and the remembrance of the interests and amusements in which I once participated; of the climate, under whose influence I have so often shivered or scorched; of the scenery, so wild, yet so beautiful, has now faded away from my recollection, before the impression of other and newer scenes. There is one incident of my stay there, however, which stands out sharp and prominent from amongst the haze that shadows the rest of the picture, and from its peculiarity and absurdity never recurs to my mind without a smile, though the laugh be entirely at my own expense.

Halifax is not, or rather was not, in my time, at all deficient in amusements; the country around it afforded abundance of hunting, shooting, and fishing to those whose time and inclination led them to indulge in such pursuits. In summer, the presence of the West Indian fleet gave life to the society of the town; and when winter laid its icy hand on the little peninsula, and with its barrier of snow and frost seemed almost to cut off the Halligonians from the rest of the world, it brought with it, too, new amusements to console them for their isolated position. The lakes, ponds, and sometimes parts of the sea itself, were covered with skaters. With the first fall of snow, sleighs, with their rich furs and merry sounding bells, were to be seen rapidly gliding in every direction; sleighing-parties, replete with fun and incident, were constantly organised; while the members of the Tandem Club vied with each other in the neatness of their turn-outs and driving skill. Those, again, whose empty pockets were a check on their charioteering propensities, took their share of amusement out of the snow, by traversing its surface on racquets, or mounted on coaster or treboggin, by rushing over it where it clothed some steep hillside. In all these amusements, however, I participated but little; a sedentary occupation engrossed my day from nine o'clock until five, leaving me but a slender margin for bodily exercise. Thus situated, I used most fervently to wish the six months' winter to come to an end, and looked forward with pleasure to the long bright mornings of summer. These were indeed a boon to me; I generally devoted them to bathing (for the few summer months of the Nova Scotian climate are intensely hot); and I found that a dip in the sea before breakfast was the best fortifier both of mind and body for the business of the day. With this recreation I combined that of riding, so that, on a fine morning, I was about the first moving thing that the sun saw when he rose over the eastern hills, as I proceeded on horseback to my usual bathing-place.

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Let no one picture to himself, at this familiar name, smooth sands, machines, and stout amphibious bathing-women; but rather a bold rock running out into the sea, with twenty feet water beneath it, the adjoining shore wooded with stunted pine to the water's edge, and only accessible by a rough and intricate path through the bush. This is not a place to go into ecstasies on the beauty of these morning-rides, the cool refreshing air, the luxuriant, almost tropical foliage, dripping with dew; the rising sun, breaking red and hot through the mists that seemed to cling to the surface of the sea; the busy notes of the different birds, as they awoke to the duties of the day, from the consequential chirp of the American robin, a stately fellow in red waistcoat and dark glossy coat, who sought his matutinal worm in a slow and dignified manner, to the quick hiss of the diminutive humming-bird, hurrying on, in his livery of green and gold, to gain the first sip from the new store of dew that the night had provided for him in the cups of his favourite flowers. Suffice to say, that to one who saw nature but seldom, these early interviews were very enjoyable.

It was on such a morning as I have described that I was cantering quietly along the turf side-path which led to my usual bathing-place, accompanied by my constant companion, a rough Skye terrier, whose extended tongue and depressed tail shewed that the pace was too severe for his short legs, when I was met by an agricultural Bluenose, the possessor of the only log-hut and clearing that lay on my road. Now, this meeting was nothing unusual in itself, since I had often before exchanged good-mornings on passing him, as with his oxen and wain he toiled along the deeply rutted road. He was naturally of a phlegmatic temperament, the descendant probably of some Dutch settler, and usually jealous of removing his short clay-pipe to indulge in conversation; but on this occasion something had transpired which had effectually aroused him. In his open mouth was no pipe; the oxen were left at home; and their owner, with a very dirty white face, and hair on end, was running along the road at the rate of four good miles an hour. On seeing me, however, he stopped, and as soon as he had recovered sufficient breath to speak, begged me to turn back with him. He then proceeded to inform me that a convict, a most desperate ruffian, and sentenced, for murder, to penal servitude for life, had escaped from the neighbouring penitentiary on the preceding afternoon; that search had been made for him that evening, but without success, and he was supposed to have escaped further into the bush. That night, however, he had made his way into the settler's lonely house, demanded food, and spent a pleasant evening over the fire, smoking the Dutchman's short pipe, eating his supper, and drinking his private store of rum. The poor squatter and his wife were utterly cowed, and ministered to the wants of their unwelcome guest in every particular. This probably mollified his temper, and perhaps prevented his fulfilling his first threat of adding murder to robbery. At daybreak, he left them, first, however, forbidding the lawful owner to quit his house for some hours, on peril of his life. This command poor Dutchy dared to disobey, and leaving his partner to the guardianship of providence, was now careering towards the town as fast as his legs could carry him. His object for going there was not so clear; he appeared to have some hazy idea that there he would find safety and assistance; but his faculties had not sufficiently recovered the shock they had received, to enable him to form any connected plan of proceedings. Now, I must say that when I received this story, interspersed with many puffs and groans from my still short-winded informant, my first impulse was to turn back, and giving up my bathe, to keep him company on his way to town. Still, when I calculated on the chances of meeting the escaped one at all, much more at the moment when I was in the water, stripped and defenceless, I found the odds against the rencontre were very large; besides, I did not feel inclined to relinquish my bathe—I did not like the idea of retreating from fear of one man, who, for all I knew, might be now miles away; and therefore, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my friend, I determined to proceed. He did not waste much time in persuasion; but after looking at me for a moment or two with a wondering air, bowled on again at the top of his speed towards the town.

I was not altogether comfortable, I confess, as I kicked my horse's sides with my heel, and induced him to resume his canter; it was with rather an air of bravado that I whistled to my dog, told him the circumstances of the case, and exhorted him to keep a sharp look-out. I confess to looking over my shoulder from time to time, as I went on; and when I arrived at my bathing-place, I must say I took a careful survey round, before I dismounted or proceeded to fasten up my steed. There was no sound to be heard, except the monotonous surge of the calm water, and the patter of the drops falling from the dew-laden boughs. There were no marks of footsteps on the grass, or traces of any human being.

I felt secure, began to laugh at the absurdity of my former fears, and leisurely divesting myself of my garments, prepared to take the plunge. As I stood for one moment on the edge of the rock, with arms raised above my head, preparatory to the leap, I took one last look round: there was my horse, tethered to his usual stump, grazing peacefully; my dog lay panting near him. How foolish I had been, thought I; and in I went. Now, it is my custom, on jumping into deep water, not immediately to rise again, like a cork, to the surface, but to swim as long as I have any breath left, beneath it; and when at length I arrive at the top, to proceed to free my eyes from the salt-water, before looking much about me, for to see with eyes full of brine cannot reasonably be expected of anybody. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that on this particular occasion I did not immediately discover, after my submersion, some foreign object on my rock. However, I soon did. There was something there blue and yellow; its party-coloured legs were hanging over the ledge—it was the murderer! I could not at first believe my water-logged eyes, and gave them another rub; still there he sat, a rough-looking fellow enough, with close-cut hair, and forbidding face. In the corner of his dirty mouth was the Dutchman's pipe; on his knees, was my black coat, the pockets of which he was carelessly searching. He appeared a good-natured murderer enough, a victim of circumstances, I should say, one whose naturally good disposition had been perverted by education, and with a keen sense of fun into the bargain. Our comparative positions seemed to amuse him vastly. He helped himself to some tobacco he found in my coat-pocket; cut it up with a knife, and lighted it with a fusee that he found in my waistcoat-pocket; took a few whiffs with an air of great inward comfort; gave me a short nod, and then spoke: 'Fine morning, mate! Water cold?'

I had by this time taken a survey of my position, saw there was no help for it, so replied with a sympathetic shiver that it was cold—very cold; but, as he had observed, it was a fine morning.

'I'm agoing,' continued he, in an easy tone of voice, 'to borrer these here clothes of yourn; they're more quiet like than mine. I don't mind, too, if I change shirts, as yours seems the cleanest; though I think you'll gain in the long-run,' said he, beginning to strip, and exposing to my view a dirty, once red, now no-colour-at-all, flannel vestment, beneath his frieze. Remonstrances were vain. I was in the water, he on land—he was in possession. It was with grief that I viewed my garments one by one appropriated; and saw the gradual transformation

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of the man, from the real unmistakable convict, to something between a dissipated waiter and a clergyman in the Queen's Bench; for be it known, my garments were of a sad colour, and quiet cut, and although somewhat old, still dear to me. He could not get on my boots; there was hope in that: I should be able to walk home in comfort, if not in elegance—boots and a bathing-towel being hardly called fashionable, even in summer—but my hopes were doomed to be disappointed. After many endeavours to force his feet into them, and after splitting one of them in the unavailing struggle, he flung them both at me, saying they might be of use to me, but were none to him. He was now fully apparelled. He waved his hat—I mean *my* hat—in farewell, and turned to depart. He'll leave the horse, hoped I. I was soon freed from my suspense. I heard him proceed to unfasten him; I heard the animal's frightened snort as he recognised the different odour of the man. My dog, who had kept up an unavailing bark and growl during the whole of the proceedings, followed him a little way, but soon returned disgusted. I heard him canter off, the hasty footfalls re-echoing more faintly through the woods. I was alone again, and then the full force of my position struck me. I swam to the shore, my fingers blue, and my teeth chattering like a pair of castanets, climbed tremblingly up the rock, and viewed with disgust the heap of dirty garments before me. 'No,' said I; 'girt with bathing-towel only, or in the primitive and leafy costume of our first parents, will I return, but not in those detested clothes.'

At this moment, a sharp prick in the shoulder, followed by another, and by what Longfellow calls 'a sound of wings,' brought me down from my heroics. I looked round me—the air was dark with myriads thirsting for blood. With a feeling of sympathy for the Egyptians, and a surmise as to the probability of there being black flies and mosquitoes in Eden, I rushed to, and sought protection of, the many-coloured garments. It was enough; I needed no other protection; the black-fly legions retreated discomfited. Even my dog seemed inclined to keep to windward, and sniffed doubtingly at me. And here was a position to be in! How could I, in such guise, walk through the orderly streets of the town? How could I face the enraged stable-keeper, the owner of the valuable and now stolen horse? How could I, with feet naked and tender, walk along the rough footpath through the bush? With these reflections, I started on my way home, and gained the main road without sustaining any injury, with the exception of a few dozen thorns in each of my feet; but at this point I was descried by a party of police, who, under the conduct of the Dutchman, were evidently searching for the escaped one. Although at some distance, they immediately caught sight of my many-coloured clothes, and raising a shout, advanced upon me with all the confidence of numbers. In vain I assured them, at the top of my voice, that it was a case of mistaken identity, and offered to explain the circumstances that placed me in such a position. Encouraged by my unresisting mien, on they came, and I was seized, thrown down, picked up again, collared, shaken, and otherwise maltreated, long before the arrival of the Dutchman to the spot. He, as he possessed neither the same amount of valour nor wind as my captors, came up more leisurely; and though at first thrown by my appearance into a state of ludicrous uncertainty, in the end confirmed my asseverations of innocence. Upon this, I was delivered out of the hands of the law. Still I met with no sympathy; my case excited laughter amongst my captors, but nothing else. Under their surveillance, I was conducted to the house of his worship, the mayor, there to make my deposition. Of course, while engaged in this procession, with a file of police on each side of me, I was met by all the people of my acquaintance in whose opinion I more particularly desired to stand well; my only hope was, that they would not recognise me, and such I afterwards found was fortunately the case. His worship, with whom I was acquainted, after a good laugh at my expense, kindly lent me a suit of clothes; gave me some breakfast, which by this time I much needed; and sent me home, somewhat restored in equanimity. To finish the story briefly, I was the talk of the community, until some other and worthier topic engaged the public attention. Of my clothes, watch, &c., I never heard more, nor of him who appropriated them; but the horse was recovered without having sustained any serious injury, although the owner thereof of course declared it to be utterly ruined, and made me pay many a dollar for the convict's ride.

I often bathed at that same spot afterwards, both alone and with companions, but never without many a nervous glance towards the rock, both to assure myself of the safety of my clothes upon it, and that there was really no blue and yellow form there, with legs dangling lazily over its ledge.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Royal Society's Croonian lecture for the current year is worthy of notice here, as well by reason of the intrinsic importance of the subject, as because it was delivered by a young student of the university of Edinburgh, Mr Pettigrew. It is essential that the lecture shall treat of muscular motion; and the special instance in this case was *On the Arrangement of the Muscular Fibres of the Ventricular Portion of the Heart*, a question which has long been considered as the Gordian-knot of anatomy, and we must congratulate the lecturer on his success in untying it. Taking the left ventricle as the type, he shews its structure to consist of nine layers of fibres, the central one placed horizontally, while the four on each side of it run diagonally as well as vertically. Notwithstanding the differences of direction, the fibres are continuous, as is proved by careful dissection; so that each fibre is one long loop maintaining its integrity through all its convolutions. The fact is made visible to the eye by anatomical preparations, and by rolling up a breadth of thin striped muslin into a conical form, in which, when held against the light, the stripes are seen crossing and recrossing exactly as in the natural heart. The next step will be to find out what all this signifies, and to throw light upon the physiology of the question; and this will no doubt be attempted. Meanwhile, we regard the appointment of a young student, unknown to fame, to deliver the lecture, as honourable to the venerable corporation to whom it was delivered, as to the lecturer himself.

A paper by Mr Faraday, *On Regelation*, has been read before the same Society, and demonstrated by the author with his usual felicity of illustration. Under that brief title is contained an account of some phenomena which have an important application to the theory of glaciers. It has been argued that regelation, or the refreezing together of lumps of ice, depends on pressure and capillarity: Mr Faraday shewed that all the phenomena of regelation take place without pressure, while the lumps of ice are subject to a strain which tends to keep them apart, and under water as well as in the air.

We mentioned last year that Mr Robert Mallet had undertaken a journey to Naples, to study on the spot the results of the terribly disastrous earthquake

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which occurred in that country. He has now prepared a voluminous document thereupon, in which the whole matter is discussed in its several bearings. He has reported from time to time to the British Association on the subject of earthquakes generally, and from his last observations, can tell what was the primary direction of the shock, its subsequent variations, direction of emergence, and rate of movement. A competent observer, by going over the ground, would now be able to read off all these phenomena as from a book. Of all the directions in which a shock can travel, the horizontal is the most destructive. A shock or wave having risen to the surface, becomes more and more horizontal as it travels, and would throw down everything in its course, did it not become weaker with every furlong of distance. The shock that overthrew towns and villages in Naples, had a movement of twenty feet a second: less than this suffices for destruction, for, according to Mr Mallet, a horizontal wave travelling at four feet a second only, would leave London a heap of bricks.

To exemplify the capabilities of the calculating-machine now employed in the General Register Office, Somerset House, Mr Gravatt has published a little book, containing a set of mountain barometer-tables 'calculated and stereoglyphed and printed by machinery.' For the purposes of the office, the machine performs to satisfaction: certain eminent mathematicians report of it that 'it calculated and printed in 1 hour 15 minutes a table relating to life annuities, which took a computer, working in the ordinary way, 2 hours 55 minutes to compute only; and such calculations are ordinarily given to two computers, to guard against errors. . . . . Perhaps, after all, the most important function of the machine will be to furnish the public with a variety of tables in a cheap form, which will be of considerable convenience, though they may not be of sufficient importance to make it worth while to go to the expense of calculating and printing them in the ordinary way. The mere reprinting of existing tables would be rendered a good deal cheaper by such a machine, because it can compute and print more quickly than a good compositor can set the types, not to mention the trouble—in this case a very great one—of correcting the proofs, which in using the machine is wholly avoided.'

M. Liais, the astronomer at Rio Janeiro, is about to publish a paper to prove that M. Lescarbault's discovery of Vulcan is all an illusion. He states, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, that he was observing the sun at the very same time as the doctor, and saw nothing whatever upon its disc, and that what the doctor saw must therefore have been some opaque object moving through space, which chanced at the moment in question to pass between him and the sun. This is the view which is to be substantiated in the forthcoming paper. For the present, M. Lescarbault's discovery is corroborated by the elaborate calculations of M. Leverrier, director of the Imperial Observatory at Paris.

The astronomers and physicists of the United States are collecting and publishing every available observation of the aurora made during 1859, in their own country and abroad, and will soon be ready to examine the interesting record for general laws. M. De la Rive of Geneva, who is at present in London, on a special political mission from Switzerland, shews that the magnificent aurora of last August was a consequence of the long drought, which prevented the positive electricity that abounds in a dry atmosphere from becoming neutralised by combination with the negative electricity of the earth. There was, consequently, a vast accumulation which streamed towards the poles for discharge, and the brilliant display was the result of that unusual quantity. Another inference arrived at with respect to this phenomenon is, that it is not magnetic, but electrical, seeing that ozone is present to a large amount in the atmosphere during the auroral period.

Professor Phillips is delivering an interesting course of lectures at Oxford, 'On the Condition of the Land, Sea, and Air, in successive Geological Periods, with special Reference to the Rocks and Fossils of the British Islands.'—The Ordnance Geological Survey is making good progress: 2273 square miles are now geologically surveyed in England, including the cretaceous, tertiary, and oolitic formations of the southern and midland counties, and 65 miles of the coal-field of Lancashire. Of Scotland, 203 square miles are completed. These surveys are laid down on the Ordnance maps, in distinctive colours, shewing the extent of each formation. To persons engaged in mining operations, and to students of geology, they are especially valuable. We hear that it is in contemplation to publish the Ordnance Survey on a scale of 25 inches to the mile; to define the limits of every field and every estate in the realm; which, if carried into effect, will, among contingent advantages, impart a legal authority to the maps in future disputes about landed property.—The old disputes of the Plutonists and Neptunists seem likely to be, for a time at least, revived, in consequence of a series of experiments upon quartz, made by Professor Rose of Berlin, who finds reason to believe that it could not have been formed at a high temperature. Mr Sorby's experiments, to which we invited attention some months ago, lead to a similar conclusion. It may hence be argued that granite was, after all, formed by the agency of water. A late eminent Scottish geologist continued to the last to believe in the Neptunian origin of trap.

Graphite has been discovered at Travancore; great beds of coal lie ready for miners at Magellan; and Tripoli is increasing its water-supply and elements of prosperity by the boring of artesian wells. The East is beginning to discover that it must move onwards with the ages, and Tunis is about to publish an official gazette. The French, with greater regard for health and cleanliness than is shewn in Paris, have laid down a system of sewers in Algiers, by which not merely the surface-water, as in the shewy capital on the banks of the Seine, but all the foul drainage of the city, is discharged into the sea. The result is said to be highly satisfactory. Blidah is also kept clean by sewers, and the water, after flowing through, is used for irrigation. Advantage has been taken of the sewers to facilitate water-supply, by fixing brackets in their walls for the support of the pipes.—The French possessions in Northern Africa are, as is said, about to be extended by authorised travellers, whose array will be very different from that of Livingstone and Krapf, or Burton and Speke: in other words, two military expeditions are to set out, one from Algiers, the other from Senegal, to meet at Timbuctoo. The scheme is a bold one, for it will not be easy work for fifteen hundred men to travel from the coast to the interior.—Turning to the cold regions, we see that Sweden is about to send an exploring expedition to Spitzbergen and the Polar Sea, accompanied by competent savans, to make observations in physical science and natural history; while certain members of the Alpine Club, ambitious of pushing their researches into volcanic mountains, are planning a summer-trip to Iceland, to test their strength and courage around the Geysers and on the frightful slopes of Hecla.—The observations made by M'Clintock and his party during the late voyage of

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the *Fox*, have just been published by the Board of Trade in their *Fourth Number of Meteorological Papers:* they are comprised in a series of tables which shew the readings of the barometer, thermometer, the temperature of the sea, the amount of ozone present in the air, the magnetism for every day, with notes on the number and kind of birds and animals seen in each month. Apropos of the ill-fated Franklin, we see that the inhabitants of Hobarton, remembering that Sir John was once governor of Tasmania, are raising a subscription at a shilling a head, to set up a tablet to his memory in St David's Cathedral.

The last published part of the Asiatic Society's *Journal* contains the first instalment of a volume, to be written by Sir Henry Rawlinson, *On Archæological Discoveries in Assyria and Babylonia*, which, when complete, will form a highly valuable and interesting addition to our knowledge of the subject. The present portion is *On the Birs Nimrud, or the Great Temple of Borsippa*, and gives an account of the ingenious operations by which inscribed cylinders were found in cavities at the corners of the building in the lower course of masonry, as in remote centuries keen antiquaries will discover coins and other relics under the corner-stones laid in Queen Victoria's reign. Twenty-two hundred years have elapsed since those cylinders were deposited, but they are in excellent preservation. From study of the inscriptions, Sir Henry finds that the temple was dedicated to the Planets of the Seven Spheres, and he shews reason for believing that its form was pyramidal, terrace above terrace, each smaller than the one beneath, the seventh and smallest being the apex. Each was painted of the colour assigned to the respective planet, but the topmost, which bore the shrine of the god, was coated with silver. All this, as the inscription sets forth, was a restoration by that mighty monarch Nebuchadnezzar, who began the work in a fortunate month, and concludes his recital with 'as it had been in former days, thus I exalted its head.' Sir Henry is of opinion that, if the grand vestibule of this temple were cleared of its long accumulated rubbish, a record of the conquest of Judea and Egypt would be found in the inscriptions on the walls.

In this paper we have an example of the interest felt in Eastern archæology and in the old symbolic languages. The scholars of Germany, England, and Ireland are diligently pursuing their studies therein, as may be seen from time to time in the pages of *Transactions*, and by and by we shall have a clear and comprehensive review of the whole subject. The Rev. Dr Hincks of Dublin confirms the interpretation of a hieroglyphic inscription of the time of Ramses III., in which occurs the name of the tribe Issachar; and he makes an important advance as regards orthography beyond his former researches—M. Pictet has published the first volume of a work treating of the earliest ethnological divisions of the human race, their language, migrations, and the traces left behind them; many of which, as he shews, are still discoverable.—M. Adhémar has written a book on the *Revolutions of the Sea*, shewing the mighty changes effected by water on the land in past times; the changes that are yet to be looked for; and the causes, even now in operation, which will convert our northern hemisphere into a condition similar to that now presented by the southern: thus, the greater part of Europe, North America, and Northern Asia is to be laid under water, while the continents of the south are to increase in length and breadth, and its islands to multiply.

While some European scholars are devoting themselves to the mysterious lore of the East, others are endeavouring to make it acquainted with the clear and simple elements of European learning. There are millions of people in India who never learn to read, because of the extreme difficulty of mastering words printed with more than six hundred different types, and without stops or capitals, and some progress has been made with a substitute which evades the difficulty. The *Bágh-o-Bahár*, a popular Hindu book, is now printed and published in English type, and also the morning and evening service, and other portions of the liturgy. The method of transliteration recommended by Sir William Jones is adopted; and it may be said that, in this small beginning, we offer a boon to India which ranks next in importance to the benefit of good government.

Art maintains its 'season,' regardless of the late spring; and at the Royal Academy, and in other galleries, may be seen the best that our artists can accomplish in oil and water. The R.As have at length taken pity on lovers of pictures, by ceasing to hang paintings close to the ceiling. There are some who think Mr Holman Hunt's picture, exhibiting in a room by itself in Bond Street, more worthy of attention than all the rest. In subject, colour, and treatment, it embodies the essentials of art; and to look on it once, is to awaken a lively desire to return to it again and again.

The Society of Arts are holding their twelfth annual Exhibition of Inventions, and an Exhibition of Paintings by the late Sir William Ross; they are also keeping the question of a Great Exhibition to be held in 1862, from going to sleep. The promise of the Prince Consort to contribute L.10,000 to the guarantee fund, when L.240,000 shall have been contributed, is an incident which will attract many who but for that would have held aloof. If a new Crystal Palace is to be built, the scheme for a palace at Muswell Hill, combined with a revival of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, will perhaps stand over for a future decade.

ALONE.

It is the smiling month of May,
And brightly shines the sun to-day;
Yet would that I were far away,
For I am weary, weary.

Though nature gaily now renews
Her fairest forms, her freshest dews,
And paints her flowers in brilliant hues,
Still am I faint and weary.

How green the fields—how bright the sky!
Yet all alone, with no one nigh,
How low and bitter is my cry—
Lonely I am and weary.

So long and strong has been the strife,
So oft my heart with sorrow rife,
That in the morning of my life
Already am I weary.

Yet bravely would I stem the tide,
My saddest feelings seek to hide,
To none but One above confide
That I am weary, weary.

For, whispers Faith, 'When He thinks best,
He 'll take thee to His Father's breast,
Where trustingly thou aye shalt rest,
And never more be weary.'

R.

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MY AUNT'S LEGACY.

'AND to my nephew, John Dash, I bequeath all those eleven tenements in brick, known as Rance's Court, in the parish of Spitalfields,' &c.

Poor Aunt Madden! We were all very much distressed, to be sure. Black always became my sister Emma; but even the prospect of new mournings had but slender effect in tempering her grief. I don't think my mother cared so much about it; she and her husband's sister had never been on very good terms. Still, she said she thought it very kind of Aunt Madden to remember John; and so on.

It was, *I* thought, uncommonly kind. I was only a clerk at a commencing salary of eighty pounds. We had nothing to depend on besides but my mother's annuity of sixty pounds. My mother always said that she kept house upon the latter, but I know very well that almost all my eighty pounds was used, and that I had regularly to appropriate my Christmas-boxes to make up the necessary sum for my tailor's annual account.

My mother, I fancy, thought the legacy would only have been a mark of proper respect had it been left to her; Emma wondered why Aunt Madden should have overlooked *her* claims; so that, altogether, I believe we were more happy when we were less rich.

I heard of my good-fortune on the Saturday. So while I supposed Emma was at church the following day, I stole out to have a look at my legacy. I couldn't find the spot without considerable difficulty; everybody seemed to have heard of Rance's Court, but nobody knew exactly where it was. I reached it at last, however. Just as I was popping in at one end, I detected my sister and her very confidential female friend stealing out of the other. Oh, oh! Miss Emma.

The property was not, of course, regularly conveyed to me for some time. I was very impatient to get hold of it. Each of the family appeared to consider that it enhanced his or her individual importance. The most absurd tales floated about the neighbourhood. One morning, I remember, I was congratulated on inheriting all Spital Square. My fellow-clerks at the warehouse treated me, I fancied, with additional respect; Spilebeg, the old junior partner, sent for me, and inquired whether I still intended to retain my present situation, as he had understood that I had come in to a large number of city freeholds. I immediately undeceived him by saying that I had merely inherited a long leasehold estate, known as Rance's Court, let out to weekly tenants at from seven to eight shillings each. Old Spilebeg congratulated me on the intelligence, and dismissed me.

Rance's Court was at last legally my own; I was to collect for the first time on the Monday. On the preceding Saturday night, when I got home, mother, in great glee, presented me with a huge document in a linen official envelope, marked private, and directed thus: 'John Dash, Esq., Proprietor, Rance's Court,' &c. I opened, read it, and turned very queer. It was a notice from the ground-landlord to repair. Roofs were to be renewed, chimney-pots to be replaced, yards to be newly paved, and I'm sure I forget what else. So precise and regular was it, that there was evidently no mistake. Goodness, I thought, what is to be done?

My mother consoled me by assuring me that such things were to be expected. Landlords, she declared, had their responsibilities. I thoroughly agreed with her.

Rushing off to a friend of mine, a builder, I shewed him the terrible document, and asked him how much he thought it would all come to. He told me he could give no idea without surveying the property. I adjured him to give me some notion, when he at last informed me that it would not amount to less than one hundred and fifty, or more than four hundred pounds. The estimate was a wide one; still it was an estimate, and I felt a little better. It wouldn't be more than four hundred pounds; that sum would exceed three years' accumulation of profit-rent. The gross income was two hundred and twenty pounds; the ground-rent amounted to sixty pounds; the taxes to nearly thirty: these two latter items deducted from the first-named sum, left a clear annual profit of one hundred and thirty; that is, be it clearly understood, if I was fortunate enough to get it.

The dinner-hour of Monday came at last, and the moment of its arrival witnessed my departure from the office for the purpose of collecting my rents. I considered it only respectful to my tenants that their new landlord should appear decently attired; so I wore my best suit of black, and carelessly displayed my gold chain, resolving never during my visit to take my watch out, because it was only a trumpery silver Geneva thing.

So I started—very fidgety. Fidgety? More than that; I declare I was positively nervous. When I first heard that my aunt had left me the property, I did not so much feel my elevation; but now, now that I was actually going to collect *rent*, my worldly advancement so upset me that I was positively obliged, for the first time in my life, to go into an adjacent tavern, and have a glass of brandy and water, very weak and very warm.

Educated in business, I am careful to provide

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against contingencies; I consequently took a whole heap of silver for the purpose of giving change.

My heart thumped in the most outrageous manner as I knocked tremblingly at No. 1—name of tenant, 'Patrick O'Gorman.'

A horrible specimen of the fair sex, with one eye and a hay-coloured front, answered my summons. Undismayed by her appearance, in the most gentlemanly and insinuating manner, I inquired if Mr O'Gorman was disengaged.

'Is it my son yer mane?'

'It is, madam,' I said. 'Will you have the kindness to inform him that I have come for the rent?'

'Pathrick! rint!'

'Rint, is it?' said a voice awful for the wonderful volume of its tone. 'Rint, is it? Wait a minit.'

I could hear the fall of an enormous body as it started to its feet in an upper room, then a rapid thumping down stairs; and a broad-shouldered, red-haired, brick-laying Hibernian stood before me. 'The rint, is it, young man?'

'If you please'—well, I *was* nervous—'if you please.'

'Come up the sthairs, yer ruffin,' roughly remarked my gigantic tenant; 'come up the sthair.'

I didn't much care to accept his invitation, but he seized me by the wrist of my new coat, and led me up the feeble steps to the apartment above.

'Do yer see it?' inquired my friend. There was certainly an unmistakable hole in the roof.

'An' yer call yerself a landlord, an' expict the rint, when yer behould a place like that! Don't yer niver mintion sich a word to me agin, you dirthy, disgraceful, yallar-haired blackguard!'

I was really cowed at the violence of the ruffian, and was indescribably glad to find myself out of the house. I never met with such a vulgar brute—never.

No. 2, Mrs Gwilt.

I knocked.

'Come in, sir. The new landlord, I presume. Sarah, child, dust your nose, and blow a chair. I should say dust a chair, and blow your nose, my darling. Sit down, sir.' A perfect lady, I thought.

'Can you oblige me with your rent, Mrs Gwilt?'

'Deed and I can't, sir. I've 'ad a werry *bad* week, you see, sir. I always washed for your aunt, the hangel, and she used to take the rent that way. Next Monday, perhaps'——

'But next Monday, ma'am,' I ventured to remind her, 'you will owe sixteen shillings.'

'Ah! ah!' sighed my tenant.

'Sixteen shillings, ma'am,' I repeated.

'The court isn't as it used to be—not by no means. Since poor Mr Gwilt died—a most respectable man, sir—a cab-driver—*highly* eddicated—since he went, poor dear man'—— And Mrs Gwilt began to cry.

I never can bear to see a woman cry. 'Well, ma'am,' I said, 'we'll talk it over next week.'

'Sarah—that 's my grand-child, sir—shew the gentleman out.'

No. 3 was locked up, and the shutters closed. I knocked several times. There was not a sound inside. The house was entered in my book as occupied by Mr Ripton.

No. 4, James Robinson. The wife answered my knock—a poor, cowed, sickly-looking woman.

'Is Mr Robinson at home?'

She shook her head.

'I 've come for the rent,' I said mildly.

'I 'm very sorry, *very*. I couldn't stand it *no* longer. Tom 's got six months for licking me. I had him up last Tuesday. What *am* I to do?—and four little uns—Heaven help me, four!'

'But what am *I* to do, Mrs Robinson?'

'Take the sticks; send us into the street; do what you like. The sooner the better—the sooner the better.'

Poor wretch! what could I say?

As I was going out, I inquired the reason of the adjoining house being shut up.

'Oh, Mr Ripton always shuts it up the day the landlord comes for the rent. He sends his lad to the pillars at the end of the court; the boy tells his father when he is coming, and whistles when he 's gone.'

'Pleasant!'

I summon my tenant at No. 5—Mr Charles Perkins.

'Come for the rent, mother.'

'Where 's your father's trousers, Polly? Excuse me—come in. Don't be afraid, sir; step in; sit down. Polly won't be a minute. Oh, here they are. How dirty he 's made 'em about the heels, to be sure! Brush 'em up. Dear, dear, they 'll never lend eight shillings on 'em now. Last week, there was a bother. Where 's Jimmy's new boots?'

Jimmy, a lively production of five, anticipating the impending mortgage of his boots, here set up a tremendous howling.

'Keep quiet, yer young rapscallion, will yer! Now, mind it 's *our* wrapper. Eight shillings, Polly.' And Polly vanished down the court.

'Jest come into this property, I hear, sir?'

'Yes, ma'am,' I replied, 'I have.'

'Deal o' trouble I should think, sir?'

'My opinion coincides with your own, madam; the trouble seems endless.'

'Bad times, yer see, sir. The houses are all let out in lodgings; and when work is scarce, yer know, the lodgers don't pay, and then the tenant *can't* pay. Oh, here 's Polly. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. There 's the rent, sir. Polly, fetch the book, and put the ticket in the tea-caddy.'

'Well, but, Mrs Perkins' (it was idle of me to affect ignorance of how the rent was raised)—'well, but, Mrs Perkins,' I said, 'isn't this rather unpleasant, eh?'

'Unpleasant! O dear, no: we always relies on 'em for the rent. My old man gets them out every Saturday, for Sunday and church wear.'

'Oh, well, if it 's a regular thing,' I observed, pocketing the money.

'Oh, quite regular, sir, I assure you.'

I knocked at No. 6—Mr Abraham Callcott.

A heavy, busy-looking, elderly woman informed me that Mr Abraham Callcott was 'hout.'

'Are you Mrs Abraham Callcott?' I ventured to inquire.

'No, I ain't, sir; I ham the nuss.'

A feeble cry up stairs.

'Mrs Callcott has, I presume, an addition to her family?'

'Yes, sir—a boy; the finest hinfant you ever *did* see. I 'll fetch him for yer.'

Deeply skilled in human nature, I thought that the best way to make a good impression on the mother was to evince an interest in the child; so I said I should like to see the infant amazingly.

'Ho, Mrs Callcott, mum, 'ere 's the new landlord wants to see the baby.'

'Well,' I muttered, 'really,' when the charming production of Mrs Callcott was brought down in a small square of pink greasy flannel—'well, it *is* a fine child!'

'Is it, denny penny, doody poody, bless it?'

'Will 'um tell 'um modder,' I asked, adapting my voice to infantine comprehension, 'dat de new lanlord has tum for its daddy's renty penty?'

I think I noticed a change of expression as the woman gathered up her charge, and proceeded with it up-stairs. There was certainly a whispered conversation in the room above, at the termination of which the nurse once more came to me.

'Well,' she observed, elevating her brows, rubbing her hands, and fixing her eyes upon some imaginary object far away to the right—'well, sir, Mrs Callcott says as it is always usual on hoccasions like this yere

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to forgive the rent for three weeks, and I ham certain sure that you (looking straight at me), that *you* wouldn't be hoff sich a custom, sir.'

I was getting quite distracted. 'Is it really a custom?' I inquired in tones of desperation.

'Oh, I *assure* you, sir.'

'Ah! well, good-day, ma'am, good-day.'

I went with resignation to the next tenement, No. 7, Mr Jonathan Linton. To my intense astonishment, although Mr Linton was from home, he had left a sovereign, with a request that I would give the change next week. Bravo, Mr Linton, if all my tenants were like you!

I had scarcely presented myself before Mrs Russell's door, at No. 8, ere that lady had opened it, dragged me inside, and almost drowned me in the torrent of her volubility. 'Which I am an honest woman, and do my best in this here world of woe. Ask the neighbours for my character—ask 'em, *ask* 'em. If you owe a sovereign, and can't pay a sovereign, give 'arf a sovereign; that's my "mottor." I can't give you all your eight shillings; but I shews my honest intention, and gives yer eighteenpence; and there it is. No, don't say nothing; yer can put it down next time.' So I was talked out.

Tenant at No. 9 was a clean, respectable man, a basket-maker, whose wife was a street fruit-seller. I was paid in halfpence and fourpenny-pieces, and was just going away, when I was thus addressed: 'You seem a likely young gentleman, sir, so I just warn you agin them at No. 7.'

'Mr Linton?'

'Ah, Lintons they *call* themselves! Sir, I don't wish to 'urt your feelings, sir, but they are coiners by day'——

'Coiners by day!' I exclaimed in horror.

'Yes, sir, and burglars at night. The sooner you get rid on 'em'——

'Thank you, my good man.'

Gracious! the sovereign they gave me, is it? is it? O aunt, aunt, what grievous wrong had your unfortunate nephew done you, to deserve such an awful legacy as this!

No. 10 had left four shillings with one of the lodgers. How delighted I was when I came to the last house! A man, pale and thin; he spoke no word, he made no sign. I followed him into the front-parlour. It was a little school, and he, poor wretch, was the master; he pointed to his hat on the wooden desk, and I saw that I had interrupted him, as he was sewing, clumsily enough, a black crape-band around it. Poor fellow, he had seized the opportunity while his pupils were at dinner. I was much puzzled, and somewhat awed; presently much more awed when he opened the little door of communication into the back-parlour, and I saw, amidst unwiped plates, dogs-eared books, broken slates, and soiled linen, the uncoffined body of a woman. It might have been his wife, or, God help him, his daughter. With simple reverence, I pressed his hand, and walked into the street.

My fellow-clerks were eagerly watching my return. In taking out the bag of silver with which I had innocently provided myself, the metal clinked; my fellow-clerks winked and tittered, thinking, of course, it was the rent I had collected. I was too proud to undeceive them, so I winked and tittered too. Then they made me promise to stand a little supper on the strength of it; so I invited them to spend that evening with me at home.

They loudly congratulated me on my good-luck, drank a good deal of gin-and-water, and left me very unhappy to go to bed.

The very first thing next morning, I went to the police station, to reveal my suspicions of Mr Linton. The inspector on duty took down the particulars, and kindly informed me that Rance's Court suffered under a very evil reputation; further, that he had had his eye on Jonathan Linton for a considerable time. He, however, begged me to make my mind quite easy, as he had no doubt of being soon able to get up a conviction. I certainly was very miserable; that precise list of repairs worried me even in my dreams. Something must evidently be done, but what that something was, who was to do it, how it was to be accomplished, remained to me a mystery, the more inscrutable the more I attempted to solve it.

My collection of the next Monday was a little better or a little worse, I am sure I forget which, than that which preceded it. I was quite broken down. Dawson, our head-clerk, noticed my despondency, and questioned me. I told him everything. He promised that very evening to introduce me to a fellow who would set me all right. He did introduce me. The 'fellow' lived somewhere in the wilds of Whitechapel. He kept a little bit of a furniture-shop, very deep, but very narrow. The stock comprised a number of second-hand spring-blinds, a broken Venetian ditto, six cane-bottomed chairs, of obtrusive newness, for fifteen shillings, and several loo-tables, with deal-tops, and dropsical legs of mahogany colour. The proprietor was short, stout, red-faced, weak-eyed, with hair of dirty gray. 'He'd soon bring 'em round,' he said; 'he'd put a distraint in in a brace of shakes. Would I just sign that bit of printed paper?' Goodness me! what was I about to do? To sign a warrant of distress, and there was Wilkie's 'Distraining for Rent' hanging up in our best parlour. Dawson was with me, or I couldn't have done it. It was on No. 1, the residence of Mr Patrick O'Gorman. It made me very wretched all that evening and the next day. I couldn't help thinking about it, and made a most awful mistake at the office, by adding up the year of our Lord with the pounds, shillings, and pence. When I got home there was a scene indeed! I went in with my latch-key, took my great-coat off, and hung it up in the passage, as usual, with my umbrella; then I passed into the back-parlour. There was no cloth laid, no tea set, no nothing; and as I only have an Abernethy at mid-day, I inquired rather particularly for my dinner. Emma entered the room, tossed her head, and satirically informed me that '*mother* had had no dinner.' 'Is she then ill?' I asked. 'Well, she may be, wretch!' replied my sister, majestically sweeping away.

I directly sought my mother all over the house, and at last found her in the front-kitchen. There she was with her feet on the fender, sobbing away. 'Mother,' I cried, advancing, 'what *is* the matter?'—'Go away, John,' responds my parent; 'go away—you are no son of mine. Oh, if your poor father could only look from his grave—oh—h—h!'

If Emma had a tongue in her head, I adjured her to tell me what had occurred.

Emma wiped her eyes.

'We have had the lone Irish widow here; she has told us all, John. The few little trifles of furniture which her poor son has gathered together, are to be taken away by your order, John. Mother is a widow, and feels for the fatherless. Oh, if your poor father could only look from his grave—oh—h—h!'

I could endure it no longer, so I ran, yes, *ran*, to the private residence of Mr Spilebeg. In my employer's ear I poured my sorrow, and from him solicited advice. Mr Spilebeg heard and sympathised with my story. 'John, my boy,' said he, 'you are not the man for weekly property. Sell it by auction.'

I went to Mr Marsh the auctioneer, by the Mansion-house, the very next day. He drew up such an account of it—you'd have thought it *was* a property. It was to be sold 'by order of the proprietor.' I thought that line looked well. It was to be disposed of at the mart—that is, if anybody would buy it. For nights before, did I lie awake, I was so afraid nobody would bid. If I thought any weak-minded individual could be artfully persuaded to offer only a sovereign, I had resolved that that weak-minded individual should become the

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proprietor of Rance's Court. How fluttered I was, to be sure, on the important day, particularly when the bell at the mart announced the commencement of the sales. There were two lots put up before mine. The first was a reversion to the twentieth part of a sum of six hundred pounds in three per cents, receivable at the death of a gentleman in his forty-first year—that was knocked down for two pounds five. The next was a freehold estate of a thousand acres in Kent; *that* found a purchase for L.18,000. Then came my 'valuable leasehold estate,' 'especially desirable for small capitalists,' 'in the midst of a most populous and improving neighbourhood.' No bid? Yes, five pounds; bravo! ten; still better, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five—thank *you*, sir—fifty-five, sixty; going, going, gone! Hurrah!

MANCHESTER FREE LIBRARIES.

'Let us stay here for a minute or two,' said my companion, arresting my rapid footsteps, which had unconsciously adapted themselves to the hasty progress of the passers to and fro. We moved aside from the thronged pavement, and placed ourselves on the steps of the Old Collegiate Church, now the cathedral of Manchester. The scene before us was pre-eminently of the nineteenth century, and of the latter half of the century. There were huge cotton-mills, with their tall chimneys pouring out columns of black smoke, and with their busy humming of machinery; to the right lay a large railway-station, a railway-bridge spanning over the street, a bustling cab-stand, and groups of impatient travellers; to the left was a music-saloon, and rows of high, uninteresting houses, with nothing of the grotesque dissimilarities which served to give a distinctive character to ancient buildings. All was noise, activity, and business. The countenances of men and women wore an alert and occupied expression. The intensity and fulness of the present seemed, like an overwhelming tide, to obliterate the memory of the past.

'I enjoy the vivid life of our days,' said my friend, who looked proudly round upon the grandeur, but saw nothing of the sadness of the spectacle before us. 'It is a good thing to share the wisdom, and power, and wealth of the nineteenth century; and if we really live only in proportion to the eventfulness and enjoyableness of our lives, and by the emotions and thoughts excited within our souls, we have gone far to reclaim the lost longevity of the antediluvians.'

'But it has not been all gain,' I answered; 'we have lost the serenity and repose of former times. If the brooding dove of peace sought to alight among us here, there is not even in this old church a resting-place for the sole of her feet. But we came out to see the Free Libraries of Manchester, and though in this thoroughfare we might read many an unrecorded page of human story, I presume that these are not what you brought me to see.'

My companion led me on a few more paces through the turmoil, and opening for me a side-door in a high blank-wall, bade me enter. We found ourselves in a spacious enclosed court, large enough for the area of a monster-factory, at the opposite side of which extended a long range of low, picturesque buildings, of the massive stone-masonry of the middle ages. By the time we had crossed the open space, and reached the low arched doorway, the deafening and bewildering clamour of the thoroughfare we had left had softened into distant and indistinct sounds. We went on unimpeded and unquestioned into a stone-paved passage, which led us along the lower end of an ancient dining-hall, separated from the passage by a screen of oak-wood; this hall retained the dais of olden times. Some boys in the quaint livery of the charity-school directed us to the library, which was approached by a square stone staircase, and a fine arched cloister on the second story, lighted by deep embrasured windows, shewing the thickness of the solid walls, by which all sounds from the outer world were excluded. A profound silence rose before us as a barrier, and our footsteps echoed guiltily under the vaulted roof as we entered, with laborious quietness, the broad long gallery containing the dumb oracles of bygone years. It was a dusky avenue of books, arranged on one side in ordinary book-cases, but on the other divided into a number of small study-like compartments, called classes, each lighted by dim windows of the smallest diamond panes, and carefully enclosed with oaken gates of open bars, through which the treasures of old literature might be seen, but not reached. The very light seemed recluse and secluded, as if for long years conserved and imprisoned within the massive walls, rather than as entering in freely with the daily return of the sun to the outer world. An angle in the gallery disclosed to us still more monastic classes and locked-up cases, checkered with alternate shadow and twilight, past which we loitered with a pleasant feeling of our rampant, modern excitability being subdued into quietness, until we found the entrance to an old-fashioned reading-room, panelled with the darkest oak, and furnished with the heavy chairs and tables which were fashionable in the reign of Charles II. A beautifully carved buffet, the gift of the founder, occupied one corner, and bore the inscription: 'The gift of Hvmphrey Chetham. Sqvire. 1655.' Over the wide fireplace hung his portrait, and upon the panels above was carved his coat of arms, supported by pillars, resting upon books, and bearing antique lamps, the flames of which are emblematical of the founder's love for his fellow-men, and of the illuminating power of the volumes in the adjoining library. Opposite the door by which we entered, there was a pleasant oriel window, lighted by small panes of stained glass, and containing oaken forms and a commodious reading-desk, with materials for writing extracts from any of the books. Here we sat for a while in solitude and silence so profound that we could hear a sound but rarely audible in any public place of resort in busy cities—the solemn and measured ticking of an antique clock.

The librarian brought us a history of the Chetham Hospital and Library, from which we learned that the building appropriated to these charities was erected at the same time as the adjacent cathedral—in the reign of Henry VI. It was the ecclesiastical residence of the ward and fellows of the Collegiate Church, and bore the name of the College, which it still retains. In the reign of Edward VI., during the advance of the Reformation, the licence of the College was withdrawn, and the building was granted to the Earl of Derby, in whose family possessions it remained until the period of the civil wars, when the unfortunate earl was deprived of his property by sequestration to the parliament. The College was falling into a ruinous condition, when Humphrey Chetham, one of the merchant-princes of Manchester, formed the plan of his charities—namely, a hospital or school for the maintenance and instruction of a number of poor children, and a library for the use of students and 'others well affected.' He was aware how well adapted this building was to his purpose, and he made an application to the committee of sequestrators for the purchase of it. One of the sequestrators, however, attaching some rather stringent and dictatorial conditions to the granting of the request, the treaty was immediately broken off; and it was not until after Mr Chetham's death, when the required conditions were in effect yielded and confirmed by his will, that the College was secured by his feoffees, 1654 A. D. The feoffees, who are twelve in number, have since remained in undisturbed and undisputed possession of the College, which has from time to time been repaired, but it still retains all the characteristics of the architectural era of its erection.

The annual revenue of the library, independent of

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the hospital, amounts to upwards of L.500. The books that have been collected by purchase or donations, during the two centuries of its existence, are about 20,000, the majority of which are curious, rare, and ancient volumes, containing old theological and historical works, and forming an admirable library of reference for profound students, but being very far from attractive to general readers, for whom it was probably designed by the founder, no clerkly scholar, but a shrewd, far-seeing man, who expressly provided in his will, that if alterations of times or affairs should make his orders defective or insufficient, his feoffees should have the power of amending them. Within the last few years, by the exertions of the librarian, 1800 new works have been added to the library, rendering it a more interesting collection to general readers.

The peculiar treasures of the place are such volumes as Purchas's *Pilgrimage*, Dugdale's *Antiquities*, Hakluyt's *Voyages*, to which some of our modern novelists are so largely indebted, and other huge old books in ancient type, which seemed most appropriate reading for the oak-panelled room, in the recess of the oriel window, where the sunbeams, penetrating the stained glass, tinged the yellow pages with gorgeous hues of red, and blue, and purple. As we sat there, wrapped in the stories of the past, and caught back to the olden time, there rose from beneath the measured cadence of the grace which the boys were chanting in the dining-hall.

The persons who frequent this secluded library, the number of whom has dwindled down into an average of ten daily, are theological students, clergymen, and antiquaries, who can gratify without stint their particular tastes. There are aged men, who, by long usage, have become intimates of the place, to whom the quiet room is the habitual resort and refuge from the noise and tumult of their busy city. But by the people it is unknown, or at least unvisited; and it is a subject of true regret that these 20,000 volumes should lie in their dim cases unopened from year to year. Have, then, the past times no wisdom for the present? Have all the toils, and studies, and researches of old historians been in vain? Have the earnest souls of the defenders of our faith poured themselves out for nought? And yet, though feeling a regret for these imprisoned books, which are jealously kept under lock and key, I could not cordially wish the seclusion and sanctity of this antique gallery and oak-panelled reading-room to be invaded by the footsteps of the million; nor with sincerity hope that some day these huge tomes may be carried away from their dark cells to a modern building, where the light will flow in with too broad a glare upon the time-stained leaves. It is well, perhaps, after all, that the students keep their monastic gallery inviolate, while the artisan and the general reader repair to the noble modern library opened for them.

After satisfying our curiosity about the Chetham Library, and congratulating the city of Manchester upon possessing these charities, which have preserved almost the only remaining relics of medieval architecture from being swept away before the encroachments of trade and manufacture, we returned, with something of reluctance, to the noisy streets, and wended our way to the Campfield Library. It is a large, handsome new building of the Italian style, faced with Portland cement, and stands in a convenient site at an angle where several streets meet. It was erected by the subscriptions of working-men, who cherished the schemes of Socialism; the foundation-stone was laid by their great apostle, Robert Owen, in 1840; and the building received the dignified name of the Hall of Science. In the course of years, however, it became diverted to baser purposes than those for which it was designed, and it had grown a public nuisance, when it was purchased for a small sum, and, after some necessary alterations, returned to the class who had been its original founders, by being opened as a Public Free Library for the People of Manchester. We entered through wide folding-doors into a large, light entrance-hall, adorned with numerous engravings and water-colour sketches. A broad quadrangular staircase led up to the reading-room of the Reference Library; but before we proceeded thither, my companion suggested that we should look into the News-room on the ground-floor.

'Are ladies admitted?' I said jestingly, holding the door half-open, and barring the progress of the bright-looking, intelligent Englishwoman who had been my guide and informant.

'Do you think the Manchester men are Turks?' was the somewhat indignant rejoinder, as she pushed me gently on one side, and passed into the room. It was a large apartment, about 70 feet long by 50 wide, well furnished with chairs and tables, upon which lay numerous newspapers, that were being carefully and eagerly scanned by a class of readers who, under other circumstances, must have sought for them in public-houses. The daily papers supplied are—seven copies of the *Manchester Guardian*, six of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, three of the *Times*, and one each of the *Daily News*, the *Liverpool Mercury*, and the *Liverpool Shipping List*. Several weekly papers are presented by the publishers, as well as several similar publications from the United States and the British colonies. The average number of visitors to this news-room and those of the branch-libraries in Hulme and Ancoats amount to about 1929 daily.

At the upper end of the news-room are the book-shelves containing the volumes of the Lending Library, which are estimated at 10,500. These books are lent to men and women principally of the artisan class, who are allowed to remove them for perusal in their own homes, upon condition that they obtain the signatures of two ratepayers, vouching for the trustworthiness of the borrower, and guaranteeing to replace any book which should be lost or materially injured. Last year, books were borrowed 75,449 times; yet, with this great circulation of volumes, which have been carried to the homes of the working-classes, only 18 were damaged, and 30 lost. In most instances of loss or injury, compensation is promptly made by the borrower; but in case of his defalcation, the said sponsors are called upon to restore the value of the book.

The Campfield Library was the 'first institution in the United Kingdom which combined a free library of reference, open to all comers, with a free library of circulation.' Cleanliness and sobriety are the only requisites necessary for admission to the reading-room of the reference department; and lavatories are provided for the use of those who come in at once from their workshops. Every citizen has a right to the advantages offered, and may enter without barrier at any hour of the day from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M., and begin the study of any book he asks for. The reading-room is a noble, lofty hall, on the second story, well lighted by many large windows, and furnished with tables, comfortable arm-chairs, and convenient book-rests. Several clerks are in attendance to reach down the volumes in request, as no visitor is allowed to pass within the railings which enclose the book-shelves from the open area of the room. The librarian has a seat and a table at the upper end of the room, within the railing. Nothing can be more beautiful, in the eyes of a true book-lover, than the seventeen tiers of shelves encircling the room, and rising to the rounded cornice of the ceiling, filled with handsomely bound volumes, the gilded titles of which shine with a faint glimmer in the free bright light. The utmost order and quietness prevails, as no audible conversation is permitted, and any person breaking the rules would be immediately removed from the building.

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Three-fifths of the visitors are artisans, so that, during work-hours, the library is comparatively deserted, though there are generally thirty or forty readers present. But after six in the evening the room becomes filled with intelligent, earnest-looking mechanics, to whom the institution affords advantages for study superior to those possessed even by the wealthy in rural districts.

It was the earnest desire of the first supporters of this Free Library to collect the best works on politics and commerce, in serious consideration of the vast political importance of the people of Manchester; it is therefore furnished with 5218 volumes on these subjects, so that the current questions of the day recorded in the papers in the news-rooms may be traced through all their sinuosities, and studied in all their bearings, and an opinion upon public affairs formed, not by chance reading, nor from the careless rhapsodies of mob-orators, but by an intelligent and enlightened exercise of a cultivated reason.

An equally wise provision for the mechanical genius of the people is made in the specifications of patents, of which there were 33,224 in September last. To these no fewer than 36,972 references were made during the course of last year, testifying the unquestionable public usefulness of this department.

The Report of the Public Free Library will become an annual index of the intellectual status and progress of the masses, and of the state of trade, which affords more or less time for frequent and prolonged resort. In slack times, the number of visitants is increased, and unemployed men find in the news-room and reading-room of their library the warmth, and comfort, and amusement they may be unable to procure at home. There will remain also ripple-marks, if I may so term them, in these records, indicative of the tastes and pursuits of the people, of the popularity of authors, and now and then, of events and epochs of general or local interest. Thus, in the report for the year 1859, which was the Burns Centenary, we find that the Life and Works of that poet were required in the Reference Library on an average of four times daily through the year, and were issued from the Lending Library forty-eight times. Charles Dickens's *Dombey and Son* was borrowed fifty-one times during the same year, in preference to his other works; perhaps because the death of little Paul formed one of his winter readings in Manchester. The plays of Shakspeare hold the pre-eminent position due to them; next to them are the poetical works of Moore. The poems of Spenser, Hood, and Tennyson are in about equal demand. In biography, the lives of Wellington and Nelson are the favourites; and the *History of England* by Macaulay is most frequently in request. Of course, in this age of popular novelists, works of fiction form the chief mental pabulum of the people; but there must be an important and beneficial change going on, where, in the course of twelve months, 12,647 historical and 3363 scientific books are borrowed to be read leisurely at home, and the same classes of study are referred to 25,307 times in the Reference department.

The great Campfield Library has been already compelled to establish three branch-libraries in populous districts of the city, which, during the last few years, have issued 203,044 volumes.

The library, having just completed its first septennial, may now be fairly tried as to its public utility. It stands well an arithmetical test; nearly 60,000 volumes have been collected by purchase or donation, and formed into a permanent possession for the public; and the issues of these volumes amount to the great number of 1,397,672. But who can estimate the moral good that it has produced, or the intellectual life it has called into existence? The picturesque monastic gallery of the Chetham Library is traversed by ten 'well-affected' readers daily; and the 20,000 volumes sleep their charmed sleep undisturbed upon the shelves where some of them were placed two hundred years ago. But the modern Hall of Science is trodden by the feet of nearly two thousand of the common people, in the intervals of their daily toil, and they find in it a rich and inexhaustible storehouse of thought, the harvest of past centuries, the prolific seeds of centuries to come.

As it is almost certain that the progress of civilisation will produce more and more leisure to the human race, it becomes a subject of the first importance to provide means for occupying that leisure in moral and intellectual progress, and to diffuse those means as largely and widely as possible. There is now no reason why every town should not possess its own free library, acting in competition with the beer-houses and haunts of folly and vice which exist everywhere. The revised Libraries' Act of 1855 provides that all municipal boroughs, districts with a board of improvement commissioners, parishes, or two or more parishes conjointly, possessing a population of 5000 persons, shall have the option of establishing such a library, by levying a penny in the pound upon the rates of the district.

ODDS AND ENDS OF GERMAN LIFE.

If one could only go barefoot, and live without eating, Hohenbraten would be a most charming residence. But so long as two feet and one 'chest'—as a scrupulous friend of mine always called her stomach—form normal portions of our mortal frame, one lives and moves in this pleasant city under great and peculiarly German difficulties. On, as I suppose, the broad principle of compensation, while meat is tough, leather is tender—soft, lachrymose, and susceptible of every outward impression, as any sentimental heroine of an old-fashioned novel. 'Eating one's boots' would really be by no means an impossible, nor even, I fancy, a very unpleasant achievement, in this good town of Hohenbraten. I am certain, at least, that I have often swallowed things much tougher and blacker under the delusive title of 'Englisch bifsteks.' One day, when our delightful artiste had surpassed herself in cooking, and had quite the air of having achieved a gastronomic success, I could not help remarking to my friends: 'Well, at all events, we cannot complain of having wanted variety to-day; for we had first an innocent sort of soup, tasting of nothing in particular; then beef-steaks like the soles of our shoes; and finally, a dish of pancakes, in colour and consistency exactly resembling the upper leathers.'

'I wish,' replied one of the party, laughing as heartily as his aching jaws would permit, 'that my last shoes were of a texture half as tenacious as that *verwünschtes Fleisch!*' What a comfort it is sometimes to say a naughty word in a foreign tongue!

We had likewise a fowl that day for dinner—a most remarkable bird, of which it might truly be asserted, that 'even in its ashes glowed its wonted fires;' for although thoroughly burned up, it apparently retained a pensive memory of its congenial element, and came to table with legs and wings extended, flying all abroad, and evidently meditating a skyward expedition.

Besides shoes, one is apt to retain a British prejudice in favour of wearing stockings. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* I was at first greatly puzzled to think why every German female—of all ranks, from five years old to eighty—seemed to make the unintermitting use of her knitting-needles the be-all and end-all of her outdoor existence. I say outdoor advisedly, for within, cooking alternates with knitting. Now, I do not exaggerate in the slightest degree when I say that in Southern Germany you never see a female native unprovided

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with her eternal *Strick-zeug*. At the beer-gardens, at the cafés, at places of public amusement, the *Frau* and *Fräulein* knit, and knit, and knit, as if their whole soul, like an old Irishwoman's money, lay within a stocking-heel. For it is none of your pretty, young-lady-like, fancy-fair-looking fantasies which those five resolute needles perpetrate; no, the works of their points are solid, uncompromising coverings for the feet of husband, brother, son, and daughter. Hood's *Song of the Shirt* describes nothing like the unwearied industry of German fingers, for I verily believe Teutonic maids and matrons knit in their sleep. The rise and progress of a pair of German stockings strongly reminds me of a certain Irish glass of punch. A jolly old squire whom I remember, in my childhood, was wont to boast that he never on any occasion drank more than one tumbler of punch at a sitting. This was perfectly true, but it was equally certain that he was never known to go to bed sober. The explanation was this. The old gentleman, after dinner, used to manufacture a potent glass; after sipping a few spoonfuls, he would complain that it wanted sugar. A lump or two were added; then it was too sweet, so a little more whisky must be poured in. Too strong now; water was needed; and a somewhat too liberal infusion of the pure liquid required a second dose of spirit; then a little more sugar, and so on, until, under the delusive name of one tumbler, a round dozen or so had been imbibed. Now, in a somewhat analogous manner is a German stocking preserved by its thrifty owner to a venerable old age. When the foot, after careful mending, is irretrievably gone, a new one is knit on to the upper part; and when this, in its turn, becomes superannuated, a new leg is joined to the foot. This operation being several times repeated, the article in question enjoys an immortality of stockinghood, although, like the frame which it helps to cover, its substance is perpetually being renewed. The German ladies hold in high contempt all females unskilled in this peculiar branch of industry. 'English women are so lazy,' they say; 'they spend their time in reading, and music, and fancy-work, instead of good useful cooking and knitting.' And when we poor female natives of Britain come to purchase stockings, very bad and very dear we find them. Even in public meetings, religious or otherwise, whenever ladies attend, they seldom go unprovided with the indefatigable needles, which seem to fill up every unoccupied moment of waiting, and work away with as indomitable a degree of perseverance as if they were *bonâ fide* the great reformer's 'five thorny points.' One advantage, or disadvantage as the case may be, of this mechanical industry is, the free licence which it permits to the exercise of the tongue—a privilege by no means neglected by either Frau or Fräulein. I remember once to have heard a certain Irish village described by an eccentric tourist as the 'say-bathingest and tay-drinkingest place he had ever been in, in his life.' With equal truth might Hohenbraten be described as the 'knittingest and smokingest place in the world.' As to smoke, cigars may indeed here be truly called 'weeds,' seeing that very tolerable ones may be purchased at the cheap and easy rate of three a penny. I have sometimes wondered whether there is a building in Hohenbraten, except the churches, where they *don't* sell cigars. I know that, soon after my arrival, I went into a millinery establishment, with a view to the purchase of sundry ells of ribbon; and being then new to the ways of the place, I was rather surprised at the potent smell of tobacco which pervaded the premises, until I perceived that boxes of cigars alternated on the counter with *cartons* of feminine head-gear, and that rolls of tobacco and of *mauve* ribbon reposed amicably side by side. Without exaggeration, the pretty rose-hued *Band* which I purchased imparted for several days to its wearer's dress an aroma of that most hateful plant to which our gentle King Jamie published a Counterblast. Here, however, it is no use to dislike tobacco; the sooner one makes up one's olfactory nerves to endure the infliction of the German's remorseless smoking, the better for one's peace of nose. Smoking in the presence of ladies is permitted everywhere; indeed, puffing a cigar full in a gentlewoman's face is regarded by a German Herr as rather a mark of delicate attention than otherwise; so, as the French proverb says, 'Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.' And having already reached the placid state of passive toleration, I hope at the end of some time to arrive at a full appreciation of the cloudy charms of a meerschaum.

LIFE IN THE MERCHANT-SERVICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It is now about five years since I signed articles to go a voyage to Bombay as midshipman in one of those fine ships well known all over the world by the appellation of 'Blackwallers.' I had often wished to be a sailor, having gained a most favourable idea of the mariner's life from reading Captain Basil Hall's *Fragments*, *Peter Simple*, *Midshipman Easy*, and other works on the subject; and as my parents were much puzzled to know what to do with me, I ventured to suggest going to sea. This they at length agreed to, thinking that a life in the open air was the only thing calculated to strengthen my constitution, which was naturally somewhat delicate.

The next point to be considered was, how to go, and in what employment? A friend in London used his influence, and obtained me a berth on board the *Orang-outang*, sailing shortly, and in this ship I went. The employment was allowed by all to be one of the first in the merchant navy; the premium was very heavy, being L.60 the first voyage. These circumstances combined, led my friends and myself to suppose that, at all events, I should not have to rough it as much as if I had gone as a boy before the mast.

I joined my ship in the East India Dock, about seven o'clock one morning, just in time to be hauled out. The midshipmen received an order to keep aft on the poop, I suppose to shew off their bright bands and buttons to the admiring multitude, who always assemble when a ship is going to be hauled out of dock; it certainly was not because midshipmen cannot work, as you will afterwards see. I was greatly puzzled about my uniform, whether to go on board in it or not; I at last, however, concluded not, as I thought I should look so very conspicuous were I to find myself the only one so dressed; and then, on the other hand, I thought if they were in uniform, I could easily go below and put mine on. I found them, as I have already stated, strutting up and down the poop, like peacocks shewing off their fine plumage. I was, as may be imagined, in hot haste to join them; and with this object in view, I went below, searched about for my chest, which the outfitter had promised to see on board; and having found it, tried to unlock it, but in vain, for I could not turn the key. Greatly mortified at my misfortune, I went on deck, and sat down where I thought no one could see me, deluding myself with the idea that they would all be ignorant of my being intended for a midshipman; but the fourth-mate, probably noticing my anxious look, began to have a suspicion; and after

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making sure by questioning me, said it would be much better if I changed my clothes.

This so annoyed me, that I again went below; but this time determining to bring things to a crisis, I fixed a piece of wood in the ring of the key, put the key in the lock, and then turning it with a steady pressure, succeeded, not in unlocking the chest, but in screwing the head off the key. I was now obliged to resign myself to my fate, so I returned on deck, hoping that I should not be wanted until we were at Gravesend, for there I intended to send ashore for somebody to come and pick the lock; but it was not to be so, as I had not sat still half an hour before the hands were piped to muster. The fourth-mate again came to me, and said I should be obliged to go and answer to my name. I therefore went down on to the quarter-deck, and stood among the midshipmen, as much out of sight as possible, feeling very uncomfortable at the thought of the figure I was cutting. The names were called over one after another, until at last mine came. I answered 'Here;' but the chief-mate looking up, asked in what capacity I intended to serve. My reply was, 'As midshipman.' Then with a mingled expression of severity and contempt on his face, he said: 'Why aren't you dressed as you should be, and not like a shore-going fop?' I was now, as it seemed to me, made an object of ridicule for everybody on board; and all the explanation I could offer served but to increase my confusion. I felt as if I could have done almost anything to have got out of sight; besides, it was my first appearance before my officers; and what would they think of me, the only one in all the ship to whom it was found necessary to speak? These were the thoughts that filled my breast as I slunk out of sight at the first opportunity, almost crying with vexation. This unfortunate little circumstance humbled me a great deal; but the carpenter, seeing the fix I was in, kindly offered his services; and after examining the lock, came to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to burst open the chest. This he did; and I then thankfully put on the uniform, the absence of which had caused me so much unpleasantness. Without delay, I went on deck for the purpose of joining my future companions; but I had scarcely shewn my head above the hatchway before the chief-mate, who was standing at the break of the poop, perfectly horrified me by calling out: 'Now, Mr Thingumbob—what d'ye call you?—just lay hold of that rope, and let me see if you can't make yourself useful;' at the same time pointing to a nasty greasy rope that some of the sailors were hauling at, and which had been lying in the water-ways alongside the galley apparently for weeks.

At about half-past twelve, I was told that if I wanted any dinner I had better go below; so I went down the main-hatchway to the midshipmen's berth, a room sixteen feet long by eight wide, with a table up the middle, and the occupants' chests placed all round, in order to serve as seats. The whole of the midshipmen, ten in number, were present, together with three officers—namely, the third, fourth, and fifth mates; five of the former, and the third and fourth mates, had sailed in the ship the previous voyage, and consequently were well acquainted with each other. They seemed to be enjoying themselves famously, spinning yarns about their adventures ashore, and giving most wonderful accounts of events that happened (?) during the last voyage, of course for the benefit of us remaining five poor greenhorns, who as yet had not smelled salt water. We had a first-rate dinner, although in dreadful confusion; and I quite began to laugh at the tales I had heard of the way in which sailors have to live; but it didn't cross my mind at the time that we had hardly been at sea long enough to experience the stern realities of salt junk and mouldy biscuit, or that, being so near shore, fresh provisions were more easily obtained than salt.

We anchored off Gravesend at four P.M.; and after the ropes were coiled down, and all made snug, there was nothing for us to do but keep watch at the gangway, with orders not to allow anything having any resemblance to a bottle to come on board, and also to keep a sharp look-out that none of the sailors left the ship. I was standing on the gangway-ladder, when the first officer called out to the second-mate to follow two men, who, without being perceived, had got over the bows into a boat, and were close in-shore. The second and fifth mates immediately ran up the ladder on which I was, nearly pushing me over, and as quickly ran down the side with a man-rope in each hand. In a few minutes we saw them land, and for two hours after heard nothing more of them; but at last they returned, bringing with them the two sailors. My idea was that they both would be in some way most severely punished—I looked upon it in no other light than as desertion; but the chief-mate calling them aft, gave them a 'good jawing'—that is, he swore at them pretty considerably, called them skulks, rogues, pickpockets, blackguards, and some other names, and then sent them forward again. This easy treatment of so great a crime quite astonished me; I thought that, at the least, they would have been put in irons.

At night I followed the example of the midshipmen, and slung my hammock, but for some time I could not screw up courage to jump in; and when at last I made the attempt, I did what no doubt thousands have done before me, that is, I overshot the mark, and sat down on the deck on the other side, of course greatly to the amusement of the inhabitants of the after-steerage. Again I tried, and this time was more successful, for I got in; but my mind was very uneasy, as I fully expected that every moment it would overturn and bolt me out. I fell asleep in a state of great apprehension; but being very tired after such a day of bustle and excitement, I did not wake till I was roused by my hammock giving most unaccountable lurches, and by the cry of, 'Now then, sleepers, eight bells!' which, together, made me aware that it was my turn to keep watch on deck.

This was the first time my sleep had ever been broken to keep watch, and, singular as it may appear, I was quite delighted that they had not forgotten to call me, for I had got the idea into my head that there was something very grand in slowly pacing the deck of a ship, when all was hushed but the splash of the waves against its sides. Quickly dressing myself, therefore, I hurried on deck, and there met the midshipman to be relieved, who, seeing me, inquired if I had come to keep the next watch; on my answering in the affirmative, he immediately, without saying another word, went below. In about ten minutes or so, my companion came tumbling up, and being a second voyager, of course knew all that was necessary about the duties we had to execute. He was very chatty and communicative, taught me how to strike bells, spun lots of yarns, and told me if I didn't repent coming to sea, I was very different from him. After walking about for two hours, he went below to call the other watch, leaving me to look out. I waited a short time till relieved, when I went below, and again turned in.

The next day, we received on board 150 soldiers, belonging to the H.E.I.C.'s infantry; and in the evening, we were taken in tow by a steam-tug, which left us a little past the Tongue Light, off Margate, where we cast anchor, and stowed what few sails had been set to help the tug. For about half an hour, there was a most supreme bustle on board; ropes were scattered all over the deck; and the songs which the sailors shouted when

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hauling, together with the flapping of the sails, and above all, the stentorian voice of the chief-mate issuing orders, produced a scene of extraordinary noise and confusion. I was sent aloft to help to stow the main-sail, but when I got on the main-yard, or, as I should more correctly say, when I was pushed on it by those who followed, I found that it required all my strength and nerve to hold on, without rendering the slightest assistance; and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that I found myself once more on deck, the ropes coiled down, and the watches called.

First voyagers are a despised set of beings, both before the mast and in the steerage; in the latter, they are not only despised, but I may fairly say tormented, and it seemed to me that the oldsters exerted all their ingenuity to render their lives uncomfortable. The third, fourth, and fifth mates messed in the berth with the midshipmen. The two former were the very personifications of petty tyrants, not losing a single opportunity of shewing off the authority at their command. We—that is, the youngsters—were also at the mercy of the second-voyage midshipmen, who, presuming on their greater age and experience, took for their motto, *seniores priores*, and acted faithfully up to it. For instance, in the cabin where we messed, there was only room for twelve, and as, including the three mates, we were thirteen in number, one of us always had to sit in the steerage, and get his meals there. Sometimes it happened that a second voyager, having been detained on deck, would, on coming down, find all the seats occupied. Of course, it would be beneath his dignity to retire into the steerage; so laying hold of the first unfortunate youngster that came to hand, he would haul him neck and crop out, and take possession of his place. Again, as all our chests could not be accommodated in the berth, those belonging to the first voyagers were turned out; but fortunately for us, one of the first-class passengers, who had a cabin in the after-steerage, died, and the captain said that those midshipmen whose chests were not in the berth, might move them to the vacant cabin. Agreeably to his instructions, therefore, my own and two other chests were immediately put in, and the chief-mate invested me with the honourable title of captain of the cabin, with orders to see that it was kept clean.

Amongst the tricks played off on me was the following, which, I think, may serve as an example of the kind of spirit in which joking is carried on at sea. The third-mate told me to go to the boatswain, and ask for the key of the keelson, and I, knowing no better, went. Now the boatswain lived in a little cabin by the forecastle, and was standing at his door talking to some of the sailors when I delivered the mate's message to him. He immediately said that the steward had the key, and as I departed to make further inquiries, my ears were saluted with an immense horse-laugh, which he and his companions set up as soon as I had turned my back. On coming to the steward, he told me that he thought it was down the after-scuttle, the key of which he gave me. I went there, and searched about for some time without success, when he called out that he had found it in his cabin. Locking the hatchway, I hastened there, when the steward, instead of the key which I expected, wanted me to take the steelyards (the articles with which they weigh pigs); but now a suspicion began to cross my mind, and coupling this circumstance with the laugh of the sailors, I came to the conclusion that it was, in vulgar phrase, a 'sell.' I therefore refused the steelyards, and returned to the midshipmen's berth with empty hands, and sat down to my dinner without saying a single word. As soon, however, as the third-mate saw me, he asked for the key; and on my saying that I hadn't it, and furthermore, that there was no such thing as the key of the keelson, he got in a dreadful temper, and swore that if I didn't bring it him at once, there would be no dinner for me that day. Without replying, I went on deck, determined to go without my meal rather than that he should make fun of me. The spirit I displayed soon brought its reward, and the third-mate, instead of seeing me made a fool of, was laughed at himself; the others told him that he had caught a Tartar, and in fact so riled him about it, that from that day he conceived a violent dislike to me, and took every opportunity in his power of teasing and annoying me. His hatred indeed rose to such a height, that I fully believe he would have rejoiced to see me overboard, and I always kept a good look-out when we were on deck together, for fear he might try and help me into the sea.

Although an officer in the merchant-service *is* an officer, if he strikes a midshipman he must expect to be struck in return. The third-mate one day was, as usual, tormenting me past bearing, when I gave him to understand that, unless he immediately desisted, I should report him. No sooner were the words out of my mouth, than he flew at me; but expecting something of the sort, I was prepared for him, caught him round the waist, and gave him a most complete throw. Rising with difficulty, and convinced that in the event of a fight he would come off second best—for I was considerably his superior in strength and size—he slunk off, giving vent to his rage in threatening menaces, but he took care never to trouble me in that sort of way again.

The steam-tug left us, as I have before stated, at Margate, and the rest of the voyage was performed by sailing. We carried a fair wind right down Channel, which made the work much lighter than it otherwise would have been. The pilot was the last man to leave the ship; and, as we thought that in a short time he would be at his home in the enjoyment of domestic comfort, whilst we had to traverse many thousand miles of water, and pass through the perils of the great deep, we looked upon him with envy, and no doubt many of us wished ourselves back on *terra firma*. But the ship progressed, and four days after we hove up our anchor off Margate, we sighted Start Point, where the pilot left us, and it seemed that the last link which bound us to our native land was broken.

It was a beautiful evening; the sun set gloriously behind the distant hills, leaving long red streaky clouds above them, and giving the land the appearance of being on fire; but by degrees this most magnificent sight faded from view, and the shades of night hid from our gaze the cliffs of Old England, never loved more than now we were about to leave her. In the morning, the sun rose as gloriously as he had set, but the land was not visible; we had left it far behind during the night. At this time, when all were sad and depressed in spirits, thinking of what we should have to undergo before we returned again—of the storms, the weary night-watches, and the heavy and harassing work which sailors have to perform—sea-sickness came down upon us in full force. We were not now at home, where the attendance of dear friends and relations might have served to alleviate the agonies we endured, or where the capricious appetite might have been tempted by little delicacies; no, we were at sea, fresh provisions at an end, and salt pork, in all its horrors, before us. Our stomachs were not prepared for this; the very smell was sufficient to make us feel ill, and bring on again the spasms of sickness; but—and I believe it was in mockery of our sufferings—pork was the only meat offered to us, and our inability to eat the fat, greasy mess induced the starving process, which made us considerably worse.

The ship was running before a good stiff breeze, with both port and starboard studding-sails set, alow and aloft. There was a moderate sea on, and all

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those who have been in the situation themselves can imagine how awfully we rolled. O! those great long rolls, which made first one and then the other side of the ship rise and rise, until we felt as if it would overturn, and sent the crockery-ware to leeward with a loud crash—how ill they made me! I had long since done with sea-sickness proper, my stomach being completely empty; but the indescribable agony I endured was too horrible ever to be forgotten. Then was the time for repentance, as lying on my chest below, I felt that it would be a relief to die. What resolutions I formed, what promises I made to myself, that if ever I got safely to land, I would never again go to sea! Nay, I fully believe, if the ship had touched at some port in England, I should have left it for good and all, so thoroughly had sea-sickness cured me of my longings for a sailor's life. But fate would not have it so; and as I gradually got all right again, my grand resolutions as gradually faded.

My troubles, however, were not over yet. After being on deck for a few days, it was supposed that I began to know something, and I was frequently in scrapes from my inability to perform the duties imposed upon me. Thus, it is the office of the midshipmen to keep time—that is, to strike the bells; and at first we found it rather puzzling, and frequently made mistakes. Certain bells, or certain hours, ought to be reported to the officer on watch before striking them, and at other bells we had to call different people; and till we learned all these times by constant practice, we often got wrong.

So very few persons that I have met with seem to understand the principle on which the bells are struck and the watches changed, that it perhaps may not be uninteresting to the reader if I endeavour to explain it, and, moreover, a clear knowledge of these points will render the remainder of this narrative more easily understood. The crew are divided into two bodies—the one called the starboard, and the other the port watch: one of these parties is always on deck, and is then called the watch on deck; the other, till its turn arrives, being designated the watch below. Each watch remains four hours on deck at a time, except during the two dog-watches, which are only two hours each in length, being from 4 till 6 P.M.; and from 6 till 8 P.M. If there were no dog-watches, and four hours were kept by each watch in succession throughout the day and night, one of them would have to keep eight hours' night, and only four hours' day watch all the voyage through; but by means of these dog-watches the arduous duties of the day and the unpleasant ones of the night are equally divided. At twelve o'clock at noon, and at intervals of four hours, 'eight bells' are struck. The various half-hours during these periods of four hours are each distinguished by a different number of bells; thus, half-past 12 is 'one bell;' one o'clock, 'two bells;' and so on, till 'eight bells' are struck at four, when the performance recommences. It is at 'eight bells,' with the exception of four bells in the first dog-watch, that the watches are changed. I have before stated that certain bells had to be reported. Now the reason why this was done was, that at the hour of the day corresponding to the number of bells struck, the officer on watch had instructions to give out. For instance, 'seven bells' in the morning-watch, that is, half-past 11 A.M., was always reported, the orders we generally received being to strike and report them to the captain and the second and third mates—it being a notice to the two former to come on deck with their sextants and take the altitude of the sun; and to the last, to prepare to relieve the chief-mate.

Below, among my messmates, I had made several enemies; and some of the second voyagers, and the petty-officers, set me down as an impudent puppy, because I would not allow them to bully me, or take advantage of my newness to the service. My only real companions were the midshipmen who had joined at the same time as I; a common misfortune had made us friends, and the attacks and annoyances heaped upon us by the oldsters but served to join us more closely together.

Now that we had been at sea nearly a fortnight, the captain thought it was high time that we should begin to make ourselves useful aloft; so, one fine day, orders were given that we should all be called upon deck, to have a lesson in furling and reefing the sails. The first thing to be done was to stow the mizzen-royal; and to effect this, two were sent up at a time, one being a second, and the other a first voyager. With anxious looks and a beating heart I watched my companions ascend, and then descend; and when it came to my turn, it seemed to me almost an impossibility to climb so high, as the rattlins, or ladders as I called them, only went about half-way up the mast. Though discouraged at the difficulty of the undertaking, I determined to make the attempt, for I thought that if others had managed it, surely I might. On the strength of this consideration, I pulled off my jacket, got into the rigging, and proceeded upwards with tolerable ease, until I came to the top of the rattlins, when looking up, and seeing only two ropes to aid my further ascent, and then looking downwards, and perceiving that I was at an elevation of about seventy feet from the deck, my nerves began to fail me; however, there being no help for it, I still went on, and after much scuffling and struggling, and in nearly an exhausted state, I reached my final destination, where, being duly instructed how to furl the sail, I came down again, but only for a few seconds, as we were all sent up together to reef the mizzen-topsail. This was not very difficult, as the yard was not so high up, and could be reached without going beyond the ladders. After that morning's practice, we had to go aloft every day, and consequently were soon accustomed to it; and in a short time I felt just as much at ease when aloft as when pacing the ship's deck.

About six o'clock one morning, as the decks were being washed, the chief-mate ordered one of the midshipmen, a boy, and myself, to stow the mizzen-topgallant-sail, and being all fresh hands, we made but slow work of it. In the midst of the job, we were much frightened by hearing the officer on deck call out the following orders: 'Let go the stunsail haulyards; let 's hav 'em in quick; let go the topgallant haulyards; man the clew-lines; let go the sheets; stand by the topsail haulyards, fore and aft, let go.' In an instant, the topgallant-sails and stunsails—that is, properly speaking, the studding-sails—were flapping about, and the topsail-yards came screeching down, making a most terrific noise, enough to strike terror even in one more experienced than I was. I looked around to see the reason of all these sudden orders to shorten sail, and, to my dismay, beheld a white line along the horizon, evidently caused by the wind. 'For goodness' sake,' I exclaimed, 'let 's look sharp, and get down, for there's a terrible squall coming on;' but it was too late; and before the sail was stowed, the wind struck the ship with such violence that the spray was blown over the masthead, wetting us through in less time than it takes to tell it. The masts bent; the ship gave a bound, and in five minutes had gathered headway to twelve knots with scarcely a stitch set. The midshipman who was with me suddenly ceased working, and began to pray, but both the boy and I shouted out, telling him that it was no use doing that; he had better assist us, for we couldn't come down till the job was accomplished.

The captain meanwhile had come on deck, and spying us, shook his fist, and bawled out: 'I see you, you young monkeys; if you don't look sharp there, when you come down, I 'll half kill you.' But it was no use, for as fast as we got the sail together, the wind

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blew it loose, and it was not until the squall had blown over, that we managed to stow it. We were aloft all the time it lasted, when the sea around us was white with foam, and the huge and heavy mast bending like a reed in the wind. This was my first experience of a squall at sea.

We were now approaching the Canary Islands, and consequently the heat was getting very great. One afternoon, just as we had finished wrapping up the signal-flags, the sailors discovered a shark floating leisurely under the stern, and just keeping pace with us. The passengers being very anxious that it should be caught, the captain ordered the steward to bring up a piece of pork for bait, and also sent to the boatswain for some new line, together with one of the hooks belonging to the ship; and all the necessary preparations were made to insure the capture of the ferocious monster. It was of prodigious length, in fact, it was the largest I ever saw; and we caught many others afterwards. As it moved lazily in the water, scarcely appearing to make any progress, I could not help feeling a certain amount of dread; the sight of its huge and powerfully armed jaws caused many unpleasant reflections to pass through my mind; however, they were soon dissipated, and my attention was aroused by the attempts of the sailors to effect its capture. A large piece of pork was gently lowered into the water. The little pilot-fish darted swiftly from the mouth of the shark, and as speedily returned. The monster moved slowly forward, as if conscious of its vast strength and power, but refused the bait. Thrice it repeated the action, with the same result: the sagacious fish seemed to know that all was not right, that there was some deception in it; but the sight of the tempting morsel was at last too much for it; and we saw with pleasure a flash of white in the water, knowing that it was caused by the shark turning on its back, as, from the peculiar position of the jaw, they are compelled to do when in the act of biting. The bait had disappeared. 'Give him time to swaller,' cried the boatswain, who was superintending; and a short time having elapsed, he gave the line an immense jerk, in order to fix the hook firmly in the fish's mouth. The shark acknowledged the act by lashing the water with his tail, and its tremendous struggles to free itself from the unwelcome intruder, served but to shorten its life; for in a few minutes the unequal contest was over, and the huge monster was drawn quietly along, with its head just above the water, till it came alongside the ship, when it was found that the hook had not taken firm hold, and was fast breaking loose. At this discovery, a running bowline was made with another rope round the line attached to the hook, but on being shaken down, it did not slip properly over its head; so one of the sailors, a nimble young fellow of twenty-five, got over the side, and taking the line in his hand, went down to the water's-edge, placed his foot upon the head of the shark, and slipped the bowline towards its tail. Those on deck suddenly hauling up on the line, succeeded in drawing it, tail first, partially out of the water. However, it was found to be too heavy to be raised this way; so it was brought up to the gangway, and a block being made fast on the mainyard, and the rope rove through it, and then passed through a snatch-block on deck, the sailors and soldiers lent a willing hand, and in five minutes it was run up to the main-yard arm. It was then lowered on deck, where it underwent the usual process of having its tail cut off; and on being opened to see upon what it had last dined, we found in its capacious stomach the entire entrails of a sheep, which had been thrown overboard the night before. It had evidently been following in our wake, in the expectation of further favours; but its career was cut short, and I for one was extremely glad, for with a monster like that so near the ship, it would have been certain death to any one who was so unfortunate as to fall overboard. The greater portion was thrown away as useless, but a part of the tail was cooked and served up, not only at our table, but also in the cuddy.

HOW THE CHAMPION IS TRAINED.

It is very little that I know about natural history: the readers of this, my paper, must not expect to encounter 'quite a Buffoon,' nor must they suppose for one moment that I am fired with the noble idea of eclipsing the fame of Cuvier. It is with Mr Darwin, if with any one, that I shall be suspected of a desire to break a lance, for my theme is a *species;* but I disclaim all intention of entering the lists with him, and I hope I know better than to attempt the hopeless task of tearing the well-earned laurels from his brow. Nevertheless, when I consider how many there are, particularly among the daughters of our land, who have never seen, and perhaps never heard of a certain class of their fellow-creatures, I feel prompted by a sense of duty to prevent, as far as in me lies, any continuation of that deplorable ignorance. The class I mention was, until a comparatively recent period—when the breed was tried with some success in the United States—confined, I believe, entirely to the soil of England. It consists of human beings, bearing externally a great resemblance to Englishmen, whose habits, manners, and customs constitute them a distinct species from their countrymen. They have a language, too, of their own, which, though by courtesy termed English, will not be found used—*at* anyrate in the senses in which they use it—in Johnson's *Dictionary* or in the *Elegant Extracts*. They very literally fight the battle of life. In fact, they belong to the genus *homo*, species, *pugil*.

The infant pugil is not to be distinguished from other infants; it is only as he grows in years that those peculiarities develop themselves which stamp him a son of Pollux. Should fortune smile upon his birth, and his friends have interest enough to obtain for him the coveted post of pot-boy in the hostel of a veteran pugil, his virtues are soon discovered: the watchful eye of his experienced master at once detects the native boxer, and the old warrior determines to 'bring out' the young aspirant. And now the training of pugil commences in earnest—not the training which is practised at normal schools under government patronage, but quite a different sort of thing: he is taught not to spell, but to run a mile in five minutes; not to write, but to brandish dumb-bells; not to read, but to flourish clubs; not to cipher, but to suffer. A pair of horse-hair-stuffed gloves is bound upon his hands; he is placed in an easy, unconstrained position; the left leg is advanced rather more than half a yard, the left foot firmly but lightly planted on the ground, whilst he rests upon the toes only of the right; his head is erect; his right arm is held across the body, a few inches in advance of his chest; his left low down with the elbow in a line with the hip, but swinging loosely from the shoulder—having complied with which conditions, he is initiated into all the mysteries of 'hitting' and 'counter-hitting,' 'stopping' and 'in-fighting,' 'the suit in chancery' and the 'cross-buttock;' and on gala-days, when a few choice spirits are assembled at the festive-board in his master's hospitable abode, or—to use his own more expressive phraseology—his 'crib,' a 'brother-pug' (as his simple and affectionate language has it) is set before him, and the *par nobile fratrum* have the privilege and satisfaction of hammering each other's faces and bodies with 'the gloves,' to the mingled admiration and consternation of the distinguished spectators.

A change is now observable both in his personal appearance and his vocabulary: his hair is cropped closer than of yore, so that more ear is shewn than is usual; his nose presents a flatter and a more polished surface than before, by reason

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of the frequent application of 'the gloves;' the bridge, too, is a little indented; his cheek-bones also protrude unnaturally; and a constant grin is to be seen upon his face, as though he felt the absolute necessity of being always in a good-humour; altogether, he very much resembles a bull-terrier, for the grin we have alluded to partakes a little of the surly. Furthermore, he abjures the use of the 'vulgar tongue,' and adopts that of his fraternity: he calls a gentleman a 'Corinthian,' and his brethren the 'Fancy;' he has no longer a head, but a 'nut;' his hair is 'wool;' his forehead is his 'frontispiece;' his nose is his 'conk;' his eyes are 'peepers,' 'ogles,' or 'goggles;' his mouth is his 'potato-trap'—more shortly, 'tater-trap'—or 'kisser;' his teeth are 'ivories;' his face, as a whole, is termed his 'mug;' his hands are 'daddles,' his fists, 'mauleys;' that part of his body which receives his meat and drink is, by a singularly beautiful figure, denominated his 'bread-basket;' and his legs he describes figuratively as 'pins,' or joocosely, as 'understandings.' That fluid of which Harvey demonstrated the circulation in the human body, he speaks of as 'claret,' or 'carmine,' or 'ruby,' indifferently, and the extraction of the same from the olfactory or any other organ by violence, he, with that love of tropes which is characteristic of his species, describes as 'turning on the tap,' or 'drawing the cork.' Copious and expressive, however, as is his vocabulary in respect of some things, it is even meagre with regard to others; this is most noticeable, perhaps, in the case of persons connected with the administration of justice: every one of whom, from the highest judge to the lowest policeman, is in his phraseology a 'beak;' the origin of which term is doubtful, but the best authorities trace it to the fact that the law-officers are continually poking their noses or 'beaks' into pugil's business, which tends, they conceive, to breaches of the peace, and is by no means calculated to advance the interests of a commercial community.

Hitherto, I have confined my remarks to the juvenile pugil, who has had early advantages and friends influential enough to furnish him with pugilistic introductions; but some of the most renowned men of the fist have had to struggle against the disheartening misfortune of being brought up to some honest trade, such as bricklaying; in this case, of course, they must trust to chance for discovering the natural bent of their genius; a quarrel with a fellow-workman is as good an opportunity as any, and quickly brings into notice the man who has what is technically termed 'a fighting head' on his shoulders. Having achieved a victory over his fellow-workman, and thirsting for further glory, our hero *amuses himself* in his leisure moments by an occasional encounter with a friend or neighbour, quite in an amicable way, the victor receiving as the reward of his prowess an entertainment free of cost. This kind of encounter is in his parlance described with more terseness than delicacy, 'a turn-up for a bellyful.' The fame of these 'turn-ups,' as of all great deeds, spreads far and wide, and the name of the rising star soon reaches the willing ears of one of these pioneers of civilisation who, under the guise of licensed victuallers, do all they can, we are told, 'to advance the cause of pugilism.' The ignoble trowel is now thrown aside, and our heretofore bricklayer gains a livelihood for the future, not by setting up houses, but by knocking down men. He is now on a par with the lucky pot-boy, notwithstanding the superior advantages originally enjoyed by the latter; and the career of each henceforth depends upon the same causes and the same influences, as they punch their way to that goal of their ambition—the possession of a public-house.

After he has become recognised as one of the species, has adopted the manners and learned the language, pugil's first step is to abbreviate the name with which his godfather and godmother presented him in his baptism, there being a theory that full Christian names and pugilism are inconsistent; he is therefore no longer called William, or Edward, or Isaac—indeed, it is almost certain he would avenge such behaviour as an insult—but Bill, or Ned, or Ike. The next step is to obtain a sobriquet, either actually expressive or ironically suggestive of his moral or physical qualities or defects, of his previous occupation, or of anything which will serve to fix his individuality. For instance, a man with long arms and long legs, but short body, rejoices in the nickname of Spider; another, whose hearing is somewhat deficient, is proud to be known as the Deaf 'un; any one who stands more than six feet high is sure to be dubbed the Infant; while the cognomen of the man who is hard as nails is likely to be Chicken. Joe the Pieman and Tom the Tinman, the Nobby Cabman, the Artful Black (a native of Africa), the Windsor Pet, Apple Daddy, Hackney Bill, Topper Brown, Hammer Lane, and Slashers innumerable, distinctly prove the prevalence of this custom; and as for distinction, what can be more gratifying than to be known as the Big 'un, or to be handed down to posterity as the Brummagem Pet? After having, then, procured a sobriquet, like great men of old, from Caius Mucius the Left-hander, down to Publius Ovidius Naso or Conkey, the aspirant is in a position to advertise in the pugilistic organ for some one with whom 'to try conclusions.' It is not long before a 'spirited lad' is found to perform this operation, which consists in pommelling and being pommelled with a bony fist—the more knuckley the better—until one of the operators is either blind or breathless, at which happy period the other operator is hailed victor, and receives, in addition to the injuries which have been inflicted upon him, a sum of money called 'the stakes;' for you can't be pounded into a mummy in the prize ring without paying handsomely for it. 'Novices,' as they are termed, may get the breath knocked out of their bodies, and their features made undistinguishable, at the comparatively cheap rate of L.5 a time; but as they advance in fame and experience, they have to pay more for the privilege, as much as L.200 being sometimes hardly sufficient to insure a two hours' drubbing. However, a young pugil seldom has any difficulty on this score; he easily persuades a philanthropist to join him in the process of mutual disfigurement, and he prepares himself for the pleasing task in the following manner.

About two months or more previous to the eventful day, he puts himself entirely into the hands of a trainer, who keeps him in a state of temperance and sobriety, and who puts him through a course of treatment which few of us would endure even to *escape* a thrashing, that he may be in the best possible state of body for the reception of the greatest possible amount of punishment. He is physicked, dieted, and exercised like a horse; daylight is his hour for rising, and nightfall in summer, and the corresponding hour in winter his time for retiring to rest. A bath before breakfast, a rub-down with rough towels or horse-hair gloves, and a trot of a mile or more, commence his day; his breakfast-hour must not be later than eight, and his dinner-hour not later than five; no coffee or tea, or slops of any kind are allowed him at his meals; home-brewed beer, and not more than a pint and a half of that per diem, is his drink; beef and mutton are his meat; and his bread must be country-made; no fat of any kind must find its way into his mouth; and should he require any nourishment beyond his two meals, a high authority recommends 'all-potent water-gruel.' Wine he is warned against, even in small quantities, spirits he is absolutely forbidden, and smoking he must avoid like poison; whilst his day must be divided into certain portions for the purposes of walking, running, fight-

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ing-the-sack, sparring with his trainer, and practising the clubs and dumb-bells; and if he do all this faithfully and steadfastly, the same high authority which has been more than once alluded to declares he will 'peel' (which is fistic for taking off one's clothes) *as fair as any woman*—a highly satisfactory thing to know when you are going to be beaten black and blue. Fair or not, however, the day at last arrives when pugil makes his début in the P. R., which, contrary to the general shape of rings, is a square of twenty-four feet in extent, marked out upon some piece of turf by stakes and ropes. Pugil is accompanied by two friends or 'pals,' of whom one carries a sponge, and is called his 'second,' the other is provided with a bottle of water, and is called his 'bottle-holder;' and they together, with the tenderness of nurses, perform all those offices which are capable of being performed with a sponge and water for a person suffering under repeated discharges of a fistic battery. Pugil's entry into the ring is made in a peculiarly original and graceful manner: he first of all throws, or, as he himself would say, 'shies' his 'castor' or 'tile'—that is, what he wears on his head—into the ring (as though nothing but the necessity of recovering that article of costume would induce him to enter in person), and then follows it himself. He shakes the hand or 'daddle' of his opponent with a ghastly grin; and the greeting of the warriors is the signal for a burst of applause from the multitude of spectators—the many thieves amongst them taking that favourable opportunity of doing a little profitable business, for the best time, it is said, for abstracting a man's watch, is when he is indulging his sentimental emotions. When this interesting ceremony is over, and the 'Corinthians' are beginning to miss their chronometers, the seconds of the two combatants decide by the time-honoured but rather vulgar arbitrament of the 'toss,' which of the principals shall have the sun in his eyes, or any other disadvantage arising from a particular position. They then tie the handkerchiefs or 'colours' of the principals to the stakes; 'time' is called, and the struggle begins.

Virgil has described in powerful language the boxing-match between Dares and Entellus, and with the exception of the cestus, it would serve for a poetical description of an English prize-fight; whilst every newspaper has lately contained some account of the 'great international affair' between a little 'Boy' about six feet two inches in height, and weighing thirteen stone, and the Champion of England, five feet eight inches in height, and weighing ten stone and a half; which 'affair' was currently reported in 'fistic' circles of the lowest class to have been arranged by Queen Victoria and the American President for the purpose of settling at the same time the championship of England, the slavery question, and the San Juan difficulty. The diction, however, most appropriate to the subject is that in vogue amongst 'the Fancy' themselves; the poetical would be out of place, and plain English prose might make some people angry, and others sick; but the true pugilistic slang, by the grotesqueness of its humour, prevents the mind from fully realising or dwelling too much upon the horrors of the scene portrayed. When you read, for example, that Tom 'took extraordinary liberties' with Jerry's head, or that Bill 'left his sign-manual on Tom's frontispiece,' or that *the Boy* 'was well countered by Tom on the proboscis,' or that somebody 'was very busy on' somebody else's 'mug,' or that one person 'napped a hot 'un on the sneezer,' whilst 'the right peeper' of another person 'displayed marks of pepper,' or that Ned 'met' Harry 'very straight and effectively on the nozzle, opening a fresh bin,' you are led away by the singularity of the expressions from the contemplation of a bruised, swollen, bleeding, maimed, and blinded fellow-creature, the facts being 'wrapped up,' as an elegant scholar once remarked, 'sandvidge-like.' Such is the language in which pugil's exploits are celebrated in his own peculiar organ; and should he have the misfortune to kill his opponent, the *survivor* is said, by a strange misapplication of phrases, to have met with an accident; just as, if you and I were fencing, and my foil broke and passed through your body, it would be I, and not you, who 'met with an accident.'

If pugil be sufficiently tall, heavy, skilful, and successful, he continues to bruise and be bruised until he obtains the champion's belt, the highest distinction to be won by fisticuffs—otherwise he retires from the profession of nose-breaking after one or two encounters; in either case, his last end is the same: with the help of his many admirers and 'backers,' he purchases a business in the 'public' line, and manages, by the combination of gin-selling and teaching 'the noble art of self-defence,' to pay his share of the taxes of his country. Some pugils eke out their income by card-sharping, and some by keeping a rat-pit, in which humane persons of every class may see supernaturally small but savage dogs kill an unconscionable number of rats in an incredibly short space of time. Cock-fighting, also, is another method of turning an honest, perhaps, but rather barbarous penny, much in favour amongst retired pugils, as is also betting upon horse-races, and anything else of that nature sanctioned by the aristocracy.

Pugil, if weighed in the moral and religious balances, will, it is to be feared, be found sadly wanting. He pays great 'devotion to the shrine of Bacchus,' to use the elegant phrase by which he coyly confesses that he is habitually drunk; and there is no authentic record, we believe, of a pugil having ever held the post of church-warden, or even of having regularly attended at a place of worship; perhaps he is deterred by a bashful dread of drawing off the congregation from their religious exercises to a contemplation of his decidedly mundane 'mug.' He, however, receives Christian burial, and one of the fraternity actually had a monument erected to his memory in Woolwich Churchyard quite lately; for a pugil is but mortal after all, and even a Cribb must die. Nor is death the single human necessity which pugil is subject to in common with others; he is liable to sickness and all its ghastly consequences of poverty, debt, prison, or the workhouse, just like ordinary men; and when he is overtaken by these calamities, his only resource is a certain society rejoicing in the somewhat incongruous title of the *Pugilistic Benevolent Association*. Most persons would find a difficulty in reconciling benevolence with pugilism, unless knocking a man down for nothing partake of the nature of benevolence; but it is nevertheless true, that in September 1852, the Association above mentioned was formed with a double object—in the first place, to assist deserving pugilists in distress; and in the second, for the purpose of keeping the ring at prize-fights, which laudable attempt would not appear by all accounts to have been very successful. The members also were so led away by their benevolent feelings, that they drew up a body of rules according to which men should bang one another, for the future, with less chance of 'meeting with an accident'—one particularly unfortunate person, who had twice in his life 'met with an accident,' having been absolutely tried for manslaughter. One of these rules is drawn up in such a spirit of justice and humanity, and shews such an intimate acquaintance with the probable conduct of a lion-hearted boxer, if he were not restrained by some law, that it deserves to receive publicity; it is to the effect, that 'all attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting, shall be deemed foul.'

Looking at pugil from an educational point of view, he is by no means a satisfactory study. His

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efforts to sign his name to any given document are really a sorry sight; he perspires more over that achievement, even if he ultimately accomplish it, than during a run of three miles; but his efforts are usually quite abortive, and when successful, the result is but hieroglyphical. His reading is not extensive, nor is his library large, and he is not well versed in the spelling of polysyllables. As to his arithmetical acquirements, it is not easy to speak with certainty, but he is believed to be just able to reckon up the number of times he has had his nose broken, and the number of teeth he has involuntarily swallowed; and although he issues invitations to the public to attend his 'harmonic meetings,' he is usually indebted to the musical accomplishments of a friend for the entertainment of his visitors. Nevertheless, he is sometimes gifted with a natural power of eloquence, though what he says is a little obscure to the uninitiated by reason of its metaphorical character. 'Why, sir,' said a pugil to a gentleman whom he was coaxing to take boxing-lessons, 'the hart in itself is a fund of amusement, and can be practised a'most anywhere. You ain't obliged t' 'ave a twenty-four foot ring every time, I suppose; why, any crib 'll do to spar in; and then down in the country, where you live, sir, there's plenty o' nice soft turf for to fall upon; and on a fine day, when you and your "pal" might be a walkin' out together, and you come to a sweet piece o' green, and felt inclined to 'ave a quiet set-to, how nice it 'ud be to know all about it, and be quite sure you was a doin' the thing proper!'

In a social point of view, pugil is decidedly gregarious, but not a society-man; he dislikes tea-parties, and his amusements are taken in places of public resort. He doesn't accept many invitations, even if he gets them, to evening-parties, and perhaps the man he despises most on earth is the man who turns over the leaves of ladies' music-books. 'They look very well,' he says, 'a standin' at the pianner with a pink jersey under their shirts, to make-believe they're rose-colour, and their 'air parted down the middle, and a poker up their backs; but you just get 'em down stairs on a little bit o' green in the garden, and you 'll see they 'll lose their 'eads directly. All you 've got to do is to mind your distance, and then sling out yer left bang from the shoulder, and do what you like with 'em. Lor! bless you, that sort never fights with their 'eads.' It might be supposed that pugil alludes to butting as a good dodge; but it is nothing of the kind, butting being forbidden by the 14th rule of Fistiana; he only means that you are to keep your head cool and your senses unconfused.

The most praiseworthy trait in pugil's character is the strict equality with which he treats black men, or as Americans would say, 'niggers.' Few abolitionists like to carry their principles so far as to sit next to a coloured person; they like him to be free, but to walk upon the other side of the road; the white pugil, however, 'tips' the coloured pugil 'his fin or daddle,' sits next to him at dinner, or fights him with the most perfect indifference to his complexion; and the little shoeblack who polishes the boots of a coloured pugilist, looks up to the Ethiopian with more unfeigned respect than he testifies for the Anglo-Saxon beadle of the parish.

Previous to 1719, scarcely anything, which can illustrate the growth and progress of the species under consideration, appears to be known; but at that time one Mr Figg having triumphed over that famous historical character the Gravesend Pieman, assumed the title of Champion of England; from him it passed through a series of 'Jems,' and 'Jacks,' and 'Bills,' until it was claimed by and conferred upon the late lamented Mr John Jackson, better known as Gentleman Jackson, who fostered the poetical genius of Byron, is reported to have been a page at George IV.'s coronation, and who at last died full of years and honours, at his residence Grosvenor Street, Eaton Square. He alone of all fistic worthies seems to have had *Mr* always prefixed to his name. He abdicated the throne of pugilism, and Jem Belcher reigned in his stead. *He* was succeeded by the gallant Pearce, so well known in quiet domestic circles by the nickname of the Game Chicken. After *him* an 'honourable member' was called by acclamation to the office, but declined to accept it. It was then held in succession by two 'Toms,' *duo fulmina belli*—Cribb the lion-hearted, and Spring the scientific; and at last, after many black eyes and bloody noses on the part of Jem Ward, Bendigo, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, and the Tipton Slasher, it fell to the lot of Mr Thomas Sayers, whose late ovation on 'Change at Liverpool is described as unequalled by anything since the welcome of Lord Gough after his brilliant Indian victories.

Recent events have shewn that cool courage and stoical endurance *will* extort the admiration of Englishmen, and have suggested this slight sketch of the natural history of that species to which many a man belongs, who, had it not been his good-fortune to be born in an age of civilisation, would run great risk of being a hero.

WHO OWNS THE THAMES?

Is it to Queen Victoria or to the lord mayor of London that our dirty but still noble and enormously valuable river Thames belongs? To the crown or to the corporation? To the kingdom or to the *city*? Many of our readers will perhaps be puzzled to guess why such questions are put at all. And yet they *have* been put, in a way that has absorbed many thousands of pounds in law-expenses, and would have absorbed many thousands more, had not parliament stepped in and settled the difficulty by a compromise.

Of course, the Queen is queen over the water and shores as well as over the dry land of her realm. And concerning navigable rivers, channels, and harbours, there are certain arrangements between the Crown, the Trinity House, the Admiralty, and various dock and harbour trustees and commissioners, not made for the purpose of actual profit, but as a means of insuring the free and safe navigation of the waters for purposes of trade. But there is something more than this: there is a question of actual ownership, of absolute and perpetual freehold. The Queen is queen over the flowing river, but not as a freehold; she is virtually a trustee for the nation, and the trust is delegated, and worked in various ways. Consider this point, however—that there is a *strip of mud* making itself unpleasantly visible twice in every twenty-four hours, occasioned by the ebb-tide or flowing out of a portion of the water. Now, the Queen claims this strip, comprising all the width between high-water mark and low-water mark, on both sides of the river. There is only water upon it half the day, so that it *is* not exactly river; while, on the other hand, as there *is* water on it *half* the day, it is barely available for any of the purposes to which dry land is applied. It is an exceptional sort of semi-dry property, which the laws of England give to the sovereign—not only to rule over in the same manner as other portions of territory, but to own as royal property, and to receive any profits or revenues that may be derivable from it without asking the consent of parliament. It is not merely of the Thames we are speaking here, but of rivers and coasts generally—comprising, in all instances, except cases special in their nature, the *foreshore*, or the portion between high and low water mark. It can only be useful for navigation during a portion of the day; and there are not many ways in which such a semi-dry strip could be applied to useful purposes; yet a right of property there is; for whatever is built upon the mud or foreshore, ought to pay some sort of ground-rent; and whatever is found *under* the mud, ought to pay some sort of due or royalty, so far as it is valuable.

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There really is, therefore, something significant in the question as to the ownership of the Thames; for it implies a possible revenue out of two strips of ground laid bare at intervals of twelve hours. The Queen looks out sharply after these bits of revenue; or, to use more respectful and official language, the looking out is done by the Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, who may be regarded as land-stewards to the sovereign. We will briefly notice some of the legal contests which have arisen during the last thirty years concerning this matter, just to shew what kinds of strips of semi-dry land the crown lays claim to.

There was a tract of land containing about 270 acres, called Lach Eyes, *formerly* overflowed by the tide, near the city of Chester, on the south bank of the tidal navigation of the Dee River. The strip having gradually become dry land, to whom did it now belong? A jury, in 1835, decided for the king (William IV.); he obtained the land, and sold it to the Marquis of Westminster for L.7500. In 1839, when the Hull and Selby Railway was about to be made, the crown claimed a certain sum for a long strip between high and low water marks, on the north side of the Humber. But, said a landowner: 'No; the Company must pay *me*. The land so claimed formed part of an estate which was purchased in ancient times by those from whom I derive my title; at that time, the land was *not covered by the tide*, but by herbage; and if the sea has since partially encroached, that is not my fault.' It was a knotty point, but the crown gained a verdict, and with it a good round sum from the Company. In 1845 commenced a struggle, which lasted more than a dozen years, about three or four miles of foreshore in South Wales, near Llanelly and Kidwelly. A claim was made to this on the part of Queen Victoria, not only in relation to any value which the surface may have possessed, but also to any *mines* which might exist underneath. There was a host of opponents on this occasion. The Earl of Cawdor claimed the strip, because he was lord of the manor; another claimed under an alleged grant from the crown, and by virtue of an alleged uninterrupted use and enjoyment as owner; others, as freeholders, claimed such of the foreshore as bounded their respective estates seaward; while certain copper-smelters claimed rights under leases which they had obtained from the freeholders. It was a tough contest, on which more than L.5000 was spent in law-costs; the law-proceedings were prodigious in their complexity; they ended generally in favour of the crown as to ownership, but in a conciliatory way towards occupiers; and certain coal-mines under this muddy strip were declared to be royal property. In 1851, the corporation of Liverpool began to apply to a useful purpose seven or eight acres of debatable mud on the Cheshire shore, between Birkenhead and Monk's Ferry. The representatives of the sovereign said: 'This strip of land is between high and low water mark; it is ours; if you want it, you must buy it.' And the corporation *did* buy it, at the price of L.4000. In 1852, the crown was baffled in a Cheshire claim. On the south shore of the Dee, about the neighbourhood of Mostyn, coal-mines were worked under the margin or beach; the commissioners said: 'This is ours;' but when the law-officers of the crown came to look into certain old grants, they did not think the prospect of a verdict very bright, and prudently advised a retreat.

There have been a number of similar cases in England and Wales, mostly ending in an admission of the right of the sovereign to these curious narrow strips of muddy or sandy ground. In Scotland, several lawsuits have occurred in reference to the banks of that wonderful river the Clyde. We call it wonderful, for the way in which a naturally small river has been rendered available for ships of great burden is scarcely paralleled in any other part of the world. Those who know the Clyde will be aware that, in carrying out a long series of improvements, the trustees at first adopted the plan of narrowing and deepening the channel of the river; and in this way portions of the bed of the river became dry land attached to the adjacent properties. But in later years, under different engineering advice, they changed their system to that of *widening* the channel; and an act of parliament was passed to enable them to take the necessary land. Now it appeared that, early in the present century, some part of that additional land had lain between high and low water mark; the crown did not care about it when no revenue was derivable; but now that the trustees were paying money for narrow strips, a claim was put in—or rather several claims—which were decided in such a way, in most instances, as to admit the principle on which the crown proceeded.

Sometimes the landowners or lessees submitted at once with a good grace to the demands of the crown, and agreed to pay a rental or royalty for these little bits of border-land. At one time, it was a bit near Egremont, overflowed by the Mersey, where certain persons were making a profit by a steam-boat pier; at another time, it was at New Brighton, not very far distant, and rendered profitable by similar means; at another, it was the shore between high and low water mark, between the mouths of the rivers Exe and Teign, where the South Devon Company were forming their railway. A claim for all the blue lias and cement-stone on the sea-beach overflowed by the tide near Lyme-Regis; a claim for various parcels of land formerly overflowed by the tide, on the north side of the Isle of Portland; a claim to all the pyrites and ironstone found on the shore of the same isle; a claim to the strip called Ferriby Sands, in Yorkshire, formerly overflowed by the tidal waters of the Humber; a claim to eight acres formerly overflowed by the Thames near Woolwich, and for a fraction of an acre once similarly overflowed at Shadwell—all these, and many of like character, were admitted without litigation. The railway companies have been large purchasers of these bits of property—finding it to their advantage to go thus cheaply to market, instead of paying for more extensive ground inland. The Chester and Holyhead, and the South Devon railways are remarkable for the manner in which they cling to the sea-shore for miles together.

In 1844, the law-officers of the crown filed an information in Chancery to establish the Queen's right to the bed and shores of the Thames within the flux and reflux of the tides. The corporation of London had, during a long series of years, granted licences to certain persons for the construction of piers and other works which would have been deemed 'obstructions' without such licences; and it now appeared that they claimed the right to do this, not merely as conservators of the Thames, but as actual owners of the soil. Let the reader imagine how heartily the lawyers set to work when there were such rich paymasters as the sovereign of England on the one side, and the corporation of London on the other. Informations, answers, demurrers, joint-answers, orders, appeals, overrulings and affirmations, exceptions, reports, more exceptions, followed by more orders, answers, reports, and appeals—filled up the interval between 1844 and 1850. The big wigs were then employed for eight months in rummaging over old musty records, charters, and other documents, extending from the time of William the Conqueror down to recent days. They then set to again, and fought for two years more. By this time it began to be seen pretty clearly that the rights of the crown were paramount to those of the corporation in the matter; for the latter were beaten in every 'round'—if we may borrow a phrase from another kind of conflict much talked of lately. In 1853, when this became evident, the battle assumed a different form: the

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corporation were obliged to admit the principle maintained by the crown; but they still wanted to retain a part of the spoil, if possible; and they fought for three or four years longer on this ground. How much the corporation spent in law-charges, we do not know; but the crown incurred a cost of very many thousand pounds.

The end of it is, that the Thames belongs to Queen Victoria. This is the burden of the new 'Thames Conservancy Act,' which was passed in 1857 by mutual agreement, to settle the conflict between the crown and the corporation, the kingdom and the city. If these powers should quarrel again, it will not be through the brevity of the conciliation act, for it numbers no less than a hundred and eighty clauses. Twelve conservators are appointed, some by the Crown, some by the Corporation, and some by the Trinity House; and they are to have control over everything concerning jetties, piers, docks, wharfs, and other works between high and low water marks. The crown is declared the owner; but the ownership is conditionally vested in the corporation, for practical convenience. The conservators may *build* jetties, piers, docks, and wharfs, as well as *license* others to build them as a source of profit. Once a year, the accounts are made up; and of all profits accruing, one-third is to go to the Queen, and the other two-thirds to the corporation—not to spend in Guildhall feastings, or in other corporate ways, but to be strictly applied to the improvement of the river Thames. If the reader asks whether this 'improvement' is to include the cleansing and sweetening of the mighty river, we must with regret say, 'Not necessarily.' There are only certain commissioners who are spending three or four millions sterling on a drainage-*scheme*.

OUR MUSICAL FRIENDS, THE NOTES.

Solemn and stately the Semibreve, the father of this bright marvellous family, comes before our mind's vision. He is aged, grave, and ofttimes sad; re-echoing ever some heavenward aspiration, some sigh of the heartbroken, some tale too mournful to be told in words—pealing through old cathedral aisles, swelling, mounting, dying away like the heart's vain yearnings. In the olden time, when the dead, coffined in stone, were laid in their last resting-place with sound of dirge and requiem, he, and his still more solemn ancestor, the Breve, came together to mourn and pray for the departed, ofttimes accompanied by his fair partner the Minim, who was never far from him. Grave is she also, but a woman's heart is hers, and from it hope and life and gladness are ever ready to burst forth. She has, however, to look after her children, of whom she has five, the youngest a little fairy thing who was born a long time after the others, and is more sprite than mortal. Her eldest son, her first-born, the Crotchet, is her pride and joy; but love, union, and harmony, are the distinguishing marks of this heaven-born family; they all form part and portion of each other; they are all *one*, and have but one heart and one soul amongst them. This slender pensive youth, though he inherits somewhat of the character of his father and mother, is neither so stately nor so grave as they, for the warm blood of youth dances in his veins. Solid and firm is his step, and with proud confidence he treads the path of life; cheerful and hopeful is he, yet thoughtful, and taking time for reflection; not like his fair sister, the Quaver, who, though the eldest of the four young maidens, likes to prattle and talk well enough. A little busybody is she, very useful when any brisk work has to be done, cheerful, and bright, and happy, always talking in a merry quiet way, that tires nobody. She is a fair and graceful creature, very loving and caressing, but sometimes a shade of melancholy steals over her, and then she makes us heave a sigh at the simple tale she tells.

Her frolicking young sister, the Semiquaver, never minds a word her grave father and mother say to her, but away she goes, and her nimble little feet patter like the rain. Up and down, here and there, like a butterfly on a summer's day, she rests not a moment. Her merry tongue tells of all sorts of gay doings—of the streamlets in the mountain-forests that leap down jagged rocks, and go hurrying on through moss and pebbles, to get down to the broad river and away to the wide ocean—of the fluttering, twittering birds, and the ever-trembling leaves of the tall trees. Many joyous tales has she to tell of feast, and song, and revelry; and she and the Quaver would keep us long listening, but that her hair-brained sister, the Demisemiquaver, comes scampering in. There is no more quiet now—up and off in the race, try and catch her if you can. Flashing like lightning, bright as a sunbeam, sparkling like diamonds, she tells us deep mysteries of the earth, and air, and roaring tempest, of the rushing torrent, and the wild havoc worked by winds and waves. Anon, lighter than the thistledown that floats upon the July breeze, she murmurs sweet, soft heart-secrets; but her voice is then low and faint, and it is not given to all to understand her fairy-like language.

The last of this mystic group is a child of these latter days of steam and electricity. Though bearing a likeness to her brilliant sister, the Demisemiquaver, people are sometimes inclined to think the Semidemisemiquaver has lost her wits altogether. In breathless haste she flies through the air, swifter than time—ay, more rapid than thought itself; flashing, meteor-like, regardless of space, through boundless realms of harmony, till at last, after astonishing the world, she sinks to rest at her father's feet!

THE OLD ENGLISH MANOR-HOUSE.

It dawns in the manor-garden;
The air is blue and calm;
The black yew-hedge is gray with dew,
The balsam sweet with balm;
The lilies' silver chalice
Brims over with last night's rain;
The black-bird sings his golden tune,
Then tries it o'er again.

The fountain tunes its music faint;
The scent of herb and flower,
The bloom of the dew, the sunshine plots,
The season, nay, the hour—
All help to make a Paradise
Of that Eden ruined now,
Spite of leaves in the nest, and moss on the wall,
And canker on the bough.

The house is a stately ruin;
Though the park-gate 's standing still,
Crowned with gilt spheres and motto—
'*The river grows from the rill;*'
And over the barren stubbles
You hear the partridge call,
And the screaming hare flies from the stoat,
Round the warren's old mossed wall.

The home of the brave dead gentlemen
Is now but a heap of stone;
The flesh is gone from its stalwart limbs,
And left but the ghastly bone.
The wall-flower in the chimney blooms,
The grass on the window sill,
Yet still on the gates runs the motto proud—
'*The river grows from the rill.*'

W. T.

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BARBERS.

If any race of men would be justified in assuming the position of chronic grumblers and praisers of time past, I really think the barbers would. How are the barbers fallen! One by one, their privileges have been wrested from them: they have been supplanted even in the matter of gossip; the fabrication of canards has been transferred to the penny-a-liner; the red and white pole is as scarce as good Madeira; and the barber appears with diminished head, but still luxuriant locks, under the odious name of hair-dresser. They certainly form a Worshipful Company, and they have a Hall. They meet occasionally, and go on eating and drinking from about four o'clock in the afternoon until what time at night is best known to the policeman on that beat; and they commit great slaughter, if there be any truth in those human sandwiches which everywhere confront one, amongst the Russian bears. Nevertheless, their glory is departed.

They figured in the good old times in the works of historians, poets, dramatists, and novelists; but now they are clean forgotten. The date of their introduction from Sicily into Rome by Menas occupied the attention of Varro and Pliny. There is scarcely a play of Plautus wherein is no mention of a barber; Terence is very much indebted to the barber's shop; and their name, their office, and their abodes are immortalised in the verses of Horace, Juvenal, and Martial. Is not the whole of the seventh chapter of the second book of *Gil Blas* taken up with the *Histoire du garçon barbier?* Who does not feel personally indebted to the race of barbers, when he thinks of the Barber of Seville? Had they not been in existence, what would have become of Sir Walter Scott? How could he have supplied the place of Caxton in the *Antiquary*, and Oliver le Dain in *Quentin Durward?* Louis XI. would have been nothing without his barber. But now-a-days, you may read whole volumes of poetry without so much as an allusion to them; you may attend every kind of theatre, and hear every sort of play, and yet find no vestige of a barber; and few are the novels in which they do service. Moreover, the men of the present generation, not content with ruining the barber's trade by selfishly shaving themselves, have taken also to cutting their own nails, or biting them, which, if not so seemly, is a shorter process, and equally robs the ill-used barber of his ancient office of nail-cutter. It is brooding over all his wrongs and recalling his past honours, when his shop was the club where loungers chatted, the mint where scandal was coined, and even the school where music was practised, that, in my opinion, gives to the modern barber or haircutter so melancholy an expression; for he always wears a melancholy expression, and his constant sighing (I suppose) induces aspiration of the vowels: at least, I never met a barber yet who didn't, when he got anything like a pace on in his talking, aspirate most unnecessarily. Even when he has got his own head up exactly after the fashion of the wax-figure that slowly revolves in his window; when his hair has been brushed, and combed, and greased, and curled, until it assumes the most unnatural appearance in the world; when his whiskers have been trimmed, and crimped, and twisted, until they meet at the point of the chin, making his face like a semi-ellipse; when his imperial drops down with costly unguents; and when his moustache has been waxed, and waxed, and waxed, until it looks as though it were too tight for him—even under these circumstances, he doesn't look quite happy; he seems to have some sorrow too deep for 'air-oil, some grief beyond the reach of bear's grease.

From what I have observed, and from what I have myself endured, I have become actuated towards hairdressers by feelings of mingled hatred and terror. I know it is quite unjustifiable, unreasonable, and even wicked to hate any one of my fellow-creatures, and as a Christian, I strive against it; but it is equally my duty as a Christian to speak the truth, and therefore I must confess that I don't succeed. Nelson is reported to have preached to his sailors on this wise: 'Love your enemies, my lads; whatever you do, love your enemies; but mind ye—hate a Frenchman.' So it is with me: I love my fellow-creatures, but I hate hairdressers; and I'm sure they return the compliment with interest; for I shave myself; I use no Circassian cream-dye, or hair-wash; I buy a bottle of real Eau-de-Cologne about once a century; I have long ago renounced bandoline and all its works; my hair-brushes, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes seem never to wear out; my tooth-powder is camphorated chalk, of which an ounce costs something ridiculously small, and lasts about a year; and, to sum up, I have my hair cut not oftener than once a month, and never pay more than sixpence. The hairdressers therefore return my hate, I say, with interest; and I forgive them with all my heart, for I'm not a profitable customer. I also fear them, which is unmanly; but I cannot help that; it's a constitutional infirmity. There are some insects which put me to flight in a moment; for I'm no entomologist, and am in mortal dread of the *Cimex lechelarius*, from which I run away with celerity. I have heard on good authority that the pluckiest man in a certain Highland regiment would turn tail at the sight of a black cat, and therefore I don't mind acknowledging

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my weakness, and admitting honestly that I'm afraid of the barber or hairdresser, and that I hover round the door of his shop for very many minutes without daring to venture in. It is the hints, and innuendos, and covert violence to which you are subjected that set my nerves in a flutter. I wouldn't mind if they'd assault you unmistakably and openly; you'd know what course to pursue under those circumstances; but to be beaten with a couple of hard brushes about the head, ears, nose, and eyes till your head burns, your ears redden, your eyes smart, and your nose very nearly bleeds, on the pretence that you are only getting what you are fairly entitled to for your sixpence—whereas you know perfectly well that you are the victim of long pent-up passion, and that you are feeling the vengeance of the man whose grease and scents you have despised—places you in a dilemma which produces uneasiness, which is allied to nervousness, which is akin to fear.

All a hairdresser's arrangements appear to me to be made with a view to intimidation; I daresay I am wrong; still, that is my candid opinion. Else why should a man's nerves be played upon by them as they are? You push the door open, and there is immediately a startling sound, as though you had broken something expensive, though it is in reality nothing but the shrill click of a spring or some other detestable piece of mechanism intended to emphasise a customer's entrance; then a young lady comes forward and bows, which is awkward when you intend to spend only sixpence; then, if your presence of mind doesn't utterly desert you, *you* bow, and mutter that you're only going to have your hair cut; upon which she smiles, as if you had said a good thing, rings a bell, and requests you to walk up stairs. Next you find yourself in the presence of two or three uncommonly fine heads of hair, who shew all their teeth except one or two at the back, and brandish a comb in one hand, and a thing like a piece of a chintz curtain in the other. One of the trio hands you a chair; sets you before a looking-glass, which reflects all your deformities; tucks the bit of chintz into your collar as though you were a baby going to take arrow-root; and by a gentle pressure of the thumb, forces your head into the most eligible position for being guillotined. He thereupon asks you how you would like it cut; and if you are at all particular about your personal appearance, you had better take care how you answer this question. Nine persons out of ten, I have remarked, say that they would like it rather short behind; and this, I should think, from observation, is as safe a reply as any. Once, under the impression that he ought to know his business better than myself, I made the reckless response that I didn't care—he had better suit himself: and he certainly paid me out. When I looked at myself in the mirror after the operation was over, I scarce repressed a cry of horror. With a laudable intention, I suppose, of giving me a good sixpennyworth, he had reduced me to a veritable scarecrow. Had I robbed his till, and been committed to prison, there might have been some excuse for the treatment; as it was, I was a libel upon honest men. My hat would no longer fit me; my features appeared to have become supernaturally prominent; my ears presented an elongated appearance; my friends passed me in the street; and when I stopped them, with an injured air, requested proof of my individuality. Moreover, the operator asked me, with a look of triumph, if my hair were short enough, and whether I wanted anything else. Hereupon, I was overwhelmed with confusion, hurriedly answered in the negative, slunk through the door, and regretted that I had no tail, by the insertion of which between my legs I might more completely express my sense of humiliation. If you have a companion or two under the shears, your own sufferings are heightened or alleviated according to the natural disposition of your own particular shearer. If he be a man of a flattering tongue, who has confidence that by adroit adulation he will succeed in sending you away sorrowfully laden with undesired essences, you have the pull of your fellow-patients: 'No difficulty in finding *your* partin', sir; 'air parts of itself. Your 'air, sir, is remarkable fine 'air, sir. With a leetle of our pomade once or twice a week, it 'ud 'ave quite a silky appearance: and the partin' down the back o' the 'ead beats curlin'. Wavy 'air, sir, with a nice clean partin' (such as a leetle drop of our 'airwash twice a week 'ud perduce), in my opinion beats hevery-thing. Take a leetle off the whiskers, sir? Thank you, sir. We've a particularly nice article for the whiskers, sir; keeps 'em from gettin' knotty.' Such are the soothing phrases which he pours into your ears, causing your neighbours to cast sidelong glances between the clips at the paragon beside them, with sandy hair about the texture of hay, and with reddish whiskers just visible without the assistance of a microscope; and if you are astute enough to parry his artful thrusts without committing yourself to a downright promise to buy, you may escape from his hands and his shop well shorn and scentless to boot, but, as you value your good-looks, never venture into that barber's clutches again. You'll find 'a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain;' he'll look delighted to see you, but believe me, you'll not be delighted to see yourself when you come out.

Your shearer, on the other hand, may, and often does, adopt a system of indirect compulsion—of moral bullying. He assumes a bland sneer, and makes unpleasant reflections upon your natural gifts and acquired habits, either by the words he uses, or the line of action he pursues. For instance, I have heard a colloquy between a tonsor and his patient after the following fashion:

Tonsor. Your 'air is very loose, sir—very loose.

Patient. What do you mean?

Ton. Why, it comes out very easy, sir: falls out, I may say.

Pat. Well, I believe it does rather.

Ton. You 'aven't 'ad a fever lately, sir, 'ave you?

Pat. (Testily.) No, I haven't; never had a fever.

Ton. Very extraordinary. I should 'a' said you'd 'ad a fever. I never saw a gentleman's 'air come out so easy. You don't wash your 'ead very frequently, sir, I should say?

Pat. (Uneasily.) Yes, I do; quite frequently enough. Why do you think I don't? You don't mean to say it's dirty, I hope?

Ton. (Apologetically.) Oh! dear no, sir; not at all, sir; but London is such a very smoky place, you get all sorts of dust and grit into the 'air almost without knowing it, sir; and there's nothing like washing the 'ead with cold water for strengthening the 'air. But then you hought to apply something hafter it, for fear of taking cold, sir—some sort of vegetable preparation. We've a very nice article here, sir; price 'alf-a-crown. It prevents cold (quoting from an advertisement), stimulates the 'ealthy action of the skin, strengthens the roots of the 'air, and prevents it from falling off.

Pat. I'll take a bottle.

Ton. (Accompanying the patient to the shop, and glancing victoriously at the young lady who takes the money.) 'Air cut, miss, and a bottle of the vegetable wash.

Sometimes tonsor catches a Tartar, in the shape of a choleric person who doesn't like to hear the

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melodious words 'scurf' and 'dandriff'—particularly when the cacophony of the former is intensified by being pronounced 'scuff'—applied to him. In this case, the patient has an evident rush of blood to the face, starts up from his chair, at the imminent peril of his ear-tips, and informs tonsor that 'he came to have his hair cut, and not to hear remarks upon the state of his skin,' and that if tonsor 'can't cut it without talking nonsense, he'll go to somebody who can.' Upon this, tonsor is reduced to silence, and indulges in the voiceless vengeance of scarifying his customer's head with a couple of hard brushes, according to the plan already mentioned. This same choleric person, at his exit, so far from complying with tonsor's reasonable request, that he should purchase a bottle of the vaunted 'airwash, mutters that 'as he doesn't want to have his hair turned green, or blue, or any other conspicuous colour, he thinks he'd better not;' and in scarcely audible gutturals, condemns the man, and the wash, and the scents, and the whole place in succinct but powerful language.

I have called this a self-shaving generation, and so for the most part it is; still there are people who ape the antique, and get themselves shaved by the barber, and those people number amongst them young as well as old. With respect to the latter, I have nothing whatever to say: I respect gray hairs; and if an octogenarian likes having his nose pulled by a thumb and finger redolent of rancid grease, he is perfectly at liberty *pace medi* to do so. Still, I affirm positively that there is no occasion whatever to lay hold of a man's nose whilst, as the French say, one is making his beard, or, as we should more correctly express it, one is taking his beard off. Indeed, I appeal to any self-shaving person to declare whether he ever takes hold of his principal feature during the operation of rasure, and whether he doesn't rather put his left hand a-kimbo upon his left hip, stick his chin out, compress his lips, and, in fact, perform upon himself in a totally different manner from that of the professional barber, greatly to the advantage of his sense of smell, his power of breathing, and his general freedom of attitude. For suppose a man, under the influence of professional shaving, to want to swallow—and men *do* sometimes want to swallow for no perceptible reason beyond the practice of that tolerably common accomplishment—or to have a cold, and to feel called upon suddenly to use his pocket-handkerchief, it is at the risk of a serious gash either upon his chin or his thorax that he attempts the one or the other. However, granting, for the sake of argument, that the professional barber *is* obliged to pull your nose, and twist it forcibly from side to side, I want to know why he shouldn't do it with clean fingers. Let the barbers wash their hands, I say, and manipulate my nose with inodorous digits, whether I choose to have it pulled for sixpence, threepence, or even three-halfpence.

But to the *young* man who objects to shaving himself, and, from a dislike of trouble, or an inexcusable nervousness, prefers to submit to the tender mercies of a barber, I assume a tone of harsh rebuke. I don't know who he is, or how big he is, and he don't know how big I am, and therefore I've no hesitation in calling him a lazy dog, if he decline self-rasure on troublesome grounds; and if on the ground of nervousness, I say he has no business to be so nervous at his age, and I accuse him at once of living an improper life, of keeping late hours, of taking more wine than is good for him, and of smoking strong tobacco; and I maintain that all the contumely he meets with whenever he goes to be shaved, is no more than he richly deserves. And let him not suppose that, however ferocious his moustache, and however strong his beard, he will escape unpleasant remarks. I have seen young men with an unexceptionable biceps and general muscular appearance writhing in impotent fury under barbaric torture. 'You've a very funny-coloured moustache, sir,' I heard a malignant barber once remark to his victim; 'I don't think I ever see such a funny colour.' And the victim dared not open his mouth at this dubious compliment, for he didn't like the taste of soap-suds. The face of that Herculean fellow, who wants to sneeze, and feels confident of a deep incision if he does, is awful to behold; his features swell, he grows quite purple, and the helpless manner in which he stretches out his hands would melt any heart but a barber's. A barber cannot comprehend that a man who is being shaved can have any other requirements until that is over; the fly that tickles you into fits is all unheeded by him; the lather that gets up your nose is all in the way of business; and you had better get all your coughing done whilst he is whetting his razor. Nor need you expect any sympathy from him if he should happen to cut you; he'll only tell you, should you complain, that 'your face is very pimply,' and that 'the hair'—meaning the atmosphere—'will soon stop the bleeding.'

After all, my chief objection to barbers is, the antipathy they invariably display towards the tint of my *chevelure;* and yet it is a very pleasant tint, *I* think, and, at anyrate, it is the natural tint, which nothing will ever persuade me is not the best; yet I seldom or never submit to tonsure but I see a man stealthily approaching my whiskers with a tooth-brush dipped in some chemical preparation. I have become used to it now, but the first time it occurred I was somewhat dismayed, and thanking him for his intended kindness, assured him that I washed my teeth *myself* every night and morning. With indignation I learned that it was dye, and that his object was 'to improve my appearance;' and from that day forth, I hate and fear—I wish I could say despise—the barbers.

THE CRANE IN BRITAIN.

The crane, now very rarely seen in this country, was once a tenant of our marshes, where it fed, nestled, and reared its young. Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, does not omit to mention this noble bird, when enumerating the feathered frequenters of the great fens of Lincolnshire—

> There stalks the stately crane, as though he marched in war,
> By him that hath the hern, which (by the fishy car)
> Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush and reed,
> Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often feed.

In all the notices left to us of the high festivals and grand banquets of the olden time, the crane holds a prominent and distinguished position. In Dugdale's *Baronage* we are informed how Fitz-Osborne, steward of the household to William the Conqueror, lost his high office through placing before his royal master an underdone crane, 'wherest the king took such offence as that he lifted up his fist, and had struck him fiercely, but that Eudo de Rie, the king's dapifer, bore off the blow.' Fitz-Osborne indignantly resigned his stewardship, and Eudo, the dapifer, or seneschal, was appointed in his place. Twelve cranes are enumerated, among other edible items, in a purveyance made for the 'skipping king,' Richard II., when staying with 'old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,' at the Bishop of Durham's palace in the Strand. At the installation-dinner of Stafford, archbishop of Canterbury, in 1433, roasted cranes were served at the second course. At the still grander enthronisation-feast of Nevile, archbishop of York, in 1460, no less than two hundred and four of these birds were placed upon the banqueting-tables. The lord-mayor and

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citizens of London, when commanded by Cardinal Wolsey—much against their will—to provide for the French ambassador and his retinue, in 1527, sent to Carlisle House, where his excellency was lodged, twelve cranes, twelve pheasants, and twelve swans. The same proud cardinal, 'the mastif curre brede in Ypswich towne,' as his enemies delighted to term him, was equally great at unravelling a tangled skein of diplomacy, or settling the arrangements for one of his grand 'feasts royal;' in his own directions for one of the latter, he expresly commands that the cranes are to be served up with the second course. Archbishop Cranmer, in regulations which he made relative to the tables of the clergy, commanded that of the greater fowls, such as cranes and swans, there should be but one dish. Skelton, the laureate of the same reign, in his satirical poem, *Colyn Clout*, thus stigmatises the gluttony of the clergy:

> Howe some of you do eate
> In Lent so mych fleshe meta,
> Fesaunts, partryche, and *cranes;*
> Men call you therefore prophanes.
> Ye pycke ne shrympes ne pranes,
> Saltfysshe, stockfysshe, ne herynge,
> Such is not for your werynge.

An immense number of instances may be adduced of this bird having been a favourite dish at the tables of our ancestors. In Scotland, it was well known; Lindsay of Pitscottie, the quaint old chronicler, mentions it as forming part of the bill of fare at the grand hunting entertainment given by the Earl of Athole to James V., the queen-mother, and the pope's ambassador, on the banks of the Loughaine in Glen Tilt. The building erected by the earl expressly for this banquet, was, as Lindsay tells us, 'a fair palace of green timber, wound with green birks that were green both under and above, which was fashioned in four quarters, and in every nuik thereof, a great round, as if it had been a blockhouse. The floors were laid with green scarets and spreats, medwarts and flowers, that no man knew whereon he zeid, but as he had been in a garden. And also this palace within was hung with fine tapestry and arrasses of silk, and lighted with fine glass windows in all airths, that this palace was as pleasantly decored with all necessaries pertaining to a prince as it had been his own palace-royal at home. The embassador of the pope seeing this great banquet and triumph, which was made in a wilderness, where there was no town near by twenty miles, thought it a great marvel that such a thing could be in Scotland. But most of all, this embassador marvelled to see, when the king departed and all his men took their leave, the Highlandmen set all this fair palace in a fire. Then the embassador said to the king: "I marvel, sir, that you should thole yon fair place to be burnt, that your grace has been so well lodged in." Then the king answered the embassador, and said: "It is the use of our Highlandmen, though they be never so well lodged, to burn their lodging when they depart."'

Gawain Douglas, the minstrel Bishop of Dunkeld—

> Who gave rude Scotland Virgil's page—

alludes to the wedge-shaped flight and clanging cries of a flock of cranes with all the accuracy of a true poet and observer of nature, in the beautiful description of Winter annexed, as a prologue, to his translation of the seventh book of the *Æneid:*

> Palamedis birdis crowpand in the sky
> Fleand on randoun schapin lyk an Y,
> And as ane trumpit rang thare vocis soun,
> Quhais cryis bene pronosticacion
> Of wyndy blastis and ventosities.

Palamede, the detector of the feigned madness of Ulysses, and who subsequently became the victim of the unscrupulous king of Ithaca's base treachery, is said to have invented the game of chess, four letters of the Greek alphabet, and military discipline and strategy, during the eventful scenes of the Trojan war. A flock of cranes 'schapin lyk an Y,' it is said, suggested the form of one letter; 'thare vocis soun' ringing 'as ane trumpit,' and their vigilance against surprise, suggested the rallying war-cry and the duties of sentinels; and thus it is that the early Scottish poet designates the cranes as 'Palamedis birdis.' Martial, however, gave them the same appellation many centuries earlier.

All the ancient writers on natural history delight in praising the extreme watchfulness of the sentinel cranes; telling us that to keep themselves perfectly wide awake, they stand upon one leg, holding a stone in the upraised claw of the other. In this constrained attitude, the slightest approach to slumber causes the stone to drop on the ground, arousing not only the weary sentinel, but also the sleeping flock, who of course do not thank their watchman for the false alarm.

Some authors have erroneously supposed that the crane did not breed in this country, but was a mere bird of passage, visiting us in the winter season only; the fact, however, of its being found recorded as served up at feasts which, according to their dates, took place at all seasons of the year, proves to the contrary. An act passed in the reign of Henry VIII. specifies that no person was to take or destroy the eggs of any wild-fowl, on pain of a year's imprisonment, and to forfeit the sum of twenty-pence for every egg of a crane so taken or destroyed. It would appear that even then the bird was becoming scarce, for Turner, in his rare *Avium Historia*, combats the idea that the crane did not breed in England, stating that he had himself seen their nests and young ones.

In the very curious *Household Book* of the Lestranges of Huntstanton, a Norfolk family of distinction in the reign of Henry VIII., we find that of the three cranes mentioned in it, one was taken by a hawk, another shot with a crossbow, and the third shot with a gun. In fact, the struggle for pre-eminence between the gun and cross-bow had then just commenced. The bad quality and dearness of gunpowder, the inferior and clumsy construction of the first firearms, must have been unfavourable to their general adoption, and delayed for a considerable time the abandonment of the bow. Markham, writing several years later, speaking of the 'birding-piece,' says: 'As for the shape or manner of it, 'tis better it be a fier-locke or snaphaunce (flint-lock) than a cocke and tricker (match-lock), for it is safer and better for carriage, readier for use, and keeps the powder drier in all weathers; whereas the blowing of a coale is many times the loss of the thing aimed at.'

Fancy a crack-shot of the present day blowing a coal or match before he applied it to the touch-hole; or, on the other hand, fancy Markham's astonishment if he could have seen one of our modern percussion-guns!

The cross-bow, from its admitting of a point-blank shot, was much more certain in its aim than the long-bow; the former holding a position analogous to the rifle, the latter to that of the smooth-bored gun of the present day. The modern sportsman may form an idea of the dexterity attained in the use of the cross-bow from an entry in the Lestrange *Household Book*, which states that seven mallards were killed by one person in the course of a morning with this weapon. Though we may presume that only one bird was killed at each discharge, yet we must recollect that the birds were not so wild then as now, and that the almost noiseless flight of an arrow would disturb the game in its immediate vicinity only, while the report of a gun spreads terror among the feathered tribes to a considerable distance. Moreover, the birds were invariably shot *sitting*, shooting *flying* being

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then unknown; indeed, so recently as 1727, shooting at birds on the wing was scarcely thought of, as we find by a curious poem, published in that year, entitled *Peteryplegia*, which in all good faith, without the slightest attempt at burlesque, professes to teach 'the art of shooting flying.' How likely the author was to succeed, we leave the reader to judge from the following extract:

> Five general sorts of flying marks there are,
> The lineals two, traverse, and circular;
> The fifth oblique, which I may vainly teach,
> But practice only perfectly can reach.

The sportsmen, too, of the olden time were, by the aid of the stalking-horse, enabled to approach within a very short distance of their game. In the very interesting *Household Book* already alluded to, we find an entry of money paid for shoeing the stalking-horse, then a necessary adjunct to the establishment of every gentleman's country-house. The sire, as a racing-man might say, of our modern domestic clothes-horse, frequently mentioned by our early dramatists and other authors, and almost coming under the denomination of an extinct British animal, the stalking-horse, we trust, is not altogether unworthy of a description in these pages. The best account we find of it is in a work without date, but published about the commencement of the seventeenth century, under the quaint title of *Hunger's Prevention*. The writer, after relating the impossibility of approaching wild-fowl within gunshot, when in an open field or marsh, thus proceeds:

'So that of necessity a man must have a moving shadowe or shelter to walke by him. In this case, there is nothing better than the stalking-horse, which is any old jade trayned up for that use, which being stript naked, and having nothing but a string about the nether chappe, of two or three yards long, will gently, as you have occasion to urge him, walke up and downe eating the grass or other stuffe that groweth thereabout: and then you shall shelter yourself and the piece behinde his fore-shoulder, bending your body downe low by his side, and keeping his body full between you and the fowle. Then having chosen your marke, you shall take your aym from before the fore-part of the horse, shooting, as it were, between the horse's neck and the ground; the shoulder of the horse concealing the body of the man, and the horse's legges covering the legges of the man also.'

From this description of the stalking-horse, and the mode of using it, we can easily understand the meaning of such an expression as, 'Hypocrisy is the devil's stalking-horse;' or where, in *As You Like It*, the Duke says of Touchstone, 'He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under presentation of that he shoots his wit;' or where, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Claudio, when he perceives that Benedick is listening to their conversation, says, in an aside, to Pedro, 'Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.'

Those who could not afford to keep a real flesh-and-blood stalking-horse, used an artificial one, made of a wooden frame covered with canvas, which was painted to resemble a horse. This the sportsman carried with him, when stalking wild-fowl; and no doubt, when he returned home wet and weary, would hang his wet clothes over the sham steed. The good housewife would soon take the hint, and the stalking-horse, on washing-days, would become as useful in the house as it had erstwhile been in the field. In course of time, the painted canvas, no longer required, would be taken off; the name connected with its original use forgotten; and the appellation horse only retained to dignify the rickety wooden appliance of the laundress. Another derivation, more germane to our subject, is worth noticing. Pegge, the most indefatigable antiquary of the last century, assumes that the word pedigree is derived from the French *pie de grue* (the crane's foot), as a pedigree of extent resembles the long foot or leg of a crane, especially where only the main line is carried down.

LIFE IN THE MERCHANT-SERVICE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

One afternoon, a homeward-bound ship was observed from the masthead. The captain was asked to send a boat, and forward letters home by it; to this he agreed, and gave orders to us midshipmen to run up the usual saluting-signals: 'What ship is that?' 'The *Mary Anne*.'—'Where from, and where bound?' 'From Callao to Cork.'—'How many days out?' '115.' Then came a question which made many a heart beat anxiously to know the reply: 'Will you take a mail home?' 'Yes,' signalled the other ship. On this answer, it was given out that an hour would be allowed for writing letters, and of course nearly every one went below, to forward their friends some tidings of themselves. We midshipmen were not backward; we all made a rush for the booby-hatch, but were stopped by the chief-mate, and told to make up the signal-flags before we went down. Those whose watch it was on deck were not allowed to go below, unless they could get an equal number to relieve them. This was rather too bad, for surely the discipline of the ship might have been laid aside just for one hour; but the chief-mate would not have it so, and it seemed to me that he took advantage of this circumstance as an opportunity of venting his spite on the unfortunate 'mids' for their previous bad conduct. To myself, these orders were not very inconvenient, as directly we left England, I commenced writing letters, not having the slightest idea at the time when, or how, they would be sent; but now just adding a few words to them, together with the latitude and longitude, to shew the position of the ship, I sealed them up, put them in the mail-bag, and went to relieve the watch.

It is, I believe, the custom in nearly all first-class ships, and it was the case in ours, to work all day until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the decks are swept up and all made neat. At three bells (half-past five) they piped to supper; and that being over, every one dressed to come on deck, where, if it were fine, there was plenty of fun, and the games of 'Sling the Monkey,' leap-frog, and jumping, enabled us to get through the long evening hours. At other times, the captain gave us permission to have the fiddler aft to play, and then we had dances, in which the lady-passengers joined. These amusements were kept up with unwearied vigour till eight o'clock, at which hour the watch was changed, and the first night-watch began; after eight, nobody was allowed to make any noise, for fear of disturbing the watch below, who then turned in. But some of us passed the evenings in a quieter manner; and a group of passengers and midshipmen might have been seen congregated round the winch, smoking pipes or cigars, and spinning yarns. In this way we passed the fine evenings in the tropics; and were it not for the thirst which assailed us, a sailor's life might be said to be quite enviable in these regions.

I had now been at sea some time, and consequently began to have an insight into the numerous duties which devolved upon me. At 'eight bells' (eight o'clock), the watch was changed; and as that is the breakfast-hour of the midshipmen, only one of the next watch came up, and he kept a look-out till the others had finished their meal, when he went down to get his. During this time—namely, from eight to one bell—the third-mate looked out, the chief-mate being at breakfast. His love of tyrannising was as great on deck as below, and it was his especial delight to find us a dirty job. Everything had to be

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touched up when he came; the slack of all the running-gear to be taken in, all the ropes to be coiled down fresh, and, when possible, he would trim sail. He had also a quick eye for discovering spots of grease or tar, at the sight of which we were sent for a piece of canvas and a bucket of water, and ordered to clean it up. But he was most particularly pleased when he succeeded in finding anything that wanted a piece of parcelling putting on. How I can fancy him now, calling to me: 'Mr S——' (we were always honoured by having a handle attached to our names)—'Mr S——, come here. Do you see that rope? and do you see that chafe? I don't know,' he would say with an oath, 'where you put your eyes, unless it is in your pockets. Go forward; get a piece of old sail, and make some parcelling of it, and don't think you are where mammy will see your dirty fingers.' Then going forward, and watching me tarring it, he would amuse himself by asking vexatious questions, such as: 'Don't you wish you were at home?' I remember the first time he asked me this, I replied in the negative, when he immediately said: 'The more fool you, for I do.' Some time afterwards, I heard him propound the same question to one of the first voyagers, and on his answering, 'Yes,' he called out: 'Then what the Blazes did you come to sea for?' One of his favourite modes of annoyance was to compel us to thrust our hands into the tar twice as far as the occasion required, while he would stand by enjoying the scene most hugely, quite happy in the idea that he was making us do something that we greatly disliked. However, his reign was fortunately of short duration. The chief-mate, as soon as he had finished breakfast, relieved him, and then the work of the ship began regularly; in a few minutes, everybody being provided with sufficient to keep him employed all day. During the morning, we midshipmen were superintended by the fourth-mate, and in the afternoon, by the fifth. We had the entire care of the mizzen-mast, and had to do all the work on it; and it was considered quite a disgrace if any of the sailors had to assist us, as we thought ourselves quite competent to perform all that was necessary. The work aloft was always considered by far the most pleasant, but the first voyagers were never sent up to do anything further than furl the mizzen-royal, or to pass the ball of spun-yarn for the second voyagers; however, we delighted in doing even this, as it afforded us a good opportunity of spending a few hours in spinning and listening to yarns, the officer on watch seldom looking after us, but leaving that task to the junior officer, for whom we did not care at all. On deck, our work was of a different nature: we had to make chafing-gear for those employed aloft; we had also to clean out the boats, strike time, make parcelling for stock, help the sail-maker, and perform various other duties of a similar kind. But the worst of all was when the third-mate wanted water breaking out. The hands, that is, the sailors, were not required to do this; it was a job for us midshipmen; and all those on watch, with the exception of one, who was left on deck to act as errand-boy in general and to strike time, were called out for this tiring work. It sometimes happened that there were not sufficient of us, so the midshipmen of the watch below had to come up and take part in the proceedings; and for about two hours we had to pull the nasty, damp, mouldy casks about, to the great detriment of our clothes, which we could not change, as the officers gave us no time, but forced us to do all manner of dirty jobs in the dress we had on when the order was given out. It was this that so disgusted us with hold-work, knowing that we were irretrievably spoiling the various articles of dress which had to last us such a long time. The afternoon was spent in a manner very similar to the morning—getting aloft when we were able, and when on deck, engaged in every conceivable kind of disagreeable work. The night-watches, however, were comparatively easy—trimming sails and keeping time being all that was to be done; there being three of us in a watch, we came to the conclusion that one could do the work as well as three; so we took it in turn to watch, while the others slept in some convenient place, where, in the event of their services being required, they could be easily aroused. The watch we disliked most of all, and in which was by far the most disagreeable work, was from 4 A.M. till 8. At daybreak, directly it was light enough to see anything, the watch was called aft to wash the poop. The midshipmen had to fall to as well as the rest; and with shoes and stockings off, and sleeves turned up, we commenced hanging all the coils of rope clear of the deck, in order that the water might not wet them. Then the mats under the wheel-chain were removed, and the deck being rendered quite free from obstructions, water was poured all over it. It was obtained from a small pump stationed on the poop, which the midshipmen worked by turns; and very hard work it was, for the boatswain's mate was prodigal of the liquid element, and threw several bucketfuls where one would have been quite sufficient. After the poop was well scrubbed down, the hands went on the quarter-deck to continue the washing there. The hose being stretched along, we recommenced pumping, and those of us who could not find employment at that, had to swab up all the wet, coil down the ropes, help the sail-maker, and do any other odd jobs. The only exception to this routine of duty was when the decks had to be holy-stoned, which occurred about three times during the outward-bound passage. They were then scrubbed down with stones called holy-stones, sand, and lime-water; and a precious mess it was! for we had to go down on our knees in the wet, with only a piece of the stave of a cask to kneel upon, and rub away with all our might, taking care that not an inch was left untouched.

The shaving process, once so general upon all who cross the line for the first time, but now almost abolished, was in our ship carried out in all its forms and ceremonies. Two days before they intended to shave, one of the sailors came round to take the bribe, as it is called—a sum of 1.1, which was paid by those who preferred lightening their pockets rather than undergo the painful operation, the terrors of which the sailors took great care to impress on our minds. Accordingly, all the first-voyage midshipmen, myself included, took advantage of this, and being unwilling to have our bodies subjected to such ill-usage, paid the sum demanded. One evening in the second dog-watch, when in latitude 2 degrees 12 minutes north, as we were all assembled together by the main hatchway, enjoying our pipes and the yarns of our companions, we were suddenly startled by the man on watch on the forecastle calling out: 'Sail on the weather-bow!' This is joyful news for a sailor; the tedious monotony of his life is relieved, and he loves to gaze upon an object which reminds him that he is not alone upon the wild waste of water. With first voyagers more especially does this feeling prevail; while the curiosity of rough, old Jack-tars, accustomed for weeks and months together to see nothing but water and sky, is not so easily aroused. We youngsters, however, at once made a rush to the side, but no ship was to be seen; so concluding that it was too far off, we resumed our pipes and yarns, and soon forgot, under the soothing influence of tobacco, the cause of our late excitement. But in a short time we were again startled by the cry: 'The ship is lowering a boat.' My curiosity was now awakened in earnest, and I thought that the ship must be very near, if the man could see a boat lowered, more particularly as it was nearly dark. I therefore looked—but in vain; for nothing was to be seen bearing any resemblance to a ship. I felt extremely puzzled; there was

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evidently neither ship nor boat, and my perplexity was still further heightened by the chief-mate calling out: 'Stand by with a rope for the boat;' and almost at the same time, a voice over the side was heard to say: 'Heave us a rope.' We should now have discovered the trick, had not the chief-mate again called out: 'Now, then, young gentlemen, keep clear of the gangway;' when immediately a man clad in oilskins from head to foot, with long flowing hair, and a face of most venerable aspect, came over the side, made his way to the poop, and introducing himself to the chief-mate as Neptune, requested permission to speak with the captain. The captain was sent for, and Neptune, with all due dignity, sat down to await his arrival. On a closer view of his nautical majesty, it was discovered that his long and wavy locks were nothing more than rope-yarn pulled out into oakum. The captain came; Neptune made a bow, and began a speech, the import of which was, to know if there were any first voyagers in the ship, and if so, whether he had any objection to their being shaved the following day. The captain, in reply, said that he didn't mind the first voyagers among the midshipmen and the hands being operated upon, but he would not have the soldiers meddled with, as it might occasion a bad feeling between them and the sailors. This business over, he commenced asking Neptune a variety of questions, in order that we might see how much he believed in him, such as: 'What ships had lately crossed the line?' 'What wind would he cause to blow for the next week?' and others of a similar nature. To the former of these, Neptune answered without the slightest hesitation, as if what he said was really the case, and giving a long catalogue of ships, concluded by saying: 'On board the *Flying Eagle* yesterday, I shaved the first voyagers; and the carpenter, poor man, trying to resist my assistants, got his leg broken; I was sorry for him.' When this was concluded, and it was settled that there was to be a half-holiday next day, Neptune came down from the poop, and disappeared over the gangway. We heard him call out: 'Let go the painter.' 'Ay, ay,' was the answer; and immediately we saw his boat, which was represented by a small barrel full of tar, fixed on two cross-pieces of wood, and lowered into the water forward, go astern. The men having obtained the captain's leave, began to prepare for the duties of the morrow, by borrowing a lot of dresses from the passengers, and the soldiers and their wives.

The eventful day arrived; we worked, as usual, till dinner-time, after which the sailors set to, and fixed up a sail about three yards abaft the foremast, so that nobody but those who were admitted to the select circle of Neptune could see what was being done. At three o'clock, the time appointed for commencing, three of the sailors, dressed up as policemen, and armed with sand-bags, about a foot and a half long, by two inches in diameter, issued from behind the sail, and marched in line along the deck, until they came to the after-hatchway, where they went down, but presently made their appearance, bearing with them the midshipmen's servant, who kicked, and struggled, and shouted, but all to no purpose, for a few strokes of the sand-bags soon reduced him to order, and he was very quietly led forward beyond the sail. I was naturally very curious to see what would be done to him, and I determined, come what might, that I would have a view of the proceedings; so getting into the fore-chains, and from thence to the forecastle, without anybody noticing me, I was enabled to witness the ceremonies.

Neptune was seated on a throne, represented by a large cask put on end; a smaller one served him as a footstool; before him was a box, for the convenience of the individual about to be shaved; there was also another box, the medicine-chest of his majesty's doctor, which contained pills about as large as marbles, and of two different kinds—one being made of dough, or, as sailors pronounce it, duff-pudding; whilst the other was a compound of all manner of refuse and filth, with plenty of grease and tar to flavour it. In a corner near the cow-house was a large tub of water, which, I think, completed the inventory of Neptune's court.

The midshipmen's servant, when I got there, was in the sea-god's presence, answering various questions; the result of the examination being, that he was handed over to the doctor, who, after feeling his pulse, said he thought that a good strong pill would do him good. A bolus, therefore, such as the one last described, was offered him; but on his refusing to take it, the three policemen, who stood by, began to belabour him with the sand-bags, and in a few moments made him very glad to swallow it. After this, the doctor interrogated him respecting the state of his health, but directly he opened his mouth to answer, in went the tar-brush, causing him to spit and sputter most terribly. To the next inquiry he would not say a word, so the policemen, being in readiness, again commenced a serenade on his back, until he shouted out a reply, and, of course, got the tar-brush again in his mouth. In this manner, by the help of the policemen, he managed to answer all the questions; and the doctor then passed him over to the tender mercies of the barber, who, without the least ceremony, commenced lathering his face with tar, which was scraped off with part of an old iron hoop. His head was then rubbed with what, on board ship, is known by the descriptive epithet of 'slush;' after which he was carried to the tub of water, and well ducked, when he was declared to be a child of Neptune, was allowed to go aft, and the policemen went in search of another victim. This was the whole of the process, as performed on those who had not either paid the fine or crossed the line. When all were shaved and duly initiated, the dignity of Neptune and his court relaxed, and they amused themselves by throwing buckets of water at each other, the policemen at the same time fighting with the sand-bags. At half-past five, the hands were piped to clear up decks; they then had tea, after which all came aft in a body to sing and dance, and kick up as much noise as possible. At eight, the boatswain piped to grog, the sailors went forward, and the ship resumed its usual order and quiet.

The male passengers now found that the beautiful fine days in the tropics hung heavily on their hands. Nothing to do was the complaint of all; and many plans were devised to drive away ennui, and kill the tedious time. The captain ordered rope-quoits to be made, and everybody played at the game till they were quite sick of it. The next thing started was a newspaper, called the *Orang-Outang Gazette*, which for some time interested the passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, and was equally attractive to the soldiers and midshipmen. A young cadet in the H.E.I.C.S. was appointed editor; and a box was hung outside his door, wherein any communications intended for the journal might be placed. Three of the passengers offered their services as writers—that is, to copy it out, so that due provision was made for its publication, which it was decided should be weekly. The first number issued was full of wit; but the nature of the paper gradually got to resemble that of the *Satirist*; the consequence was that one of the officers, whose foibles had been taken off to the great amusement of all on board, complained to the captain, who having himself suffered ridicule at the hands of the journal, stopped its further circulation, after a life of but four weeks.

As we were coming down Channel, the second voyagers endeavoured to frighten us by saying, that as soon as we got to sea, the work would be twice as hard; but it turned out quite the contrary, for we found that it was considerably easier, the watches being regularly changed, and the ship's discipline

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carried on in an orderly manner, instead of that hurry and bustle so common when just leaving port. We were then told that on the 30th day of the voyage stricter rules would be introduced, and many and fearful were the accounts of the work we should have to do. These tales rendered us rather anxious; we looked forward to the day with a certain amount of dread; and when it arrived, were not surprised at its being ushered in, in the following curious manner: A nondescript thing, made of canvas, stuffed with straw, and intended for a horse, was mounted on the shoulders of some of the sailors. A rope was then attached to it, which all of us took hold of, and to the well-known tune of 'Cheerily, men' (pronounced 'Chilly, man), we made a pretence of pulling. The men who carried the horse caused it to jump up and down on their backs, and then, amidst a perfect uproar of gee-whooing, and other noises peculiar to carters, it was marched round the deck. This was repeated twice, when the rope was suddenly changed and passed along, we at the same time being instructed to pull in earnest. In a minute, it was run up to the foreyard arm, and a man being there in waiting, directly it touched, it was cut down, and with a dull splash fell into the water. On this, some one among the crowd called out in a loud voice: 'From this time begins strict discipline!' The evening was spent in the usual manner, and at 'eight bells' the boatswain piped to grog, and the steward was ordered to serve out an extra glass.* After all this ceremony, we really did expect some change to be made in our work, but I never discovered any difference; and I came to the conclusion that the only reason for this remarkable performance was to obtain the extra glass of rum that accompanied it.

The soldiers had for some time employed themselves getting up an entertainment for all on board in the shape of a play; and to make it more interesting, it was an original one, written for the occasion. The main steerage was fitted up one night as a theatre, and bedecked with flags. The scene (for there was but one) was in Carolina, by the side of a wood, and very well painted it was, considering the rough implements used in executing it. The high-road passed near the wood, and was so represented that the stage appeared to be part of it; and it was on this road that all the performance took place. It lasted about an hour and a half, and was most amusing; the only drawback being the intense heat; for we were in the tropics, and having the steerage quite crammed with people (at least 250 being present), it was perfectly suffocating. However, taking all into consideration, everything passed off admirably. The whole of the soldiers and their officers were among the audience, and the captain and his lady also honoured it with their presence. The effect produced was very beneficial, as it gave the tars a much better opinion of the soldiers, whom they previously despised, speaking of them in terms of the utmost contempt. Thus, if one of the boys or ordinary seamen did anything in a clumsy manner, it was customary to say that he was as awkward as (an unpleasant adjective) sodger.

The pleasures of the tropics, that sailor's summer, did not last long; the weather soon became such that our services were required on deck. Up to the present time we had had fine steady winds, and made the run down to the line in twenty-one days. After crossing it, however, we experienced a great deal of calm, and were carried into the southern regions by light breezes, which, as we left the equator further behind, became much heavier and stronger, enabling us to make up for lost time.

When I first came to sea, one of my greatest wishes, singular as it may seem, was to be in a storm, and certainly my desire was fully gratified. We were in latitude 45 degrees south, and for several days had been becalmed, with a very heavy swell on. Towards the evening of the third day, the sky was covered with a dense mass of clouds, and the lightning played so vividly that the heavens appeared one perpetual blaze of fire. The captain, who looked somewhat agitated, gave out orders to shorten sail. The lightning-conductor was led down to the water; wet swabs were put about the pumps, to prevent the electric fluid from being attracted down the hold; and everything was done that prudence could dictate, in order to prepare for the coming storm. The wind first struck us at about eight o'clock. All hands were now kept on deck to take in sail, which, however, proved no easy job, for it blew most terribly, the sea soon running high, and the huge foam-capped waves coming tumbling along as if they would burst upon us. The men descended from aloft, leaving the foresail and topsails but partially stowed, and swore that they would not leave deck again that night; but the midshipmen remained on the yard till they saw that there was no probability of any one joining them. I do not mean to say that we were more courageous than the hands, but our position as petty-officers, together with a desire of emulating and even eclipsing the men, bound us to keep at our posts till the last. The half-furled sails soon blew loose, and after a few heavy 'thrums,' went over the side in ribbons. The chief-mate was so enraged at this cowardice on the part of the men, that he went forward, and began using his speaking-trumpet about their heads till it was flattened in. The close-reefed mizzen-topsail and the fore-topmast staysail quickly followed, and the ship was now left hove to on the port-tack, under close-reefed main-topsail and main-trysail. All the port-holes were opened, in order that the water, with which every wave deluged us in enormous quantities, might run off the deck. On account of this, it became most dangerous to walk along the main-deck, for fear of being washed out; so we entirely banished the idea of striking bells, and remained aft on the poop. What miserable work it was! we were wet through to the skin, with no prospect of drying ourselves, and every now and then a big wave came dashing over us, causing the ship to roll so awfully that the yard-arms nearly dipped. Most unfortunately for me, when the watch was called, it was my turn on deck, so, cursing my unlucky fate, I had to remain up, wet and tired as I was, and I think I never remember time to have moved so tardily. Everything was in a wretched state—the coils of rope kept fetching away from windward, and were stretched across the deck. I, together with one of the boys, was sent aloft to secure the mizzen-topsail, which shewed signs of breaking loose, the other midshipmen being employed between decks, baling out the water which had got down the main and after hatchways before they were battened down, and was washing from side to side, making it almost as bad below as on deck. In addition to this, several casks and cases of provisions, got up by the steward the previous day, broke loose, and till they were secured, endangered the legs of those in the steerage. I, being a first voyager, was not allowed the privilege of being below out of the rain and wind; the second voyagers had taken care to monopolise all this work, so when I went down, hoping to find some one who would exchange places with me, I was very quickly handed up again. After spending about two hours in a most miserable manner, half dead with wet and cold, I left the poop, in the expectation of finding shelter under the cuddy awning; but the ladder which leads from that to the quarter-deck had, it seems, been carried away during the storm, so when I, ignorant of that circumstance, put out my foot to get on the step, I pitched down all of a heap on to the quarter-deck, and was much hurt by the fall. I was instantly

* The above ceremony always takes place on the 30th night from signing articles, and is called by seamen 'Dead-horse Night;' but what is the origin of it, I cannot say.

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washed into the lee-scuppers, but having managed to get up, I made my way into the cuddy. On the other side of the table was the chief-mate, who, seeing me, and naturally thinking that I was skulking my watch, made signs for me to come to him—there was far too much noise to have heard him if he had spoken. I therefore went round the table, and was approaching him, when the ship gave a tremendous and, to me, unexpected roll. I instinctively grasped the table, but not succeeding in getting a firm hold, slipped almost with the rapidity of lightning across the deck. The next thing I remember was finding myself in a hammock, the doctor and two of the men standing by, one of them exclaiming: 'It 's all right; he 's breathing away like a young Hercules.' I was greatly confused, and for some time could not recollect where I was, and when that was made known to me, how I came there puzzled me much more. All that night I remained in the hammock, but the next I was removed to a cot, where I lay for nearly a fortnight more dead than alive, so dreadfully was I bruised and shaken. The gale lasted without intermission for two days, during the whole of which time we were hove to, and all were thankful when, it having at last abated, the sails were spread, and we were again standing on our course. Many were the reports circulated as to the disasters which had happened, one of which is worth mentioning, as it is a good sample of a yarn, for the spinning of which sailors have acquired such a reputation. A midshipman positively asserted that whilst the gale was at its height, he had been washed out of a port-hole, and had been swimming about some time when he suddenly found himself clinging to the carpenter's leg, who, he stated, was standing near another port-hole.

On Sundays, when the weather was fine and warm, we had prayers on the poop, at other times in the cuddy. The captain officiated, and the congregation, which was always pretty numerous, was chiefly composed of soldiers and passengers. We midshipmen were compelled to be present, the third-mate having received instructions to see that we were all sent up; but the sailors being allowed to please themselves, seldom attended at all. At half-past eleven, when prayers were over, the midshipmen had to make their appearance on deck with their quadrants, to take the altitude of the sun; and that being done, we had to calculate the latitude and longitude, and shew the result to the second-mate. At twelve o'clock, our dinner was ready, and generally speaking, we were ready for it; this calculating business, therefore, was looked upon as a great nuisance, and we were not long in finding a way to avoid it. One of the second voyagers, who had insinuated himself into the good graces of the second-mate, made a practice of watching and copying his workings. He would then bring them down to the berth, where we all of us soon took copies, and sent them up to the captain, who never took the trouble to examine them, but simply looking at the results, came to the conclusion that we were, considering our little experience, the best hands at navigation he knew; and he frequently complimented us about it.

On Sunday afternoons we were allowed to smoke both on the quarter and main deck; but on other days that privilege only extended from the main-mast to the boom-boards—a space of about ten feet. However, we were quite content on this point, as we learned from those in other ships in the same employ, that the mids on board of them were not permitted to smoke at all.

For a long time, things went on in the same unvaried way; our duties were regular, and whilst the weather was fine, there was no alteration in the accustomed routine; but when we reached colder climes, we did not go aloft, as before, to work at the rigging and gear; we remained on deck well wrapped up, shuffling about here and there, to make the officers believe we were working; for as soon as we stood still, they were down upon us, and gave us some job to do. After doubling the Cape, we again experienced a change, and the warm and pleasant weather reminded us of the days we spent within the tropics on the other side of Africa.

The ship was now rapidly approaching India, and, as might be expected, the wonders of that vast peninsula were the chief subjects of conversation. Those who had visited it before, amused themselves by endeavouring to frighten us poor first voyagers, and on every cessation from duty we were favoured with accounts of the dreadful and horrible scenes we should have to pass through. The third-mate, who excelled in drawing the long-bow, discoursed largely on the events which occurred on board his ship when he was once there, and spoke with such an air of truth, that we greenhorns began to be frightened. The yellow fever, he said, broke out among the crew, and carried its victims off so rapidly, that strong and hearty men who were nothing ailing at daybreak, were lying corpses in the evening; and, added he, for the special edification of us youngsters, Yellow Jack chiefly attacked the midshipmen, who, having been more delicately brought up than the sailors, the sooner became a prey to the fatal disease. He also told us of a mid being so bitten with mosquitoes, that he was taken to the hospital ashore, where he lay for some days tossing about in agony, and death only relieved him from his sufferings.

About this time commenced the most disagreeable job I had to do whilst at sea—namely, tarring down the rigging, and setting up the rattlins. Each of us had to take a little tin-can of pitch and a bunch of oakum up to the mast-head, and tar all the standing ropes down to the deck. To perform this operation on the stays required a strong nerve and a steady hand, as we had to do what is called riding them down—that is, a rope was passed through a block at the mast-head, and made fast round the stay in a running bow-line; in this noose we had to sit and paint all the way down, calling out to those on deck when we wished to be lowered. The worst was having to tar a rope higher than our heads, for every now and then drops kept falling in our faces, and sometimes into our eyes.

We were all sitting below one evening, when down came a midshipman to say it was entered on the log-slate that Cape Comorin, by calculation, was distant but forty-eight miles. Here was joyful news for us; the mere thought of seeing land raised our spirits in a moment; and we sang and danced, in order that we might relieve our excited feelings, and testify the delight we experienced. After being at sea three months, with nothing to gaze upon but water and sky, and perhaps a few ships which we chanced to meet, our desire to look upon land was so great that it amounted almost to raving. When this intelligence reached us, it was half-past seven, and as the ship was ploughing the waves at the rate of eight miles an hour, we might reasonably expect to sight land at about midnight. It was my watch from eight till twelve, but on its termination, no signs of land were visible. I had intended staying up all night, but the first excitement over, I changed my mind, and went below to turn in, having asked one of the midshipmen on watch to call me directly it was sighted; but there was no occasion for this, for I had not been in my hammock long before I could tell from the hum of voices above that something unusual had occurred. I went on deck, and found that a light in the direction of land had caused all the excitement. It was supposed to proceed from a native fishing-boat, and seemed as if on the surface of the water. Other lights of a similar nature soon came in view; but by and by one was descried higher up, and then one far up in the sky, much loftier than any ship's mast could possibly be. These last two were on the elevated

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land, which we wanted but daylight to enable us to see. At last there gradually loomed in sight what at first had the appearance of a huge misty monster rising out of the sea on the starboard-bow, and which, by degrees, began to stretch all along the starboard side. The wind now fell, and soon left us altogether; but at the same time the mist clearing away, we could distinctly see a canoe or boat coming out towards us, and which, at a short interval, was followed by another. They reached us about ten o'clock, bringing fruit to sell, and thereby gave us pleasant surety that we were nearing land at last.

SIXPENNYWORTH.

THERE are men who have nothing to do, and who do it all their lives with wonderful energy, and at considerable outlay. With respect to them, opinion is divided: some hold that it is a very pleasant, others that it is a very disagreeable and contemptible way of disposing of one's time. We do not feel bound to expose ourselves, by acknowledging to which side we adhere, but we confidently assert that there is nothing more unpleasant than to have nothing to do, and nothing to do it on; yet there are more persons in that unenviable position than the world in general imagines, or workhouse statistics account for; and very well they look too, considering that they are commonly believed to live on hope, which is no doubt a very nice thing in its way, but not nearly so nutritious as beef and mutton. Some of the best as well as some of the worst dressed men you meet have nothing to do, and nothing to do it on; and so have some of the best dancers at your balls, and some of the most amusing guests at your dinner-parties. There is only one period at which they betray that they have peas in their boots, or heaviness on their minds, and that is when, conscious of a tolerable balance at his banker's, a mocking relative or an inquisitive acquaintance says: 'Well, and what are you doing now?' That question takes the sparkle from the eye, the smile from the lip, the elasticity from the limbs. That question causes the chin to rest dejectedly upon the waistcoat button. A presentiment that that question is coming, causes many a man to turn sharp round a corner rather than face an approaching friend. That question pierces like a sword the sensitive soul, insomuch as, nine times out of ten, he imagines it prompted not by kindly interest, but by a boastful sense of malicious triumph. It is sometimes cruel, and always useless, for, depend upon it, if a man be doing great things, he will be only too glad that his friends—particularly his wealthy friends—should be made aware of it; and if not, you would scarcely grudge him his momentary cheerfulness, if you knew what an effort it cost to assume it, and how it vanishes like a vapour before that vulgar question.

'Nothing' is such a dismal word: at the sound of it, a sudden emptiness seems to possess everything; it is as though you turned out all your pockets, and exposed the blank surface of the lining. No man likes to say he is doing *nothing;* everybody professes a willingness to work; his difficulty is to find an occupation. He cannot dig, and though he may not be ashamed to beg, he is fully alive to the fact that it would be of little use. Borrowing seems the easiest course to adopt, but, unhappily, sinners in our day grow tired of lending, if they do not receive from sinners about twice as much again. Then comes thieving, but it is attended with considerable risk; and lastly, there is suicide, to which we are happy to say but comparatively few betake themselves. Now, if all these unpleasantnesses might be avoided by an expenditure of sixpence, where is the man, be he Jew or Gentile, who would not lend that sum (at an unreasonable rate of interest, of course) to a suffering 'do-nothing?' Whether so wonderful a sixpennyworth be obtainable or not, it is for the reader to decide, after a candid consideration of what we are going to set before him.

A few days ago, we were walking through that El Dorado, better known to the general public as Paternoster Row, when our eye was attracted by a little tract-resembling pamphlet, price sixpence, entitled *How to Obtain a Situation, or Hints to the Unemployed: being Plain and Practical Advice addressed to the Unemployed of all Classes, to insure them speedy and permanent Success.* We entered the place, where this treasure was by no means hidden, with alacrity, and purchased it with avidity; and as we thought how much good we might do amongst our unemployed friends, our heart expanded towards the author, and we sincerely wished he might get all the profit he deserved from the publication of so philanthropic a work. How much profit that would be, will be best calculated after estimating the probable value to the unemployed of his sixpennyworth of hints. Draw near, then, and listen, ye placeless ones, whilst we question you as to your wants, and advise you out of the little book before us. Stand round us in order of gentility. You, sir, so much better dust than ourselves, shall be captain of the class; and you, whose nether-garments hang upon the precarious tenure of a pin, stand last. Now, sir, what do you want? —'Anything that a gentleman can do without sacrificing his position.' Very well. You would like to be private secretary to a member of parliament? Very good. Then you must proceed thus: you must have an acquaintance with 'the dead and living languages, domestic and political economy, history, government statistics, and general information.' You have no personal knowledge of any member? Then, 'observe the list of parliamentary notices in the newspapers,' and amongst the list you will *perhaps* notice 'that some *obscure member* is about to bring forward a motion on a particular subject. Read up that subject well, and if you happen to have finished your reading before the motion is brought on, write a note to 'the obscure member,' to the effect that you have observed what he is at; that you have made the subject of his motion your 'particular study,' and that you are in possession of information which you believe to be invaluable (never mind if it isn't true; your object is a situation, not a character for truthfulness), which you will 'be happy to impart' if he will 'permit you the honour of an interview;' and wind up with the comforting assurance that you are 'his, &c.' 'The receipt of this missive,' our Mentor declares, 'will *no doubt* be welcome to the member. In the first place, he will feel flattered that his attempts at legislation are obtaining their deserved attention; and in the next, *eager to make a display of his wisdom and research,* he will *no doubt* grant the interview asked, to become the depositary of your important information. Admitted to his presence, it is scarcely necessary to tell you, as a man of the world, how you ought to act. You can listen to his theories respectfully, and impart your own with deference, and by imperceptible degrees convey other draughts of knowledge which you conceive to be palatable. The chances are, that you will create a favourable impression on the mind of your interlocutor; he *may* first consider you a very clever man' (think of that!); 'he *may* ponder within himself how desirable it would be to have such a person in his establishment; and he *may* finally make overtures for engaging you as his secretary; or should he not do so, he will *no doubt* bear you in mind, and recommend you to some friend who is in want of such assistance as you could give;' in which case, you see, you will be not much worse off than you were before: you will only have wasted your time in reading up 'the subject' to no purpose, and you will have the recollection of a recent failure to encourage you for the future. Now, sir, what say you? Is not this 'tip'

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worth sixpence? No? You wouldn't give three-halfpence for it? You could have guessed it all yourself? And you are quite sure that the member wouldn't answer your note at all, unless he happened to be a choleric person, and wrote back to tell you that you were an impertinent dog to pretend to know his business better than he himself did? Oh, you wish us good-morning, do you? and you're sorry you took the trouble to come? Very well, sir, good-morning; and we hope you will not be buried at the parish expense, sir.

Next; what do *you* require? A secretaryship to a public company—hem! It's rather difficult to obtain without being 'a gentleman of position in the financial world'—in which case you probably wouldn't want it; but we can tell you from our little book how to shape your course. You must be 'a person of sanguine temperament and fertile imagination, ever devising some new scheme for making money, some plausible idea to hit the public taste.' Not possessing means to carry out your ideas, you must 'cast about for a capitalist or capitalists;' have personal interviews with them; lay bare the facts connected with your venture; enter into calculations; deduce proofs of ultimate success; and intimate, that provided the company is started, you will expect the post of secretary. 'This,' you will be glad to learn, 'as a matter of justice and expediency, is immediately granted; and the man who, perhaps a week before, was walking about without a shilling in his pocket, is put into the possession of a handsome income by the conception and development of a single idea.' There, sir, you'll not grudge sixpence for that, surely. What! you'd sooner buy old Moore's *Almanac!* You're not of a sufficiently sanguine temperament to suppose that capitalists would invest their money in a speculation of your contrivance, in which you don't risk a shilling, and pay you a handsome salary in advance besides! Your imagination is not so fertile as that of the author of my little book. You're sarcastic, sir, and sarcasm in a would-be secretary is very much out of place; and if, as you say, you want a secretaryship to a company already formed, and of proved solvency, you must know that such a thing is next to impossible, the secretary being always chosen from among the personal friends of the directors. You smoke, if our nose be at all to be depended upon, so you can put that into your calumet.

Advance, next applicant. You are determined to be an author—listen, then, to the words of wisdom: 'It is useless' for you 'to sit down and write a poem, play, or novel, without the slightest chance of the one being published or the other acted.' You should adopt this original and feasible plan: having 'hit upon some subject universally applicable and popular' (there can be no difficulty in that, you know), 'write upon it in a clear and concise form' (if you can); 'make the price moderate;' 'advertise it' (there's an original and costless hint); 'and place it in the hands of a publisher' 'who is accustomed to sell that class of work;' and mind, if you do all this, your '*book will sell.*' Now, all you gentlemen 'whose vocation in life lies in scholastic duties' stand up. Why, what a throng! Well, what we have to tell you is, that your 'sphere of effort is somewhat circumscribed,' and no better advice can be given you than to place yourselves 'in the hands of a school-agent . . . . and await the result.' Is that all? No; 'a great deal of good may also be effected by advertising through the proper channels.' Is *that* all? Yes, that's all; and as you appear to have heard of both these ingenious methods, we shall not press you to buy.

You who '*possess* a wish' to become *merchants' clerks* or *warehousemen*, receive, first of all, this cheering intelligence, that your 'class forms a very numerous one,' and 'as a consequence, a large number are constantly out of employment;' having taken heart hereby, know that your 'first step . . . . is to ascertain who is *the party* that engages the hands;' then you should make inquiries as to his 'peculiarities and prejudices,' for be it known to you that 'an unguarded expression, a careless attitude, or an article of attire inadvertently adopted or carelessly put on, may be the means of at once creating an unfavourable impression, *which no after-conduct can remedy.*' There is 'an employer, for instance, who always forms an estimate of a man's character and business habits by *the cleanliness of his shirt;* another who dislikes a man that *carries a stick;* and a third, who gathers his ideas of energy or inertness *from a person's walk.*' If, therefore, your possible employer be a dirty man, bribe a little muddy-faced boy to turn head-over-heels with his feet against your shirt-front—he'll do it for a half-penny; if he be conscious of being 'unwhipt of justice,' beware how you alarm him by carrying a stick; and if he form his opinions on pedestrian grounds, burst into his warehouse at the rate of five miles an hour, and you will be sure either of obtaining a situation, or of being handed over to the police. Mind, also, that when you catch sight of the gentleman you go to see, you 'should bow respectfully, but not servilely;' you 'should never intrude yourself in unseasonable hours, the morning between eight and ten o'clock being the generally recognised period for making such applications;' you 'should neither exaggerate nor depreciate your abilities;' you should 'not be disheartened at the first repulse;' you should 'renew the attack again and again, until *perhaps* an employer, through sheer admiration of your determination and energy, *combined with the fact that an actual want has been created in the meantime*, will engage you.' There is more advice yet in our little book, as well as a 'list of warehouses employing the largest number of hands.' You look very much inclined to purchase; go down, then, at once with your sixpence to Paternoster Row; never mind if it *is* your last sixpence, and if your hair *does* want cutting; how do you know that '*the party* who engages the hands' may not be a worshipper of Akersecomes?

You who would be '*shopmen, drapers', grocers', and druggists' assistants,*' learn to your joy that your sixpennyworth will tell you such situations as you seek are 'more easy of access than many.' It will tell you that 'a young man requiring a situation in either of these occupations, cannot do better than enter shop after shop, day after day, and he is sure to succeed *at last.*' After this, you will not be surprised to be told that you must have 'assurance and self-possession,' and that you must be free from 'anything approaching to nervousness or trepidation.' 'In addressing the master of a shop, therefore, you should let him see that . . . . you fancy yourself as it were behind the counter recommending some article of his own, and that he is the purchaser;' that, in fact, you are pressing him to buy your talents—which you already consider his—by the foot, the ounce, or the scruple, according to the nature of his business.

Come hither, ye who desire to be 'porters,' and understand what your sixpennyworth will teach you; that your 'chief recommendations are honesty, sobriety, civility, and strength;' that 'a man who is a porter should not ape the gentleman;' that 'a jacket of fustian and trousers of corduroy are more consonant to his station than a cloth surtout and fashionable cut pantaloons;' and that 'it would be as well if every man who hires himself as a porter would learn writing and arithmetic.' Don't make that disagreeable noise; we are perfectly aware that this 'ain't o' no use to a feller as is out o' place t' 'elp 'im to get a place;' but we only undertook to tell you what you could learn for sixpence. If you don't wish to become purchasers, say so, and leave

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the room; don't swear, and make penny-trumpets of yourselves.

Welcome, females, for that is the elegant name by which you are designated in our little book. (If a woman have *means*, she is a lady; if she have nothing, she is a female; and sometimes, if she be youthful, a young person. Mem. 'A young person' in an advertisement is *always* of the feminine gender.) To you, wishing to be a governess, we will explain what amount of help you may look for, if you invest sixpence in our little book. It will announce to you that 'in this class of situations there are unfortunately fewer vacancies in comparison to the number of applicants than in almost any other; so many young *females* (and old too, unfortunately,) having received good educations, not possessing the means of ladies,' &c. It will go on to inform you, that 'in a great many instances these situations are obtained through private influence. Mrs Thompson knows that Mrs Johnson is in want of a companion or governess, and happening to be acquainted with Miss Fielding, &c.' It will then offer a few hints about dress, carriage, conversation, and attainments, from which you will infer that your clothes should be 'good, well-made, and carefully put on;' that you should be ladylike, subdued, graceful, engaging, cheerful, and obliging; that your 'conversation should be intelligent and interesting;' and that 'it is absolutely necessary, in addition to the everyday rudiments of education,' 'to have a thorough knowledge of French and music, an acquaintance with German and Italian, and *a glimmering of other modern languages*'—a little Chinese would possibly be looked for at the present juncture—'singing, drawing, and painting also are .... frequently called into requisition;' and 'all beyond this' that you 'can boast of .... the more gratifying it will be' to you 'and the more pleasing to' your employers. If you can square the circle, for instance, you will find it highly gratifying to you and pleasing to your employers; even a thorough knowledge of so common a subject as electricity will be a recommendation; and a perfect familiarity with the laws which regulate physiological and pneumatological phenomena will be an advantage. Moreover, you will discover that a situation of this nature .... is the means of securing powerful friends, of gaining an introduction into society, and not unfrequently of leading to a comfortable settlement in life, and an advantageous and happy union.' There, ladies who have no means but the means of being useful, and of making men happy, if you think you would like a peep at the book we have mentioned, the publisher's address is very much at your service.

You are anxious to become a lady's-maid, miss? Then give ear to our author. You may obtain a situation in three ways: by advertising, by means of a registry-office, by 'inquiring amongst the shopkeepers in the neighbourhood.' Did you say 'Fiddle-de-dee!' Very well, then.

Nurse-maids 'out of place' will learn something worth knowing from this book: it bids them frequent St James's Park, Regent's Park, and Kensington Gardens, and converse not with the men of war, as they are too apt to do, but with 'the best-tempered' guardians of the many perambulators; and by this means '*it* is not unlikely to hear of something.' Oh, 'you wouldn't demean yourself by speaking to *a young person* as you 'adn't bin introduced to?' Then try the registry-office.

The advice here given to such 'young females' as desire to become milliners, dressmakers, shopwomen and barmaids, is not distinguished for its originality; nor do we consider it would be worth their while to purchase a book which will do little more than inform them that 'an agreeable and engaging address, and a talent for what is called "small-talk," are requisite. The dress should also be neat and clean, and the hands and nails nicely kept.' A housekeeper 'should be a ladylike and educated person, and, at the same time, have a knowledge of the world and its *conveniences*'—whatever those may be. We could give much more wisdom out of our oracle, had we time and space; we could tell how 'women of robust constitutions .... may earn a decent livelihood' as laundresses; how persons who 'are naturally talented with their needle' (as our text-book hath it), 'being able to design novelties in head-dresses,' will have no difficulty in getting their efforts appreciated; how in shirt and slop making, which is 'the hardest and least remunerative of all female employments, ... a deposit equivalent to the value of the work has to be left; and sometimes advantage is taken of this by dishonest parties, who find fault with the work done, and deduct the value of the article said to be spoiled from the deposit left.' We could speak a word in season to coal-agents, who should 'live, if possible, in some public thoroughfare, and possess the privilege (?) of placing a large board before their residence, with the prices of the different coal painted conspicuously upon it;' to tea-agents, who are recommended to take a somewhat dubious course—namely, to visit cottages, the inmates of which should be 'supplied with their tea, &c., for one week on credit'—this being 'an inducement with people who have scarcely sufficient to make both ends meet'—to get into debt? To wine and cigar agents, who should have a *jolly* presence; and to insurance agents, who, 'as there is no article to back their assertions and tempt the public,' must do all their business by sheer talking, and should never forget to touch upon the uncertainty of human life, and bring forward 'the case of Mr So-and-so, a relation, friend, or neighbour, who fell off an omnibus, or was drowned last week;' and, lastly, we could give a list of the salaries in government offices, and of the difficulties attendant upon applications there; but we forbear, since we have already said enough to shew the 'great unemployed' what kind of a sixpennyworth they may expect; and so we wish them heartily farewell, merely remarking, by the way, that an Excise-officer, 'if married, must not have more than two children'—a restriction which displays no very great acquaintance with the doctrines of limited liability.

THE RULING PASSION.

One of the prettiest of the German watering-places is Schlôssenbourg.

A long, strait, tedious avenue takes you to it from the bright-looking town of F——; twelve long miles without a railway; but when you get there, it is like a garden with houses in it, not houses with a garden to them—a garden filled with flowers, exquisitely kept, tastefully laid out, stretching into a park and woods that an English duke might envy. Then there is a conservatory, with tall palm-trees and other exotics; a Chinese temple, with gas-lights at night, that are contrived as if they sprang from amongst the flowers; and morning, noon, and night, music—from one of the best bands in Germany. You may sit and hear it in the garden, sipping coffee all the while, or you may go into a well-lighted room, provided with every newspaper in every language you could desire, fitted up like the most luxurious drawing-room. You may also remark in the one long street of which the town of Schlôssenbourg consists, that every other house is a banker's or money-changer's, where all kinds of facilities for obtaining or changing money are offered.

'How rich and prosperous the little town must be,' you remark; 'what a beneficent government;' for all these luxuries are given for nothing. No visitor is asked to pay for the expensive garden that surrounds

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his lodgings, or the gas, or the music, or the newspapers, or the sofas—all is generously provided by some invisible power. Let us walk into the noble saloon with its lofty painted ceilings, past the soft-seated news-room, and we shall see the munificent provider of flowers and music—the board of green cloth, the bank and its directors, the rouge et noir, and the roulette-table.

The bank is obliged to lay out a certain portion of its enormous profits every year on the place; the gardens, the conservatories, and every luxury are kept up to render attractive the temple of the blind goddess.

It is a mistake to look for fiery passions, deep despairs among the players; most wear an outward calm: there is only a sort of fixed haggard look and contraction of the mouth sometimes to be detected, that speaks as with an inward curse.

I had come to Schlössenbourg as the medical attendant of an old and valued friend as well as patient. I had no money to risk, and I was determined not to be seduced by that strange chink of gold, and the atmosphere of excitement pervading the rooms.

My friend, Harry Melville, found me in the reading-room one evening. 'Come,' said he, 'Halford, as you are a philosopher, and behold the oddest specimen you ever set eyes on, and help me to make her out.' We went to the roulette-table. 'There she is,' said Harry, 'between the hat with the scarlet feather and the old snuffy *Grüfin*. There; she has won again. Look at her little hands gathering up the silver florins—they are like a child's hands; but her face—did you ever see such a face?'

'I can see nothing,' said I, 'but spectacles and a false front, and a large old-fashioned bonnet, and a little wizzened figure. What can it be?'

'There; she loses now. See how she clasps her little hands, but plays boldly again, without a moment's hesitation; only she seems to consult some written notes on a card. Lost again; poor little old lady! it is evident she is not a witch.'

The heap of winnings was now reduced to a single gold piece, a double Frederick d'or. The little old woman seemed to hesitate; she looked eagerly at her notes, then took up the money and disappeared so rapidly that I did not see her leave the room.

I should scarcely have remembered the circumstance or the personage who seemed to have impressed Harry so strongly, but for the appearance of the mysterious little old woman again at the table two or three days afterwards. This time, I was determined to watch her; it was in the afternoon, rather dusk, but before the tables were lighted.

She had an umbrella, on which she leaned with a limping gait, the old bonnet, and a large dark shawl. She went straight up to the table, and without hesitation placed a double Frederick d'or on a single number—I think it was three. I looked at her as the table turned; her hands were tightly clasped, her neck stretched out. The umbrella on which she leaned for a walking-stick had fallen down, and she did not seem aware of it.

'Elle ne tourne plus—trois!' said the croupier. The little witch had won thirty-six double Fredericks.

She gave an unmistakable shout of ecstasy. 'O beautiful!' said a clear shrill child's voice, and she snatched up the gold pieces, and actually ran out of the saloon. I turned to follow, but she had disappeared, leaving the umbrella on the floor. I picked it up, thinking it might lead to some acquaintance with the mysterious little person.

My invalid had become worse, and I was much taken up with him, and did not go to the Cursaal for some days. Sitting one afternoon in the garden with him, we were listlessly watching some children, both German and English, engaged in a game of hide-and-seek, chasing each other round the trees. A little girl, whose remarkably graceful movements had caught my attention, suddenly exclaimed with a laugh and a shout: 'O beautiful!'

The voice was identical—I could not mistake it—with that of the little old woman of the Cursaal. I was determined to be convinced of the fact, and when I again looked at the perfectly childish creature of eleven years old, I could not believe her to be the same. I rose from my seat as she came near, but was rather puzzled how to accost her. I have an odd sort of shyness with children, I feel so afraid of encountering either of the two extremes of shyness or pertness. At last I bethought me of the umbrella.

'Stop, my little lady,' said I very timidly. She looked round wondering, and with the softest blue eyes in the world. 'Have you not lost something lately? the other evening in the Cursaal.'

Poor little thing! all her fun and frolic were gone. She blushed and hung her head, and I saw the ready childish tears swelling under her eyelids.

'I don't know, I' —— she murmured; and I felt so guilty in tempting her to an untruth, that I said at once: 'You dropped your umbrella when you were dressed up the other evening.'

She came quite close up to me; all her shyness was gone. 'O sir,' she said, 'if you have found me out, don't tell upon me, pray, don't. Never mind the umbrella; and, sir, if you should see me again, so, dressed like an old woman, don't take any notice.'

'But, my dear little girl, or my dear old lady, I cannot promise anything, because I am sure I should laugh. What can be the reason of such a disguise?'

She had not the shadow of a smile as she answered: 'I cannot and may not tell you; and perhaps I was wrong not to say at once, "No, it was not my umbrella"—and yet that would be a story. It is so hard to know what is right, isn't it, sir, sometimes?'

Her companions here came to call her to play, but she said in German—which she spoke like a native—'No, I must go home now.' Then turning to me with a sort of involuntary confidence, she said: 'There is nobody but me now to attend to poor papa, and it was very wrong indeed of me to stay playing here.'

'I wish,' said I, 'you would tell me something more of yourself; I might help you, perhaps, and your papa too.'

She shook her head sadly. 'I dare not,' she said. 'It would vex him so much that he might die. We don't want anything now—just now, I mean; only, if you see me again *there*, don't tell anybody; for, you know'—this she said in a whisper—'they won't let children play.'

She went away out of the garden with a sedate step, and her face, thin and pale when not animated, had lost its childish expression. I watched her, and longed to follow and know what the mystery was. She stopped, and looked back hesitating, and I instantly joined her. 'Shall I send your umbrella,' said I, 'or bring it you here to-morrow?'

'Never mind that,' she said. 'If you will only tell me where you live—I may—I don't know; but papa won't let anybody come, and we may—O sir, we may want a friend!' She burst into tears, and then, with an effort to repress her sobs, said: 'Tell me where you live?'

I readily gave her my card, and pressed her slight little hand as she ran away.

A few days after that, in the Cursaal, I again saw the strange little figure. I went and stood opposite to her, but I believe she did not see me. She had, as before, a double Frederick d'or, which she changed into silver, and began to play first cautiously, and consulting some written directions, and winning every time; she then staked gold pieces, and again won. Then she grew more reckless, and placed

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high stakes on a single number—she lost; staked again—lost again, and then her last remaining gold pieces were raked off. I could not see her face for the absurd disguise, but as I saw her glide from the table, I instinctively followed. She rushed down the steps, and into the garden. When I came up, she had thrown herself on a garden-seat, had torn off her disguise, and with her childish hands covering her face, was sobbing in the bitterest despair. When she looked up, on hearing my step, it was sad to see such wild sorrow in a child's face. 'My poor child,' said I, going up to her, 'what is it?'

'O sir, O sir,' she sobbed, 'that cruel man!' Then a sudden idea seized her; she sprang up. 'Don't you think, for once, only once, he would give me back a little money, and let me try again?'

'I think not,' I said. 'How is it that you do this, and know so little? Tell me all, and let me perhaps help you.'

She looked wistfully in my face. 'If you would lend me a Frederick d'or, I should be sure to win this time.'

'I will lend it to you,' I said, 'but not to play—take it home.'

She hung back, and blushed. 'I dare not—I cannot go home.' Then she burst into a passion of sobs, exclaiming: 'O no; papa would die: it would kill him to see me come home with nothing—all lost!'

'Let me go home with you,' said I. 'I am a doctor; if your father is ill, I may be of use to him.'

She hesitated, and then, with a sudden resolution, took my hand, and led me on. It was a turning not far from the Cursaal, down a lane, and into a yard, where there was a stand of donkeys at one end, and a washerwoman at the other. The door of a mean house stood open, and my little guide asked me to stop at the bottom of the stairs, while she first went up to her father. I watched her light step, and saw her open a door very cautiously; then a shriek of alarm and horror rang through the house, and I waited no further summons to rush to the room.

The sight that presented itself was indeed appalling: on the bed lay a man apparently lifeless, the pillow and the sheets covered with blood. I immediately raised his head, and found the bleeding proceeded from the mouth and nose—he had broken a blood-vessel. The shrieks of the child had brought more assistants than enough, and by dismissing some, and making use of others, I succeeded at last in restoring consciousness to the invalid, and calmness to his poor little daughter.

While applying remedies, I was obliged to stop every attempt to speak on the part of the patient; but he smiled at Alice, whose every faculty seemed absorbed in watching him, and turned his eyes towards the table by the side of the bed. On the table were a pack of cards and a pair of much-used dice, a note-book to prick the numbers, and another with a pencil by its side, and filled with calculations. The man's face was haggard and emaciated, evidently in the last stages of consumption, but of finely chiseled features; his hands also were delicately formed. He was making efforts to speak, and tried to point still to the table, when Alice's quick eye fell on a letter which he must have received in her absence. She held it out to him. I saw the hectic mount to his cheek; and with a flash of the eye and a violent effort to raise himself and to seize it, he exclaimed: 'Thank God! I have not ruined my little Alice. It's all her luck, and she deserves it all.' The effort brought on a return of the bleeding; he fell back exhausted, and never spoke again.

The letter, whose perusal had so strongly affected him, proved to be the announcement of a considerable fortune, which had been long in litigation, having been adjudged to him, and at his death, to his daughter Alice. His name and family were discovered by this and other papers.

The rest we could only guess: his fatal propensity to gambling, his illness, and his sending his child, when unable to go to the table himself—living thus, by what he had called her wonderful luck, sometimes in ease, sometimes on the verge of starvation; and the end of the feverish fitful life coming as I have said.

Poor, desolate little Alice did not now want friends; aunts and cousins who had ignored her existence, and avoided her gambling father, now disputed with each other so violently her bringing up, that she stood a chance of being torn up by the roots altogether.

I did not lose sight of her; and when, many years after, I met the graceful, somewhat pensive girl—for she always retained a shade of melancholy—she had never forgotten her friend the doctor of Bad-Schlôssenbourg.

INDIAN DOMESTICS.

India, beautiful India, is the essence of all known plagues. It jags the edge of the sweetest temper, fixes a frown on the mildest face, and ships at last its martyr off to England, a crabbed, unbearable, combustible old man, to fret himself and society with his misanthropical tenets, or bore the best of good-natured hearers with egotistical stories of 'pig-sticking.' To be a crabbed old man, after a thirty years' existence there, is justifiable degeneracy. He has fought a fight in which thousands have fallen in the first stroke of the battle; he has survived, with Heaven's blessing, heat, servants, and bites.

None but those who have become parched and crisped by the desiccating sun of India—who have travelled, reeking, on the cracked and splintered earth, beneath the great sky-fixed ocean of molten silver—can appreciate thoroughly the free, broad, bracing freshness of an English breeze. The surface of everything unsheltered is polished by the sun's rays, until the eye becomes sore and bleared with merely doing its duty. The sleek backs and wings of the thousand crows which twit on the path, shine like new rupees; the green leaves hang motionless, and glisten as the wavelets in the sea. Even the natives, brought forth by parents who have never known another land, have huge turbans over and round their heads, and more particularly on that portion of the neck immediately below the organ of Philoprogenitiveness, lest the sun 'should smite them in his wrath.' But you may often see, as you drive along the road, these poor Hindus prostrated in the agony of sickness, vomiting with a violence which fortunately does not last long. They make one feeble struggle to rise, then roll back dead—new and choice food, when their relatives have launched them, naked and bare, on the waves of the sacred Gunga, for the beak of the vulture, or the teeth of the shark. So keen are the eyes of these two monsters, and of a hundred other attendant birds and fish, that by the time a corpse has travelled five miles upon that holy stream of the Ganges, there is not enough left of what was once a human being to taint a cubic foot of the most delicately rarefied atmosphere.

To guard against the dangerous influence of the sun, man has sought out many inventions. Our carriages have double roofs; our hats are built of pith, and ventilated by a cunning cupola in miniature, ingeniously implanted in the crown; our parasols are gigantic wooden mushrooms; and our garments are of any substance we can possibly obtain which, in its weight and fibre, does not exceed the gossamer. The walls of our houses are three feet thick, verandahed and terraced round. Our rooms are halls worthy of containing the common council of any county town at home. They are matted, and not carpeted, unless

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in some houses where appearances are more studied than comfort. Our glass windows have each outer ones of wood, the same as the Venetian ones upon the continent. These are closely shut fourteen hours of the twenty-four. Huge squares of matted straw are placed before such openings as cannot be closed; and it is the duty of a servant—of whom we have more to say—to sprinkle them with the coolest water obtainable, ten times an hour. The motive is obvious: the hot wind passing through the damp cusca, is cooled almost to a welcome point, and from a scourge, transformed, by a simple device, into a refreshment. We live in the breath of the punkah. All day and night, a servant stands by to fan us. If he halts for one second, a glow of feverish heat steals over us, and the 'punkah-wallah' submits mutely to the castigation he deserves, and most inevitably gets. These poor wretches, possessed, it may be, of more intellect than brutes, but undoubtedly of less instinct and sagacity, ply their monotonous occupation like pieces of ill-fitting machinery. They are certain to fall asleep unless retained at high-pressure by the constant application of a horse-whip. Silent, inane, and expressionless as the gods of their idolatry, they crouch and bear all the stings and arrows of their outrageous fortune.

The second plague of life in India, fully as monstrous as the first, is—servants. We will take a professional man, whose income is about 500 rupees, or L.50 a month. He does not desire, in all probability, to domesticate himself in the cheerless circle of a boarding-house community, where his absolute cost to the amiable landlady will be about twenty rupees per mensem, on which he is called every four weeks to pay 800 per cent. He therefore takes a house, and becomes, he blindly imagines, 'his own master.' Never since Cain thought he could commit fratricide unpunished, has a man been so mistaken. His house, if at all capable of affording English comfort, will be of a rental—we speak of Calcutta especially—of one hundred and fifty pounds a year *at least;* any other house, such as those which are termed 'bungalows,' which means 'one-storied houses,' are pretty sure to treat the tenant in the 'rains' to such a vast number of rheumatic aches, together with dysentery, cholera, liver-complaints, and utter prostration, that they are only cheap to such men as wish to find a grave here, and have no broken ties which they would desire to renew in Old England. The house is taken. It is situated in a 'compound,' which means at home 'its own grounds.' So spontaneous is vegetation, that a 'mallee' (gardener) is indispensable. Let the master's tastes be ever so much inclined to till his own garden, and rear marvels in botany and horticulture, the *heat* forbids him. The pay of the mallee will vary between six and eight rupees a month (16s.). The next necessary creature is the 'mater,' or house-sweeper, a man who always seems the acmé of devotedness and activity, but who has really a remarkably easy life of it generally. His pay is equal to the mallee's. The 'bhestie,' who may be met with in the twelve signs of the zodiac under the nomenclature of 'Aquarius,' is the servant to whom the tractable and sensitive heart *most* inclines to be liberal. He fills his 'mussock' (a seal-skin) many times a day with pure water, and replenishes the bath. He fills the house-buckets, and deluges the carriage when it is being cleaned. Our gratitude, extreme as it is, goes no further than six rupees. Then come the table-servants and the cook. The former are the 'khansamar,' who makes the market purchases—and is universally a rogue of the deepest dye—and the 'khitmutgar,' who waits upon you, and who is generally a sharer in the profits of the khansamar's roguery. Their wages are from seven to ten rupees each; a cook's the same. The cook has an assistant, who cleans the dishes and knives. He is called the 'musalchee,' and gets about five rupees a month. Pursuing the list, we reach the 'sirdar-bearer.' This man trims the lamps, and pulls the punkah, and does nothing else for the world; his wages are seven rupees.

Another and even more important man is *the* 'bearer.' Say, Old Indian of thirty hot years' standing, how often you have blessed this man above the others? He is valet, banker, and general protector over all things you may possess: he wipes you dry as tinder when you issue from your bath; he puts your stockings on while you sit on a chair in a reverie. He does the same good turn for all the garments you desire to don. He has your hat and gloves beautifully prepared for you. He takes charge of your floating capital in the way of any odd rupees which you may happen to leave in your discarded waistcoat, and you may trust him with a thousand. He studies your every movement, and replaces all mutilated buttons; in fact, he is, to a great extent, a wife; and if you give him a full and valuable wardrobe to be lord and master over as long as he may stay in your service, you will find it undiminished, and precisely as you gave it. He looks after the 'dhobbie' and 'pin-wallah.' These are two other servants, each male laundresses. The one does the 'plain things,' and the other the 'fancy things;' their wages and the bearer's vary from seven to twelve rupees. Some people, especially where there is a family, keep a 'derzee,' or tailor-milliner. The writer does, for instance, and he finds it an economical arrangement. The one in question gets eight rupees. Nothing can exceed the neatness with which this man sews; it is perfection itself. We will now go into the stable-yard. Each man of any standing has his carriage, for after it is once purchased, it is cheaper travelling than by palanquin (palkee). The *heat* prevents one horse being enough, there are consequently two; each horse has a 'syce' (groom), at five rupees each, and then comes the coachman at seven rupees.

The summing up, however, of this interesting category is painful in the extreme. Each man we have named, from the mallee to the coachman, is an arrant thief—nay, even the bearer, whom we eulogised. He steals indirectly; the others are not so particular. As a slight preventive to their plundering boldly and barefacedly, a 'durwan' or gate-keeper is kept at six rupees a month. As he belongs to quite a different cast and tribe to his fellow-servants, it is a pleasure for him to detect them in any peculations. He searches the derzee and syce, and each and all who attempt their exit through the entrance-gate.

If a resident here is a married man, he may, in the nature of things, be blessed with household gods—each god needs an 'ayah.' She is of course a female servant, and the most troublesome, except the syces, of them all. The wages of an ayah are very changeable and unfixed. The writer has proved by experience that few under ten rupees a month are of much good, though some are obtainable at half that sum. Besides the regular ayah to the wife and each child, there must be the 'materanni.' It is her business to do *certain things*, which, if executed by the others, would lose them their castes. Her wages are about six rupees. We will put last the servant we mentioned first, he whose duty it is to sprinkle the cusca with water. His wages are six rupees. This is a goodly list, my English reader, but be assured that not one of the number could in any way be spared. Our lives, except for pleasure, are characterised by inactivity; illness and heat soon render us unfit to accomplish half in one day of what we could do in two hours in England. The greatest advantage is taken of the weak or careless residents by these native servants. Gratitude is a sentiment totally unknown in the bosom of the Hindu. As you try to heal the wounded snake, so it turns round and stings you. If your favourite Arab becomes unwell, its syce will

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leave you unless you give him double pay to remain. He will pocket the money with which you ask him to purchase medicine for it; he will starve it to the bone to garner a rupee.

To some of my readers versed in the technicalities of natural history, the third plague of India will be recognisable by the name of 'culex;' but he is better known by the name of mosquito. So conspicuous a torment have these beautifully limbed and tinted creatures become, that Cuvier, Réaumur, and others have taken the trouble to investigate the particulars of their nativity. They discovered one, one day, hanging head-downwards in a pool of stagnant water, and he was supposed to have enjoyed that inverted position for twenty days. He was then in outward form and shape a mere ungainly worm. In the process of time, however, the chrysalis state was assumed, and through the diaphanous robe were clearly discernible the perfect body and limbs which were yet to be vitalised, and become the bane of mankind. He remained in his elegant robe about four days. Upon the fourth, he ascended to the surface of the water; but no sooner had he done so than he burst the shell with his head—the broken mansion became a boat, and the insect's wings the sails. Having enjoyed just sufficient aquatic amusement to give him time to dry his wings, he mounted into the air, a sworn foe to the sensitive skin of humanity. One of his race is endeavouring to alight upon my hand (a favourite portion), even while I trace these lines. In bulk, the mosquito is far less than the common English house-fly; I can compare its body to nothing else than a caraway-seed, and its legs to eyelashes. You cannot see the bite it inflicts until the inflammation begins, so small is the puncture; but you may catch them in the act of biting in rather a droll fashion. Suppose your hand is clenched, the skin will be then enduring tension, and all the crevices opened out; you feel the mosquito alight, and instantly commence his wicked purpose; gently unfold your hand by stretching the fingers out, and the depredator is fast on your hand. You have of course to suffer the bite notwithstanding.

The curtains round our beds at night are not only valuable safeguards against mosquitoes, but against a hundred other insects, some of them very repulsive in appearance. Grasshoppers, flying-beetles, fireflies, and others yet more horrible, would invade our sanctuary, but can only gaze at us through the delicate squares of our gauze-prison. They hum and buzz untiringly like the singing-fish of Ceylon. They occasionally rise louder in their melody than the human voice.

Unable to sleep last night, I got out of bed, and went to my dressing-table, most carefully replacing the curtains after me. I found in my oil-lamp—which burns all night long in every bed-chamber in India—a most ungainly insect, a specimen of a genus I had never met before. His body resembled a large date-stone in form and colour, and his head and legs were thick and bulky, the former covered with a fibrous tegument. His wings were like a bat's, but his *tout ensemble* reminded me mostly of a flying-fox. I thanked Providence for giving me mosquito curtains, and also for leading this creature to bathe in the heated oil of my lamp. He was quite dead, and I took him carefully out and examined him this morning. He had evidently a sting worth avoiding. All these insects, however, will bite you some time or other, and I myself have been confined to the house a fortnight from the effect of mosquito bites. Occasionally, you find a 'cobra' in your bath-room. He is in size like a large eel, and his bite is often fatal. If you find one, always search for another; they travel and abide in pairs. Ants are very troublesome; their bites have pained me more than mosquitoes', but they are more readily cured. They are sixty times the size of the English ones. I have seen one nearly an inch long. As you dine at night with all the windows thrown open, these insects above enumerated alight heavily in your vermecelli, or defile the Soyer's Relish which you have poured upon your dish.

Let none who read this paper, then, judge overharshly of any crabbed Indian veteran whom they may henceforth meet. I have offered a slight insight into the plagues he has had to bear, and will finish what I have said with three positive facts: the thermometer in the room where I now am stands at 98°, though every opening is closed; a servant has just tried to swindle me out of thirty rupees; and a mosquito has just bitten me upon my nose.

THE ROOK.

Let the Skylark make her boast
Of the high and laurelled host
Who have hailed her Heaven's Chorister so long;
Let the Nightingale repeat
In her treble, low and sweet,
The lays that in her honour have been sung;
Let each bird in her degree,
In the Cloud, or on the Tree,
Have the meed of praiseful song which is her due,
Her proper tribute, whether
For her song or for her feather—
But my Rook must have her commendation too.
Though her voice be somewhat hoarse,
Yet her language is not coarse,
As the case is with the parrot and the pye;
Though the hue be modest black,
She wears satin on her back,
And as fine as any bird that wings in the sky!
Though her notes are not a score,
Yet she owns a many more
Than the Cuckoo, in whose praise all bards agree,
While their private lives—I guess,
Mr R. 'twould quite distress
To name his wife with such a bird as she!
O to see her pick up sticks
(Which to her are stone and bricks),
For the building of her mansion in the Elm!
O to see her mother-beak
Far too full of worms to *speak*—
'Tis a lesson for her sex throughout the realm!
True it is, at morn and eve,
When they seek their nests or leave,
There seems often not a little to be said;
But, again, of this we're certain,
They've no Lectures of the Curtain,
And they shut their golden beaks when they're abed!

Oh, in sooth, I love that clangour
That, with solemn dreamy languor,
Floateth o'er the leafless tree-tops in the Spring,
When, with half-shut dusky pinion,
In the March wind's blue dominion,
The Rook unto the swaying branch doth cling;
For its slumbrous music yields
Visions of familiar fields,
Dear places whither Memory loves to roam,
Many a face and many a voice
That can bid this heart rejoice,
Though in exile from its friends and from its home.

EREBIFUS.

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UP AND DOWN REGENT STREET.

IT is three o'clock in the afternoon in the first week of spring, under a glorious sky without a cloud, and the warm sun, after a weary absence, sheds once more his laughing beams along the highways and byways of our bustling Babylon, of late so moist, misty, and dank. The weather has taken a sudden leap from bleak and foul to warm and fair, and the world of West London, which has for months past been preserving its fair complexion, and nursing its bronchial tube on easy-chairs and fireside settees impenetrable to the frore east wind, is free to take wing, and gambol and disport itself in the welcome sunshine. Regent Street, at this fashionable morning-hour, the dawn of the aristocratic day, is the Boulevard Italien of London, minus the long rows of trees and saplings, the estaminets and restaurants—and plus some five hundred of the brilliant equipages of the English nobility and gentry, whose full-fed prancing steeds and rear-guards of tall footmen throng the broad route, and retard the ordinary circulation of the traffic. The carriages of the dowagers and heiresses, some of them filled to overflowing with one solitary beauty, whose face and bust rise out of a mountain of crinoline like the cross of St Paul's surmounting the dome, stand three deep in front of the monster emporiums, which, taking the place of shops, characterise this locality. Most of the vehicles are, however, empty, the fair occupants having vanished within the vast shrines, where, with untiring devotion, they worship hour after hour. Meanwhile, for the special accommodation of their liveried body-guards, benches are ranged along the kerb, or right and left of the broad entrances to those ample carpeted saloons—and there they sit in a kind of pensive, dumb dignity and semi-abstraction, but yet with a conscious eye to the conduct and condition of their calves. Sometimes you see, in addition to these domestic appendages of the visitors, a guard of honour proper to the establishment itself, in the shape of a Crimean hero, medalled, bi-medalled, or tri-medalled, and perhaps lacking a limb or two in addition—realising the reward of valour and patriotism, won at the cannon's mouth, in the honourable vocation of circulating puffs for the Messrs Goose and Goldeneggs.

You are amazed as you look through the walls of crystal which flank the causeways, at the lavish stores of wealth within, and wonder what is to become of it all. Cataracts of costly fabrics stream down from the lofty roof; the elaborate marvels of the loom and needle hem you in on all sides; there are Niagaras of glossy satin and figured silk, whole battalions of marshalled mantles, stately phalanxes of shawls from Cashmere, groves of lace-work and embroidery, and ten thousand etceteras which are mysteries to the mind of the casual spectator; while a crowd of white-cravated ministers flit about hither and thither at the bidding of the votary, and in accents of bland obsequiousness, endeavour to guide her wavering choice, and calm the interesting perplexities which ruffle her angelic temper.

Pass on but a few paces, and the scene is changed to one of dazzling lustre—a mass of gems and jewels, backed by a stalactite cavern of bright red gold, flashes upon the sight—the pearl, the emerald, the diamond, the ruby glitter and gleam in their curiously carved settings, and piles of wealth, each of which it would take a life of honest labour to earn, lie scattered in careless profusion, as though they were things of nought. Do you happen to want a pin for a hundred guineas? or a bracelet for a thousand? or any other pretty little trifle for the idol of your heart? If not, pass on, and let the golden sun shine out and fascinate the owner of a heavier purse than yours. Ha! what is here? A consumptive lass, with hectic cheek and large, sunken, long-lashed eyes, seated on a noble steed, and clad in a riding-habit depending almost to the ground. You might fancy that both horse and rider are alive, and the latter not likely to live long, so cunningly modelled are both the figures—though both of them owe their existence to the necessity of impressing the public with the superiority of a shopkeeper's wares. A little further on, and you come upon a companion to the consumptive lady, in the effigy of a red-jacketed hunter bestriding his bay steed, and in the act of starting after the hounds. A pleasanter sight than either is this rock-and-moss-encircled lake, where fairy barks are sailing about, where the gold and silver fishes swim at large, occasionally visiting their friends at a distance, where lively fountains play and spout, where beautiful Eve, recumbent in the moss, looks from her green covert into the crystal mirror below, contemplating her marble charms, and where a number of hydraulic marvels, which we should not solve in a twelvemonth's gazing, fill us with pleasing astonishment. Whence come those endless globes rising everlastingly in that crystal column, and where do they all go to? What motive-power sends that revenue-cutter perpetually on her cruise round the lake? and why, having no pilot on board, does she not run foul of the projecting crags? How is that jolly-faced burgomaster, who keeps revolving in the air, and bobbing and nodding to us as we look on, kept in a state of perpetual revolution? We can answer none of these questions. All we know is, that the

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lady of the lake—and of the shop—sells filters, and that this charming display is all created for the sole purpose of fixing that fact in your mind.

Lo! here is a temple of harmony—if it be not an asylum for deranged musical instruments—where the tambourine is big as an umbrella, and the drum has swollen to the dimensions of an Indian wigwam or an Irishman's cabin; where brazen tubes bristle with keys enough for the fingers of Briareus, and some of them gape with an orifice wide enough to invite the performer, when he is tired out with his solo, to go to bed and tuck himself in. Here is music for marriage morn or evening serenade, songs for the sentimental, catches for the merry, dirges for the sad, and chants and anthems for the pious; and here, scattered among the piles of brass and of vellum, of crystal, of silver, and of ivory, are the heads of the most notable *chefs* of the melodious art—Germans, French, Poles, Italians, Hungarians, and Spaniards—all professors of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, done in lithograph, zincograph, photograph, and polygraph—and each and all of them looking out upon you in the identical 'make-up' with which they present themselves bodily at Hanover Square, at the Crystal Palace, or at St James's Hall. There is Signor Buondragone, who thrills our very marrow with the double-bass; Herr Pfiffer, who mounts to the seventh heaven, and soars beyond the lark, on a pipe no bigger than your forefinger; Don Yriarte Castellano, who boleroes it so enchantingly on the guitar; the great Schlippenbach, the last unrivalled violinist; Mr Cincinnatus Choppa, the renowned American Brother Bones, who was despatched from the new world to electrify the old one by his transcendent agitation of the castanets; and there is the redoubtable Polywowski, the organophonist, who plays all manner of instruments so ravishingly without condescending to touch any instrument at all, and simply by ejecting the peculiar tones of each from his own accomplished and independent throttle.

Over the way is a museum of a different kind—the well-known mourning museum of Messrs Magpie, a sombre establishment, exhibiting a subdued aspect, and looking like a kind of half-way house between the opera-box and the churchyard. The walls are gray, deepened here and there with effective touches of black, indicative of the wares within, which are all selected and arranged for the use and delectation of bereaved (feminine) humanity. Here grief finds, for a consideration, its due symbolical insignia, and its consolation too, in all varieties of sympathising hues, from faint lavender and neutral tints, down to unmitigated, heart-broken crape.

Talking of tints, here we are at the door of Bitumen's picture-gallery, where the old masters have latterly fallen to a terrible discount, and you may get a whole school of them for anything in reason; though the seller will not warrant them any longer, so that you must speculate on your own responsibility. The old school is, in fact, overdone, and, in the language of the dealers, that cock will hardly fight again. So now it is the new school that affords the only scope for their discriminative talent. Do you want a genuine Nasmyth? (painted by young Copal in Newman Street last year). Here it is: 'A choice subject, sir. Observe the brilliancy of the colour, the crisp sharpness of the touch—see how those light summer clouds seem to sail up out of the horizon—and then, the water, sir; look at that water—transparency itself—only a single figure, you see, generally the case in Nasmyth's cabinet pictures, and touched in with admirable freedom!' Thus old Bitumen; but it will not do this time. That 'genuine bit of Calcott' won't do either, nor that speculative article supposed to be a Turner—but not warranted—only ten pounds.

Regent Street was once much richer in masters, old and new, than it is at this moment. So far as art is concerned, the photographers would seem to have driven the dealers nearly out of the field, and to have taken almost entire possession of it. They have erected their redoubts at every point of vantage, and play off their artillery from all points of the compass, 'up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber;' upon every practicable door-post and lintel you see their names, their tariffs, their puffs, and their specimens—nay, their addresses are tesselated in minute-coloured tiles upon the pavement beneath your feet—and unless you walk the street blindfold, you shall not escape their appeals. They twine round pillars, they stare out of balconies and first-floor windows, and even far aloft among the chimney-tops, their advertisements challenge attention. What is curious is, that amidst all this grand array of the very élite of photographers, you see next to nothing of photography. Examine a thousand heads, and you shall hardly see ten in which the picture painted by the sun is not completely overlaid and buried by the subsequent manipulations of the artist. Nay, hundreds of them are mere tracings from the sun-pictures, which have been used only to secure an outline, the whole of the details having been afterwards filled in with oil or water colours. The key to this apparent riddle is found in the fact, that the sun will not flatter, and that nothing short of flattery will find a market in this fashionable locality.

But we will leave the crowd of dumb faces that look out upon us from wall and window, and glance at some of the living originals who perambulate the pavement. Here comes a jolly-faced, well-to-do paterfamilias, with his wife on one arm, and a daughter on the other. They have just alighted from a cab, and are evidently out for a shopping holiday, having probably migrated thus far from some eastward home. Papa is in no mood to be close-fisted to-day; young miss is going to be married, and to-day's shopping may be in preparation for the event: and thereupon, they vanish into Messrs Goose and Goldenegga. A similar trio, but of a humbler class, and, as you may see by their costume, just arrived from the country, are wandering leisurely from shop-window to shop-window, and feasting with unsuppressed delight upon the never-ending series of novelties presented to view. It would amuse you to hear the remarks of the good man, and to note the profound astonishment, only displayed by their involuntary gestures, of his simple companions. Behind them comes tripping on, with a mincing sort of sedateness, Madame Gopher, the *modiste* of Southton-super-mare, who is up in London on her way to Paris for the spring fashions, and who always, on these professional journeys, takes a preliminary survey of the doings and tastes of the West End, as a guide to her own selection of foreign fashions. She is observant and critical of her London models, and takes stock of all the noted houses within and without, not scrupling to enter, and overhaul and investigate, though without the remotest intention of purchasing. In complete contrast to this business-brooding dame is that superb specimen of the modern man about town, with all-round collar, parted hair, curled moustache, whiskers, and aromatic beard, gloves of light-buff kid, and amber-headed cane, and who is garbed throughout in the latest style of Belgravian costume. You cannot say that he makes his way to the Cigar Divan—he rather drifts into it accidentally, like some imponderable trifle carried off out of sight by a current of air. Who is this that sweeps rather than walks the broad pavement? and what is she bearing with such pompous carefulness in her outstretched arms? It is a young French matron, superbly dressed à la Eugenie, with a mere *soupçon* of bonnet—her hair drawn back and away from the pearly temples, and who wears something very like a train sweeping the ground. The burden she bears so proudly is her own boy-babe of three months, to

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whom she is imparting the benefit of the air and the sunshine. A few yards behind her walks the *bonne*, who will ere long relieve her of her precious charge, and then walk on before. Ha! here comes Herr Dunkelkopf, the ophecleidist, broad, big, burly, and merry, with a pair of fat eyes blinking mechanically to all sides of him. You know him directly, for you have seen his portrait already in all the music-shops and in half the photographers' show-boards. Dunkelkopf goes in for popularity, and that is why he has had himself lithographed, engraved, and photographed so liberally, and on that account also he makes a point of parading himself in full fig on this world-renowned Corso for three hours a day at least. He is rarely alone, or at any great distance from a batch of his companions and compeers of the platform or orchestra; and, lo! a whole band of them at his heels, bearded in outrageous fashion, swathed in cloth of continental cut, and peg-topped like so many Zouaves: they are not going anywhere or doing anything particular this morning, but, kept together by a kind of mutual attraction, oscillate this way and that, laughing, jesting, and smoking, and evidently not a little flattered by the gaze of the passers-by. Yonder goes one who would draw more eyes upon him if he could be seen in his true colours; you might almost suppose him a cabinet minister, or an M.P. at the very least, so consequential and independent is his bearing; you would never imagine that pretentious figure condescending to anything mean, much less to anything villainous—yet so it is: that seeming aristarch is nothing but a swell-mobsman, and, dignified as he looks, is at this moment under the vigilant eye of a detective, who dogs him at a distance—a fact which the accomplished gentleman knows well enough, and is therefore beating a retreat from the scene of many a profitable exploit, with the conviction that on that arena at least the game is up for the day. Clustered round a shop-window, in which the celebrated inventor of the patent idrotobolic upper-leathers has exhibited his life-sized portrait, are a group of young French of both sexes, who, struck with the idea of something grotesque in the exhibition, cannot restrain their laughter, and are indulging it rather freely. It is too bad of the waggish young fellow who is their guide and interpreter, to garble the inscription on the portrait, and to assert that it is to be transferred to the National Gallery on the demise of the original.

A picture of life in any part of London would not be complete without the presence of children; and abounding as they do on this sunny afternoon in Regent Street, they really form the most charming element in the scene. They are the children to whom childhood is a reality and a blissful inheritance, and who, nurtured in the lap of ease and plenty, enjoy its unmixed pleasures without a thought of future pain. To them the lordly street and its regal shops are an inexhaustible store of delights; and as they ramble up and down in the charge of parents or friends, their pleased and innocent prattle contrasts musically with the chaotic roar and rumble of wheels—like the notes of the song-birds heard 'mid the surging of the wind-shaken forest.

Yon haggard and wan-faced woman creeping along in a patched cotton-gown, which from its wretched fit has the appearance of being borrowed, is the only figure we have yet encountered which seems quite out of keeping with the gay surroundings in which she moves. In her pale face there is no sign of sympathy with aught that is going on under her eye. Her thoughts are far away—in that lone and cheerless garret over the water, where it is her lot to stitch, stitch, stitch from year to year, for the means of prolonging a starving existence—and where she has left her sick child untended, to whom she is longing to return. She is taking home a bundle of shirts, at which she has been toiling early and late for this week past at the rate of about fourpence a day, and is wondering whether she may have to wait hours even for that unprincipled wage, or will have the good-fortune to find the manager disengaged, and so get dismissed at once. The poor shirt-maker has hardly passed on, when, from a blazoned chariot forth steps a queenly dame, scenting the air with fragrance, and dazzling the eye with the lustre of gems and purple—while around her bare heads and snowy cravats are bending and bowing and wooing the earth, as if overpowered with the atmosphere of her presence. Perchance, if we were gifted to see anything more real than the mere phenomena that surround us in our earthly life, we might catch a glimpse just now of that equal-footed messenger invisibly stalking hitherwards, who—pass but a few more shadowy hours—shall lay the needy shirt-maker and the august object of so much interested admiration on the same dusty level, and banish at once and for ever all earthly distinctions between them.

Do you think it strange that such a sepulchral thought should come across us in the midst of a Vanity Fair like this? How can it be otherwise when Regent Street has provided its own *memento mori*, and exhibits it obtrusively to all comers. Come—turn your eyes hither, and let us close our casual survey by a glance at the fashionable monument shop. Here are grand architectural tombs, gaping sarcophagi, pensively designed mementoes in the shape of broken shafts and columns, wreathed urns, weeping virgins, and virtues personified in marble. And, lo! among these figurative emblems and sculptured forms of ideal humanity, there is a living memento also—an active, vivacious *Young* Mortality, enthusiastically busy at his craft, and artistically chipping away at a mural tablet in memory of the youthful Lord Postobit, who—you may read the monumental inscription for yourself—departed this life only last month, 'aged twenty-five.' See how dexterously the elegantly dressed operator wields hammer and chisel in honour of his departed lordship: note how the brilliant glitters on his plump white finger as he raises the hammer and taps it crepitatingly on the shining tool. With what an air, and with what motions of studied grace, he administers the sharp blows in rapid succession! You think of the light-fingered pianist dropping gaily on the keys, and you say to yourself: 'Here also is an accomplished professor dedicating his genius to the world of fashion. Do they delight to listen to *his* music?'

THE FIRST PICTURE.

'STILL that light from his window, mother, and twelve o'clock has struck!'

'We can do nothing, Helen. You would not stop at this hour? It is too late to go in.'

'But we might ring the upstairs bell gently. Mary would come down and speak to us. Do, dear mother. I shall not be able to sleep if I go home without hearing something of him.'

The two speakers crossed the street, and rang the bell of the house from which the bright light of a lamp shone out of the high-shaped window of an artist's studio. They had scarcely a minute to wait, before a young lady opened the door, and held out both hands to receive the affectionate pressure of theirs. She smiled, as if pleased to see them; but her face was pale and anxious.

'Why is James at work so late again?' asked the younger visitor. He will ruin his health utterly, and his picture is so nearly finished, and so beautiful, that it cannot be necessary.'

'I cannot understand it, Helen. He has been painting the whole day, scarcely allowing himself time to eat his dinner.'

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'Oh, do go up to him! Tell him I entreat him to leave off to-night—for my sake.'

'I am really afraid to interrupt him; he is excited and irritable. He was quite vexed with me an hour ago, when I took him some coffee.' Her eyes filled with tears.

'You are overtired yourself, and your hand shakes,' said Helen's mother. 'You have been copying those manuscripts all this time, I fear. You all work too hard—much too hard. Here has my Helen been giving music-lessons for six hours to-day, and then up till this time in Exeter Hall.'

'We *must* work, dear mother; you know we must; but I am quite able—quite well and strong. Try once more, Mary. Go in gently, and give my message, if you can, and tell him that I got two new pupils to-day, and that the *Messiah* was grand to-night; but I missed your faces so in the old corner! Why did you not come?'

'Oh, he would not hear of it.'

'Tell him I had none of that delicious feeling that he laughs at me for having, as if, when the sound swells out, I did it all myself. Do go and try to make him laugh.'

Mary shook her head, as if she knew that was impossible, but said she would go up to him.

'If you succeed in taming his ferocity, hold up this white camelia in the window, and then give it to him. You *will* walk up and down on the opposite pavement for five minutes, mother?'

Her mother consented, but rather reluctantly, and Mary went slowly up stairs, and opened the studio door very gently. As she looked in, she saw that her brother was sitting in front of his easel, with his hands buried in his hair. The light of the lamp fell on masterly studies from Italian art—casts, draperies, anatomical drawings, fine sketches, finished pictures, and all the usual contents of a hard-working artist's studio, but, brightest of all, on the picture on the easel. She stood behind him now, silently staring at that picture, with the bewildered feeling that a wild, perplexed dream gives. In the morning, she had seen the canvas filled with figures full of grace, spirit, and expression; nothing seemed wanting but the last finish; now, one corner of the picture was entirely gone, and in its place was a gray neutral tint of paint. She stood there till a sense of giddiness and faintness made her cling to the back of her brother's chair. He started up, and she staggered against the wall; but without noticing it, he put out his lamp, and hurried down stairs. The glimmering light of the candle she had brought up only seemed to add to the wretched impression of everything about her, and she followed as fast as she was able. She had forgotten Helen and her anxieties, and the flower had dropped unnoticed from her hand. When she reached her sitting-room, she found her brother there, in something of the same attitude he had been in before. It was a very small room, poorly furnished, but yet had an air of refinement about it. A small table in a corner was covered with sheets of manuscript and the ink in the pen was still wet.

'James, my dear brother!' Mary began.

He held out one hand, and shook it, as if to forbid her to speak. She began to collect and put away her writing, and some tears dropped on the paper as she did so. There was a long silence.

'Can you get me a glass of water, Mary?' She was glad of the words, few as they were.

'The coffee is hot. Have coffee, dear James.'

'No, no—water!' he repeated impatiently, and drank it off to the last drop when she gave it. Again there was a silence.

'Don't speak to me, but listen,' he said presently. 'I'm not mad, though I'm a brute, and have left you down here writing and slaving till you're half-dead—I see that. Don't be anxious about money,' he went on, throwing a number of sovereigns on the table—'don't be anxious just now. That baronet paid for his portrait this evening—at last.'

'It's not anxiety I feel, James; it is'——

'Hush!—be silent! I'm not mad, I tell you. I know what I am about.' His head was raised now, and she saw a pale face, with swollen veins on the high white forehead, and eyes red from over-use.

'I saw how it ought to be about an hour ago, after it was almost finished. It came to me suddenly, like a revelation; there was nothing for it but to take it all out. Stop! I can't bear anything—and least of all, pity! I cannot work on it again till the paint dries, so I shall go off somewhere to the country for three or four days. Keep the stove a-light, and let in air when the wind is dry, and go out and walk, and don't copy above two hours a day, and get Helen to come to you, and go and see Helen—that's all you can do for me. And now, good-night. Go to bed directly. You look so ill, you make me wretched.'

'Won't you hear a message from Helen?'

'Helen! No, not to-night.'

She took up her candle, and moved sadly towards the door of her bedroom; it opened out of the other.

'I'm going to smoke a cigar, and walk up and down for five minutes; the air will do me good. I shall be off very early in the morning.'

'Let me go with you.'

'Not this time; I must be alone: good-night. I have the key of the door.'

And so they parted; but before a quarter of an hour, James was at her door, telling her not to be melancholy, for he had six weeks before him yet for his picture, and asking for Helen's message. Having heard it, he left his love for her, told Mary to sleep sound, and not get up early, and went up to his room.

Though a little comforted, poor Mary lay awake for hours, revolving sad thoughts of ruined hopes that had been built on that picture, which, notwithstanding James's words, she believed would never be finished now, and it was late before she awoke. Her first thought was of him, and she hurried on her dressing-gown, and ran up to his room; but his door was open, and he was gone. He seemed not to have entered his studio again, for when she went in to keep her promises about the stove, the camelia lay behind his chair as it had dropped from her hand. She took it up, and put it in water, averting her head from the easel, that she might not see the picture, and determining to call on Helen early in the day, and sighing to think what she would suffer when she heard the state in which it was now.

There had been a long engagement between James and Helen, dating back to the time when Helen was the daughter of a rich merchant, and James was the favourite nephew of a rich uncle, and destined for the bar. When he, following his unconquerable love of art, relinquished his profession, offended his uncle, and lost his inheritance, it was Helen alone who stood by him, had faith in his genius, and reliance on his steadiness of purpose. Then came three years' separation while he studied in Italy; and he came home to find her father bankrupt, and her beautiful voice and musical talents the support of the family; but constant to her love for him, and dearer to his heart than ever.

'You shall marry her when you have sold your first picture in the Royal Academy,' her father had said; and all the more, because her father was unfortunate, had Helen obeyed him implicitly, and waited—waited long and faithfully. The first year of his return, James could not finish anything that satisfied himself; he would not exhibit at all. But now she had confident hopes that the time was at hand. That picture must succeed; there could be no doubt about it; so she employed every leisure hour in training her younger sister to take her place in the family. Lucy already taught her pupils occasionally, and Lucy's voice was finer than her own; so she looked

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forward with hope to her marriage-day. Half in joke, half in earnest, it was already fixed between her and James. They had decided it was to be on the 10th of May, just long enough after the opening of the exhibition to allow them to prepare. Well might Mary's voice tremble, then, as she told Helen the events of the night before. But Helen's faith in James was unconquerable. 'Trust to him,' she said; 'he knows what he is about. Did he not say so? He will come back and go to work again, and you will see that he is right.'

And he did come back on the third evening, full of life and heart, with a face brightened up by the keen winds of a frosty February, in which he had walked twenty miles a day; got up at dawn next morning, and worked early and late for weeks. No one saw his work, and no one talked about it; but the two loving hearts that felt with him saw that all was going on well, and had no anxiety. Many a pleasant hour they passed in the little sitting-room, when the labours of the day were over, and many a time it resounded with jokes and laughter, for James and Helen were both full of life, and Mary had a ready sympathy always for joy or sorrow. At last they all stood together before the finished picture. It was a noble work, infinitely finer than it could have been without the alteration and hard work of the last six weeks. Tears stood in Mary's eyes, and the light of joy and pride flashed from Helen's as they congratulated the artist and themselves.

Something had to be done, however. An artist never thinks his work complete; there is always some last touch to be given, and they were ordered down again. On the stairs, they were startled by a loud double knock, and saw a handsome carriage at the door as it opened. Mr Thompson was asked for, and a gentleman, whom they knew in a moment as the original of the portrait of Sir Jasper Langley, was shewn up to the studio.

He had come to see the picture, which he remembered as a sketch when his portrait was done. He looked at it long without speaking, through his glass, through his curved-up hand, with his head to one side, with his face close up to it, then far off. He hid every bit of it by turns with his fingers, and shaded first one corner, then the other, with his handkerchief. The artist stood by fuming inwardly, his stock of patience failing fast.

'How much do you ask for this picture, Mr Thompson?' was the first question. No word of praise or admiration had preceded it.

'A hundred guineas, Sir Jasper.'

'Very much too high a price for your first exhibition.'

'Very much too low for a year's work, Sir Jasper.'

'I repeat that it is too high a price,' said the baronet, again looking through his glass.

'And I repeat that I will not abate a single farthing,' said the artist, almost fiercely.

There was no arguing with such a tone as that. 'Well, I suppose I must have the picture,' said Sir Jasper. 'Mark it "Sold" when you send it in.'

'I will do so, Sir Jasper.'

The baronet put his hand in his pocket, and was going to ask for pen and ink to write a cheque, but paused on looking round at the bare walls, the carpetless floor, the utter want of all furniture except the gems of art that shed a glory on it. He saw that he had to do with a needy man. He might get the picture cheaper by waiting till the Academy opened. There was the chance of rejection. He looked again. No, that was impossible. But there was the chance of a bad place—a bad light—the neglect of the public towards an unknown name; and it was very unlikely that any one else would find it out, at all events, at the private view, or the first day. He rescinded his desire that it should be marked 'Sold,' but promised to complete the purchase on the first Monday in May, and took leave. James then saw him down stairs, and returned his bow from the window of his handsome carriage as it drove away.

Why did Sir Jasper try to beat down the price of that picture? He was not a very good judge, still he believed that it was well worth twice as much as he was asked to pay, and it was quite as easy to him to pay one sum as the other. It was simply because he loved making bargains, and was used to it; because he was what is called a patron of rising talent. But why, then, having so mean a soul, did he covet that picture? Because he valued all pictures, not for their intrinsic beauty, or any pleasure he derived from them, but for their money-value. It was his ambition to be able to say that he sold a work of art for three times the price he gave for it.

Quite free from any speculations of this kind, James bounded up stairs three steps at a time; told his news; said that needle-work and manuscripts must vanish into darkness; notes of excuse must be written to pupils; notes of explanation to Lucy and mamma, and instant preparation made to spend the rest of the day somewhere among green fields and woods. It was lovely weather towards the end of March. No time was lost, and they were off in high spirits in half an hour.

It was a bright and joyous day. They came home by moonlight, loaded with primroses, sweet-brier, harebells, and ivy wreaths, having wandered over wild commons and through green lanes; dined at a country inn, and decided that the wedding-trip should be into that same country. Then they had supper in the little sitting-room, brightened and scented with their flowers and wreaths; sang glees, laughed, and talked till one in the morning; and at last only separated because Mary had begun a sage lecture on the fact that that old lady in the velvet dress was to take her first sitting at ten o'clock.

The old lady's portrait, and other work of that kind, which must be done for the money's sake, occupied the time that James longed to give to new pictures that crowded upon his imagination in the first flush of his enthusiasm. That cheque, if it had come out of the pocket, would have produced a rich interest—interest of more value to the world, if only the world knew it, than cent. per cent.; but it takes no note of its losses in that way.

He sent his picture to the Royal Academy for exhibition. Then came the anxiety as to whether it would be received; but this ended in about ten days. His picture was hung. How and where? That was the next thought. And so, amidst drudgery and anxiety, came on the day of the private view, to which artists do not go, and then the day that the exhibition opened to the public. James had kept entirely aloof from all his brother-artists; he would not make any acquaintances among them till he had tried his strength, or he would have heard something of his fate; as it was, he was as ignorant of it as any casual visitor to the exhibition on the first Monday in May.

Before twelve o'clock, Mary and Helen stood at the closed door of the Royal Academy among the crowd assembled there, something like the crowd at the pit-doors of a theatre. The hour struck on St Martin's Church, the door opened, the crowd pressed in, the shilling ready in each hand was paid, the ticket received, and they hurried upstairs. The rooms looked empty, though outside it had seemed that there were people enough to half-fill them; they could see the walls of every one. The picture they looked for was not in the first, nor in the middle room. They were both growing giddy by the time they reached the great room, and Mary's heart sank, and began to tell her that what they sought must be looked for in the octagon room—then the condemned cell of exhibitors—or among the architectural drawings. No such dreary ideas ever entered Helen's more hopeful mind. She saw everything even more quickly and

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clearly than usual, her senses being rendered more intense by her excitement. Suddenly she pressed Mary's hand, and hurried her across to the opposite wall. There it was, in the great room, below the line, but in a good light. It was beyond, far beyond Mary's hope, but not up to Helen's; still, she also flushed up with gladness, for even she could not but see that such a place was a high honour to a young unknown artist.

The first thought, as they steadied themselves before it, and were able to think at all, was, how small it looks! the next, how beautiful it looks! They stood there long, and when they turned round, they found that the room was filling very fast, and that it had already become difficult to get near any of the favourite pictures, even if they had cared to do it; so they made their way back to the top of the stairs, to watch for James. A continued stream of people passed up, of whom many were young artists. All the members of the Academy knew all about it long ago; had been at the dinner, or the private view; but the young men and the great majority of the lady-exhibitors came now for the first time.

There was James at last. He came up slowly, pushed his hair nervously off his forehead, as if his head ached, and shewed that very pale countenance that overfatigue and anxiety always gave him. Eagerly they met him, and he had to remind them once or twice to speak low, as they told their news and hurried him in. By this time, the crowd was so great that all the low-hung pictures were hidden, except to eyes which were close to them, so that the effect of his was not so good as it had been. But James was quite satisfied with his place. Not with his picture. What true artist ever was satisfied with his work? One look was enough; and then he helped his two companions through the crowd to the upper end among the master-pieces, enjoying and pointing out the good, and passing unnoticed those for which he had no sympathy. His spirits rose as he looked. His own work was imperfect; no one knew its imperfection as well as he did; but it bore within it the promise that, some day, and that at no very distant date, he should be placed among these.

'One more look at yours before we go,' said Mary.

They pressed through the crowd, James turning aside to other pictures, while she took her last look at his.

A group of fashionable ladies, with one or two gentlemen, had stopped before it, while Mary stooped down examining it closely.

'O yes! this is J. Thompson's,' said one. 'The lady is actually standing near the sea!'

'So she is!' said another, and they all laughed.

'And there are the excited figures on the right!' said one of the gentlemen in a mocking tone, and again they all laughed.

What could they mean by their impertinent laughter? Mary did not hear it; but it was a pity they did not see the indignant flash of Helen's eyes that followed them as they passed on. She forgot them and their trifling, however, in a moment when James again came to her side.

They walked away homewards together. 'Are you ready, both of you, to set off for the sea to-morrow?'

'But Sir Jasper?' said Mary.

'Don't wait for him!' cried Helen. 'James is quite ill. Look at his forehead; he must have rest and change. Sir Jasper's letter can be sent after us.'

'You remember your promise, Helen; one week after this date we are married.'

She pressed the arm on which her hand rested. They had forgotten all the world as their eyes met.

'Thompson! is it possible? Where have you been these hundred years?' It was an old school-fellow and college-companion who held out both hands and stopped them with these words, as they walked along the Strand.

'Harris! my dear fellow, how glad I am to see you again! I should have passed you if you had not stopped me.' They shook hands warmly.

'Miss Thompson!—I must not say "Mary" now, I fear—have you forgotten me?'

There was a faint blush on Mary's cheek, which she tried to laugh off, as she held out her hand. It told of memories that suddenly flashed upon her of the old, old story—a youthful passion in former days between her and her brother's friend.

'Seven years since we parted, I do believe,' said Harris. 'I suppose you have passed at the bar long ago, Thompson?'

'You must come and see me, and then I will tell you all about it. And what have you been about all this time?'

'I? Oh, sometimes in London, sometimes in Paris, making money slowly, and spending it quickly.'

'Ah! I have seen your name in literature, and enjoyed some of your speculations.'

'I generally write anonymously though. No, don't give me your card, and rush off again. Come and dine with me. My rooms are close by; and I've a pleasant set of fellows coming, mostly of the same profession as myself.'

'Not to-day. I am engaged.'

'Very pleasantly, I see. Lovely girl. Won't you introduce me?' This was said aside.

The introduction was made; and by promises that the party should break up quite early, and declarations that as he himself must be off to Paris next morning, they could not meet again for months, Harris persuaded Helen and Mary to take his side of the question.

Harris's rooms were handsome; his dinner, wine, and guests all good and pleasant. Jokes and puns flew round. The exhibition that had just opened came under discussion after dinner. Then began various remarks, and considerable abuse of certain pictures, that provoked James. He exchanged a good deal of excellent criticism with one of the company who sat at the bottom of the table, and who seemed the only one able to appreciate art at all. As to the others, they were perfectly reckless of anything, except finding food for wit and fun; so, after flatly contradicting some, and laughing at others, he had made up his mind not to say another word on the subject, for fear he should lose his temper, when Harris took a copy of the *Midas* out of his pocket, and began to read the article on the private view of the Royal Academy, for the amusement of the company.

Of course it began with eulogiums on the works of long honoured academicians and associates; but when younger men and unknown names were brought under review, James's ire rose again.

'A most ignorant piece of criticism!' he exclaimed. 'Wrong on every point. It praises exactly what is bad, and pulls to pieces everything that is good.'

'Infinitely obliged!' said Harris with a bow.

'Obliged! Why, what is it to you?'

'Only that it's my own writing. You did not know I was an art-critic.'

'No, indeed; such an idea never could have entered my head.'

'This is capital fun,' laughed he who sat at Harris's right hand. 'Go on, Harris. I suppose there's more.'

'O yes, some of my best hits are to come. "No. 777. *By the Sea*, by J. Thompson." Hope he's no relation of yours, Thompson.'

'If he is, I shall not recognise him in your description, I fancy.'

'Well, here he is in style.—"We really have given as much time, in fact much more time, to this very exalted effort than it deserves, or than our already overtaxed patience rendered easy, but confess that we were unable to arrive at the very deep meaning which

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this young aspirant evidently thinks is expressed by the hollow eyes and excited gestures which he has here portrayed. As for the young lady in the centre, we think that the healthful breezes from the sea, near which she stands, might have been expected to give her a less cadaverous hue; and what, in the name of common sense, are the figures on her right aiming at? For Heaven's sake, let us away with these pretentious flights, at least till the fledglings have got their pen-feathers. The ideal!—it is a word of which we are sick. We are really tempted sometimes to utter profanities against the great names of antiquity, and quote Sir Joshua, when similarly provoked:

> When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

A tea-cup, carefully painted, is worth all this rubbish twenty times over. Still, there is some talent in this young man. If he can consent to begin at the very beginning, to deprive us for some years of the pleasure of contemplating his handiworks, to say to himself daily, in the words of the great master already quoted, "Draw! draw! draw!" to study chiaroscuro, in which, as in neat handling, he is eminently deficient; to go, in short, to study art at its fountain-head in the Eternal City, then we may be able to welcome him among us some day; as it is, we heartily advise him to think again whether he has not mistaken his vocation, for haste and carelessness give but poor earnest of future excellence."'

Not a muscle of James's face moved.

'Capital!' said Harris's right-hand man. 'Poor J. Thompson! let's drink his health, and a pleasant journey to Rome.'

The toast went round.

'You don't drink the toast, Clive,' said Harris to him who sat at the bottom of the table.

'I do *not*,' replied Clive, pushing away his glass indignantly. 'I hate this system of reckless criticism. I believe it weighs like an incubus on our schools. What do you know about art, Harris? You've made a hundred blunders in the course of your article.'

'What! do you admire this *opus Thompsonianum*, then?' asked one.

'I know nothing about it. I have not been at the exhibition this morning long enough to see above half-a-dozen pictures, but I object to the whole system. It's a disgrace to the age. Critics, if allowed at all, ought to be trained to their work, pass an examination'——

'Take out a licence, perhaps, wear a badge—"Licensed to cut up young artists!"'

'They ought to be educated for their work at least. Very likely the picture they treat in this flippant manner has cost time and labour, such as they are incapable even of understanding.'

'A splendid burst of eloquence, Clive! He'll have you down in his next novel, Harris!'

'I repeat, it's a disgrace to the age,' Clive went on. 'And the provoking thing is, that the public is led by these absurd dogmas like a flock of sheep. "I see by the *Midas* that such a picture is excessively bad!" says one; "and that such a picture is full of affectation," says another; when all the time the *Midas* has nothing to do with it, but only some individual who sets up as critic, without knowing more of art than a baby. *We*, indeed!'

It might have been thought that James would sympathise with Clive, and second his indignant appeal; but the fact was, he had not heard a word of this hurried dialogue. His inward rage so possessed him, that the room and the men in it seemed to whirl before his eyes, and their voices to sound only as a distant murmur. The insults heaped on his work were the more stinging because they came from his early friend, to whom his heart had just opened so warmly; and, moreover, he was at this moment less able than usual to bear any kind of provocation. Every faculty of his being was therefore engaged in preserving an outward calm, and he succeeded so perfectly, that no one had the slightest suspicion that he was feeling anything at all.

The reading that had been interrupted was not resumed, and the party broke up soon afterwards. 'I am to walk home with you, Thompson, you know; stop a moment,' cried Harris.

James did not answer. He was already on the stairs; but Harris, busy in dismissing his company, observed nothing, and they were soon in the street. Harris could scarcely keep up with the pace at which his companion strode along, and as to conversation, it was impossible, so after a gasp or two, he gave it up.

They found Helen and Mary in the little sitting-room, which was decorated with flowers, and had a sort of gala air. A letter in Sir Jasper's hand lay on the table. Helen's eyes beamed as she gave it to James, and it seemed to her that she heard their marriage-bells ringing, for there was the price of his 'first exhibition picture.' But no answering look met hers. His eyes were fixed on Harris with a look of scorn, his face deadly pale, and his lips firmly closed. He opened the letter, looked at it, and crushed it in his hand. An ominous silence and a strange confused dread fell over them.

Harris tried to rally, and turned aside to look at two small cabinet pictures.

'Pretty things these,' he said. 'Specimens of modern Italian art, I suppose, picked up when you visited Rome, as I heard you mention this evening. Strange how Italy has degenerated since its great days!'

'Only a Rubens and a Vandyck. They belong to a baronet, for whom I chose them in Antwerp. Admirable art-critic!'

Mary was shocked. She had never seen her brother rude before.

'Come up to my room, will you?' said James, and there was something so imperious in his tone, that Harris mechanically obeyed. Helen followed, beckoning to Mary to accompany her, which she did.

As they reached the open door of the studio, they saw Harris, who had just entered it, turn ghastly pale, and visibly tremble. His first glance had told him that his old friend was an artist, of which he had no idea; his first thought had reminded him of his criticism. He tried to speak, to excuse himself, to declare what he had written was in ignorance; but his voice died away in indistinct mutterings.

'No more words,' said James in a suppressed voice, but speaking distinctly. 'Here is a letter for you to read—to read aloud.'

Harris took the letter and read it, but not aloud. It dropped from his hand on the floor, and Helen snatched it up and read:

'Sir Jasper Langley feels confident that after the opinion of the press, as expressed in the article in the *Midas*, Mr Thompson will not expect him to complete the contemplated arrangement for his picture. Sir Jasper Langley much regrets this *contre-temps*, and hopes on some future occasion to be more fortunate in a selection of some work of Mr Thompson's.'

Helen tried, as she finished, to catch James's hand, to speak to him, to make him hear her, but in vain. He passed her, and went close up to Harris, as if to strike him, but by a violent effort mastered the impulse.

'Vain, ignorant, presumptuous fool!' he said in a voice almost choked by the burning passion he held down. 'The picture you have ruined was the hard and earnest work of a whole year—the result of the study and thought of four years. Leave my house! Take yourself out of my sight, or I shall forget my own dignity, and lose all command of myself!'

Harris bowed his head, and held out his hands, in

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a deprecating manner, but did not move; and James seeing him still there, rushed down stairs and out of the house, as if he had no other means of controlling his own violence.

'I have learned my lesson,' said Harris, looking at Helen, who stood upright before him. 'Never—never while I live shall I forget it. If he had stabbed me, I deserved it.'

No one answered. Mary had nearly fainted. Helen stood immovable and silent.

'Can you forgive me?' said Harris. 'Miss Thompson! Mary! *you* know I did not mean this.'

Helen only moved her hand in the direction of the door, as if to ask him to leave them; Mary hid her face in her hands.

'Only hear me before I go. Tell him I meant no harm to him; that I had no idea he was an artist, not the remotest idea he painted that picture. I was obliged to give some lightness to my article, and by evil fortune I fixed on his to abuse.'

Helen started, and turned away in disgust.

'Hear me yet! I see my wretched error—my crime. Tell him I will never write another criticism; that I would right him now at any cost or humiliation to myself; but it is too late!' and so saying, he went slowly away.

It was long before they moved. It had grown quite dark when they went down to the sitting-room. They lighted a solitary candle, and it shewed them the flowers they had arranged so gaily for James. They went into the bedroom, and there were the travelling-bags packed ready for the morning. Where were their hopes now? The marriage-bells had become a death-knell. They sat quite still, holding each other by the hand, and listening anxiously for James's return. There was a knock at the door. They both started up, and ran down stairs, longing to give sympathy and comfort.

What a blank, dreary feeling it was when the door opened to see, not James, but a boy with a note from him. Helen seized it, and ran to the lamp on the stairs to read it, while Mary tried in vain with her shaking hand to find her purse, and pay the boy, who asked for a shilling, for his message. At last she had done, the door was shut, and she was able to hear the few words, written in pencil:

'Forgive me for leaving you; but I cannot trust myself within reach of that insolent upstart—hardly could bear even you near me. The train is starting, and I am going off towards the north. I will write from wherever I stop. I must accustom myself to loneliness.'

They went up slowly together. Mary sank into a chair; Helen stood in the middle of the room with a face of anguish. She tried to speak, but heavy moans came from her aching heart, and Mary was roused from her own sorrow to go and clasp her closely, try to comfort her, try to tell her he would return, that they should be happy still, that patience was all they wanted.

'Mary, Mary!' the voice came at last choked with sobs, 'you say words only, idle words. His is not a nature to bear shocks like these; he is too nervous, too excitable; and he was ill before—quite overwrought! He ought to have had rest ever since he sent in that grand work, that used up his very life to finish, and that has been so foully used.' Her voice failed, and her indignation seemed to shake her whole frame.

'If I am in life,' she went on presently, 'I will go to him the moment we know where he is; and you too, Mary; we will both go. No wonder you are able to bear this better than I; you who have been his comforter, his help throughout all his trials, while I—— This shall not go on! I must make my father see it. Yes, my dear father *will* see it. I must have a wife's right to be his soother and helper—to share his joys, and sorrows, and toils, and lighten them as only a true wife can. What matters selling pictures? I can work. Thank Heaven, I can work too. We can all work. This shall not go on!'

Mary only answered with a fervent embrace. To go to James was all she longed for; but three days passed without a word from him. These days would have been insupportable but for the amount that had to be done in them. Mary had to prepare everything for an indefinite absence from home; Helen to prepare Lucy, her mother, and father, to part with her from home for ever. With the first two, her task was easy, except for the sorrow that will cling round that trying separation; but with her father, it was a hard struggle; he did, however, give a reluctant consent at last. She spent her nights with Mary always. It was at night that the heavy trial had to be borne: then came miserable fears, dreadful images before her, and she could not sleep. Often she was aware that Mary, too, was awake and crying bitterly. 'Mary is too gentle, too sensitive for her stormy life,' would Helen say to herself; 'she needs a sister's love and sympathy. Oh, only let us find him; then all shall be right!'

The postman's knock was always startling, and hitherto always disappointing. Two letters came for James on the fourth morning; none from him yet. Mary was authorised to open all that came for him, and when the bitter disappointment had been so far recovered as to let her think of anything, she opened these. Her exclamation over the first brought Helen to her side. Sir Jasper Langley had written to commission another picture—Mr Thompson to fix on his subject and name his price. The second letter explained the meaning of the first—it was from the Royal Academy: his picture there was sold to another purchaser.

Joy and exultation took possession of them at first; but then came unbearable impatience to take this news to James. Helen could not sit still; she roamed through the two rooms revolving impracticable schemes of setting off in search of him, and always ending with the conviction that she must wait. Several cards were left for him in the course of the morning—one had 'Mr Clive' on it; the others had names of well-known artists.

At last came the letter so longed for; the direction had been so illegible that it had been missent. It realised some of their worst fears. It was evident James was ill—very ill; that his mind was confused and wandering. Many of the words could not be read; but the date was there—they knew where to find him—Brodick, in the island of Arran.

Neither spoke. There was not a moment to lose, for evening was drawing on, and there was but one thought and one wish in either heart. They succeeded in getting away; and before the moon rose that night, they had left London fifty miles behind.

They were in Glasgow early in the morning, and on the Clyde early next day. Now there was time to breathe, time to think. The beautiful scenery around them, they saw nothing of. Helen shut her eyes, that she might not see it, so miserable was the contrast with her inward struggle. There was something so strange, wild, and unlike himself in James's letter; no word of affection, no wish for them. He spoke of spending a whole day and night on the mountains; of his loathing at his own weakness, because, hating the very idea of ever painting again, he was always seeing pictures everywhere—in the gloomy glens, on the granite peaks, among the clouds, and over the sea. Then followed an unintelligible description of wild and fantastic forms that pursued him wherever he went, and to avoid which, he was going out in a boat.

'He is very ill; perhaps in danger. O that we were with him! We shall restore him with our love and our news, if we are in time—yes, if we are in time!' she would inwardly exclaim, and starting up

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to see what progress they were making, would see Mary's eyes fixed on her, full of anxious love.

By seven in the evening, they were nearing the wild peaks of Arran. It was a lovely night when they swept into the beautiful bay of Brodick—a more beautiful is nowhere to be found on the coasts of Britain. The sun, getting low, was lighting up the lofty peak of Goatfell, and innumerable other peaks and craggy heights caught the glow. The woods of the lordly castle lay in deep gloom down to the water's edge. Helen and Mary stood side by side ready to land.

'Helen, it is the tenth of May—it is the day of your marriage. It is a good omen.'

Helen's face became deadly pale. They were very near the little wooden pier, and were straining their eyes to try to catch a glimpse of the one form in all the world they longed to see; but among the few people who had collected in that quiet place to see the steamer land its passengers, he was not to be seen. They stepped ashore the moment it stopped; only one other passenger landed, who took his way up the steep road directly.

They looked round for guidance, for they had no direction, and applied to a man who seemed to be pier-keeper, to know if he could direct them to any lodging where a young English gentleman might be. He examined their faces inquiringly, and with a kind expression on his face.

'Ye'll be frae Glasgy, this morning?' was his characteristic reply.

'Yes, O yes; and we are urgently anxious—very anxious to lose no time,' said Helen.

'And ye cam frae Lunnon?'

'Yes. You know where he is. Take us there!' She had a trembling dread of asking a question, and began to walk hurriedly up the road. Mary shook so terribly that the kind-looking man made her take his arm, and followed, and soon overtook Helen.

'He is ill?' she said soon, in a hoarse suppressed voice.

'Ou ay, ou ay! puir lad! he is that. It's the brain-fever, they say. Ye'll maybe be feared to gang in?'

'Feared!' Helen said no more, and her tone made the guide walk faster and faster.

'He's had a guid doctor and a kind nurse,' he said. 'Mrs Andrew Hamilton—we're a' Hamiltons here, ye see—she's been aye beside him. He's cried aye upon twa names; I'm thinkin' it's just yoursels. But he was very quiet when I cam doon to the pier. I stopped to hear news o' him.'

Should they never reach the lodgings? They pressed on faster and faster. At last they turned aside by a jutting rock under some trees, and stopped at a cottage. A young man dressed in black came to the door instantly with a gesture that was meant to prevent their entrance, but at a word from the guide, he made way for them. The door opened at once into the room.

Was that James they saw, with ghastly pale face, eyes unnaturally large and dilated, tight compressed lips, and rigid arms that lay outside the bed? Mary had flung herself on her knees beside him, and pressed her warm hand on his heart, to feel if it beat. Helen, with face as white as his, fixed her eyes on his, then laid her cheek to his. 'James, my own love!' she whispered in his ear. 'Mary is here; Helen is here; Helen your wife—your own! Look at her!' and then again she raised her head, and tried to fix his wild distracted eyes.

'It beats!' It was Mary that spoke.

'Air! air!' gasped Helen, making an earnest gesture with her hand.

Some one opened the window, and a bright ray of the setting sun, and a sweet scent of the evening air, fell upon them all three. The lids began to close a little over the eyes; the white rings seen all round the iris before, were no longer visible; a ray of consciousness came into the eyes; they brightened, they looked into Helen's. The lines of pain and distraction began to smooth away; the parched lips unclosed. Some kind hand placed in Helen's a glass containing the strong stimulant that the medical man had left for him; she moistened the lips with it, then tried, and succeeded in getting some into the mouth.

'James, it is our marriage-day.'

The eyes gently closed, the lips visibly smiled, the breathing became soft and regular. He was asleep. They had sunk on their knees beside the bed. The minister—for he it was who was present—laid a hand on each head, and said softly: 'Send up praise to Him who has given the blessing!' Then there was a hushed silence for hours.

When morning broke, James still slept, and Helen still watched. Her soul was absorbed in him. She watched that there might be no sound to disturb, that warmth and air might be about him, that she might be ready to give support when he awoke. Mary, utterly exhausted, lay on the floor, wrapped in a cloak, with her head on a pillow, and slept too. It was not till more than twelve hours had so passed that he awoke, so weak, he could scarcely move his hand, but restored to consciousness and affection, and able to understand his happiness.

Need we describe the joy and peace of that recovery to life and health; or the marriage-day that followed; or the weeks of happiness passed in that wild and beautiful island of Arran; or the enthusiasm with which the artist returned to his work? It is sufficient to say that in the days of his success he forgot past injuries, and that when he found the early love had revived, he was able to take Harris to his heart as a brother.

AT ST PETERSBURG.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I STARTED for St Petersburg just as the winter of '58 set in; that means, the last steamer that could navigate the Baltic had left some days. Ice, hard-blocked and impenetrable, had usurped the place of flowing wave and sparkling spray, and visitors to Russia must reach her across the snow-covered country at a cost of nearly L.40, instead of L.10 or L.12. At this critical period it happens that all vehicles are extra crowded. Dilatory beings who leave everything too late, join with those forced by necessity to travel at this inclement season, to render a seat in the irksome, lumbering diligences most difficult to secure. Hence it was that, on arriving post-haste at Berlin, I found there was no getting beyond Konigsberg, the extreme point by rail, for several days. Not expecting such a halt in my wild career, I chafed exceedingly; and hearing the other route through Warsaw was not so much frequented, I determined rather hastily to change my plan. I took the precaution of telegraphing to Warsaw, to inquire if there was a place vacant in the diligence; and receiving a satisfactory reply, I left Berlin by express train, and in due time rushed into the Russian frontier town Granitza.

At the station here my luggage was examined, and considerable astonishment exhibited by the examiners as to the purport of a set of boxing-gloves I had taken with me. It was evidently the first introduction of these plump assailants to the official eye, and much gabbling and gesticulation ensued thereon. At last an appeal was made to my amused self. My stock of German being then confined within extremely narrow limits, I was reduced to expressing myself in pantomime, and inserting my hand in one of the gloves, gave a comic lunge at the most perplexed-looking of the party. This produced a roar of laughter from the group, and appeared to afford most serene elucidation, for my box was closed, and the keys consigned to my care at once. My books, however,

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which consisted of some highly dangerous and seditious German grammars, exercises, dictionaries, and some numbers of Chambers's *Information for the People*, were all taken from me, and despatched, with fitting mystery and routine, to the Censor Office at Warsaw.

Arrived at Warsaw, my first impulse was to hurry to the diligence-office, and secure my place. As I hastened on, brilliant ideas flitted across my mind of being nice in my choice of seat, of bestowing upon the driver an amicable *pour-boire*, of winning over my *compagnons de voyage* by delicate attentions—of, in fact, doing everything I could to make my seven days' northern journey as far removed from penance as I could. Let my readers imagine the total revulsion I experienced on being told, in answer to my impatient appeal, that there was no place for three weeks—positively for three weeks! Three weeks in Varsovie, with no particular sentiment connected with it save what might hang about the Varsoviana and a certain Thaddeus, who has been forgotten long and long ago! Three weeks to be drawled out, day after day, in all their debilitating listlessness, to be spent in a dreary, comfortless hotel, situated in a worn-out, tumble-down old town, every atom of its vitality crushed out of it by the iron grasp of a triumphant oppressor. I was no great smoker—I was no great drinker—I could not concentrate my energies on epicurean researches—I had no particular fancy for dangling after a pretty girl, and ogling her—I could not speak German with the upper classes—I could not speak Polish with the lower classes—I could not read without any books—and it was too cold to make excursions in the neighbourhood. Whether the telegram I received at Berlin was purposely or accidentally wrong, I never could discover; but wrong it was, and I had nothing for it but to reduce myself to calm endurance as quickly as I could. I tried to occupy myself with walking about the town, but snow was everywhere in annihilating quantities; smells were everywhere in emulous profusion; the streets were narrow, frightfully paved, and slippery in the extreme, and I was forced to content myself with seeing life through the hotel windows. It was somewhat novel, at first, to see Cossacks on patrol, their costume *à la Turque*, their appearance imposingly ferocious. It was somewhat novel, at first, to see peasants flocking by in sheep-skin coats, looking precisely as though cloth was scarce and door-mats plentiful. It was somewhat novel, at first, to see the richer population, who seemed three-fourths Jews, wearing beards of Oriental length, fur-coats reaching to the ground, fur-boots as high up as the knee, and fur-caps coming close upon the eyes. It was somewhat novel, at first, to see boys of fourteen drinking tumblers of spirits without a vestige of a wince. But the faces of the people were nearly hidden by tangled masses of drooping hair; where they could be seen, they were puffed and swollen with unceasing drunkenness; themselves and their clothing were pestiferous with dirt; and beyond their exterior I could not go. I possessed not the language-key to unlock their hearts. Most unenviably were my hours frittered away, and though I had had my books at last returned to me (after paying two roubles for their transit, and it had been duly ascertained that they were not calculated to propagate and foster any revolutionary notions), most thankful indeed was I when, at the end of thirteen days, a seat in the diligence was unexpectedly vacant, and I exchanged my Varsovian captivity for its wearisome but welcome confinement.

Muffled up in furs like a native, and wedged into my limited accommodation, I was off. It was something to feel I was leaving Warsaw behind me, and at last setting out for my much-wished destination; but it was only the remembrance of my tedious and aggravating stoppage that could make my situation tolerable. England, four or five centuries ago, may probably have been in the same state I found Russland. When we were skimming over hard snow it was well enough, but every now and then—notwithstanding we had ten horses, and sometimes twelve or more—we stuck fast in masses of it that had drifted with the wind, or fallen by its own weight from neighbouring heights; and then we saw despotism in its true colours. Our guard would seize any skin-clad peasants who were passing near, and force them to dig us out. If any hesitation were exhibited, he would point to his sword, and men and women, old and young, were obliged to leave their occupations, and set to with wooden shovels, tipped with iron—their constant companions—till we were slowly and sullenly released. We would go on again across flat plains, with no hills to diversify the prospect, and nothing but snow everywhere. Then we would come near a gloomy forest, outside which a guard of Cossacks would be waiting with their long lances gleaming in the sun. Escorted by these, we passed through the tall dark pines in safety, and then we would come to a bridgeless river, frozen hard as iron, except where the ice was broken up to admit a floating barge, on which our diligence was placed, when soldiers dragged it bodily across. This kind of transit was repeated several times, day after day, night after night; but we came to a river at last too wide for this, and too tightly frozen, where another diligence was waiting for us on the opposite side, so we walked over the ice, and took fresh seats, whilst our luggage was carried across, and packed up anew. This was our only change for five days. We slept and we woke, cooped up in our tiny compartment; we ate and we drank there, sometimes such provisions as we carried with us, sometimes such food as we could obtain at the miserable inns on our route. At the end of the fifth day we reached Abskoff, 200 miles from the capital, to which place the rail was finished, and in twelve hours more we were deposited in St Petersburg.

Snow, sledges, and silence—Sir John Franklin and the Arctic voyagers; these were the first impressions and the unbidden associations. Snow everywhere, sledges everywhere, silence everywhere. There was the sound of voices, to be sure, but the usual rattle of a populous city was hushed, till summer should put wheels into use once more. Like Venice, the Bride of the Sea, Petersburg, the Bride of the Snow, gives no echo as her children hurry on. And in St Petersburg the hurry seems excessive. Sledges are hastening in every direction. One-horse sledges, two-horse sledges, three-horse sledges; the whole population seems in sledges. Swiftly they skim along the snow; and here stands a horse which has been so furiously driven, that its hair is stiffened with frozen perspiration, and it looks like a marble statue of itself.

Here, on the frozen Neva, on the very Neva itself, two feet thick with solid ice, imprisoning in its relentless grasp tall-masted ships, is a troika race. The course is marked by a bank of snow some four feet high, and is embellished by a 'Grand Stand,' in which the *élite* of the imperial city sit. Only two troikas start—a troika is a three-horse sledge—one on each side of the course; and a man on horseback gallops by the horses' heads, and urges them to swiftness.

On the Neva, too, is a well-formed road, marked out by posts, from which are swinging small oil-lamps; and half-way across is a wooden watch-house for policemen, who have for headgear a helmet garnished with ornaments like little pepper-boxes, and who wear, slung from their necks, revolvers in leather cases. Here is an incident purely Russian. An alarm has been raised, at one of the theatres near the river—it is Carnival-time, and theatres are open in the day—that a man has been robbed of his purse, containing many roubles. To prevent the robber's escape, Russian

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ingenuity can suggest no more skilful a manœuvre than locking all the doors. The offender is to be detected by an equally cunning device. The audience are led off in batches, by the armed policemen, to this watch-house on the Neva, and searched. As the examination of each person is finished, and the missing property is not discovered, he is at liberty to depart in peace. After three hours passed in this indiscriminate and fruitless investigation, Russian wisdom arrives at the conclusion a false alarm has been raised, and the would-be prosecutor is marched off to prison as a proper penalty for giving policemen unnecessary trouble.

Hardly more primitive than this are the Laplanders grouped about the Neva, who always crowd down to St Petersburg in winter-time, to make their purchases, and earn a little money. These Laplanders differ from the poorest Russians, in being shorter, thicker, broader, dirtier, and wearing the skin of deer instead of sheep. They pitch their tents on the frozen river, and gain enough money to make their long journey profitable, by exhibiting themselves, and letting out their sledges for short runs up and down the ice. They figure, in this way, at the Carnival, much as gipsies do at our country-fairs. Their sledges are drawn by deer—four abreast—which are about the same size and colour as our donkeys; and, indeed, their horns being generally sawn off for sale, they join with their masters in suggesting Blackheath and its diversions, by galloping back to their starting-places with all the ardour of their asinine prototypes. The Laplander drives his sledge by stirring up the deer with a long pole till they gallop their quickest, when he exchanges his wild run at their side for a theatrical leap on to the sledge; and after performing his *course*, he invites his customers to enter his tent. Here his wife and family are squatting, like wild beasts in a den, which idea is admirably carried out by the judicious display of an uncooked bone—possibly a mere dramatic 'property'—from which it is to be supposed they have just been gnawing the flesh.

Close upon the Neva, too, fronting the Winter Palace, is the 'Balagan,' or Great Fair. Here, combined with a general resemblance to similar festivities at home, we find several foreign features. Most prominent of all is the disgusting smell emitted from the crowds of frowzy sheep-skins; which odour is rendered more conspicuous, perhaps, by the utter absence of tobacco-fumes, and the aroma of cigars. Smoking is strictly forbidden in the open air, and is liable to a penalty of a rouble for every offence—a fine which is diligently enforced, for the simple reason, that it is allowed to find its way into the pocket of the detector. Next to this olfactory perception of novelty, comes, perhaps, the wonder at the number of nations represented. Circassians in their picturesque costume, with daggers at their waists; Tatars with their heads shaved, and covered with round fur turbans; Fins, Swedes, Poles, Prussians, Danes, Austrians, French, and English, adopting the Russian dress of course, but easily distinguishable by their appearance and conversation. Add to these the many different costumes of the Russians themselves, remember that women wear thick padded, shapeless bonnets, like those with which our village children hide their faces from the sun, and some notion may be formed of the Balagans in Russland. One link there is that joins the mass together—a universal belief in nuts as a satisfactory refreshment. Every one is eating nuts, and each seems bent on eating more than his neighbour. A sharp competition prevails, and the preliminary cracking produces almost the effect of artillery. Nuts reign absolutely *vice* gilt gingerbread dethroned—not a vestige of which is to be seen anywhere. But there are shows of every kind as with us—travelling menageries, theatres, and peep-shows; and among them, distinguished from the others by flaming capitals, 'The Chinese Knife Conjurors from Drury Lane.' Nor is Punch and Judy absent, although it differs slightly from its English namesake. The familiar curtained oblong, with the mimic stage atop, is changed for a roofless triangular erection, above the edge of which the tiny personages of the drama are held. Merry-go-rounds are present in all their glory. Surely there must be some singular fascination in being whirled on a legless horse round a circle; for here are bearded moujiks in frantic appreciation of the delight, lashing their wooden steeds with ruthless vigour, and excitedly uttering the shrill, sharp cries of a driver's vocabulary. But the Muscovite variety of this amusement is more attractive still. It is obtained by substituting boats for horses; and the required velocity for the rotatory predilections of the Russ is obtained by working machinery from underneath, on the same method by which the King of Naples was nightly wrecked when the *Tempest* raged at the Royal Princess's Theatre. An appendage to this amusement is the Russian clown, who appears in sheep-skin, with a hempen wig, and a beard which reaches to his waist. He declaims, in his native Russki, the praises of his particular diversion; and it certainly is the merriest, the liveliest, the softest, the quickest, the most delightful of any in the Balagans. The revellers cannot withstand his persuasiveness; so in they go, and round and round they twirl, in most complete disregard to bile or any of its contingencies; whilst a military band plays popular tunes, soldiers sing national songs, and a dozen girls or more keep dancing in a perpetual circle, waving white handkerchiefs over their heads, till the spectator reels with giddiness. Very distinctive features in the scene are the swarms of firemen who are always on the alert, with monstrous axes thrust through their girdles, wherewith to hew down tents and booths in case of oft-recurring and all-appalling fire.

Retreating a little from the other pastimes, stand the ice-hills. These are simply no hills at all, but artificial slopes of wood, to which people ascend by tall turret-stairs, and which are covered with ice, and rendered not unlike a fire-escape by little walls of snow. At the foot of the stairs is hired a light and tiny sledge, which might more properly be styled a full-sized skate; and slinging this on his back, the visitor mounts the stairs. Arrived on the platform at the top, he seats himself on his sledge, and giving himself an impetus, rushes down the plain. This is achieved with more or less éclat according to the skilfulness and speed exhibited. Much practice is necessary to do it to perfection. The weight must be poised, and a certain expertness is needful, to avoid contact with fellow-practitioners, who may come crashing on their predecessor's back and cause a very undignified conclusion. Here is a novice at the exhilarating diversion. He presses too much on one side, he is overturned and is lying partially imbedded in the snow-bank, his sledge assisting most annoyingly at his entombment. But the game is diversified by some brilliant performances. Here is a gentleman standing on his sledge, and he skims down the slope with the rapidity of a steam-engine. Here is another, gallantly disposed, who has a lady seated behind him, and he steers her bravely to the level. Here comes a third with an original idea for distinguishment—he performs the journey kneeling. But see the crowning feat of all! A Russian engages two sleighs, and places one foot on each; he impels himself forward, and is going swiftly down the incline. He is closely followed by a friend sitting on his sledge in the ordinary method. Just as No. 1 reaches the middle of the incline, he is overtaken by No. 2, and in a second pushes his sledges so far apart that No. 2, by an adroit lowering of his head, clears the human bridge in one triumphant slide. No. 1 immediately brings his feet together again, and reaches the level a moment only after his confederate, amidst the

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shouts and cheers of the spectators. A rare pastime this for warming the blood of the Muscovite, which would otherwise run a chance of freezing in the biting cold. It is this artificial warmth, perhaps, that gives custom to the ice-dealers, who effect brisk sales; for which it would be difficult otherwise to account. The beverage most in vogue, however, is hot tea, carried by the sellers in enormous jugs, and drunk invariably from glasses.

I now leave the Muscovites to their fun, and take a walk about the city. Here is a sight *sui generis* —the Frozen Market; every eatable frozen to the extremity of hardness, and yet selling with perfect readiness. Here are to be seen most human-looking pigs, demurely seated on their tasty haunches; huge bullocks standing on all-fours, as though they were still alive, and wanted but the driver's goad to put them on the march once more; others chopped in half, and lying on the ground like portions of old canoes; sheep in flocks as in the fields; fish tilted on their tails; fowls and other birds arranged in piles; vegetables stocked in pyramids like cannon-balls. Everything, in short, looking so comically unlike itself, that laughter is excited on every side.

But daylight is going fast. A winter's day in Russland lasts only from eight o'clock till two, when darkness comes on apace. I determine to go indoors, and it is well I do so, for as I enter my habitation I am politely told by a passer-by my nose is frost-bitten—the height of courtesy in Russia—and before I cross the threshold I apply the usual remedy, a little snow. As I put my hands to my face I discover my nostrils filled with ice, and my eyebrows overlaid with frost, a crown-piece thick! Truly, we English have no idea what winter is! I enter the house and am perfectly astounded at the heat. Yes; the heat. Russian houses are kept so very hot that there is a difference of forty degrees between out of doors and in; and I soon found the flannel shirts and waistcoats I had taken with me altogether useless. The clothing worn indoors, in the coldest weather, is of quite a cool description; evening-dress being freely used. This artificial heat owes its existence to the immense stove which is such a feature in Russian houses. It is a tall column of iron, with pipes from it extending in all directions. There are square valves opening from the pipes, resembling our patent ventilators, and from these are emitted overpowering gushes of hot air. The monotony of heat, so to speak, that thus prevails, is at first quite distressing. For a few days after my arrival I suffered considerably from thirst; I was perpetually drinking, and had all the symptoms of a fever. Cold, in Russia, is the natural enemy, not the invigorating refreshener it is in England; a breath of air never purifies a Russian dwelling during the entire winter, which lasts for nine months in the year—from August until May. The double windows are kept fast closed, and there exists no other means of ventilation, for since there are no open fireplaces there can be no health-bestowing chimneys; a fact from which important sanitary results might be argued.

I take off my heavy pelisse, and dress for dinner; for there is a dinner-party in the house to-day, and I am invited to it. As I enter the *salle-à-manger*, the first view of the dinner-table is exceedingly pretty. It appears to be decked with vases of richly coloured flowers, but on closer inspection the flowers prove to be delicious fruit. Clusters of golden oranges are grouped with ruby-coloured apples, delicate-tinted pears and shining lemons light up the bouquets here and there; encircling these are deep-green leaves, and drooping from the vases are bunches of luscious grapes, both white and purple. The whole arrangements of the table are extremely nice. The cooking is excellent, and copied from the French. There is not much that differs from ordinary fare upon the table, except rab-jecks—a delicious little bird, with a somewhat bitter taste, that feeds on mulberries, and is served roasted, with mulberry-preserve.

At the close of the repast, it is a quaint sight to see the children of my host and hostess approach their parents with much solemnity, kiss their hands, and thank them for the meal; and as I see the stately kiss imprinted on their foreheads in return, I wonder if a mother's love never revels in more fond caresses, but exists in such cold propriety.

But there are *slaves* within the room! Affection cannot leap her highest when surrounded—as one always is in Russia—with such a brutalising fact. The present emperor is doing all he can to remedy the evil, and Heaven knows what a heritage of love he may leave his people; but as Russia now is, it is a living swarm of serfs. There are serfs for porters, serfs for valets, serfs for waiters, serfs for 'boots,' serfs for messengers, serfs for footmen; serfs, in fact, for every office that can be devised. These serfs are mostly Tatars. They wear their hair very long, and parted down the middle; they wear also their beards and moustaches; and if asked why they do not shave, reply, with almost Eastern submission: 'God gave us a beard to wear, and we wear it accordingly.' Such of the serfs as do not belong to the masters they are serving, receive a trifling wage and their clothing; but a third of the few roubles they earn must be given to their lords, as compensation for allowing them to be in service instead of working on their lands. The chief source, however, of a serf's emolument are the gifts at New-year's Day, which amount to a considerable sum. Indeed, it becomes quite a tax to the donors. On New-year's Day, the shops are all kept closed, or rather, they are only opened for an hour or two, when crowds of greasy dirty serfs take them all by storm, and for the remotest vestige of a service, expect pecuniary return. In private houses, it is just the same. I have my little levée like the rest. I seat myself at a table, with a heap of paper roubles at my side. These notes (a rouble is 3s. 4d.) are but dirty torn pieces of paper, to which it is difficult to attach the meaning of *money*, and one parts with them, consequently, without consideration. 'Matoei Starrei,' I call out. He comes in, he 'bobs' his head, he wishes me a new year and new luck ('Snovo godame,' &c.), and stands expectant. I take from the pile a three-rouble note and give it him. There is a delighted repetition of the 'bob,' and I desire him to send in Nicholi. Nicholi is a youth, and this is probably his first year of service. He enters, and makes his bow; and then his faculties are absorbed in looking at the paper roubles, and wondering how many will fall into his particular pocket. He suddenly recollects he has forgotten the proper compliments, and stammers out his 'Snovo godame' with much contrition. Three roubles to him, and he retires well pleased. Then Cousma enters. He is one of the shoeblacks. His eyes twinkle; he gives his trousers a pull, and looks uncomfortable, for he is very shy. One rouble for him, and please send Alexi. Alexi is the most comical-looking Tatar in the house. He has no neck, his shoulders are very high, his head is square, and his ears stick out most prominently; but to atone for his peculiar ugliness, Nature has given him a pair of magnificent eyes. As he comes in, those black lustrous eyes of his fall at once upon the pile of notes. His face twitches nervously, and he blurts out in inappropriate English—but it is his all, and is used on every occasion—'How do you do?' One rouble for him; and so on till the list is closed. Also at every house I visit, similar calls—though not quite so heavy—are made upon my purse; in fact, no service is rendered by a serf, but there seems an anticipative leer for a bigger gift at the ensuing festival. But this is a digression.

After dinner, I do not linger long. Long enough to smoke papierrottes with the daughters of the house, and to feel the charms of the hostess rapidly

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deteriorate on seeing her take snuff at every opportunity; and then I leave for the Bolshoi Teatre, where there is a masquerade.

I find plenty of people in the theatre, but no fun. Dreariness pervades the whole affair. There are two bands of music, one on the stage, and one in the boxes, and they play alternately, but there is no dancing. The women wear masks, the men none, and there is no movement towards merriment or hilarity. Suddenly, an excitement *is* created; there is a rush towards one corner of the theatre, and much laughter is heard. I go with the press, and find four Frenchmen have entered the theatre, and are dancing with considerable spirit. They are the most odd-looking objects conceivable. They appear to have been split in half, and to have inadvertently joined themselves to somebody else. Half the head, half the face, half the body, one arm, one hand, and one leg are dressed in fashionable evening costume; the corresponding half *en pierrot*. Half the hair is coiffed in the newest style; there is one whisker and half a dainty moustache; the other half is concealed beneath the close cap and white paint of the pierrot. There is one wing of a collar, half a neck-tie, half a shirt-front, and half a waistcoat; and the same line of demarcation is rigidly enforced down to the very feet, one of which is neatly encased in a faultless boot, and the other enjoying glorious liberty in a cotton slipper. As the men turn swiftly round—now as pierrots, now as 'swells'—the effect is irresistibly comic, and wherever they go, they are followed by a vociferating crowd.

But I soon find this is the only divertissement likely to be presented, and I leave the theatre to attend another ball, held at the house of a friend. Here the aspect is very different, and I am just in time to see some Polish students, in their uniform, commence their national mazurka. They select some partners from among the ladies, and begin the dance by sliding and hopping, clinking their heels together, and stamping on the floor. This continues for a quarter of an hour, increasing in vigour every minute, the rest of the company looking on. Half an hour passes, and the dancers are perfectly furious; they shake, they rattle, they stamp, they slide, they kick, they hop, and they jump about with the earnestness and gravity peculiar to a ball-room. The company begin to yawn, the musicians to turn deep crimson. Three-quarters of an hour by my watch, and still going on. Company in bewilderment; musicians in an agony of exertion. The hour goes; no symptom of giving in. Up, down; round, across; in, out; to the right, to the left; turning, twisting, twirling, twining; everything at once, and in most distressing confusion. Company in blank surprise; musicians on the verge of syncope. Another minute, and yet another. Finally, at *ten minutes past the hour*, the dancers, with one impulsive flourish, cease their evolutions, and the musicians mop up the perspiration that is streaming down their faces. Terpsichore defend me from such another exhibition!

As I wend my way home, muffled in my schoube, or fur pelisse, I am witness to a street disturbance. A woman is walking along, and a moujik, in passing by her, knocks her down. She has scarcely gained her equilibrium before another movement on the part of the man topples her over once more. The woman scrambles up, and before the man has time to evade her, swears at him in the fiercest Russki, and spits at him right in his face. I see no more; the action is so revolting, I should turn away at any time; but here, in Russland, I have been warned to become embroiled in no street-frays; to be silent as the grave over whatever I may see; and if I am witness to a murder, to pass on without a word. And this is no exaggeration!

Yet another incident is this eventful day to produce before it closes. With fearful suddenness a bright light appears in the sky, and I find myself wedged in among a crowd of screaming, frantic people. A fire has burst out, and before it can be subdued, eighty-five houses, covering a space three times as large as Grosvenor Square, are levelled to the ground, and hundreds of poor creatures left without a home. Fire is sadly destructive in St Petersburg. The houses are nearly all built of wood, and when flames once burst out, notwithstanding the alarms of the watchmen on the towers, the ravages are generally terrific.

My sleeping-room is at the top of the house, and I am awakened, a few mornings after my arrival, by an alarming noise of scraping and digging over my head. I find, on inquiry, that the noise proceeds from nothing more formidable than an army of serfs on the roofs of the houses, shovelling away at the snow, and hurling it into the streets. This proceeding is partially effected more than once during the winter, otherwise the weight of snow on the house-tops would certainly burst them in.

LEGAL BLUNDERS.

THE chaste and beautiful mauve colour can be obtained from dirty and black coal-tar; bad-smelling substances often form the groundwork of fragrant perfumes. Let us try to get something lively and amusing out of the law, for even out of an odd volume of reports something both amusing and instructive can be obtained; all is not barren from Dan to Beersheba even in Blackstone.

Every person in England, old or young, male or female, is presumed to be conversant with all the legislative enactments of our representatives, directly they come into operation; and further, to be able to interpret, according to law, the true meaning of those sublime creations. Caligula of old was blamed for writing the Roman laws in very small characters, and then sticking them up in exceedingly high places, so that the people could not read them. The British government does not even do so much as he did: it does not hang them up at all. Moreover, from time immemorial acts of parliament have been drawn in a slovenly manner. As vague and unintelligible as an act of parliament, has become now-a-days quite a bye-phrase. It is an old saying, that you can drive a coach-and-six through one. Our books of law-reports abound with cases arising solely out of their unintelligibility. Our statute-books are actually encumbered with a multitude of acts repealing parts of acts—acts to amend and explain other acts; and so on. Sheridan used to compare the numerous acts amending the errors of preceding ones, to the story of *The House that Jack built*. First comes an act imposing a tax—then comes an act to amend the act imposing a tax—then comes an act to explain the act for amending the act imposing a tax, followed by another act for remedying the effects of the act imposing a tax; and so on *ad infinitum*.

By an act of 52 Geo. III., the punishment for a term of fourteen years was substituted instead of a pecuniary penalty for making false entries in parish-register books; but the clause directing the division of the penalty was, through some egregious mistake, reinserted, so that, as the act stood as amended, one half of the penalty was to be given to the informer, and the other half to the poor of the parish; that is, seven years' transportation each—a nice inducement to turn informer! Again, Lord Rochester, the wit of Charles II.'s reign, is said to have complied with the directions of an act of parliament, requiring a lamp to be placed over every door, but he would on no account suffer it to be lighted, the act containing no words to that effect! Another act of parliament prohibiting the doing of a certain thing under pain of transportation, contained a clause directing the penalty to be divided

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between the king and the informer. An act passed in the beginning of the reign of George III. for the protection of timber-trees, enumerates all the trees which it was supposed would come under that denomination. Seven years afterwards, it was thought necessary to pass another act, adding to the enumeration poplar, alder, larch, maple, and hornbeam trees; so that the knowledge of the person who drew the act, and of the gentlemen who passed it, must have been rather limited. By an act of Edward VI., it was made a capital felony to steal horses. It was not long afterwards considered doubtful whether this included the stealing of a single horse, and an explanatory act had therefore to be passed to settle the matter. In one session nearer our own times, a more ludicrous thing occurred—a law was made subjecting hackney-coachmen to a penalty if they had not a check-string. The worthy Jehus appear to have faithfully complied with the *lex scripta*, but to have artfully retaliated upon their persecutors; for another law had to be made in the following session requiring the coachmen to hold the strings in their hands.

Although the lawyers, as a rule, are extremely careful in drawing legal documents, some very fatal blunders have been made by them. One of the most eminent conveyancing lawyers that ever graced the English bar, once, in drawing a will, made so fatal a mistake that it deprived the party whom he was specially and most anxiously instructed to benefit, of no less a sum than £14,000 a year, and this merely by the omission of the single word 'Gloucester.'* Lord Denman made his own will, and made a mull of it. The late Mr Justice Crowder also drew his own will, but omitted to execute it in proper form. We recollect another rather remarkable blunder made by the lawyers, which happened, comparatively speaking, very recently. Lincoln's Inn was exempted from poor-rates as extra-parochial, and the bounds were set out in a private act of parliament, but, from oversight or carelessness, the lawyers omitted the garden; the consequence was, that the buildings thereon were rated to the poor at L.4000 per annum. Another blunder, and a judicial one, too, had rather a curious result. Not many years ago, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, at the Monmouth assizes, in order to get through the business, assigned the trial of several criminal cases to Serjeant Allen, who accordingly took his seat on the bench. When he had disposed of some twelve or fifteen cases, it was discovered that the learned serjeant's name had not been mentioned in the commission, and that consequently his powers as a judge were about as great as those of the crier of the court. All the criminals had therefore to be retried by the Lord Chief Baron, when one of them, who had been sentenced to fifteen years' transportation on his first conviction, escaped with only seven on the second. We will just mention one more instance. In the will of that celebrated millionaire, Mr Arkwright, there is a line perhaps more valuable than any one line that was ever before or will ever again be written: it is—'I bequeath to my son-in-law, Sir R. Wigram, one million sterling.' Now, Sir R. Wigram had married Mr Arkwright's daughter; the testator was desirous of benefiting that daughter and her husband, and therefore made the bequest as above stated. I am not aware whether the will was drawn by a professional man or not, but very probably it was. Now, had old Mr Arkwright left the one million sterling to his daughter, instead of her husband, the bequest would have been materially the same, for the husband would have a right to the legacy directly it was paid to the wife. The testator, however, thought proper to give it to his son-in-law, whereupon let us see the consequences. Had the testator bequeathed the money to Lady Wigram, she, being a daughter, would have had L.1 per cent. legacy-duty to pay—that would be L.10,000; but having given the legacy to his son-in-law, who was not a blood-relation, L.10 per cent. legacy-duty had to be paid, which of course amounted to L.100,000. Thus, through ignorance or mistake, the sum of L.90,000 was absolutely thrown away by a person who was careful of every farthing he received.

* Newburgh *v.* Newburgh, decided in House of Lords.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

UNDER the above title, Mr R. D. Owen, formerly member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples, has published, in his own country, a volume on so-called supernatural revelations and appearances. A belief in such things—apparently coeval with humanity itself—was thoroughly put out of countenance in the last century, and has long been left to the meanest vulgar. It is now reviving, not only in America, but in this country, with, however, this material difference, that the modern professor of the faith claims for it a legitimate place in the universal frame of things, and presents himself as seeking for the laws under which it is regulated. Mr Owen enters upon his work in this spirit. He collects, in the first place, narratives involving mystic facts which can be well authenticated, and then endeavours to come to some general conclusion as to these partial gleamings from the confines of another world. He discusses in a calm, reasoning way, the opposition to mystic subjects, which appears to rest on a syllogism: the laws of nature being invariable, these facts, which transcend the laws of nature, cannot be true. The proposition of Mr Owen being granted, that the facts are not transgressions of nature's laws, but the result of some wide though unknown law, this objection may be said to fall to the ground. Such is the philosophy of the book.

A large preliminary section is devoted to the phenomena of sleep and dreaming. The author relates anew many of the anecdotes formerly related by Baxter, Carlyon, and Abercrombie, and adds several which he has himself gathered from reputable sources. Of the latter, the following strikes us as the most worthy of notice, seeing that some of the circumstances are very peculiar, and that the narrative is obtained directly from the individual concerned.

'In the winter of 1835–6, a schooner was frozen up in the upper part of the Bay of Fundy, close to Dorchester, which is nine miles from the river Pedesdiac. During the time of her detention, she was intrusted to the care of a gentleman of the name of Clarke, who is at this time captain of the schooner *Julia Hallock*, trading between New York and St Jago de Cuba.

'Captain Clarke's paternal grandmother, Mrs Ann Dawe Clarke, to whom he was much attached, was at that time living, and, so far as he knew, well. She was residing at Lyme-Regis, in the county of Dorset, England.

'On the night of the 17th of February 1836, Captain Clarke, then on board the schooner referred to, had a dream of so vivid a character that it produced a great impression upon him. He dreamed that, being at Lyme-Regis, he saw pass before him the funeral of his grandmother. He took note of the chief persons who composed the procession, observed who were the pall-bearers, who were the mourners, and in what order they walked, and distinguished who was the officiating pastor. He joined the procession as it approached the churchyard gate, and proceeded with it to the grave. He thought (in his dream) that the weather was stormy, and the ground wet, as after a heavy rain; and he noticed that the wind, being high, blew the pall partly off the coffin. The graveyard which they entered—the old Protestant one, in the centre of the town—was the same in which, as Captain Clarke knew, their family burying-place was. He perfectly remembered its situation; but, to his

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surprise, the funeral procession did not proceed thither, but to another part of the churchyard, at some distance. There (still in his dream) he saw the open grave, partially filled with water, as from the rain; and, looking into it, he particularly noticed floating in the water two drowned field-mice. Afterward, as he thought, he conversed with his mother; and she told him that the morning had been so tempestuous that the funeral, originally appointed for ten o'clock, had been deferred till four. He remarked, in reply, that it was a fortunate circumstance, for, as he had just arrived in time to join the procession, had the funeral taken place in the forenoon, he could not have attended it at all.

'This dream made so deep an impression on Captain Clarke that in the morning he noted the date of it. Some time afterward there came the news of his grandmother's death, with the additional particular that she was buried on the same day on which he, being in North America, had dreamed of her funeral.

'When, four years afterward, Captain Clarke visited Lyme-Regis, he found that every particular of his dream minutely corresponded with the reality. The pastor, the pall-bearers, the mourners, were the same persons he had seen. Yet this, we may suppose, he might naturally have anticipated. But the funeral *had* been appointed for ten o'clock in the morning, and, in consequence of the tempestuous weather and the heavy rain that was falling, it *had* been delayed until four in the afternoon. His mother, who attended the funeral, distinctly recollected that the high wind blew the pall partially off the coffin. In consequence of a wish expressed by the old lady shortly before her death, she was buried, not in the burying-place of the family, but at another spot selected by herself; and to this spot Captain Clarke, without any indication from the family or otherwise, proceeded at once, as directly as if he had been present at the burial. Finally, on comparing notes with the old sexton, it appeared that the heavy rain of the morning had partially filled the grave, and that there were actually found in it two field-mice drowned.

'This last incident, even if there were no other, might suffice to preclude all idea of accidental coincidence.

'The above was narrated to me by Captain Clarke himself, with permission to use his name in attestation of its truth.'

Another section gives details as to supposed haunted houses, including several cases with which the public has long been familiar, and a few others, generally of modern date, which are here introduced to English readers for the first time. Of the latter, none involves more curious occurrences, or has been brought forward on better evidence, than the case of the Cideville Parsonage. This is a village and commune in the department of the Seine-Inférieure, about eighty miles north-west of Paris. The date is so recent as 1850, when the parsonage was in the occupation of a simple priest named M. Tinel. With him lived two boys, respectively of twelve and fourteen years of age, with whom, in some way, the mysterious disturbances were apparently connected. These lasted from the 26th November 1850 till the 15th of February ensuing, when the children were removed from the house. The details are given by Mr Owen from the depositions of a great number of witnesses in a legal process which took place in consequence of the disturbances, at the instance of a shepherd who was reputed by the country people as their cause; but they run to such a length as to be inadmissible into these pages.

Another large section of the book is devoted to narratives regarding appearances of people out of the body, both during life and after death—all incredible, according to the reigning code of faith on such subjects, and yet all testified to by direct and weighty evidence. One of the most curious refers to a series of circumstances which have recently occurred in London, and have been the subject of a good deal of vague rumour.

'In the month of September 1857, Captain G—— W——, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, went out to India to join his regiment.

'His wife remained in England, residing at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November 1857, toward morning, she dreamed that she saw her husband looking anxious and ill, upon which she immediately awoke, much agitated. It was bright moonlight; and looking up, she perceived the same figure standing by her bedside. He appeared in his uniform, the hands pressed across the breast, the hair dishevelled, the face very pale. His large dark eyes were fixed full upon her; their expression was that of great excitement, and there was a peculiar contraction of the mouth, habitual to him when agitated. She saw him, even to each minute particular of his dress, as distinctly as she had ever done in her life; and she remembers to have noticed between his hands the white of the shirt-bosom, unstained, however, with blood. The figure seemed to bend forward as if in pain, and to make an effort to speak; but there was no sound. It remained visible, the wife thinks, as long as a minute, and then disappeared.

'Her first idea was to ascertain if she was actually awake. She rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and felt that the touch was real. Her little nephew was in bed with her: she bent over the sleeping child and listened to its breathing; the sound was distinct, and she became convinced that what she had seen was no dream. It need hardly be added that she did not again go to sleep that night.

'Next morning, she related all this to her mother, expressing her conviction, though she had noticed no marks of blood on his dress, that Captain W—— was either killed or grievously wounded. So fully impressed was she with the reality of that apparition, that she thenceforth refused all invitations. A young friend urged her, soon afterward, to go with her to a fashionable concert, reminding her that she had received from Malta, sent by her husband, a handsome dress-cloak, which she had never yet worn; but she positively declined, declaring that, uncertain as she was whether she was not already a widow, she would never enter a place of amusement until she had letters from her husband (if, indeed, he still lived) of later date than the 14th of November.

'It was on a Tuesday, in the month of December 1857, that the telegram regarding the actual fate of Captain W—— was published in London. It was to the effect that he was killed before Lucknow on the *fifteenth* of November.

'This news, given in the morning paper, attracted the attention of Mr Wilkinson, a London solicitor, who had in charge Captain W——'s affairs. When, at a later period, this gentleman met the widow, she informed him that she had been quite prepared for the melancholy news, but that she felt sure her husband could not have been killed on the 15th of November, inasmuch as it was during the night between the 14th and 15th that he appeared to herself.*

'The certificate from the War Office, however, which it became Mr Wilkinson's duty to obtain, confirmed the date given in the telegram; its tenor being as follows:

"No. $\frac{9579}{1}$. War Office, *20th January* 1858.

"These are to certify that it appears, by the records in this office, that Captain G—— W——, of the

* 'The difference of longitude between London and Lucknow being about five hours, three or four o'clock A.M. in London would be eight or nine o'clock A.M. at Lucknow. But it was in the *afternoon*, not in the morning, as will be seen in the sequel, that Captain W—— was killed. Had he fallen on the 15th, therefore, the apparition to his wife would have appeared several hours before the engagement in which he fell, and while he was yet alive and well.'

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6th Dragoon Guards, was killed in action on the 15th November 1857.

(Signed) "B. HAWES."

'While Mr Wilkinson's mind remained in uncertainty as to the exact date, a remarkable incident occurred, which seemed to cast further suspicion on the accuracy of the telegram and of the certificate. That gentleman was visiting a friend, whose lady has all her life had perception of apparitions, while her husband is what is usually called an impressible medium; facts which are known, however, only to their intimate friends. Though personally acquainted with them, I am not at liberty to give their names. Let us call them Mr and Mrs N——.

'Mr Wilkinson related to them, as a wonderful circumstance, the vision of the captain's widow in connection with his death, and described the figure as it had appeared to her. Mrs N——, turning to her husband, instantly said: "That must be the very person I saw, the evening we were talking of India, and you drew an elephant with a howdah on his back. Mr Wilkinson has described his exact position and appearance; the uniform of a British officer, his hands pressed across his breast, his form bent forward as if in pain. The figure," she added to Mr W——, "appeared just behind my husband, and seemed looking over his left shoulder."

"Did you attempt to obtain any communication from him?" Mr Wilkinson asked.

"Yes; we procured one through the medium of my husband."

"Do you remember its purport?"

"It was to the effect that he had been killed in India that afternoon, by a wound in the breast; and adding, as I distinctly remember: 'That thing I used to go about in is not buried yet.' I particularly remarked the expression."

"When did this happen?"

"About nine o'clock in the evening, several weeks ago; but I do not recollect the exact date."

"Can you not call to mind something that might enable you to fix the precise day?"

'Mrs N—— reflected. "I remember nothing," she said at last, "except that while my husband was drawing, and I was talking to a lady-friend who had called to see us, we were interrupted by a servant bringing in a bill for some German vinegar, and that, as I recommended it as being superior to English, we had a bottle brought in for inspection."

"Did you pay the bill at the time?"

"Yes; I sent out the money by the servant."

"Was the bill receipted?"

"I think so; but I have it up stairs, and can soon ascertain."

'Mrs N—— produced the bill. Its receipt bore date the *fourteenth* of November!

'This confirmation of the widow's conviction as to the day of her husband's death produced so much impression on Mr Wilkinson, that he called at the office of Messrs Cox and Greenwood, the army agents, to ascertain if there was no mistake in the certificate. But nothing there appeared to confirm any surmise of inaccuracy. Captain W——'s death was mentioned in two separate dispatches of Sir Colin Campbell; and in both the date corresponded with that given in the telegram.

'So matters rested, until, in the month of March 1858, the family of Captain W—— received from Captain G—— C——, then of the Military Train, a letter dated near Lucknow, on the 19th December 1857. This letter informed them that Captain W—— had been killed before Lucknow, while gallantly leading on the squadron, not on the 15th of November, as reported in Sir Colin Campbell's dispatches, but on the *fourteenth, in the afternoon*. Captain C—— was riding close by his side at the time he saw him fall. He was struck by a fragment of shell in the breast, and never spoke after he was hit. He was buried at the Dilkoosha; and on a wooden cross erected by his friend, Lieutenant R—— of the 9th Lancers, at the head of his grave, are cut the initials G. W., and the date of his death, the 14th of November 1857.

'The War Office finally made the correction as to the date of death, but not until more than a year after the event occurred. Mr Wilkinson, having occasion to apply for an additional copy of the certificate in April 1859, found it in exactly the same words as that which I have given, only that the 14th of November had been substituted for the 15th.

'This extraordinary narrative was obtained by me directly from the parties themselves. The widow of Captain W—— kindly consented to examine and correct the manuscript, and allowed me to inspect a copy of Captain C——'s letter, giving the particulars of her husband's death. To Mr Wilkinson, also, the manuscript was submitted, and he assented to its accuracy so far as he is concerned. That portion which relates to Mrs N—— I had from that lady herself. I have neglected no precaution, therefore, to obtain for it the warrant of authenticity.

'It is perhaps the only example on record where the appearance of what is usually termed a ghost proved the means of correcting an erroneous date in the dispatches of a commander-in-chief, and of detecting an inaccuracy in the certificate of a War Office.'

THE UPLAND PATH.

Wise men—or such as to the world seem wise,
Picture old age the downhill path of Life,
Dimmed by the vapours of a lower earth,
Drawn from its stagnant waters. Nay, not so;
But, rather, upward where the mountains stand
Guarding the young green valleys, lies his way
On whose broad front is set the crown of years.
Silent, and filled with beauty, shall he go,
As one who travels towards the source of streams,
And, pondering thoughtfully, comes unaware
On landlocked tarns, whose stilly waters keep
The face of heaven in memory! Far below,
The maddening rivers keep the seas in chase,
Till the vexed ocean beats the curbing shore;
And, striving still for mastery, the rough winds
Grapple the yielding argosies. Not for him
Sounds their wild roar amid his calm of skies.
Save when, perchance, some shriek of human woe
Leaps to the clouds that roll beneath his feet,
Touching the common nature in his heart,
Unmoved he stands, and, in a trance of soul,
'Mid God-ward dreams, between the rifted peaks
Beholds the face Divine. So, pressing on,
Higher and higher still, and breathing still
A clearer, purer air, he comes at length
To earth's last foothold, and stands face to face
With the great Change! Undaunted, undismayed,
Though round him close the everlasting hills,
And darkness falls upon him as a shroud,
He casts his feeble frame on Nature's heart,
That beats to his again; then, heavenward-bound,
Sets firm his foot upon the Path of Souls.

R. L. HERVEY.

On Saturday, July 7, will be commenced in this Journal,

A ROMANCE BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, ENTITLED

THE WILD HUNTRESS,

To be continued every week until completed.

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PARKER'S SISTER.

THE often-iterated statement, that the child is the father to the man, I am quite disposed to accept as an axiom; I am prepared, indeed, to widen its significance, and to recognise in the proceedings of youth a microcosmic resemblance to the actions of an early state of society—to trace in the behaviour of infant man a marked coincidence with the conduct of immature peoples. For instance, in the condition of life enjoyed by myself and my fellow-pupils when at the not undistinguished seminary of Dr Swabey, at Mortlake, it seems to me that a clear connection is to be discovered with the aboriginal circumstances deemed by ethical and theoretic writers to attend the institution of the first social contract; when a number of individuals, drawn into gregariousness by common wants and weaknesses, assembled on an open plain, agreed on and swore obedience to a code of laws, and elected from among them the Tallest to be their *dux*, duke or leader—king, *Könning*, *Kanning*—'man that *knows* or *cans*.' The same system of nomenclature did not obtain among the community at Lexicon House—the head or chief being there called, I think, the *cock*—nor was his election of so imposing and ceremonious a character, however it might have been on the first founding of the office. I know, indeed, that Blenkinsop Primus, the cock of the school during my time at Dr Swabey's, obtained power rather in a *coup-d'état* and Cromwellian fashion, administering a great thrashing to the former chief, Hobson, bully and tyrant, in a pitched battle after a cricket-match on Barnes Common, and assuming thenceforward the reins of government. It is probable that the first dux held his appointment in virtue of much the same qualities as constituted Blenkinsop Primus cock at Dr Swabey's, and by reason, very likely, of his worship's broad back, long arm, and hard fist. Certainly we were banded together by common impulses, and bound by implied and oral laws to resist at all points the attacks of our enemy the doctor, and frustrate his every effort to improve, punish, or govern us; and further, also, did we carry out a likeness to the habits of unripe nations in our incursions of a predatory nature on the territories—especially the orchards—of our neighbours, in the scarcity of the precious metals, and of any consequent circulating medium; in our necessary resort to barter rather than sale—the place of a more regular currency being supplied by toffy, marbles, apples, and similar commodities; and in our unchivalric and uncivilised views touching the female portion of the state, regarding women very much as chattels to be made the subject of transfer and arrangement, without much reference to any views *they* might entertain upon the subject; the word 'girl,' in particular, representing a term of bitter reproach.

Man is an interrogative, acquisitive, and combative animal, or, at least, if not caring to combat himself, he likes to witness the encounters of others. A new pupil at Dr Swabey's was put through a lively course of examination on his admission among his fellow-students. How old was he? What was his father? What school had he been at last? How much money had he? Had he brought a cake with him? Did he want to purchase a top, marbles, a knife? Had he any sisters? If so, their names, ages, and the colour of their complexions, eyes, and hair? And lastly, with whom would he fight? Surely all this is also savage, primitive and unenlightened enough.

Little Parker, a thin, small-boned, blonde little boy, his mother's kisses still fresh on his pink-and-white face—the lady herself journeying back to town alone in her fly, very nervous, and depressed, and desolate after her first parting with her son—little Parker, leaning against the playground wall, trying hard to follow maternal counsels, and not to cry, but to be a man, and look forward to jolly holidays at Christmas, not back upon the domestic happiness he was severed from for months—with one small hand in his pocket, clinking the recent deposit of silver there secured to him by his departure from the parental roof—the governor's tip of five shillings, Aunt Jane's half-crown, stingy Uncle Jack's miserable shilling, and a contribution from mamma, which will probably figure in the housekeeping-book under some other heading (for Parker *père* had forbidden further donation, the boy having already, he said, more than was good for him)—little Parker, I say, was subjected to the usual interrogations, as a semicircle of pupils of Lexicon House approached and surrounded him, with much jostling and crowding, to inspect the new boy. Little Parker replied blushingly, frightened perhaps in a measure: His father was a merchant. He had not been to school before. There was a cake in his box: anybody might eat it that liked; he was not hungry a bit himself. Yes, certainly, he had a sister; her name was Di. He didn't want to fight anybody, thank you.—Of course, all that seemed feasible was done to terrify him. He was informed that he had come to a fearful school for caning, they could tell him; they pitied him; they wouldn't stand in his shoes for something. Old Swabey on the very next morning would probably favour him with the severest licking, by aid of a heavy birch-broom a yard long and a foot thick, that any boy had ever received in his life.

Perhaps you think little Parker rather cut out for a school-victim, the sort of subject that the sworn

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tormentors of Lexicon House would prefer to operate upon. But, as I have seen occasionally in a melodrama, when the hero, in mortal broad-sword combat, is beaten down and disarmed, and his antagonist on the eve of running him through or hewing him in pieces, just then, midst the cries, from an exhilarated and perspiring gallery, of 'Ah! Yah! Would yer? Brayvo! Go it, Smith!' the hero aforesaid plucks a pistol from his belt, holds it to the nose of his terrified opponent, and becomes again master of the situation—the scene closing in on the group to very loud music; so our small blonde boy in the blue-jacket and bright buttons, however apparently down, is still not irretrievably defeated by any means. He carries very serviceable weapons in his belt. First, he is a great story-teller—something of the *improvisatore's* talent is possessed by little Parker. He can keep a whole bedroom full of boys spell-bound by his marvellous narrations. Boys even crowd in from other rooms to hear Parker, sitting up in his night-dress, relate one of his thrilling stories, and wonder at his strange talent in that respect. I remember little enough of the stories now, though something of the effect they created. How he did it, and whence he derived his romances, whether they were all invention, or partly drawn from memory and accidental reading, no one knew.

'Was that all out of your own head, Parker?' he was sometimes asked at the conclusion of his recital.

'Yes, Dawkins, it was,' he would answer simply.

Certainly, for a small, quiet-looking, little boy, he possessed a most active, not to say violent imagination. He was not by any means so amiable and pacific in mind as he appeared to be in body; he was prone to the morbid and the fearful—dealt largely in horrors—had a ruthless way of disposing of his *dramatis personæ*—sprinkled about drawn swords and desperate combats, gunpowder, trap-doors, masks, stabbings, strangulations, and murders and bloodshed generally, with a free hand. His stories were accented with terror, and punctuated by crime. Sometimes his audience rose against the violent sentences awarded to his puppets.

'O Parker, what a shame! Don't let Jones be cut down like that; he's a brave fellow, he is. Let him guard off the blow just in time, and save his life.'

'No, Dawkins; the story requires it. The flashing sword clove his head in twain, and cut right down to his waist. His brains were scattered about right and left, and Jones fell a bleeding corpse on the floor!'

'Oh!' and there is quite a shiver of horror through the bedroom; and little Parker, pleased at this homage, pushes his light hair off his forehead, and continues his narrative.

I don't know that Parker paid much attention to the unities of time and place; I am inclined to think his narratives were somewhat of a rambling and incoherent pattern, plentifully spiced with incident and adventure. Perhaps success in romance-spinning may be obtained to a great extent by such means. It is remarkable, too, that the sympathies of the public were always enlisted on the side of disorder and illegality. Parker's heroes were all opposed to the constituted authorities, and for sufficient reasons, being burglars and highwaymen, or else smugglers and pirates. Somehow, at Lexicon House, the cause of order, and propriety, and morality seemed to be represented by Dr Swabey—enough in itself to attach the allegiance of the students to the less worthy side of the question. At one time led away, I think, by Parker's fictions, about a dozen boys solemnly agreed together to run away from school with such means as they could collect, proceed to the nearest seaport town—a great difference of opinion existing as to which *was* the nearest, some being in favour of Richmond, others declaring for Lambeth—and enter as cabin-boys on board a ship just weighing anchor. They were to behave quite properly until the vessel was at sea, then mutiny, shoot the captain, compel the chief officers to walk the plank, the crew of course deciding for the mutineers; draw lots who should be commander; swear fealty to the fortunate one; hoist the blood-red flag of piracy, and sweep the sea for prizes. There was a little difficulty and dilemma in respect to the flag, as to which was the regular thing, a blood red one, or a black flag ornamented with a death's-head and cross-bones in white; but otherwise the whole scheme was fully and definitely settled. Somehow, however, it was never carried into execution.

'The deck was now slippery with gore; the carnage had lasted some hours; the air was thick with smoke, the heavens crimson from the fire of the guns; the waves rose mountains high; the winds howled and whistled like—like anything. Yet still the fight continued. The pirate captain, covered with wounds, and bleeding from every limb, with a pistol in each hand—a double-barrelled one, mind!—a sharp sabre between his teeth, a long dagger in his belt, and a carbine slung at his back, began to see at last that the day was going against him. With a fearful imprecation, he rushed down the cabin steps—they were nearly choked up with the corpses of the slain; but he forced his way among them, lighted a lucifer-match, and sprung into the powder-magazine'——

'*Cave*, you fellows; here's the doctor!'

'What's all this noise?' in the unmistakable *baso-profundo* tones of the doctor. 'Let me hear no more of it. It's nearly midnight; you ought all to have been asleep hours ago. Don't pretend to snore, Mr Dawkins; you are as wide awake as any, I make no doubt. Go to sleep, boys, or else I'll give you each an imposition.'

And the doctor stalks out.

'What a first-rate tale that is! Go on, Parker.'

'No, Dawkins, not to-night. I'll tell you the rest to-morrow night. Good-night all.' And little Parker curls himself up in his bed, and is soon fast asleep.

Do pirates, and brigands, and cut-throats haunt his slumbers, I wonder? Does he dream of carnage, and bloodshed, and broad-sword combats? Surely here was the imagination of a great warrior in the body of a little drummer. What is little Parker now? A great military authority? A novelist? A Fitzball? A pirate captain? Very likely, he is a quiet country curate, telling wonderful stories to tiny children, grouping round him with wide open eyes, and parted lips, and riveted attitudes—very likely, but I have no certain information on the subject.

Surely this power of little Parker's was enough to save him from the generally uncomfortable fate of a mild and rather weakly little boy at school, enough to win for him respect, and regard, and protection; and have I not alluded to another weapon of defence borne by little Parker in his belt, even if the first should fail?

There was often a heroine in Parker's stories, always described as intensely, superbly beautiful. She had large black eyes, with curved eyebrows, long floating ringlets of the raven's hue, a dazzling complexion, with very red lips, and very white teeth—the sort of woman, I fancy, one sees sometimes in the plates of the *Book of Beauty*, or in pictures on the walls of the Royal Academy. In Parker's stories, this admirable creature was invariably carried off by the heroic housebreaker, or became the affianced bride of a delightfully atrocious and ruffianly brigand, or married the brave smuggler, and sank into private marital life—happy, loving, illegal, and contented. Parker would always insist on describing her as though he were commissioned to paint a full-length portrait of her, or to identify her for the *Hue and Cry*—an interesting journal for police perusal. Her eyes, &c., &c. Her nose, &c., &c. She had lips, &c., &c.

'Was she like your sister, Parker?'

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'Yes, Dawkins, she was.' And this statement seemed to relieve the minds and satisfy the scruples of all; not that any one had ever seen Parker's sister, but it was taken as a settled question and ascertained fact that Parker's sister was a very wonderful and lovely being; perhaps her having permeated, as it were, so many of Parker's stories, had something to do with the interest she had excited.

Now, I have already alluded to the barbaric fashion after which the students at Lexicon House were disposed to treat the womankind of the tribe—dealing in them and disposing of their hands and properties quite as commodities of trade. Every boy in the school had appropriated to himself, by right of purchase, or as an earning of battle, the hand of some other boy's sister. Blenkinsop Primus had fully arranged that he should marry the eldest Miss Dawkins. Blenkinsop Secundus had determined upon going to church hymeneally with the youngest Miss Bradshaw. The ladies and gentlemen in either case had never met, but still the unions were to be regarded in the light of settled arrangements. The sisters of other boys had been disposed of in an equally easy and comfortable manner. It became a question, then, who was to marry little Parker's sister; it was quite evident that somebody must. I am happy to say that the school had orthodox notions about polygamy, so that when Dawkins announced himself as pretending to the hand of Miss Parker, it was obvious that he must release himself from the engagement he had already formed with the second Miss Blenkinsop. Now, *I* also had conceived intentions in regard to Miss Parker, assisted very much thereto by her animated appearances in Parker's stories. Besides, Parker had brought a miniature of his sister to school. This portrait—how far I was justified under the circumstances of my romantic attachment, I hardly know—I had purchased of Parker. He was singularly partial to toffy. In a moment of unpecuniosity and acute longing for that delicacy, I appeared before him with a good two penn'orth of it done up neatly in paper. A negotiation for the purchase of the portrait ensued. Not to be wearisome, I may say that it ultimately became mine, in consideration of the toffy, three apples, a gimlet, an egg-plum, a peg-top, a broken corkscrew, twenty marbles, and a long piece of string. I became the poor but delighted possessor of the likeness of Miss Parker. I had given up nearly all my worldly possessions to purchase the miniature. I doubt if any collector ever made greater sacrifices to possess a picture; and little Parker's sister became quite unconsciously little Parker's shield and safeguard. Was it likely that they who loved *her* would permit of any insult or injury to *him*, who would, of course, some day be a man and a brother-in-law? Of course not.

Now, it was evident that there were chances of collision between the rival claims of Dawkins and myself to the hand of Miss Parker. Had we been enemies, we should have fought for her; as we were friends, it became necessary to adjust the matter in a more amicable fashion. We arranged to toss for her. There was a difficulty even about this. I regret to state that we had not even the essential coin wherewithal to decide the chance; so a clasp-knife was thrown up. If it came down with the 'nick' for opening the blade uppermost, then Miss Parker was mine; if the 'nick' was underneath, then she pertained to Dawkins. The event was determined, then, by 'nick or no nick.' The knife came down 'no nick.' Di Parker belonged to Dawkins.

I was forlorn and uncomfortable, but not hopeless. I possessed the portrait; secretly, I resolved to possess the original also; but how? Dawkins had right on his side. We had fairly tossed, and he had become the lawful possessor of Parker's sister; he could not be compelled to resign her. But it was clear that his heart was not nearly so much in the business as was mine; or perhaps I should say that his stomach dominated over his heart. He was a boy of large appetite; it was his one weak point. I pressed heavily upon that; I charged as strongly as I could upon that, and it gave way. I offered to purchase of him his right to Miss Parker. The consideration, perhaps, was a little extraordinary: I assigned to Dawkins the whole of my share in the Lexicon House puddings throughout one half-year. On these terms, he withdrew all claim to Miss Parker. I was happy then. Hungry and insolvent I might be, yet satisfied and rich in the ownership of Miss Parker and her portrait.

Now, there are puddings, and there are puddings. There are grades in that victual, as in many other things: there is the pudding that is simply filling, and has nothing else to recommend it; and the pudding that is filling and delectable also; and there is a pudding—at least, there was such a pudding at Lexicon House—nauseous and horrible; a hard, suffocating pudding, looking like lengths of organ-piping laid out in a dish—drab in colour, with a varnished surface, and spotted in the interior with yellow lumps of a transparent material. Such puddings as these, known among us as 'suet bolsters,' were frequent articles of consumption at Dr Swabey's. I presume they were cheap of manufacture; and they possessed the advantage, that the boy who contrived to finish his portion, was so filled and fatigued by the effort, that he was able to eat little of the roast-mutton that always followed the puddings—a result perhaps not altogether uncontemplated by the doctor. After my arrangement with Dawkins, I had to consume a double allowance of suet bolsters, and had also the pain, when any more palatable dish was presented for our repast, of hearing Dawkins, with an unctuous buzz in my ear, announce: 'I say, old fellow, I'll take your pudding to-day, you know.' My only consolation was, that my sacrifice had bought me an indisputable right to Parker's sister.

Much as I adored her, I had never yet had the pleasure of seeing Miss Parker in the flesh. Of course, I had heard all about her from little Parker. I knew precisely all about the colour of her eyes, hair, complexion—knew that she could play the piano and guitar, and sing to the accompaniment of either instrument—that she could paint in water-colours, and knit purses, the most marvellous and beautiful complications of silk and steel-beads that ever were seen. All this I had wormed out of little Parker—often purchasing from him long conversations on the subject with apples and almond-rock. Our meeting was yet to come; did she long for that great event as I did? It could hardly be expected, perhaps, as she had never even, to my knowledge, heard my name. We were all home for the Christmas holidays; Lexicon House was empty. We sometimes wondered how the doctor managed to exist during the holidays, having no one to thrash, and no one's lesson to hear—those duties appearing to us to constitute the sole business and pleasure of his life. It never occurred to us that he availed himself of our absence to see his friends, enjoy country walks, read his books, take his port wine, and generally have rather a pleasant time of it. I received an invitation from little Parker's mamma, instigated by that young gentleman. I was entreated to come to an evening-party in Dorset Square (in confidence, I may say that it was called a *juvenile* party). *She* of course would be there. I should see Di Parker; perhaps own my love; perhaps wring from her a confession of hers; perhaps—who knows?—bear her off then and there, after the manner of the pirate captains in Parker's stories. I accepted the invitation—I should rather think I did. I counted the days that must elapse before my meeting with Di Parker; I thought of little else but the party given by little

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Parker's mamma. I was permitted a new suit of clothes for the occasion: no expense was spared —white kid-gloves, new shiny pumps, ribbed silk stockings, a flower from Covent Garden for my jacket button-hole—the whole thing thoroughly well done. My hair curled for the occasion; *that*, I admit, was rather a failure; a little too much grease; a smell of burning, which I hoped was less pungent to others than it was to me; and a decided want of harmony and amalgamation between the straight and the curled locks—the same difference as between flowers and their sticks—which was certainly disastrous in effect. Still the intention was creditable.

I drove to Dorset Square in a cab. In my excitement, I gave the cabman all the money I had about me—an unwise action, for at the conclusion of the entertainment, I was compelled to walk home in the rain, and spoil my pumps, being bereft of the means of procuring a conveyance. In the hall I found Dawkins, in a high state of cleanliness and polish; I triumphed over him, however, for he had no flower in his jacket; he had silk gloves, *not kid, like mine;* and he had not had his hair curled. It had been brushed to an extent that must have been really painful; the skin of his scalp was still quite crimson from the friction. His hair stuck down tight, as though with glue, and freely varnished, had been drawn into plaits on either side of his head, and then dexterously pointed into his eyes. We met upon friendly terms; I think we had coffee; were greeted cordially by little Parker, blushing much, and looking extremely happy, and shaking hands violently with everybody coming within hail of him; and then we mounted the stairs. A kind-looking lady in black satin, and a blonde head-dress with pink flowers, received us at the top, learned our names, and then thanked us very much for all our kindness to her little boy. She was Parker's mamma. I think Dawkins and myself looked a little overcome at this speech, for the fact was that on more than one occasion our conduct to little Parker had not been so absolutely amiable as Mrs Parker perhaps imagined it to have been. We then entered the drawing-room; there was a loud and confused hum of voices as we entered; a number of children were busy at a quadrille. Where, O where was Di Parker? 'Which is Parker's sister?' I inquired of Dawkins. 'How should I know, stupid!' was his answer. 'I've never seen her, any more than you have.'

The dance concluded, the whisper went round that there was going to be a song; and soon a pleasant voice rang out in the back drawing-room, and a light hand executed a brilliant accompaniment. A tremor of ecstasy came over me; I knew whom that voice must belong to.

'That's my sister singing,' said little Parker, pulling down his little white waistcoat proudly. 'I like that song. Isn't it pretty? *My Beautiful Rhine.*'

I thought it heavenly—tried to murmur as much; and the voice in the back drawing-room went on:

> How sweet 'tis to wander, at daylight's decline,
> On thy fairy-like borders, my beautiful Rhine!
> Tra-la-la, tra-la-la! &c., &c.

All pronounced it delightful, and hummed tra-la-la, tra-la-la, witched by the melody, long after the voice had finished.

A young lady came out of the back drawing-room; I thought then that she was like Semiramis or Cleopatra, so far as I knew anything about those distinguished women. I have since had reason to believe that she was on a smaller scale. She was smiling sweetly; with very bright beaming eyes; profuse dark hair, lit up with scarlet geraniums; and a white muslin dress. She approached us. My heart went down as far as it could, without serious anatomical derangement and inconvenience to itself and to me. Somehow, cold reality seemed to be freezing up my torrid imaginings. Could I pretend to the love of that delicious being? Was it not audacity approaching almost to profanity to love such an angel? Ought I not to adore her from an abject distance, and be content and grateful that even *that* was permitted to me?

'Oh, here are Freddy's young friends. Are you Master Dawkins? I beg your pardon. How do you do? how do you do? Now, Freddy, what's it to be? Mind you look after your friends. A quadrille? Very well.'

And she was turning away!

And she could not read my love in my face! I could feel it there, and very warm it made my features.

'Miss Parker,' I stammered, 'may I hope—the honour of your hand—this quadrille?'

'O thank you; I'm going to play; let me give you a partner.'

A young creature in blue, with long flaxen plaits, tied with ribbons, hanging down her back (Was she pretty? Who knows? Who cares? I didn't look at her—a child of ten!) was palmed off upon me; and Parker's sister floated off to the piano, leaning on the arm of a tall man with a moustache, that seemed trained to climb up his face like a vine up a wall.

The next dance, she was engaged to Captain Bellis; the one after, she was going to dance with Mr George Bellis; the one after that, she was to play the Cracoviac Quadrilles—duets—with Miss Amy Bellis. Bah! What was there worth living for? I went on to the landing in a rage. I began to think I should like to fight some one.

'I say, old fellow'—it was Dawkins who spoke; he always had a disgusting appetite, that boy—'there'll be such a jolly supper at eleven! I've been down stairs into the parlour. Bless you, there's trifle and lobster-salad, and oyster-patties and custards, and almonds and raisins, and tipsy-cake and cold fowl! My! don't I wish it was time! I say, come and have some more negus. Isn't Captain Bellis a jolly fellow?'

'Now, you boys, what are you doing here? Up to some mischief, I warrant; poaching on the supper-preserves, are you? I've caught you, Tom Dawkins. I'll tell Dr Swabey all about it. So you're in Virgil, are you? *Arma virumque cano*—that sort of thing, eh?' And the man with the moustaches rattled on, laughing and talking together in a way he considered very pleasant and clever, I daresay. Then he went to join Miss Parker at the piano, and turn over the leaves of the Cracoviac quadrilles.

'That's Captain Bellis,' explained little Parker, much flushed from prolonged dancing with a small beauty, a yard and a quarter high, clothed in pink muslin. 'He's engaged to Di!'

'He's what?' I asked fiercely.

'Going to marry my sister on the seventeenth of this month. He's such a nice fellow—so jolly. He wants to make up a party, and take us all to see the pantomime at Covent Garden. That's his sister Amy, playing the piano with mine. I say, you come to the theatre too. Do—you can, if you like. He'll take you.'

I declined the invitation. I think I hated that man with the moustaches more than I have ever hated any one since.

She came out, leaning on his arm.

'Mind and make a good supper; there's good boys.' She had a very kind voice, and a smile that fitted it admirably.

'They'll take care of that,' says the captain, laughing hugely—vulgarly, I thought.

'Freddy, they're in your charge,' she said. 'You must look after them.'

She regarded me, then, as a mere boy with a large appetite! She deemed me incapable of love; she shut her eyes to the sentiment that was consuming me; she looked down on—despised me! A girl of eighteen is a very advanced person; and a boy of thirteen—— Dear me, what a chit!

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At the supper-table, she was seated between Freddy and the captain. There was great fun among them, and much laughing. I sat next to Dawkins, who was enjoying himself amazingly. 'I've tasted nearly everything now. Give us some of that stuff in the dish by you—I don't know what it is. By George, ain't I getting tight about the waist!'

A bunch of rich dark ringlets bobbed over my shoulder, and dark luminous eyes were gazing into mine: there was a bright laughing light dancing in them. 'I hope you are getting on comfortably, and enjoying your supper. *I am very sorry there is no pudding on the table!*'

She went away laughing, and I could see that the man Bellis was crimson in the face from the same cause. Obtuse Dawkins, busy with jam-puff and blanc-mange, did not perceive the allusion. I did, and the barbed shaft rankled in the wound.' Both sacrifice and votary were alike spurned then. All was over, and there was to be no more happiness for me in the world. For this, I had sold my puddings, and starved half a year.

Of course Captain Bellis married Parker's sister, and for a fortnight I was a cynic and a misanthrope, and a cruel nuisance to my friends and relations, who cordially wished the holidays at an end, and me back at Dr Swabey's. I went to the theatre, not with Bellis; I saw Mr Macready in the cheerful drama of the *Stranger*, and sympathised sincerely with the sufferings of that dismal gentleman; also the pantomime of *Fair Rosamond*, laughing grimly from the back of the boxes when that frail lady took the poisoned bowl from the avenging hands of Queen Eleanor.

I have recovered quite now; in fact, I recovered very shortly afterwards. I can talk calmly and deliberately over the matter. I have even loved another since. The complaint I find to be chronic, and recurring, but seldom dangerous. I have pulled through it on more than one occasion, and am altogether, perhaps, not much the worse for my sufferings. I am not singular in that respect; a few besides me have been knocked over, and got up, and brushed their coats, and smiled pleasantly, as though they had never been down. Blenkinsop Primus no more married the eldest Miss Dawkins than Blenkinsop Secundus married the youngest Miss Bradshaw, or than I married Parker's sister, or than any boy at Lexicon House married his schoolfellow's sister. I never heard that the parties concerned were much inconvenienced by the change of plan. The tree does not invariably grow as the twig is inclined, and the trunk occasionally pooh-poohs the early proceedings of its sprouts.

THERE SHOULD BE AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT, &c.

When a Briton sees anything wrong which the law does not already provide against, he is pretty sure to be heard saying: 'There ought to be an act of parliament to put it to rights.' But in nine cases out of ten, it will be found that an act of parliament on the subject would only do further harm, and no good; and this is because, in nine out of ten cases in which the Briton wishes for legislation, he is only expressing offence at something displeasing to his own prejudices or inclinations, but which is agreeable to the prejudices and inclinations of other people: he wants, in short, to impose a restraint upon the liberty of some of his fellow-citizens, in points indifferent to the general interest, conveniency, and taste, and which, therefore, had much better not be meddled with.

Though our function is not political, we may be permitted to express our surprise that so much attention has been given for eighty years past to possible improvements of the legislative power, and so little to the character of the acts which it is desirable to see any legislature pass. While we think of the claims of Jack and Tom to a vote in the election of a legislator, and deliberate whether Little Peddlington should have one or two representatives in the Lower House, scarcely a remark is ever heard about what are and what are not the proper objects of legislation. The great body of the public remains on this subject very little enlightened. It must be admitted that things were at one time worse in this respect. In the seventeenth century, it was considered as proper and fitting that parliament should prevent the use of expensive dress; that it should compel holders of grain, during a scarcity, to bring it to market, and sell it at a price below its value; and even that it should prescribe the proper stuff in which a corpse should go to the grave: while much more lately, it was allowed to the legislature to forbid the lieges to deal with foreign countries for needful articles; in other words, a modified starvation in the community was absolutely enforced. We have cleared ourselves of these errors; but many remain behind, and above all, that of a too great tendency to look to government for the enforcement or prohibition of things beyond its sphere.

The evil, in reality, consists in an inclination we all have to impose what we think salutary rules and restraints upon each other. Generally, the object aimed at is something we think highly moral, something we believe to be fraught with great blessings to the community. Only let us get it embodied in a law binding on all, and which the executive must enforce, and a step will be made towards a regeneration of society. The intention is usually good, and this very naturally makes us only the more earnest in our desire to effect our purpose. But the worst things that fanaticism ever dictated were based in good intention. We are bound, in the first place, to consider if we have a right to impose our own views upon others, to the detriment of their liberty of action. We are bound to make sure that, in working out this supposed good for our fellow-creatures, we shall not inflict upon them great and overbalancing evils.

Now, every restriction that is put upon our own healthy spontaneous action, we feel to be an evil—this is acknowledged by all. That we submit to any restraint, indeed, is only a concession we make for the sake of some indispensable good. Each man is entitled to the free exercise of his judgment regarding matters concerning himself, whether of a secular or a religious nature, so long as he does not allow this to interfere with the like freedom in others. Each man is entitled to the free use of his faculties of body and mind, for the promotion of his own material interests, so long as he respects the same rights in others. If this be granted, it must follow that there is more need for a government to be watchful to prevent, than to favour the imposing of clogs on our several freedoms of thought and of action. In all matters affecting our personal movements and habits, the way we shall spend our time, the access we shall have to enjoyments and recreations, or what we severally consider as such; in all matters in which our profoundest feelings and convictions are concerned; if a state power is to interfere at all, it should be as a guardian to protect each individual and group of individuals from the restraints which others would impose.

'Ah!' freedom is a noble thing, says old Archdeacon Barbour. 'Freedom makes man to have liking.' Seeing how all enjoyments are a mockery without it, how *with it* even poverty may be blest, it becomes of importance that the control which we exercise over

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each other by mere force of opinion should also be conducted with gentleness. To most men, ridicule is as terrible as an act of parliament. There may, consequently, be as great a tyranny exercised in censorious remarks on our neighbour's dress and manners, the way he spends his leisure hours, and the opinions he is known to entertain, as there could be through the medium of statutes and police-offices. It would be well that we took more liberal views of all such matters, since a greater freedom in them would undoubtedly conduce to the general happiness. It is remarkable that liberality in this particular does not necessarily advance hand in hand with political freedom. On the contrary, America, the freest of states, has a people believed to be more enslaved to each other by the tyranny of public opinion, than is to be found in any other country.

The Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, brother of the celebrated Alexander, and a man of large experience in high political situations, wrote a work on *The Sphere and Duties of Government*, in which he gave the weight of his great authority to the conclusion, that the solicitude of the state should be confined to the preservation of the security, and not extended to the positive welfare, of the people. We are not inclined to discuss this proposition at present. At the utmost, we would ask of our friends to keep it in view as a principle which it would be well to lean to in future, as that most favourable to our great object, the utmost possible freedom of individual action. With the account of M. von Humboldt's ideas, which has been given by an able English writer, we shall conclude this paper. 'His investigation starts from the postulate that the welfare of men as individuals is the end for which the state exists, and not the increase, wealth, or prosperity of the *association* formed by those individual men, other than as the association is the mere sum-total of the elementary individuals. He proceeds to assert, that the happiness of man lies not in possession, but in activity, for it is activity and not possession which strengthens and elevates the faculties. It follows from this that men require a sphere in which they can freely choose where and how to exercise their faculties; and, moreover, that a vast variety of situations should exist, so that each man may find a sphere suited to the specialties of his own individual case. But government implies authoritative direction, and leads to uniformity of situations. Authoritative direction suppresses the delightsome action of the faculties which is necessary to the growth of the individual man; uniformity of situation, the necessary consequence of control from a centre, deprives the individual man of the choice of situation and circumstances for the exercise of his faculties which would otherwise naturally exist, and want of a harmonious situation enfeebles the faculties themselves. The suppression of the spontaneous action of the individual is followed by the decline of active energy and the deterioration of the moral character. Reliance on the care and provision of the state is substituted for the vigour of personal interest and resolution, while essential right and wrong are confounded with mere external obedience to the accidental law. To think and cater for men may make them easy and quiet, the great object of despotic governments, but it is not to make them substantially happy. Men so treated are helpless; they are overwhelmed when inevitable emergencies happen; they do not rise under the pressure which should stimulate and strengthen them; they are dwarfed in spirit; they accomplish nothing great. Governments at best can look only to what is profitable; but the true nature of man requires abundant exercise about that which is great and good, independent of results, and which cannot be regulated, or even defined, by rules and forms, the necessary implements of government. Governments can contemplate only external issues, but the true life of man is concerned only with the spirit and manner with which a thing is done; the issues, in this view, are of inferior moment. Government can only impose commands; but morality commonly grows feeble where its office is superseded by authority. Government can only act by general rules, framed according to the average condition of the mass; but the true life of the individual requires guidance according to the infinite fluctuations of circumstances, and government injures the individual whenever it hinders the corresponding adaptation. Government can only order its business in relation to the truths already discovered, and interests already established; but where true manhood is active, new truth is constantly appearing, and new interests are ever being created, the office of which is to discipline and exalt still further the manhood out of which they have sprung; but government, always and necessarily unprepared for them, inevitably embarrasses their operation, and greatly damages their effect. Finally, these interferences of government, once begun, always go on with ever-increasing necessity. The first of them creates relations and interests which could not be foreseen; these require new interferences, which in turn create new complications, until at length law becomes a mystery instead of a guide, and the spurious business of the state can be managed only by a vast class artificially raised up, and separated in feeling, views, and interests from the people who have only to obey them.'*

AT ST PETERSBURG.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

As I sit over my breakfast, I have leisure to observe some Russian carpenters at work across the street. It is diverting to see how possible it is for these men to differ from their fellow-tradesmen at home. They work in sheep-skin from top to toe; their hands, even, are covered with great bags of fur, or fingerless gloves, like children's mufflers. The ladders they use are only one piece of wood, and are ascended by cross-pieces nailed in the middle and open at the ends. At the top of the ladders are little platforms, with a hole in the centre, through which the workmen go, as through a trap-door; and when standing on it, they begin their work. They have no hammers—hundreds of carpenters in St Petersburg, and not a hammer amongst them all!—but use the back of the axe instead; and when they want to reach a piece of timber, they chop the axe into it, and draw it to where they wish. These men work very clumsily and very slowly; muffled up as they are obliged to be, it is perhaps no wonder. Certainly, one English workman could do three times as much as a Russian.

This is another fête-day—the Christening or Blessing of the Neva, always celebrated on Twelfth-day, the 18th of January in Russland, the old style being still in use there. Before seeing this, however, I have to go to the head-office of the police, to have my portrait taken for the especial enlightenment of that efficient body, and to have a permit given me to reside in St Petersburg—a routine that must be gone through. This done, I take up a good position for the show.

Hark! the drums are within sound. Whack, whack, whack!—rubble, rubble, rubble! Here they come! the drummers at the head, with only one stick apiece; next, the rest of the band; and now, the soldiers themselves. Tramp, tramp, tramp! regiment after regiment—Cossacks, guards, lancers, hussars; hussars, lancers, guards, and Cossacks—an uninterrupted line of 60,000 men. A regiment on light-gray horses, a regiment on dark-gray horses, a regiment on white horses, a regiment on black horses; now, a mass of chestnut, now a mass of bay, now a mass of roan, now a mass of brown, and here a mass of cream colour, the

* *Westminster Review*, October 1854.

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horses of each regiment chosen of the same shade precisely. The effect is magnificent, and is greatly enhanced by the soldiers appearing in summer uniform; for the day is a little mild for Russland, and the emperor has ordered that no greatcoats shall be worn.

This military display is some hours in passing, and I have leisure to observe the detail. I see that, with all the attention to effect apparent on the surface, most of the men appear to have the toothache; at anyrate, their faces are tightly bound with handkerchiefs. I am told that in this bitter climate, winter for nine months in the year, and light for only six hours a day, soldiers are obliged to take their caps right off every time they meet an officer; and as in St Petersburg about every tenth person to be seen is an officer—compelled by law never to appear in civilian's dress—the progress of a soldier through the streets would be certain death if he were not to fortify his head in the manner he does. I see also, that to make this matter a greater misery still, military regulation cuts the hair of the soldier short, and forces him to shave his cheeks, lip, and chin, so that he is deprived of the natural covering in which his brethren the moujiks so much rejoice. I account also for the queer sound military bands have in Russland. I see there are no fifes at all, and that the bugles are made of very thin brass. The drums are very small, and, as I before mentioned, are beaten by only one stick. I am told also that this immense army marching past me is fed with butcher meat only once a week, and that they are paid but four roubles pocket-money a year—equal to perhaps a farthing a day.

After the procession has passed, I go to the Neva to see the ceremony; but there is no getting near for the crowd, and I turn into a coffee-house or restaurant to enjoy a quiet read of English news. As I pass in, my attention is at once attracted to a small sheet of paper pasted up, about half the size of Bath-post, on which is printed: 'Bulletin Extraordinaire du Journal de Saint Petersbourg—Dépêches Telegraphiques.' On perusal, I find it contains five lines of French news relative to the Austrian question; and, what appeals to my feelings more, a mere lengthy statement—reaching to nearly twenty lines—of how, in the Séance de la Chambre des Communes d'Angleterre, certain questions about the court of Prussia had been satisfactorily answered; and how, in la Chambre des Lords, Lord Granville had told Lord Derby, in reference to some remarks about Lord Strattfort de Redcliffe, that he would express to him his opinion on that subject—to-morrow! I fancy this *mimetic* augurs well for my quiet read, and I cheerfully pay the exorbitant charge of eightpence for the preliminary cup of coffee. I seize the London paper with avidity, but my complacency is turned to bitter disappointment when I find the columns so thickly blurred and blotted with the black patches of the public censurer, that there is scarce anything left to read at all. Oh, this abominable Russian despotism—this absurd endeavour to keep people in the dark! I am so disgusted, that I leave the restaurant and sally into the streets, notwithstanding the proprietor, seeing I am English, sets an immense organ playing for my especial delectation.

The streets are still filled with people, and very gay the northern city looks; paint of every colour is not spared in St Petersburg. The houses are inhabited in flats, as in other continental cities, and the names of all the residents are painted as conspicuously as possible. In many cases, the trade each carries on is also painted—boots for bootmaker, candles for a chandler, &c.; but in other cases the specialty is announced in less equivocal fashion, and the articles themselves are suspended from roof to basement. Here is one house where, in the basement—which always, in St Petersburg, is three or four steps *below* the street—full-sized bedsteads, chairs, and sofas are thrust into view; on the ground-floor, nautical instruments are stuck about here and there; on the first floor, or *bel étage*, a furrier lives, and he has hanging from his windows immense schoubes, fur capes, and muffs; on the second floor there is a tailor, who dangles out trousers, coats, and waistcoats; and over all this an ambassador is living!

These practical intimations of what may be had within are by no means superfluous. St Petersburg is polyglot. The national language is kept out of sight as much as possible—it is the language of the serfs alone; French is the language of the nobles; the trade with Germany is so great, and such numbers of Germans reside in St Petersburg, that their language must be understood; and English must, for the same reason, be added to the list. Thus, to be able to speak four languages is an ordinary accomplishment; in fact, without this qualification it is almost impossible to enter into society. But there is still a wide difference between speaking a language and being able to read it; and herein is the reason why, in a country composed of so many nations, recourse must be had to signs. Where announcements or notices are obliged to be affixed, they are generally in French, but occasionally Russki is used; as the alphabet of that language more nearly resembles the Greek than ours, confusion is rendered worse confounded; and when it is remembered the varieties of German typography have to be mastered also, it must be acknowledged there is plenty to be learned. Amidst this chaos many mistakes appear. There is one on the corner of the house opposite, where I read Miss Balfe is announced to sing to-night, by particular desire, 'The *Last* Rose of Summer.'

I should like to hear this song sung very much, but I am going to a wedding—weddings take place at night in Russland—and Vivioire Balfe must have one English admirer the less. At weddings, I like the good old plan of taking the young couple a present; and as I pass the Anghiska Magkzin, I will buy a souvenir for the bride of to-night. Here is the place I want, at the corner of the Nevskoi Prospekt, that amazing line of houses, the Rue du Louvre, the Regent Street, the Corso, the Unter den Linden of St Petersburg. The Anghiska Magkzin, or English Magazine, is an immense edifice in the Italian style—northern architects are strangely prone to adopt arrangements suitable for southern climates—and it differs from most houses and dvors (bazaars) in St Petersburg by belonging to one firm alone. By one firm, but not one trade, for the basement is devoted to the sale of wine and spirits, and the *vodki*, or gin of Russia, is quaffed in destructive 'goes' by moujiks, sledge-drivers, and others in their greasy sheep-skins; whilst over this, the richest goods obtainable for money are selected by the highest nobles in the land. As I walk up the steps leading to the ground-floor of this heterogeneous pile, the door is opened by an old soldier, and I enter; my feet pressing on the peculiar wool-lined oil-cloth of Russland, which yields to the tread like a Persian carpet. There are here ten different nations, and no need for me to furbish up what Russki I possess. Did I speak Finnish, here is a Finn to serve me; did I speak Norski, here is a Norwegian; and did I speak the vernacular of Timbuctoo or Otaheite, I believe a 'native' would start up, and be ready to oblige me. There are countless articles exposed to view—the gorgeous fabrics of India and Damascus; such jewels as the czar would purchase for his empress; knick-knacks from every country in the world; and ordinary wares for everyday requirements. I select my little offering and leave the place, secretly wondering what there can be in the character of the Russ that necessitates guarding the goods upon the counters, by a high brass rail, from too tempting a proximity to the customers' hands.

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It is a German wedding I am bound for, and the ceremony needs no description; but after the ball and supper, a novel incident occurs. Instead of the quiet and tearful departure of the bride and bridegroom we are familiar with in England, a detachment of us jump into half-a-dozen troikas to accompany the young couple to their new dwelling in the country; and dashing a shower of snow on our schoubes and in our faces as we skim furiously along, we do not cease making the air ring with our shouts and our laughter, till we reach the house, when we have breakfast with the wedded pair, and return more steadily to town.

But time gets on. The dense mantle of snow in which St Petersburg is shrouded is gradually melting away. The great thaw has commenced, and at last, in April, after four months' residence, I obtain a sight of the real roads. The roofs of the houses are also fully revealed to me, and I find them covered with sheet-iron, and resplendent with red paint. The gilt spires of the churches glitter brightly in the sun, and their blue-painted domes, picked out with gold stars, are becoming visible. All this has an effect very like removing the crust of a pie and being able to see inside.

It happens to be Easter Sunday. The Greek Church enforces as rigid a fast during Lent as her Roman sister, and a season of quiet has succeeded to the festivities of Carnival. During Passion-week the religious exercises are exceedingly severe, and, as the last hours are passing by, the time is spent in prayer. Exactly as midnight chimes, the Russians rise from their knees, kiss each other three times on the cheek, and exclaim: 'Christoss vos Christ' (Christ is risen). This is the signal for rioting and revelry, and no time is lost. Guns are firing, rockets are going off, and everybody is giving each other presents. The presents are always eggs—eggs boiled hard and stained different colours, or eggs of painted sugar, are usual among the common people; but by the upper classes, eggs of silver filigree, edged with gold, or even adorned with jewels, are freely given. Sometimes these eggs are constructed to open, and there is some costly article within—a bracelet or a watch. At Easter, too, booths, tents, and games of all kinds are erected as at Carnival, and an illumination commences. Truth to say, illuminations in Russland, unless on some very important occasion, are not so elegant as they might be. Square pots of oil, with a hempen-wick, are placed along the roads at regular intervals, and as the oil is very bad, the smell from them is almost unendurable.

But my experience to-day is not to be among the shouts and animation of a Paschal Fête. I am going to a funeral. A lady I had often met had been seized with cholera, and had been treated for it according to the Russian method, which places the patient in hot and iced baths alternately. The cholera gave way to this treatment, it must be acknowledged, but the poor lady died ten days after of typhus fever—an event that need not much be wondered at. It is to this poor creature's funeral I am going. I reach my friend's house, and find the room in which the corpse is lying filled with men smoking; it is only out of doors this luxury is prohibited, and the cigar is, consequently, made to do double duty in the house. Hanging in the room is a painting of the crucifix—images are forbidden in the Greek Church—and it is adorned with little gold and silver chains. The coffin, covered with white satin, forms the apex of a pyramid, the base of which is composed of steps, on which are placed rows of flowers in pots. The pall is adorned with silver ornaments, and on it there are two cards; one stating the name and age of the deceased, the other displaying the words: 'Bete fur uns' (Pray for us); and between them is a wreath of *immortelles*. The priests now enter: they are beautifully robed, and as they wear their hair long, and their beards of patriarchal splendour, their appearance is exceedingly picturesque. They read prayers, and one of them throws some sand into the wreath of flowers. The coffin is now raised by some of the friends, and placed upon a car, and we form into a procession. At the grave more prayers are read, and as the coffin is being lowered, earth and flowers are strewn so thickly on it, that with these emblems of mortality and immortality it is hidden from our sight.

A month after this—the middle of May—all signs of winter have disappeared. The ice on the Neva has broken up in one night; and in twenty-four hours the vessels, that have been imprisoned for nine months, are freed from their captivity, and scudding about in all directions. Vegetation has commenced her rapid labours, for which she has no time to spare. Corn must grow and ripen, trees must produce leaves and fruit, and all crops must be gathered in, in the short space of three months. But the necessity for this dispatch is met with the All-wise provision of ceaseless day, during which vegetation enjoys no slumber. This constant daylight produces singular effects. There appears no distinction between one day and another. There is no calm night to lull us into tranquillity, nothing but broad staring day for three whole months. Walking in the streets towards twelve or one in the morning seems like treading a city of the dead. There is no need of lamps, of course, and so they are positively plucked up by the roots, and put in store. The sledges also are carefully laid by, their places being filled by wheeled droschkies, and silence no longer reigns in St Petersburg. The roar and rattle of the summer months fully atone for the noiselessness of winter.

The weather has become insufferably hot, and the streets are filled with dust; mosquitoes are annoying beyond description, and I determine to take a Russian bath. I am shewn first into a room lined with sofas, where I undress; I am then admitted into the bath-room. Here are taps of hot and cold water, and rows of Brobdingnagian basins, besides the baths themselves. I am subjected here to a process similar to the humorous infliction of being tarred and feathered, with the slight but important difference that the medium for envelopment is soap instead of that unpleasantly adhesive compound; then I am laid in a bath, where I remain as long as I please. I am next led into the vapour bath, a room floored with steps going down deeper and deeper, the heat varying according to the depth. Here I seat myself, choosing the atmosphere I like the best. The perspiration now streams from me in torrents, and when I think I have parted with sufficient moisture, I return to the bath, and get into it once more. After staying in a few minutes, I dress as quickly as possible and sally out, fancying myself transformed into a bird, and feeling quite inclined to essay a little volitation. The charge for this truly Oriental refreshment is forty copecks, about equal to a shilling.

My bath has made me so very comfortable that I think I will explore the banks of the Neva, where, hitherto, I have never been tempted. As I saunter on I pass a postman in his summer-dress, and I am astonished how smart a butterfly the grub has become. I see a dapper little fellow in dark-green, like our Rifle Brigade, with his trousers tucked into his boots. He has a shako on his head, and a sword at his side; and altogether he looks first-cousin to the soldiers.

The banks of the Neva are edged with villas built in the Swiss and Italian styles, surrounded by little gardens, which look pretty enough in the summer's sun, but must be perilously unsubstantial through the nine months' winter. In the water, opposite each house, is a washing-raft, on which women are standing hard at work. They have brought great piles of clothes from the house, already soaped, and they are now belabouring them unmercifully with heavy sticks. As I watch their vigorous blows I entertain uneasy notions of buttons off my wristbands,

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and of exasperating slits across my 'backs;' and why, I consider to myself, is it left to British laundresses to wash linen in hot water, whilst every other nation is satisfied with performing that operation in cold—and which is wisdom, and which is folly?

Besides the washing-raft there is a wooden bathing-hut to every house; and as I row back to St Petersburg, I hear the merry laughter of girls within, and get glimpses of bright eyes peeping at me through the little windows. The girls of St Petersburg are very lively, like their sprightly sisters of France, whom in their dress they successfully imitate; but their vivacity is strongly dashed with the sentiment of Oriental nations, which gives them a character peculiar to themselves.

I urge my boatman to be quick in landing me, for the grand equestrian statue of the Emperor Nicholas is to be uncovered to-day, and I wish to see the ceremony. I am just in time, and gain a good standing. The monument I find to be very gaudy. The pedestal is of four different-coloured stones—everything is highly coloured in St Petersburg—and the horse and rider are of brass. But the military spectacle—which I run to my room to see return—is very grand. It far surpasses the former procession I described; for on this occasion 80,000 soldiers pass before my window. The empress, seated in a gilt coach, is the centre of attraction. She is surrounded by her body-guard of mounted Circassians, who are superbly dressed with chain-armour over the head and shoulders, and are armed with bows and arrows.

There is such a crowd in the streets, pressing to see the show, that much inconvenience is experienced, and I see a lady fainting. I rush down stairs and help to carry her into the house. Her friends and I place her in a chair, and I order some water to be brought immediately. There is the usual confusion prevailing on such occasions, and a robust sister of the fainted lady busies herself in untying the bonnet, removing the gloves, and performing the other offices supposed necessary to recovery. I am deeply concerned at the lady's condition, and am hurriedly considering what I ought to do, when my concern changes to an irresistible desire for laughter, as I see the robust sister fill her mouth with the water that has just arrived, and adroitly squirt it in the lady's face! This nauseous action is repeated with great *aplomb*, and most engine-like activity, till the lady is revived, and then, with many thanks for my assistance, the party leaves the house, and I am alone once more.

Late in the night, when all the turmoil has passed, and I am writing in my journal by the never-ceasing daylight, I hear the mournful howling of a dog beneath my window. I look out—during the light of day, remember—and I see the distant streets are occupied by the dog-killers, who are paid so much for every dog they kill, and pursue their cruel avocation when St Petersburg is sleeping. These men provide themselves with huge nets attached to poles, and they hold them up across the streets. Other men, armed with thick and heavy sticks, patrol quietly about, and when they come upon a dog, they attack it with their weapons; and if their aim is sure, it drops dead at the first or second blow. If they do not hit the poor beast, it scampers for its life, when the nets catch it at one end or other of the street, and it is cruelly despatched. Sometimes a dog will clear the net at a bound, and rushes madly from his enraged pursuers, whom he will eventually manage to elude. The poor animal that attracted my attention had escaped this way, but he was all bruised and bleeding; and in a few minutes he stretched out his legs, and I saw that he was dead.

But there are more fearful tragedies than this enacted at St Petersburg this day, although the knowledge of them does not reach my ear till some hours after. I then hear that at the very moment when the throng was thickest, and the empress passing in her gilded coach—a very blaze of jewellery—the parapet of a bridge gave way, and hundreds of human beings were swept into the river. Some were rescued and some were not, and it will never be known how many people perished, for such things are always made a mystery in Russia. It is part of the imperial policy to hush such matters up; no inquiries are ever made, that no blame may be attached to the officials, and through them to the government—a policy as weak as it is useless, monsters ever becoming hydra-headed when subject to the speculations of ignorance and suspicion.

There has been a duel fought, too, between two nobles. The night before, there had been a wedding, and the bridegroom, when left alone with his bride, had accused her of unchastity, and brought forward a letter he had received as evidence against her. She vehemently, and justly, as it proved, denied the truth of what he said; and the bridegroom became so enraged at her protestations of innocence, that he turned her into the streets. She flew to her brother's house, who in a passion of indignation sent a challenge to the bridegroom, which was immediately accepted, and at the first shot the miserable accuser fell to the ground a corpse.

The penalty for duelling is banishment to Siberia or the Caucasus; but such secrecy prevails that it is seldom discovered; and if it should be known, it becomes a question whether it be politic to take the matter up. Despotism is as great a tyrant to itself as to its dependents; it must be surrounded with so many chains and so many trammels, it cannot stir without so much consideration, that its freedom is but a shadow after all. It happens, therefore, that in spite of the chance of banishment, duels are constantly occurring, and during my stay in Russland one took place in which detection was successfully eluded. A splendid hunting-party set off for a day's pleasure, with every accompaniment that wealth and luxury could devise. The day was glorious, the sport most excellent; but in the excitement of the chase, the young Count ——'s gun exploded, and he was brought home pale and bleeding, his right thigh miserably shattered. It was known to many, but whispered even only by a few, that the hunting-party was a mere *ruse*, arranged with the only object of allowing the settlement of a senseless but fiery quarrel. The shot had, of course, been inflicted by the count's adversary.

Such things as these are deeply gnawing at the heart of Russland; and as I turn my back on St Petersburg, I pray that the time may not be distant when their hold may be diminished, and freedom and knowledge wipe every trace of them away.

YACHTS AND YACHT-CLUBS.

The world of yachting is a wider and busier world than uninitiated folks imagine; and as, after a winter of unusually long duration, we have once again got the sunshiny days which are associated with yachting and other open-air sports, the reader may perhaps not be disinclined to learn a little concerning it.

Let it not be supposed that we know exactly what sort of a vessel a yacht is, merely because it is called by that name; for the yacht-clubs include among their fleets cutters, schooners, brigs, sloops, luggers, and yawls, according to the build of the vessel, the number of masts, and the rig of the sails. Even her Majesty's superb frigate-built steamer *Victoria and Albert* is called a yacht; as well as her steam-tenders *Osborne* and *Elfin*, and her little steam-sloop *Fairy*. Nor does the tonnage of the vessel settle the question; for there are yachts on the Clyde and the Mersey barely exceeding two tons each; while the *Brilliant*, a yacht belonging to the commodore of the Royal

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Victoria Yacht-club, is 480 tons. The truth is, that a yacht is a *pleasure*-vessel, as distinguished from a ship of war or a trading-vessel. The editor of a Yachting Magazine—for yachting has its own peculiar literature, like other sports—was lately asked to tell a correspondent fairly and plainly what *was* a yacht. 'In a match on the river at which I was present,' said the querist, 'a vessel won the prize against which four other vessels were most unequally pitted; for while the latter had cooking and sleeping accommodation for the owners and friends in good-sized cabins, well sheltered from the weather, the winner was as shallow as a large butcher's tray, with the crew all round like mutton-chops on end.' A yacht, then, is not a war-vessel, nor a trading-vessel; nor is it necessarily a racing-vessel; for many an adventurous voyage has been made in yachts under circumstances which preclude racing altogether. Nor does the origin of the word help us much; for in German and Danish, *jacht* or *jagt* is a chasing-vessel, or one that sails quickly; while in Holland, a *jagt* is (or was) a kind of fly-boat drawn by horses on a canal.

Although six or seven kinds of vessel are included under the designation 'yacht,' yet the cutter is the type of the genus; for three-fourths of all the yachts are cutters. Now, a cutter is a lively, frolicsome, dancing little one-masted vessel, which flaunts along with an enormous area of canvas in proportion to her size, and is expected to shew her good qualities by cutting through or skimming over the water quickly. She has just a sufficient supply of bowsprit and boom, mast and gaff, tiller and rudder, shroud and stay, tackle and cable, to enable her to fulfil her duty in the presence of Father Neptune; but all unnecessary weight, and everything that is lumbering or dirty, are carefully excluded. She may or may not be fitted up with comfortable dining and sleeping rooms, according as she is intended as a cruising-yacht or a racing-yacht; but in either case, she should present the very perfection of tidiness. A speck of dirt is almost a moral blemish to the eye of a thorough yachtsman.

There are no less than *twelve hundred* of these pleasure-yachts on our seas and rivers; or at least so states what we presume to be a competent informant—Hunt's annual *Yacht List*. About twenty or thirty of them are steamers; but yachtsmen in general look upon these in much the same way as old 'salts' look at steam-ships in the royal navy—things very well in their way, but rather below the dignity of seamanship. Yachtsmen appear to have been a good deal puzzled to find names for their vessels, seeing the same titles so frequently recur. The birds and sea-fowl are favourites; witness four *Albatrosses*, four *Ospreys*, five *Petrels*, and three *Wild Ducks;* and there is a rich array of those feminine prettinesses of whom we read in story-books—four *Ariels*, four *Auroras*, three *Fairies*, three *Sibyls*, three *Sylphs*, a *Sylphide*, a *Syren* or two, and a *Water-witch*—not to mention three *Coquettes* and four *Flirts*. The hundreds of cutters belonging to our yacht-clubs, taking them one with another, average somewhere between twenty-five and thirty tons each; but the maximum and minimum are very widely separated indeed; and this, as we shall see presently, gives rise to some difficulty in fairly managing a regatta or race between competing cutters. There are nearly a hundred and fifty cutter-yachts under ten tons burden each, but some of the schooners and the larger among the cutters are of considerable size. When, in 1851, our yachtsmen were thrown into excitement by the appearance of the yacht *America*, it was not her tonnage that attracted notice. She was a schooner of 170 tons, designed by Mr Steers, and built at New York for Mr Stevens, commodore of the New York Yacht-club; it was not her size, but her good proportions, careful construction, and skilful management, that enabled her to beat many crack English yachts off the Isle of Wight, and to give the English hints which enabled *them* in their turn to beat the *America*. The yacht-builders and yacht-owners seem to be a good deal 'at sea' concerning the best principles for the construction of their vessels; for while some contend for iron, others prefer wood; some affect the lugger rig, others a rig of a different kind; some rely on an enormous spread of canvas, while others say: 'Look to the wave-line of your hull;' some give additional length for speed, others give additional breadth for stability and comfort. The *Mosquito*, built by Ditchburn and Mare, and one of the most successful of all our racing-yachts, is of iron; and her swiftness has led to a favourable verdict being given concerning iron yachts; her sail-carrying power is great, for she has a mast which, to use the language of an enthusiastic admirer, is 'a staggerer.' Yet there are opponents who say that it is difficult to keep the bottoms of iron yachts clean; that there are great and uncomfortable variations of temperature in small iron vessels; that there is a sort of dampness or sweating likely to occur in the interior, arising from imperfect ventilation; that there is often a difficulty with the compass in iron ships; and that the exterior is not so smart and ship-shape as that of a wooden vessel. The length of cutter-yachts varies from three to five times the breadth, averaging perhaps about four times. The *America* is, or was, just four times as long as broad; but she is a schooner, and the same proportions do not exactly apply as to a cutter. These dimensions are generally taken at the load-water line—that is, the line marked round the yacht by the surface of the water, when the vessel is fully laden.

And now, it may be asked: 'Who are these yachtsmen? Who are the persons disposed to spend money and time, and to undergo trouble and responsibility, in the maintenance and management of these yachts?' They are seldom naval officers; for men whose business is on the salt water would rather enjoy their amusements on land. Nor are they persons privileged by any favour from high quarters, or belonging to any particular class; seeing that any man may have a yacht who can pay for it, whether he belongs to a yacht-club or no. In truth, this force of seven hundred strong—for such seems to be about the number of pleasure-yacht owners in the United Kingdom—comprises persons of competent means in various grades of life. If we look at the list of yachtsmen's names, we shall see a large sprinkling of the nobles of the land; but we shall also see that many hard-thinking and hard-working men—the Stephensons and Bidders, the Brasseys and Mandsleys, the Scott Russells and Baxendales—are among them; and it is pleasant to think that such men can now and then blow away the cares of business by a healthy cruise in their yachts.

So far as a cruise is concerned, each yacht is a little commonwealth in itself, independent of all other yachts; but for the sake of regattas and racings, of certain privileges, and of general sociability, they are grouped into fleets, each belonging to a distinct club. The crack club of the whole is the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose head-quarters are at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, with the Earl of Wilton for its commodore or chief yachtsman. There are a score of other large yacht-clubs and many more small ones; and as there are twelve hundred yachts now on the British list, a little school-boy arithmetic will lead us to the conclusion, that the average number of yachts belonging to the former class is about sixty—twenty fleets of sixty strong each. Nominally, but not really, this number is increased; for some of the yachts belong to two or more clubs. The clubs themselves are very like other clubs: the members are balloted for, and, if admitted, pay a certain admission-fee, and a certain annual

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subscription. The admission-fee varies from one guinea to fifteen guineas in different clubs, and the subscription-fee from one guinea to eight guineas a year; the aristocratic 'Royal Squadron' of Cowes being the most costly of all. About one-half of the clubs have club-houses, buildings owned or rented by them especially for holding their meetings; the others meet at hotels or other places, with the secretary's residence as a sort of official place of reference.

Yachtsmen apply the term *model* clubs to some of them where the yachts are all of very small size—from two to ten tons, for instance; there are also differences in the rules, as to whether a yacht-owner may employ another person to command it, or whether he must be his own captain; and in some other respects the clubs present points of difference. Some have a commodore only; others a vice-commodore and a rear-commodore as well. All are 'clubs' in name except one, which was once the Royal Yacht-*club*, but which, by express royal permission, has since risen to the dignity of the Royal Yacht *Squadron*. This word 'Royal,' too, is important in the eyes of yachtsmen. Nearly all of them insist on being Royal; but this must be modified, for no yacht-club can adopt this appellative without permission from the sovereign. This permission has, however, been given to far more than half of the whole number; so that, like K.C.B. and some other titular honours, it is less flattering to pride than it would be if less generally diffused.

But there is one honour which the yachtsmen have fought for with a good deal of pertinacity, and which has formed a matter not only of controversy with the Admiralty, but also of debate in the House of Commons: this is the flag. The outer world may perhaps not know that there are particular devices on flags which are, as a rule, prohibited. A merchant-ship may carry certain flags, but there are certain others which she may not carry. And so with all varieties of pleasure-yachts. Each one carries a triangular flag called a *burgee*, to denote the club to which it belongs; and there are thus just as many different kinds of burgees as there are clubs, each with its own distinguishing device. The commodore of a yacht-club is entitled to fly a swallow-tailed or forked burgee, with the addition, in the case of vice-commodores and rear-commodores, of one and two white balls respectively. In addition to these, Mr Ackers, commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht-club, has devised a series of signal-flags and signals for facilitating the nautical routine of yachtsmen. But the flag concerning which the contest has arisen is a larger one—the ensign. The Admiralty, when a yacht-club is fairly started, with the rules and conditions satisfactory, issues a warrant permitting every yacht to carry a blue or red ensign, or flag with a particular device on it. The blue ensign has a red cross in one of the upper quarters, while the red ensign has a red cross on a blue ground in one of the upper quarters; but that which is most coveted, because most difficult to get, is a *white* ensign, the highest in rank of the three, which has red lines dividing it into quarters, and a red cross with a blue ground in one of the upper quarters. The Royal Yacht-club at Cowes, on account, probably, of the connection of its members with high quarters, obtained, in 1829, permission to carry the white ensign of his Majesty's fleet, and, four years afterwards, the change from 'Club' to 'Squadron' was awarded as a further honour. By degrees, and through some kind of 'interest at court,' the privilege of the white ensign was extended to five or six other clubs; whereat the 'Squadron' complained, as if bits of its dignity had been unjustly torn away from it in order to adorn others. The Admiralty thereupon repented of its deeds, and in 1842 withdrew the white ensign from all except the Cowes Squadron; but, unfortunately, it made a blunder in confounding the 'Royal Western Yacht-club' with the 'Royal Western Yacht-club of Ireland:' this led to the continuance of the white ensign to the latter; and this continuance led to seventeen years of pouting on the part of the other clubs. 'I am as good as he: why should he have a nicer piece of cake than mine?'—such was the tone adopted. It has formed the subject of a parliamentary paper; and on one evening in the House of Commons, when an Irish member rose to make a grievance about it, Sir James Graham sarcastically said: 'If an uninformed bystander were to comment on the proceedings of this House, he would hardly believe that the formal decision with regard to our Indian empire is the subject which now awaits our decision'—this was said in 1858—'when we have been occupied, first, with considering about what was the fine imposed upon a cabman, and now what shall be the colour of the bunting worn by certain yachts. It is, in my judgment, a proof of the omnipotence of parliament, as shewing that there is nothing so great which it is not able to grapple with, and nothing so little that it will not stoop to consider.' The important question was settled by confining the white or St George's ensign exclusively to the Royal Yacht Squadron of Cowes.

And now for the *regattas*, with which our ideas of yachting are so much associated. These yacht-matches take place in the summer months, and are always objects of great attraction to sea-side townsmen and visitors. The regattas are got up for prizes of various kinds, and the conditions of competition are laid down very precisely. Each club has its own rules, applicable generally to the yachts belonging to its members; and there are also certain stipulations for each regatta. It is found that *racing* crews are called upon for a different kind of service from that of *cruising* crews, and that the selection ought to be guided by this circumstance. The crews are all under the regulations of the Mercantile Marine Act, like those of merchant-ships. Some of the yachts go about to one regatta after another; and the crack ones win many prizes in the course of the season—last year the *Aura*, a cutter of forty-five tons, built by the Messrs Wanhill of Poole, ran in seven regattas, and won them all, and is probably at this moment the fastest vessel of her tonnage afloat. During the same year, the cutter *Osprey*, of fifty-nine tons, won six out of seven matches in which she started. The value of the prizes distributed among seventy-one yachts, at various regattas in 1859, was about L.3660.

There is a very embarrassing matter in the management of all these yacht-matches—how to establish a fair balance between the large and the little yachts; seeing that, other things being equal, a large yacht will cut along more swiftly than a small one. One mode consists in regulating the number of hands to the size of the yacht, on a basis established by the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1842: there is one hand for every ten tons, besides a captain and a pilot; so that a yacht of fifty tons will have seven persons to manage it, twelve for one of a hundred tons, seventeen for one of a hundred and fifty tons, and so on. But then comes the question—what is a *ton*, and how does tonnage bear upon the real size of a vessel? Tonnage originally meant capacity for carrying burden; but the mode of estimating it is most clumsy and unsatisfactory; the old registry is different from the new registry, and shipbuilders' measurement differs from both. The plan is to take the length and the breadth, the depth and certain multiples, and see what product they all amount to; but whether the length shall be taken high up or low down, and in what way the breadth and depth shall come in, and what shall be the multiples, are matters on which the authorities do not at all agree. It may happen that two yachts, nominally, say, of thirty tons according to some one system of measurement,

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have really different internal capacity or size; and many a race has been won by a wide-awake yacht owner, who bears this fact in mind. Mr Ackers calculated some years ago the allowance of *time* that should be made for difference of tonnage; that is, how much extra time should be allowed to the smaller of two vessels in going over a given length of course. If both start together, then the smaller is allowed to come in a little after the other, without necessarily losing the prize. It is also found that a cutter is swifter than a schooner of equal tonnage; so that, in order that both kinds may compete in a race, it is necessary to 'give' a certain amount of time to a schooner. In Mr Ackers's tables, it appears that a sixty-ton cutter will go as quickly as a fore-and-aft schooner of a hundred and eighty, or a square-rigged vessel of three hundred and fifteen tons. Yachtsmen first discovered that these tables were not equitable when it became evident that tonnage is not the true test of size and power. It was then that Mr Marett, a great authority among the craft, proposed a test which has since been gradually advancing in favour. This test is, *area of sail*. The sail is the great propulsive agent in a yacht; and yachts are on this system matched according thereto, instead of according to their awkwardly calculated tonnage. A cutter of twelve tons usually spreads about fifteen hundred square feet of canvas; one of fifty tons, about four thousand five hundred. Larger yachts, such as the *Arrow* and the *Lulworth*, spread nearly six thousand; and some of the schooners reach eight or nine thousand.

A *cruise* we have spoken of as a notable attraction to a yachtsman; and indeed this is the primary object and pleasure aimed at. All the larger and better yachts are fitted to bear knocking about on the sea. There is a kind of independence in this irresistible to some minds. You may go where you like; you have no turnpikes to pay; you are not in much danger of a smash or collision; you can dine when you like, sleep or smoke when you like, and handle the ropes and the helm as much or as little as you please; you have no 'return-ticket' to limit your journey; and if you can bear sea-sickness without wincing, you can visit coasts and see sights which scarcely come within the ken of any other men. We read of Lord Byron's yacht *Maxeppa*, a daring felucca-rigged thing of about a hundred and fifty tons, in which he went to Corsica and Sardinia; of Sir John Ross's tiny cutter of seven tons, in which, with only a boy to help him, he once came from Stockholm to England; of American cutters from twenty to forty tons each, which have more than once crossed the broad Atlantic; of the *Teazer* of fourteen tons, which went from England to Jamaica and back in 1852; and of many similar exploits. Then there have been many yacht-voyages which have been made the subject of volumes of peculiar interest. The *Nancy Dawson* penetrated through Behring's Strait into the Arctic Sea, and rendered aid to some of our navigators, who were in search of Sir John Franklin. The yacht-voyage of the *Maria* to Faröe was full of interest; and still more so was Lord Dufferin's voyage in the *Foam*. The *Allen Gardiner*, a yacht built for one of the missionary societies, was placed, in 1857, under the command of Mr Snow, who had previously distinguished himself in the Arctic regions; and in it he made a two years' cruise in the seas around Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, and the Auckland Islands. The late Robert Stephenson made many long voyages in his pet yacht *Titania;* and he lent it, together with its crew of sixteen men, to Professor Piazzi Smyth, for his remarkable voyage to Teneriffe for astronomical purposes. In order to facilitate the movements of these cruising yachts, a few privileges have been awarded by foreign governments to yachtsmen. Thus, in 1858, the French authorities gave notice that English yacht-owners, their crews and friends, might land on the French coast without passports, on shewing their Admiralty warrant and yacht-club certificate; this was in part due to the interest excited by the hundred and fifty English yachts which accompanied the Queen to Cherbourg.

If we come to the cash account, and inquire what is the cost of this kind of pleasuring, we find that some men, in love with what they are doing, try to make it out less expensive than we might suppose. One writer says that a good yacht of twenty-five tons ought to be built and completely fitted for L.500; and that such a yacht ought to be competent for safe navigation of all the seas around our island. He further estimates the expense for five summer months at L.16 per month—if he avoids racing, which draws him into expenses not necessarily incurred in cruising. This allowance is made up of L.3 per week for men's wages, and L.1 per week for minor contingencies. This L.80 for five months, together with five per cent. interest on the cost, five per cent. for depreciation, and a small sum for tending the yacht during the winter, makes up a total of about L.140 a year estimated outlay. Of course, the provisioning department is not here included. On this point he says: 'I look on a yacht as I would on a house. You pay so much a week or month for your accommodation simply; eating, drinking, servants, clothing, all being in addition. Unless you give a great many champagne luncheons on board, you wont find the expense of living very heavy; your appetite will be too good to be very fastidious as to what you eat; and the plainest viands will be more relished aboard than the greatest dainties ashore. You will generally find one of your hands a tolerable cook; and a few lessons will make your boy, even supposing he had no experience before, able to give you all the attention you require, which, if you are a thorough-going yachtsman, will not be much.' Yachtsmen have, at anyrate, one of the characteristics of good and healthy digestion—jocund spirits; the stories of their cruisings are told off in a rattling style; and one of them has spent some of his exuberant energy in turning sailing directions into verse, after the following manner:

If for the Needles bound, and thou shouldst ask its
Bearings, S.W. by S. will make the Caskets.
S.E. by S. is the course, 'an that thou art
About to stretch for Guernsey from the Start.
Hence, homeward-bound, steer N.N.E., and Portland
You'll make a shade to westward, on your port-hand.

ANALYTICAL FICTION.

It is an attribute peculiar to true genius—or only shared with it by some attractive methods of Advertising—that it involuntarily begets a family of *imitators*. A recognised master having once established himself, a school of fictionists is certain to be founded in his honour or dishonour. Mere adaptation, however successful, such as that exhibited in *Proverbial Philosophy*, does not command this, nor does the desire of popularity or gain alone appear sufficient to produce it. The Spasmodic school in poetry, which musters so many pupils now-a-days, sprang from a man who, although an undoubted genius, never lived to see his writings in a second edition; nor have the majority of his disciples, scores of whom, strong in their early faith, have reached a green old age, been at all more fortunate in that respect.

If the term 'genius' be not altogether meaningless and affected, it certainly seems to be applicable to Edgar Allan Poe, the first person whom the New World has produced, perhaps, altogether deserving of that dubious designation. Neither Franklin nor Washington was at all what is usually understood by the title 'man of genius;' they had both their prototypes, and under less stirring circumstances,

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might have been respectable shopkeepers all their days. Washington Irving, who is as superior to Poe in most respects as port to purl, was himself only a monitor or head-pupil of a most popular and well-established commercial academy. Mr Emerson is but the second boy in that limited class of which Mr Thomas Carlyle is the acknowledged *dux*. Mr Longfellow is of the same bin as Mr Tennyson, only a much lighter and thinner liquid, adapted for families and schools. But Edgar Poe had neither father nor mother in literature, and according to the usual system of compensation in such cases, has left a gigantic literary posterity of his own behind him. For almost all our modern 'horrors,' our tales of mystery, crime, and detection, so different from the clumsy stage-devices of Mrs Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, and which form such a striking feature in our periodical literature, we are indebted—and some will say, 'And small thanks to him'—to this Transatlantic young scamp. He was a most thorough scamp, in the worst sense of the word, and the chief of these splendid parasitical *fungi* whom respectable Dulness is but too prone to consider indigenous with the noble tree of literature. The biography which is prefixed to his morbid writings is itself more like a nightmare of existence than real life. He threw away such chances of prosperity as could scarcely have fallen to the lot of any young Englishman in his position, however talented; he insulted the long-suffering and generous friends whom one wonders how such a character as his could have ever attracted; he lived miserably, and perished drunk; and yet the flame of his genius—which he himself despised and made light of—his dark deeds could not smother, nor keep from glowing, luridly enough, ever further and wider. The influence of his writings, scanty as their volume is, is perceptible even in the works of men incomparably his superiors, and who were his own contemporaries, while in those of our rising authors, scarcely any mark is set more visibly than that of Edgar Allan Poe. The rage that seized upon our magazines some ten years back for the elucidation of ciphers—during the course of which several of these affectionate mysteries which lend such a charm to the second column of the *Times* were ruthlessly made public—had its origin in his *Golden Beetle*, while the thrilling interest which attaches to the still more recent stories culled from the annals of the Detective Police, was first awakened by the analytical wonders of his *Murder in the Rue Morgue*.

Scotland, so fertile in superstitions and eery marvels of her own, has at last given in *her* literary allegiance to the young American in the person of Mr Alexander Leighton. His recent volume, *Curious Storied Traditions of Scottish Life*,* is one of which we may safely say that it would never have been written, although the materials would have lain just as ready to the author's hand, had not the tales of Edgar Poe preceded it, notwithstanding that the writer may be honestly unconscious of the fact, and may even have caught his Poeism at second hand. By far the two best of these tales—*The White Scalp*, and *The Knife-thrust in the Dark*—are supplied, like Poe's, from the records of the law-courts, and, like his, abound in analytical subtlety and ingenious hypothesis. The author endeavours to exchange positions with the criminal or the victim, and to present the circumstances of each narrative subjectively as well as objectively. Mr Leighton is sometimes unnecessarily coarse, and always unnecessarily wordy, but still he narrates his romances of real life—or at least the two above mentioned—in a fashion that would do no discredit to his great original.

William W——n was the only son of a butcher, and taking perhaps a hereditary delight in the less criminal forms of bloodshed, he had given a severe thrashing to the son of one of his father's customers, in consequence whereof he was threatened with the application of a certain thong—peculiar to the profession—and for which he cherished a well-founded disaffection. To go home to such a supper was an impossibility; and where should he go with the limited sum of twopence only at command, but to Jenny Morison's house in Bell's Close.

'He was not known to the woman, nor the woman to him, yet she felt for him; and having given him a plate of porridge, sent him to his cell. It was a miserable place—damp walls, rat-holes, intolerable smells—a small bed in a corner—a chair. He cast off his clothes, with no more light than a moonbeam, and jumped in—scarcely *amongst* clothes, only under a coarse coverlet. He had wandered all day, and was exhausted; his fancy and flesh were at war—his eyelids drooped, and yet his brain burned—shame, vexation, fear, anxiety, fought against sleep; and sleep in the flesh would conquer all his emotions. And it did; he was beyond the reach of the thong, even in dreams.

'But his relief was not to last. He awoke about two in the morning, and soon ascertained that it was a noise had scared sleep. He listened—the noise was overhead, and he rose and knocked on the boards which served for the floor above, and which were easily within his reach as he stood on the truckle. In doing this, he looked up, and saw, at one or two parts, openings in the planks, through which slight glimmerings of light came. He lay down again, and was again asleep, when he was once more roused by a noise resembling wrestling and bumping on the floor, with occasional moans or groans. The thought occurred to him that there was some terrible scuffle going on between fiercely contending parties, and he was confirmed in this by some broken words, which, when he put them together—a work in which the fancy had probably some share—he thought he could distinguish a cry to "tie his feet." The near proximity of a fight, even in the form of a variety from what, in his contentious and excited life, he loved so well, had now no charms for him, unless he could have got into the midst of it; but as matters stood with him, he felt enraged at being twice roused from that rest which liberated him from the miserable thoughts of his situation. The whole world he would have given for relief from the gnawing worm within, and this one cause kept him in the torture which nature was doing her best to relieve him from. The scuffle was not finished, the thumping came loud and louder, and the trailing and rubbing on the floor were, if possible, increased. He knocked again, but his intimated displeasure produced no pause. Meanwhile the fever of pain and bodily exhaustion increased upon a temperament fiery and imperious; and, clenching his teeth, he uttered cursings even worse than the streets of Edinburgh witness from her younger children. Again he knocked, and again he was unheeded. There was offended pride of power now mixing with his other feelings, for he was, in truth, a young tyrant, whose highest ambition it was to rule his own little world of blackguard chums.

"Devil take you!" at length he uttered, "but I will silence you."

'And the next moment he was on the floor, searching for a long butcher's gully, which it was his delight to carry about with him, and with which he had cut the throat of many a grimalkin. The touch of his father's professional instrument—become to him, by habit and inclination, like that of the tomahawk to the wild Indian—seemed to collect together every one of his distracting feelings, his anger, his misery, his fevered palpitations, into one energy. Got hold of it—he rejoiced in the glance it gave, as he waved it in the light of the moon, which, having risen higher, and got through obstructing clouds, shone full and bright into the cellar. He sprang upon the bed, which

* William P. Nimmo, Edinburgh.

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creaked with the sudden leap, and it just so happened that the noise was at that moment at its height. The glimmering of the light through the openings, now rendered faint by the moonlight, still enabled him to find a chink, along which he run his finger, till he came to the spot where it seemed a down-trodden individual was resisting opponents. The dull sound in the wood directed him, and feeling for the continuation of the chink, he thrust in the point of the blade—a stern thrust—up went the knife to the hilt—a cry of agony, like nothing he had ever heard on earth—and a drop, dropping of blood, which increased to a gush—warm, as it fell on his face, and blinding him, and saturating his shirt.'

The knowledge that he had committed a murder rushes upon the lad instantly on this, and slipping on his clothes, he jumps from the window, and flies down the High Street and towards Leith.

'His excitement and rapid movements made him perspire violently, so that the bloody shirt, which had been sticking to his skin, smoked, and sent up into his nostrils the steam of what he was sure was the murdered man or woman's blood. Yet he hurried on, increasing his speed as he got further away from the scene, and as the imagination got time to work up its pictures. Nor did he stop till he was met by an obstacle, which he might in vain try to surmount—no other than the margin of the sea, at the foot of Baltic Street, and there he stood. The check to his course seemed to have the effect of somewhat reining up his wild thoughts, and a trace of his constitutional resolution was shewn as he paused, crossed his arms, and cast his eye upon the sea, as it lay calm and placid, under a clear, full, midnight moon. So strangely formed a being is man, that although he was certain he had killed a human being who never injured him, though only two miles distant from the fatal spot, though only twenty minutes had elapsed since he made the knife-thrust, the objects had already enough of distance, in both time and space, to allow of giving precedence to a mere bodily feeling. The present evil dominates; a bodily twinge rules the imagination. The sticking shirt annoyed him—yes, a mere skin-annoyance, a slight pathological touch, kept for a time at bay the visions which had chased him all that distance as a maniac. It might have been that he could not bear the blood, and that he felt the shirt as a damning evidence against him; yet he confessed afterwards, that the feeling that ruled him at that moment was a wish to be relieved from the irksomeness of the adhesion. He pulled off his jacket and waistcoat, drew his shirt over his head, and threw it down; and having proceeded so far, he resolved on washing away from his body all traces of the blood. His trousers and stockings followed, and he stood naked, ready to wade in.'

This mental index of a criminal's behaviour, the exhibition of motives as well as of acts, is peculiar to Edgar Poe and his followers, and (in moderation) undoubtedly heightens the interest of any narrative; and even when, as in this case, we know that the main incidents of the tale are true, it plays the same agreeable part for which the lie is indebted to the circumstance.

Hearing a shout behind him, as he stands naked on the sea-shore, and seeing persons running towards him, the lad rushes away, leaving bloody shirt and bloody knife behind him, nor stops until he judges himself to be, for the present, beyond pursuit; then he dresses himself, as perfectly as the absence of one important garment admits of, and makes for Musselburgh—where lives an uncle of his—not without serious reflection on the fact, that his name 'is written in printing-ink, by the kind hands of a loving mother, on the side-gusset' of his shirt, and is also carved, in not illegible school-boy hieroglyphics, on the haft of the knife. It is still early, and as his uncle is a late riser, he bivouacs on the Links till nine, when, on entering the town, he is horrified by hearing the criers hard at work with their news of the brutal and barbarous murder committed in a dark close of Edinburgh, on the previous night, upon Begbie, the British Linen Company's porter, by some person or persons unknown. The poor boy takes it at once for granted that he is the culprit, as also, for a considerable time, do his friends and relatives. The story becomes henceforth a mere police investigation, ending, as is well known, nowhere, so far as the apprehension of Begbie's murderer is concerned, but accounting for the lad's singular adventure reasonably enough. The people on the floor above that whereon he lodged were sheep-stealers, and the suspicious expression of 'tie his feet' had been uttered with reference to an obstreperous 'gimmer,' whose blood had rushed down through the boards and deluged its assassin.

CHARLES THE SECOND'S WIGS.

Some years ago, a black wig, which had once belonged to Charles II., was put up for sale at a London auction-room.

It formed part, a certain delightful gossip on these things informs me, of the goods and antiquarian chattels of Mr Rawle, an accoutrement-maker in the Strand, a man who had, I suppose, treasured the dusty sable periwig as a memorial of one of our kings, that might serve as a curiosity both to interest and surprise customers. This Mr Rawle, by the same token, was a friend of the poet Burns's great ally, fat jovial Captain Grose, one of our early patriarchs in archaic lore, who must often have gazed on this relic with his twinkling eyes, that brimmed with good-humour and good-nature.

After much admiring, and holding aloft, this extraordinary relic was knocked down by the auctioneer's ivory hammer to Dicky Suett the actor, that inimitable chuckling low comedian, whose funeral Charles Lamb, one of the most admiring of his many laughing audiences, describes with such pretty half-tearful humour.

It was, tradition condescends to tell us, a large black fleece of a wig, for the merry bad king was a swarthy man, and had been called 'The Black Prince' in early life. It had long dusty flowing curls, which long ago had felt the breezes from Rosamond's Pond, and the breath of whisperers that it should not have felt; that had tossed about on the mall, where the feather-balls flew fast, as in Van Tromp's great battles; and at Whitehall, when Rochester and Sedley moved in the dance. It was a venerable wig, with memories lurking in every tubular black curl. Directly the auctioneer held it up, as an Indian brave does the scalp of an enemy, it won Dicky Suett's heart. He placed it on his head, and expressed the passionate admiration of a creature of impulse. Dreams of Tom Brown and D'Urfey, and grateful thoughts of that hard-featured, reckless king, who so patronised the stage, and whose favourite sultana was an actress, filled his giddy brain as the black wig decked his droll, bald, shining head.

Wearing it royally, and, in fact, acting Charles II.'s saturnine mirth, Suett went on with his biddings.

'Twenty-two? Twenty-three? Thank you, sir. Twenty-four? Going at twenty-four. Any advance? Twenty-five? Thank you, sir. Twenty-six in two places.'

Suett bowed and bobbed, nodded and bowed—now playfully complimentary, now serious and sarcastic. He shook about the black sausage-curls like a very Jove; he performed to the laughing room the merriest and worst of monarchs; the shameless, bad husband, he who sold himself to France, and who let

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Holland disgrace our island; the hypocrite without a religion, who dared not avow himself of the only creed he had the least belief in.

The company, perhaps not sufficiently appreciating the value of the antiquarian treasure, determined not to deprive Dicky of the wig, nor to keep him on the rack of nervous suspense; they would not prolong the biddings, and cried out with one voice, so that the auction-room china jars and dusty 'properties' rang again: 'Let the wig be Suett's, let the wig be Suett's.'

Too late, the mad actor tried to pull off the wig of Nessus, but the irrevocable ivory hammer fell with a '*going, going,* GONE!'

With a flourish fell Mr Hitchiner's ruffled hand upon the desk of his mahogany rostrum—the wig of Charles II. king of England was Dicky Suett's the low comedian. Many falls from dusty room and dusty corner ere the *Chedreux* perfumes all died out, and the king's wig became an actor's. Something of the amulet about that wig—something of the asbestos thread, for Whitehall had passed away in fire, King Charles had gone to the worms, and still this wig, made perhaps of some French girl's hair, survived.

For years of laughing nights, Dicky made great play with his enormous Charles II. wig, ridiculous in those days of cropped 'Bobs' and 'frizzy Busbys.' In this black cataract of fusty dead-man's hair, he played the fool pleasantly in Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, and sick men laughed themselves well to see Suett peering out of the black forest of hair, and making droll faces. But one night, Time bethought him of this wig, that he had almost forgotten. The fire that had swept round the Whitehall, swallowed up the Birmingham theatre, and with it Suett's wig. Can we accuse the droll for want of fortitude, when we hear, that the next day, troubled and woe-begone, he met Mrs Booth in the street, and gasped out: 'O Mrs Booth, my wig, my wig is gone!'

All this is *apropos* of the fact, that Charles II. introduced, among other follies and wickednesses, the use of wigs into England. Not that wigs were unknown before; the Restoration only restored them, it did not invent them: the male and female fools even of Elizabeth's reign wore them. They came to us from that birthplace of follies, Paris, and about the time of the great massacre of the Protestants. We do not venture to say wigs came from the hair of the murdered men; but it is a curious fact, that there were a good many teeth for sale at the dentists' after Waterloo, and more wigs than usual after the massacre of St Bartholomew and the Great Plague of London. But is it not one of the first laws taught logicians, that the *post hoc* does not necessarily imply the *propter hoc?* Elizabethan satirists laugh at a courtier's wig coming off when he bowed, and complain that wigs are more fit for women than modest men. Later still, they were sold with love-knots attached to them, so that the barber's manufacture might appear like nature's bounty, and nature appear most liberal where she had been least generous. Elizabeth, as vain as she was wise, had wigs of divers colours, and was one day black, and another red, according to the weather of her humour—a custom which must have made it dangerous for her false lovers to praise her tresses, or to beg for specimens of her curls. Indeed, Shakspeare, through the mouth of Bassanio, lamenting the false show and ornament that deceive the world, ventures to deride the wig as too often the dowry of a second head, that moulders in the sepulchre. What a mockery of feigned love to suppose that it was but a curl of her fairest and youngest wig that Elizabeth gave Sir Philip Sidney, and which, some years ago, was found at Wilton, in a contemporary copy of the *Arcadia!* How could he kneel and say: 'Dearest lady, grant me, as a forget-me-not, one golden tendril of that precious wig?'

Charles II., who brought skating from Holland, plays from Spain, and vice from all Europe, introduced wigs from France. Like other fashions, they probably arose from some defect or disease in the royal inventor. We all know how the hoop began; the large shoe of Henry VIII., and the stuffed doublets of James I., originated in the gout of Henry, and the cowardice of James, just as wheel-ruffs were instituted to hide the scars in a queen's neck, and powder to mask some royal wearer's grisly hair.

A bald king originated wigs in France, a foolish king introduced them into England. Louis XIV.—an Adonis Jupiter, such as the world has seldom seen since the Lower Empire, when Caracalla powdered his royal hair with gold-dust, to astonish the dying wretches in the Colosseum—being very proud of his locks in his youth, became so inconsolable at Time's rubbing them off with the friction of his wing, that he adorned himself with a new and enlarged edition of his old 'perriwincke,' as Bishop Hall, in his youthful satires, calls the periwig.

This wig became part of the French constitution, the actual *palladium* of the monarchy. It was looked on with awe as the very Shechinah of divine right: at its nod, ministers fell from their giddy seats at the helm; at its gracious bend, the heavens of Versailles broke into a smile; and the French sun itself melted into a broad grin of delight. I think it is St Simon—that keen-eyed noble, who is perhaps often sarcastic when we know it not—who describes the idolatrous reverence with which, when the king was ready to dress, the ambrosial wig was brought to his curtained bed, and handed through the opening, through which the royal hands appeared slowly and grandly. No one was ever permitted to see the great Louis without his wig: it would never have done to shew that baldness dares to visit kings.

If ever there was a fashion worthy of the French, the most artificial of people, it was that of wigs—the most artificial fashion ever introduced, and the one farthest from nature. Other fashions err only in garnishing the body with nonsense, but this in defacing God's image, removing a natural ornament, and going out of the way to play a fantastic trick, and make the angels weep. Wigs came as a broad mark to distinguish rich and poor; and though beginning only at the price of two or three pounds, they soon rose to L.50, and were indeed a formidable class-barrier.

A great wig-writer tells us that you may distinguish the Lely (Charles II.) from the Kneller (William III.) portraits, by observing that in the former—the earlier—the ends of the wig fall on the chest, and in the latter, they are tossed behind over the shoulders. When a wig cost L.50, and was the spoil of some half-a-dozen French maidens, the loss of a wig was of some consequence; but, nevertheless, the London wig-robberies were of a later date.

Can we wonder that foppery that had led our Elizabethan fools, our Shallows and Slenders, to starch their beards, to sleep with them in pasteboard-cases, and to brush and comb them in public, led to new follies with the wigs; for foppery must have its new tricks, which ten thousand fools, unanimous only in their folly, learn to do all at once with the regularity of a military manœuvre.

Combing the wig in Charles II.'s time was just what twirling the moustaches is now: it served when conversation slackened from a lack of ideas—it was a mask for insolence, and was used by intrigue for a signal. When fashionable idlers met to promenade at Fox Hall or at the Spring Gardens, to part cheese-cakes, and drink toasts in Rhenish—there the idlers met and combed their black or white wigs with combs which they kept in cases in their pocket with their snuff-boxes. Gentlemen stayed at the door of a drawing-room to comb their wigs, just as they now do to adjust their ties; even the lover sighed and combed, and combed and sighed alternately. The pit of a theatre was a great place for combing,

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and Dryden shews us the wits rising in a mass when an unknown beauty in a mask appeared, and beginning to gracefully comb their *Chedreux* wigs, that so well set off their nut-brown faces. You could tell a country novice, we read, by his rustic habit of combing his wig with his fingers.

The great Duke of Marlborough was in his youth a fop, like the Duke of Wellington, or, for the matter of that, like Cæsar himself; and there was, malign Sir John Hawkins tells us, a portrait of him by Laroon (Senior) extant, not rampant as at Malplaquet, or triumphant as at Blenheim, but dressed in scarlet and white satin, combing his white wig, while his valet standing behind adjusts the unravelled curls.

Mr Pepys, secretary of the Admiralty, our special friend in Charles II.'s reign, gives 40s. for one of his wigs, and L.3 for another; has many twinges from remembrances of old Puritan sermons on long hair before he could resolve to wear a wig; then he goes to a shop near the Temple, and hovers about, but is displeased with seeing only a wig made of greasy old woman's hair, and determines bravely to have one very handsomely made; so he patronises some other emporium near Covent Garden, and takes his wife to see the new purchase while preparing; and luckily that plump lady likes it, which cheers the politic secretary, who is always resolving to dress more like himself. Then he has many tribulations about his wigs, and resolves 'next week, God willing,' to wear one, having evidently great difficulty in screwing his courage to the sticking-point. Then he has fears about the propriety of the fashion, till he sees the king is 'mighty gray,' and hears in the long matted gallery at Whitehall that the king and duke are really going to wear periwigs.

At last the great official makes up his mind, and one day, after the coffee-house, goes up stairs with his barber, and there lets him cut off his hair. The wig is paid for, and away goes the barber with Pepys's hair, to make another hair-helmet of; and by and by goes Pepys 'abroad,' but first bringing his maids up to look on his new decoration—'and they do conclude it becomes me—though Jane was mighty troubled for the parting of my own hair, and so was Bessie.'

What a scene for a Leslie, the M. Jourdain of the Admiralty strutting complacently in his new silky wig, and his maids eyeing him with admiration and delight!

Pepys's next great trouble, is the envy that such a sight cannot fail to produce amongst his brother-associates at the Admiralty. The time-server feared men who might injure him, even if they could not supplant him. At last he goes, trying to look as humble and unconcerned as he could; but Sir William Batten and Sir J. Minnes made no great fuss about it, as Pepys had been afraid they would do. But at Whitehall, my Lord Sandwich met Mr Samuel, and wondered at first, perhaps gently 'chaffed' him, and Pepys returns home, 'glad it is over,' having passed creditably through the tremendous ordeal. Soon after this, Mr Pepys discovers that nature originally intended man to wear periwigs, and he finds 'the conveniency' of them.

Pepys then congratulates himself on the comfort of the wig, and the trouble it saves him in keeping his hair clean; goes to church 'mighty fine'—indeed, too fine—in mourning for his mother, who had died crying, 'God bless my poor Sam!' and made a great show with his new periwig. The Plague was a great time of terror to wig-wearers, and Pepys wonders what will be the next fashion. Men feared to wear wigs bought in plague districts, or wigs that might have been made of the hair of people who had died of the plague—dead men in lone chambers, with the door sealed up with the red cross—a parlous fear indeed! But the fops and Mr Pepys lived through it, and wigs continued to be worn—being, as they were, so grave, and so comely, and giving the wearer such dignity and potency.

THE CITY OF EXTREMITY.

THERE is a place, a dreadful place,
Where all things go at whirlwind's pace;
We call it, for its piteous case,
The City of Extremity!

Two millions swelter darkly there,
Beset with toil, and want, and care,
And many herd with black Despair,
In the City of Extremity!

Each man his neighbour screws and racks,
Each sinew pays its utmost tax,
And human nature strains and cracks,
In the City of Extremity!

Horse nature, too, as sorely worn,
Tears, chafes, and grinds, both night and morn;
O God, the sufferings *dumbly* borne
In the City of Extremity!

Miles off, you see the smoke arise
Of these two millions' sacrifice,
And hear the roaring agonies
Of the City of Extremity!

God kindly gave the fruitful earth
For all who draw from it their birth;
But 'tis a gift of doubtful worth
In the City of Extremity!

There labour is a deadly fight,
From which, at best, you snatch a bite—
And you may starve in thousands' sight,
In the City of Extremity!

Men hate the unchristian work they do,
And would a better course pursue,
Did Fancied Fate not bind them to
The City of Extremity!

They loathe the place they do it in,
Plunged amid dirt, and smoke, and din,
Polluted air, disease, and sin,
In the City of Extremity!

They fly from both when fly they can,
As neither being fit for man—
As if just Heaven had laid its ban
On the City of Extremity!

Oh, dear-loved friends, do not forget,
The world has true and good things yet,
Though all is base and counterfeit
In the City of Extremity!

Still, still the larks at heaven's gate sing,
Still flowers beside the streamlet spring,
Unlike their ghastly blossoming
In the City of Extremity!

There healthful work and honest gain
Keep young and old in cheerful strain,
Unlike the harrowing hurricane
Of the City of Extremity!

Come forth, then, from this frightful town,
And let its monstrous size die down,
Ere a new deluge come to drown
The City of Extremity!

On Saturday, July 7, will be commenced in this Journal,

A ROMANCE

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

ENTITLED

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

To be continued every week until completed.

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DEDICATORS AND DEDICATEES.

WRITERS of books, and possibly also the readers of them, have long shewn as great a distaste to ceremonies in books, as churchwardens are shewing to church ceremonies, borough-councillors to assize ceremonies, and the leading-article writers to the lord-mayor's show. Open any work, great or small, published during the last two centuries, and what is the first thing we meet? A tremendous ceremony. What a blowing of trumpets! what a touching of the ground by abasement of forehead! what genuflectory verbiage!

You will see at once that I am referring to the dedication, dedicatory preface, or whatever else the author may name the herald of his book. The art of dedicating is quite a lost art; you never see a thorough-going dedication now. In whatever things we have progressed, here we have certainly retrograded. Is there a man living whose gray-goose quill could have produced the dedication of the authorised version of the Bible to King James I.? You know there is not. Some persons think the first volume of the *Introduction to the History of Civilisation in England*, by Mr Buckle, one of the most remarkable books of our time. Ah, then, that is the book into which I shall look to see the ripest results of the art of dedicating in the sixth decade of the nineteenth century. Here it is: 'To my Mother, I dedicate this, the first volume of my first work.'

Now, can Mr Buckle call this a dedication? No doubt the elder Disraeli, who treated every possible subject connected in the remotest degree with books, has somewhere or other treated this matter of dedications; I have no remembrance, however, of any such essay in his pleasant collections, nor have I his works by me to furnish my Mnemosyne. A poor kind of Mnemosyne she is, ladies and gentlemen, who, believe me, washes her face, cleans her teeth, makes her æsthetic teas, and even qualifies her stronger liquids with Lethe.

I begin with the dedications of the seventeenth century. I have already hinted at their exceeding fulsomeness, mentioning as a specimen a notable dedication within the reach of everybody. To step back from James I. to Elizabeth—we find them quite as extravagant in her reign. It must be taken into account, however, that the reverence expressed for 'good Queen Bess' was generally *real*. She was a queen by nature, as well as by position; and she made those who addressed her *feel* that they were subjects. Sir John Davies's poem, *On the Immortality of the Soul*, is dedicated to her. As this subtle and admirable little work is far better known, I believe, by report than by acquaintance, I will quote a few verses from the dedication:

To the divinest and the richest mind,
Both by art's purchase, and by nature's dower,
That ever was from heaven to earth confined,
To shew the utmost of a creature's power,
I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be;
These sparks by nature evermore aspire,
Which makes them now to such a *Highness* flee.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body joined,
You give such lively life, such quickening power,
And influence of such celestial kind,
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower,
O many, many years may you remain,
A happy angel to this happy land;
Long, long may you on earth our empress reign,
Ere you in heaven a glorious angel stand!
Stay long, sweet spirit, ere thou to heaven depart,
Who mak'st each place a heaven where thou art.

This poem was thus dedicated in the summer of 1599, when the 'fairest body' of Queen Elizabeth was very nearly seventy years old. We stand aghast at the thought of 'her Highness' enduring the unctuous lie that such an aged body was 'still in youth's immortal flower.'

Six years before this, appeared the first dedication of William Shakspeare, then only twenty years old. It was addressed to the gallant, but not very moral, young Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Shakspeare apologises—how singularly this apology now reads—'for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden;' he promises 'if this first heir of his invention prove deformed, he will never after ear [i. e., till] the barren land, for fear it yield again a bad harvest.' Imagine the results to England, and, indeed, to Christendom, had that most glorious 'invention' she ever produced allowed its 'first heir,' the *Venus and Adonis*, to be also its last! What a reversal, too, has taken place in the relative positions of the dedicator and the dedicatee! The said peer owes what honour he has in this century to the poet who dedicated to him his first work.

There is an interesting little sketch of the dedicatee of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, in the dedication by Thomas Thorpe, the publisher of Marlowe's translation of the *First Book of Lucan*. He addresses himself to a brother-bibliopole, Edward Blunt. 'Edward,' says he, 'you are to accommodate yourself with some few instructions touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possessed of; and to study them for your better grace, as our

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gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud, and think you have merit enough in you, though you are ne'er so empty. Then when I bring you the book, take physic, and keep state. Assign me a time by your man to come again; and afore the day, be sure to have changed your lodging. In the meantime, sleep little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry jest or two, which you may happen to utter with some little or not at all marking of your friends, when you have found them a place for them to come in at. Or if, by chance, something has dropped from you worth the taking up, weary all that come to you with the oft repetition of it. Censure scornfully enough, and somewhat like a traveller. Commend nothing, lest you discredit your—that which you would seem to have—judgment. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is, to give nothing.'

Substitutory dedications, like the foregoing, seem to have been common in that age, the bookseller taking the place of the author. Sometimes they were posthumous, but they were as often made in the lifetime of the author. Thus, this same Thomas Thorpe dedicated, while Shakspeare was still living, that poet's *Sonnets;* while Edward Blunt dedicated, after Marlowe's death, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, with the continuation by George Chapman.

I have spoken of the famous dedication *to* King James I. I may as well add a dedication *by* him. It is prefixed to his Declaration against Vorstius, the successor to Arminius in the divinity chair of the university of Leyden: 'To the honour of our LORD JESVS CHRIST, the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, the only ΘΕΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ, Mediator and Reconciler of Mankind, in sign of thankfulness, this is dedicated and consecrated by His most Humble and most Obliged Servant, JAMES.' King James's high theories upon his own office, and the bitter fruit they bore in the person of his son and pupil, Charles I., are well known: there was only One Being to whom James could have deigned a dedication. The treatise which follows this address asserts it to be the duty of a Christian prince to extirpate heresy, and in it he entreats the States-general to banish Vorstius, whom he pronounces worthy of the fagot, if only for the title of his *De Filiatione Christi*.

Passing over the reign of James's son, we come, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to one whom I may call, I think, the very prince of *practical* dedicators, that quaint and witty priest, Dr Thomas Fuller. His affection for dedications was really fanatical; his habit of dedicating was a perfect *rabies*, and nothing less. He seemed as if he could never dedicate enough. Some men dedicate their whole work, others each separate volume of their work; but Tom Fuller dedicated not only every volume, but every *liber* in the volume; not only every *liber*, but every *section* in the *liber*. At each tenth or twelfth page, we come upon a fresh dedication to some nobleman, knight, armiger, or merchant. In his *Church History of Britain*, there are in all some seventy or eighty dedications. Of course, he had great difficulty to vary these, and to put, as he did, some one sparkling and witty thought into each. He obtains, indeed, a certain external difference, by now and then dedicating in Latin instead of English; and there is an independent air about all of them, and a freedom from the extravagant adulation of such productions in the earlier part of the century.

It is worth while to append a specimen of the dedications of a contemporary of Fuller, of one who, like him, was a royalist and a churchman, under the ascendency of Cromwell and the Parliament. Very soon after the Restoration, John Evelyn dedicated his *Treatise on Architecture*, a translation from some French author, to the king, in the following adulatory style. Having compared the licentious Stuart to the Divine Architect, and 'provoked the whole world to produce an example parallel with your majesty,' he thus proceeds: 'It is hard not to slide into the panegyric when once one begins to speak of your majesty. I am witness not only how pertinently you discourse of the art [architecture], but how judiciously you contrive: as in all other princely and magnificent things, your notices are extraordinary, so I cannot but augur of their effects, and that your majesty was designed of God for a blessing to this nation in all that can render it happy, if we can have the grace but to deserve it, and to be thankful for it.' Further on, he says: 'While your majesty pursued these laudable undertakings, the race of demigods is not altogether extinct.' And again: 'Your person is so lovely, it captivates all beholders.'

Just a shadow of excuse may be made, perhaps, for Evelyn, on taking into thought his antecedent conduct and his recognised opinions. His adulations were less adulatory from him, because he had passionately contended in his *Apology for the Royal Party*, for this same King Charles, when he was merely Charles Stuart, and when it was a capital crime so to do. Nor was Evelyn in himself a toady, but a most courageous man, for he held up before Charles and all his bad court a life so holy, consistent, learned, and industrious, that it was a daily condemnation of their impurity, folly, and idleness.

The dedications of the eighteenth century were fully as adulatory as those of the seventeenth. The most unique thing about all these is, that every dedicator cries up his patron as the first man of the age; and in different works, the same dedicator repeats the same *restrictive* superiority to different patrons. There were certain *literati* noblemen whose names were coveted by all the authors and all the publishers of the time as frontages to their volumes. Halifax, Harley, Pulteney, Sunderland, &c., often appeared as dedicatees, but none of them so often as Chesterfield. 'You, my lord,' says Henry Fielding in the dedication of his *Don Quixote in England*, 'are the favourite offspring of the British Muses, the patron of their children.' It is amusing to see Fielding in his next dedication, that of *The Miser*, repeating the same praises to the Duke of Lennox and Richmond, '*the only person living*,' he tells his Grace, 'to whom a panegyric in the usual style of dedications would be displeasing.'

The reward of a dedication, when the patron was on the ministerial benches, was often given in the shape of a place or a pension; in other cases, however, it was expected to be returned in genuine coin. A dedication had its recognised price. At the Revolution, the dedicatee paid ten guineas for being made sponsor to a play; by the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, the price had doubled in amount. Sometimes, indeed, by a special act of grace, the dedicatee would exceed the stated sum; thus, when Colley Cibber dedicated his *Nonjuror* to King George I., that monarch sent Cibber a hundred pounds. In this matter, I have no doubt the monarch was fully repaid, as in that play, 'the stiff nonjuring separation saint,' for whom the lower orders had a great reverence at the accession of King George, is made a thorough Tartuffe.

We have seen the patron or dedicatee satirised by a witty bookseller in the seventeenth century; the wits of the eighteenth began to be severe upon the dedicator. Their greatest monument is undoubtedly the *Spectator;* the dedications prefixed to the eight original volumes, in which that serial was completed, have usually been printed in every subsequent edition. The first seven are most finished specimens of the conventional dedication; they go in the common rut, and are all exactly, what Fielding said of the dedications of his time, 'a summing-up of the many talents with which nature has endued the patron.' The dedication to the eighth volume, however, addressed

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to 'Will Honeycomb, Esq.,' is most excellent; it is a parody and a satire upon all the dedicators of the time. It is strange that when the same authors came a little later to gather the *Guardians* into a brace of volumes, they should prefix to them dedications as blameable and habitual as any they had ever criticised. This is the more strange, inasmuch as the fourth number of the *Guardian*, by Alexander Pope, contains the best essay against dedications ever printed. 'Even truth itself,' he says, 'in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or visor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. To say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest, and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity at once think himself a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.' He tells us that lady-dedicators far exceed 'us men in strain or rant;' instancing Mrs Manley, who, in her *New Atalantis*, begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her 'kneeling adorations.' He concludes the essay with a humorous dedication, wherein he is both dedicator and patron, 'The Author to Himself,' and in which the structure and style of these undiscerning panegyrics are most closely and admirably satirised.

The dedicateeship which Pope's great co-labourer, Swift, thrust upon posterity is universally famous. No doubt, I think it suggested to Fielding his 'Dedication to the Public,' and 'Preface to the Dedication' —which he has prefixed to his play, *The Historical Register for* 1736—two of the best things in dedicatory literature. 'No man,' says he in the Preface to the Dedication, 'hath a more stern and inflexible hatred to flattery than myself. It hath been usual with me to send most of my performances into the world without the ornament of those epistolary prefaces commonly called dedications; a custom, however, highly censured by my bookseller, who affirms it a most unchristian practice. A patron, says he, is a kind of godfather to a book; and a good author ought as carefully to find a patron for his works, as a good parent should a godfather to his children.' In the dedication itself, Fielding satirises the humble requests for leave to dedicate, by telling the 'public' that he dedicates without their leave. 'Asking leave is asking whether you will pay for your dedication, and in that sense it is understood by both authors and patrons; for as a dedication was nothing but a very public and shameless flattery, it was somewhat absurd to ask a man's leave to flatter him, and it must have required great impudence, great simplicity, or both, to grant it.'

Who would believe that Fielding, who is the most incessant satiriser of dedications, is constantly offending in the flagrant manner against the law he so well proclaimed! It is so. I have quoted his dedications to Lord Chesterfield and the Duke of Lennox and Richmond already; they are quite matched by the dedication of his *Modern Husband* to Sir Robert Walpole.

Satire, however, can put nothing to death before its time. The dedicators seem to have preserved their distinctive style until the shaking of the manners and thoughts of all Christian nations by the gathering storm of the French Revolution. We find the satirists girding at dedications in the latest of the long series of the periodical essayists. The *Connoisseur* has an excellent paper upon them (the 129d), in which, after upbraiding the whole generation of dedicators for loading their dedicatees 'with virtues totally foreign to their natures and dispositions, which sit as awkwardly on them as lace and embroidery on a chimney-sweep,' he appends a specimen of a dedication as it should be, presenting the dedicatee with a portrait of himself as he really is, recounting his seductions, duels, cheatings at dice, street-rows, and drunken fits, his political trickeries, and his atheism.

About this same time—the middle of the eighteenth century—there lived one noble and true fellow, who had made part of his poor and arduous livelihood by writing dedications—not for his own books, but for other authors and for publishers. In the collected editions of Dr Johnson's works, amongst much other dry and unreadable matter, his substitutory dedications—so many of them at least as are known—are usually included. No less than four of these are 'To the King.' In the Rev. John Kennedy's *Complete System of Astronomical Chronology*, the doctor makes the priest say what, no doubt, had nothing fulsome in it to that most loyal yet most independent heart: 'I wish that the effulgence of your example may spread its light through distant ages, till it shall be the highest praise of any future monarch that he exhibits some resemblance of George III.' A hopeless look-out, indeed, for kings and queens to come to. But we must remember that George had reigned only two years when this dedication was penned, and, after the two unsympathetic reigns of his Hanoverian grandfather and great-grandfather, Englishmen were rejoicing in being governed by an English-born king, who kept no mistresses, and favoured no Germans.

The advent of truth and soberness into any part of that responsible creature, a book, is a great gain. We may congratulate ourselves now-a-days that the dedicator who should preface his work with the conventional adulations of the two last centuries, would bring unmeasured condemnation upon himself, and suspicion and distrust upon whatever his book might advance.

ACCORDING TO COCKER.

I.

The Shadow that had so long hung about the door of the Clements's house, one day entered in. It passed through the hall, where it had waited for months past for little accounts; it passed by the parlour, where it had lingered late into the night in family conclave of ways and means, or companied George Clements sitting up moodily over the dying embers; it passed up the stairs and into the bedroom of the master, and there established itself; not calling merely for answers to bills delivered, not just dropping in with a postman's knock to spend the evening, but hanging up its hat and taking off its boots with an air of possession. When I mention these appendages of civilisation, I must be understood to speak as in a trope, for the Protean Shadow coming on this occasion in a ghastly investure of grave-garments, suggested little association of stirring outdoor-life, but only stood at the foot of the sick man's bed, and seemed to beckon with its fleshless finger.

All the world knew that this particular Shadow was in the house of the Clements, as there was no reason for concealing the fact; and all the world was exceedingly good-natured and sympathetic, as it ever is on occasions of the calling in of the Great Debt, however virtuously insensible to every other instance of failing resources. There were cards, and grapes, and flowers, and a thousand little gentilities left at the door; and those who were fortunate enough to get a few minutes' detail of symptoms from little Mrs Clements below, felt, when they saw her pale face and heavy eyes, they could do anything for her —anything; and so departed, pleased with themselves and their kindly visit. I do not by any means say this ironically; I think the world was very good-natured, and to be by no means blamed for failing to discover that it could have done something for her

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beside offering to sit up at night, to make calves-foot jelly, or to wring out hot flannels. How should it have discovered such a carefully concealed secret as was indeed gnawing at the household heart beneath the unruffled exterior? How recognise it, when the wife herself had hitherto esteemed it vaguely as something to be held at distance, until some arrangement or turn of fortune, or chance of business, should set all straight?

Hitherto letters had been addressed and tradespeople referred to her husband only. To speak it of herself responsibly, was a different affair; but it was her turn now, for George had quite enough to do up stairs, struggling in resistance of the Great Demand; so it fell to her to temporise with the smaller creditors below. For a long time, it seemed that she had the best of it: her youth, and grace, and trouble modified the insistance of the most determined into mild request, and sent them away on tip-toe sympathy, with gently closing door; while he, so far from prevailing on his ruthless Creditor to depart, seemed to have exhausted every argument and entreaty, until now it had become a mere question of a few days more or less. But it was a question of longer than that—of weeks, of months; for, when George was first taken ill, it was still cold weather, with the bitter east wind streaming through chinks, and crannies, and keyholes—how cold, they well knew who, sitting watchful in the sick-room, saw the chill gray dawn steal in upon the cindery hearth. Now, the sun beat fiercely down upon the house, which gasped at every window for air; but it only entered as the blast from a furnace; the flies swarmed and buzzed in the quivering air; the sufferer, as he lay upon his bed, white and bony, with the sheet outspread above him, might have been himself the gaunt Shadow, tired of standing so long, and taking rest—might have been the gaunt Shadow, for all that he had eyes or hearing for the clamorous affairs of life, against which the door of the sick chamber was held with difficulty. What were tradesmen and postmen now? There was no such thing as business in the whole world, but only that fearsome Creature drawing closer hour by hour, and the skilful champions of life warding it off. How keenly he watched the encounter with his hollow eyes!—how wistfully he tried to read in every face how it was to go!—how imploringly he used, labouring in the sweat of his brow, to ask for some cunning new-comer who might bring him hope! Great Heaven! and this was the man who, but a few months back, wearied by his perplexities of the day, used to wish recklessly that he might never see another!—who, sinking weakly under the burden of a three-and-fourpenny letter, dared to invoke the Shadow to relieve him of its pressure!—who welcomed its phantom approach with a morbid, sullen pleasure, that would take no measure of defence against its coming!

From April to October!—a weary time to lie helpless, shut in by the dull walls—a terrible time to wage that conflict, hand to hand, with such a foeman! But at the end of those dreary nights and days it might fairly be said to be over—even the scene of the struggle deserted, and once more bright and orderly again; for George was by this time far away from the din, and pressure, and gloom of the great town, sojourning upon a sunny sheltered south coast, where the white-flecked waves washed up gaily over the brown rocks and shining shingle—where the great cliffs looking over the sea caught glorious reflections of purple and golden lights—where the foliage deepened to ripe russet, or stood against the pure sky in scarlet pomp—where, in the gardens, the myrtles still blossomed through their glossy green, the roses clustered above cottage doors, and the balmy air held sweet perfumes from woods, and fields, and waters. There, as in some haven of peace, he rested after the struggle, with nothing to think of in particular except his dinner, and nothing to do but to look out over the free blue sea, with its gay fleet of fishing-boats spreading their sails to the freshening breeze; or up into the high blue sky, where the white cloud-ships drifted, and the strong-winged sea-birds, shining in the sun, wheeled joyously.

II.

George Clements came of a highly respectable family, Leadenhall Street ingrafted on Clapham. I don't know that they had any particular coat of arms; but I am sure, if they had had a motto, it would have been 'Respectability.' For five generations, the business had descended from father to son—five generations of honest, unspeculative, thrifty people, who paid their way, and left each one behind him something more than he received. Every one said Old Clements—the fifth of the dynasty—was 'warm,' and that Letty Roberts had made a good match of it when she left her father's jovial, improvident, out-at-elbows home, for the plain, steady prosperity of her husband's, the heir-apparent to the Leadenhall interests. On that occasion, there were great rejoicings on both sides—the bride's family feeling they had provided well for her, and starting her with a *trousseau* and wedding it would have taken years of their income to pay for, had they proceeded to such an extremity; and on that of the bridegroom's with secret satisfaction at the alliance, which was socially above them, and of mute approval of the beautiful young woman who thus became one of themselves.

When people have pink silk gowns and lace mantles, it follows that they wear them; when people are the possessors of champagne-glasses and dessert-services, they do not break them—they fill them; for, after all, arithmetic can prove that the difference between a bottle of sherry and a bottle of champagne is not, at the year's end, at the rate of a farthing a day; and for the few occasions when one has out one's best china dishes, it does not much matter whether one gives sixpence apiece for peaches, or sixpence a dozen for apples. On the contrary, these young people, desiring to be managing and saving, argued such questions repeatedly, and proved, with delightful lucidity, that to do things well was in the long-run economy.

It was not the cost of the lamp-lighted broughams that took the pink silk frocks out to little parties, or of the peaches that blushed, or of the champagne that foamed within the wedding-gifts, that made George Clements's income look shabbily inadequate at the year's end, for all these items of festivity came but now and then, not of indecent frequency; it was that the loose, easy-going, sanguine Principle once setting foot across the threshold, came to be recognised as the household rule, and lorded it over the tea-pot and the coal-cellar quite as complacently as over the cellaret or the cake-basket. 'But,' said George in his light-hearted way to himself, 'one isn't married every year'—an incontrovertible position, and inferring much comfortable promise for the future. Certainly next year there was no pink silk or lace mantle wanted, but there was something in the way of small pink flannel and cambric millinery, although it was only destined to be folded away in blue paper within drawers, and looked at through dimmed eyes; whereupon the Principle shewed that the path of duty lay Brightonwards, and that a summer cottage out of town—at no expense to speak of, you understand—would save doctors, nurses, and no end of future trouble.

At the end of the second year, George's income looked, not to say shabby—it was paltry. He had, I daresay, learned at good old 'Merchant Taylor's' something about a horse's shoe and nails, but it did not occur to him that it was of the nature of a parable. One thing was certain—his debts were increasing, and his income was not; for Old Clements—he of the

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fifth dynasty—seemed instinctively to sniff difficulties from the altitude of his counting-house stool, and so far from unbending, or inviting a confidence with his son, summoned up the manes of the dead and gone respectabilities, and sitting behind his ledger as behind a fortification, encompassed by them as by impenetrable body-guards, put on the screw in all directions. For two years, ready money was plentiful, because credit was easy, and the faith of trades-people, ancient adherents of the dynasty, implicit; but a day of reckoning is the surest day of the three hundred and sixty-five, and when it could no longer be put off, George had to borrow from a friend to meet it; for he had already overdrawn on his share of the profits, and as for looking to his father!—I assure you the whole object of his daily life was to avoid getting into the focus of those awful spectacles, from out of which five generations seemed mutely to reproach him with defiling their respectable graves. Multiply the money-spending, the credit, the borrowing, and the want of moral courage by seven, and on the principle of the horse-shoe nails, according to Cocker, you can come at something like the state of affairs when Mr and Mrs George had served the seven years' term of their apprenticeship to married life.

III.

On that sunny sheltered south coast, George and his faithful servant consulted about the dinner, or sat silently out in the warm gentle air beside the sea. In the little Leadenhall counting-house, where the dimly burning gas could not exorcise the fog, nor the smouldering fire the clinging damp, sat the head of the firm, posting his books grimly, and seeing through those prophetic glasses the family motto, in the sixth epocha of the dynasty, abridged from 'Respectability' into 'Ruin.' In the terrace at Clapham, the ladies mapped out their lives by the clock, and never wanted it to go faster or slower; but in the villa at Bayswater, Mrs George was preparing to do business on her own account. To have looked at the villa at Bayswater, you would never have imagined that its mistress was at home; the drawn-down blinds, the locked outer-gate, the absence of any callers or perceptible stir about the place, said as plainly as a house could speak, 'out of town;' for Mrs George's business being eminently of a secret and mysterious nature, it followed that the more quietly it could be transacted, the better; beside her absence from her invalid husband, and her forsaking the rest and change she so much needed herself, would have been sufficiently extraordinary to set all the world upon a cross-examination. She therefore called upon nobody, wrote to nobody—except once or twice in a round-about way through the South Coast Post-office—and determined, should she meet any one, to slur over the fact of her being in London as a run up to look after some household matter; for the probabilities were in favour of her meeting some one, her business being of that outdoor, foraging character understood as being 'obliged to go into the city.' Did I not say Mrs George came of a highly improvident family—County Kerry ingrafted on nomadic pitches in Pimlico, 'the Rules,' Boulogne, &c.? She had thus, at sixteen years of age, picked up a good deal of knowledge not taught in the usual branches of an English education. She had heard so much of replevins, renewals, levying fines, entering appearances, and powers of attorney, that it seemed to her young faith as if for every monetary bane there was a legal antidote; she did not, therefore, look upon things in at all so bad a light as George, but, on the contrary, comforted him with many arguments, proving that there were endless numbers of people in London alone, with ten times the amount they wanted, anxious to invest it; endless numbers who would be delighted to lend it as a matter of kindness; nay, if it came to that, to give it altogether; and when one talks so largely of thousands of pounds, the debts of hundreds shrink away into an indifferent matter, quite ashamed to vaunt themselves loudly.

Now, the English of the matter was this—as money begets money, so debt begets debt, and George Clements's affairs were by this time in a terrible muddle; not alone consisting of plain-sailing debts to trades-people, but tangled up with lawyer's costs, an occasional bill, a little transaction or two with small loan offices, one raised to pay the other off, and both in arrear; a dealing with an insurance-office, and a share in some one else's dealings with an insurance-office, so as to shift the characters of borrower and security. How was he mixed up with all these people? I don't know. He didn't know. None of them knew. They came together somehow, one bringing in another, and another knowing something of the very person they both wanted. Now the worst feature in all these transactions was, that they were entered upon in violation of honour and right, George Clements, as a partner, not having liberty to sign any bonds or securities. But they got over that impediment somehow by calling them 'guarantees,' just as George got over the ugly phrase of 'giving a bill' by translating it 'draw upon me at three months;' but call them what they might, the young man would, I believe, sooner have died than have had the question subjected to his father's consideration, which, I think, settles the matter in a moral point of view.

Was there ever a man with debts who would furnish a true list of them? If there were such an individual, George was not he. He had now made up his mind that he only owed L.800; so to try to convince him that he was wrong, was useless, and only put him in a passion, which, as he was still weak, was bad for him. Indeed, I believe, had Old Clements suddenly appeared on the scene with a leather bag full of money, to pay off everything down on the nail, the debts would have presented themselves elaborately set down at no more than five hundred! As there was no doubt, however, but that eight would break the neck of his troubles for the time, Mrs George let him off easily on the head of the accounts he drew up for her guidance, in which, strange to say, although fresh items were constantly being remembered, and had to be put down in new lists, the sum-total managed to preserve its average of the first calculation, and came out triumphantly L.800. Do you ask why none of the people who had latterly been mixed up with George Clements in money-matters, were not employed in the transaction rather than this young woman? I could give you so many reasons as to astonish you; but the principal ones were, that they were, almost without exception, men of straw, who would go rather to damage the matter than to help it; that, by a queer idiosyncrasy, George shrunk from letting any one of them know the full truth of his circumstances, as he had hitherto rather lorded it over them as a man of resources; that a fine instinct told him they would want some of the money for themselves; and, finally, that his wife had taken it upon herself to do all, and so relieved him from the necessity of deciding about anything.

IV.

If there were one evidence more conclusive than another that Mrs George was not at home to the world, it consisted in the spotless polish of the dining and drawing room grates being kept intact, and levelling from their cold steel surfaces refrigerating and repelling lines, in lieu of the genial firelight which was wont to sparkle cheerily on every knob, and twist, and shining surface of the apartments, for George and his wife dearly loved good fires, as, indeed, to do them justice, they did everything else comfortable and pleasant. The comfort, however, just now was maintained *incog.* up stairs in Letty's bedroom, where great lumps of coal and logs of wood had it their own

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way—where the little tea-pot, for a postscriptive cup of tea, was simmering inside the fender—where there was a pleasant smell of airing linen (which I hold to be a genuine English fragrance) diffused upon the air—and where Mrs George, with her gown folded over her knees, more for snugness than economy's sake, sat at a table writing. The table!—ah, if it were one of those that could have spoken, of how many significant changes its simple life could have told: of those days, not so long ago, and yet ages off, when it had held the glass up to the blooming face of the young bride; when she had stood before it brushing out the shining hair, or fastening in the wreath with a girl's innocent flush of vanity; or, as the days passed on when she had sometimes seen heavy eyes and anxious lines of care upon the morning face in the mirror. Here were set out her little caprices of the toilet, so dainty for a time, and then so hurriedly thrust away anyhow. Here she had stood alone, and ventured to lay out, for a moment, that wonderful white-satin cushion, with its pin-traced legend, just for once, to see how it would look by and by. It had held in turn the fan and bouquet for the party, and the night-light and fever-draught for the sick man; nay, had not the Shadow itself, white and gaunt, tremblingly propped itself by it with skeleton hands, and looked out at the gay flesh-and-blood world beyond.

Now all was cleared off—glass, and bottles, and brushes were stowed away on the top of the drawers, and the table, drawn from its whilom duties, became the Atlas which supported its mistress's cares and hopes. The former were represented by papers containing many elaborate calculations, with marginal crossings, as every fifty was attained—arithmetical milestones to mark the way; the latter was embodied in the sheet of paper which, after much thought and many copies, had written upon it, with greatest care as to legibility, the words: 'To CAPITALISTS.—A gentleman of recognised mercantile standing requires, for specific purposes (unconnected with his business), the sum of eight hundred pounds. To be repayable by instalments. Undeniable security. Address A1, care of '——

While the ink was yet full in her pen, as she paused to consider the address, there came a ring to the gate, and presently the servant entered to say that Mr Moss was in the drawing-room.

'Moss? Moss?' said Mrs George. 'Oh, it must be Mr Ross. I will be down in a moment.'

And as she hurriedly smoothed her hair, and changed her collar, she formed all sorts of conjectures to account for the visit from this old friend of the Clements's family, who could not have even known she was in town. He was rich—he was George's godfather, and had known him from his boyhood. How would it be to repose confidence in him, now that she had such an opportunity? Did it not seem as if some happy fortune had sent him to-day? The suddenness of the thought sent a bright colour into Mrs George's cheeks, and quickened her steps into a little run as she entered the room. Alas, that there should be no fire!

No, the visitor hadn't a bald pink head, with a little powder of fluffy white hair rimming it; he hadn't a limp-white cravat, and a mourning-brooch in his shirt-frill; nothing like a black watch-ribbon, with a bunch of cornelian seals decorating his fob; no bumpy square-toed shoes; no responsible gold eye-glasses depending from his neck. On the contrary, he had thick-soled, much-splashed boots, that stood wide apart like a Colossus, covering as much ground as possible; he had a rough great-coat, held together by vast pearl buttons; his neck-wrapper was red; his pocket-handkerchief, where it was not green, was yellow; many were his rings; his nose was hooked, his eyes were black, jet black were his well-anointed locks; and he chewed a straw with amiable ease. Was Mr Moss afflicted with chronic hoarseness, that he should speak as if his voice were locked up in some underground region, and was by no means free to come and go at pleasure? Was the hoarseness induced by the wheels of his gig following hard upon duty in the teeth of all weathers? Was it alcoholic in its relations, or did a modulating sympathy for the sorrows of humanity strive for utterance from some inmost recess? I don't know that Letty thought all this, or indeed anything in particular; but I know that the colour faded out of her face into whiteness as she saw him, and that she remained standing just where she was so suddenly brought up.

At that moment, I wonder, did the little Leadenhall counting-house rock to its foundation, as the good ship shivers from lowest beam to highest spar when she strikes? Did any Cassandra at Clapham, instinct with terrible forebodings, bewail the destinies of her house, and struggle to put back the hands of the clock that told of the arrival of the fated hour? Did a shadow, as of some ominous eclipse, fall chill upon the thymy turf, and darken the noonday sun as it sparkled on distant sea-line, and inshore ripple, and shining golden sand, upon that sunny sheltered south coast? For at that moment—for the first time for a century—tangible Respectability gathered up its skirts, and vanished from beneath the roof-tree of the Clements's family; and Ruin, at the suit of one Benjamin Marks (debt, L.19, 14s.; costs, L.11, 6s. 8d.: total, L.31, 0s. 8d.), took up its abode, at the rate of 3s. 6d. a day to the representative man in possession, who, at a given signal, stepped out of the gig in waiting, and was inaugurated by Mr Moss with due legal proprieties.

V.

Hurrah! and, if you like, three-times-three for a woman's business capabilities, when she really gives her mind to it and sets to work in good earnest. See, now, what little Mrs George had done in only three days: in the first place, she had paid out the execution (thirty-two pounds nearly), beside sending down to the sea-side a post-office order; and in the second, her affairs seemed in a fair way of being at last comfortably settled, as she had received a promising answer to the advertisement. As regards the first triumph, I suppose you think that she had applied to the Leadenhall mint, and deserves no credit for success; but you are mistaken; that source, like most others, was drained dry, and not to be thought of. It was solely her own clever head that suggested a means of extrication—ignoble, certainly, but not perhaps altogether as dishonourable as some of George's financial tactics. Letty opened her dressing-case, and took out her treasures. Not very valuable were they, but mostly gimcracks given her by George in the days of his courtship, and pretty wedding-gift filigreeisms, of not much account in the scales, but which she had always considered the *ne plus ultra* of jewellery. The bracelet that he had clasped upon her arm on the first day he came to dine an accepted lover; the sparkling ring he had put upon her hand as he held it that night in the lingering walk through the quiet moonlit streets; the necklace and locket with her dead father's gray hair—all her little hoard of brooches and pins, even to the rings from her ears, and the chain from her neck, she gathered together, and furbished up to the utmost polish leather could induce. Alas, when they got to look their best, they did but realise the contemptible sum of L.17, 10s., and she had reckoned upon ever so much! In such a position, with a strange servant in the house—with that odious man in his rough coat smelling of tobacco, sitting on the worked chair in the drawing-room, eating bread and meat when he wasn't reading the newspaper, and drinking wine—she thought to propitiate him by that item—and likely to stay for a month, what would you have done? What should *I* have done? Nothing, I am sure, of such genius as did Mrs George. You see young madam perfectly

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understood the position that 'credit is money;' so on the strength of what little remained to her, she set about doubling her capital; not by any of those circuitous and conventional processes with which vulgar traders convert their ten-pound notes into twenty, but by a simple snip of her scissors, shewing her contempt for the argument that 'the whole is better than the part,' and proving that there are cases in which two halves are as good as two wholes. Of course, notwithstanding Letty's little notes, there were difficulties and disappointments; for although the landlord, with whom they stood well, answered the helm beautifully, and the publican was instantly obliging, the baker, a Baptist (though I don't know what that has to do with it), held a conference with his wife in the back-parlour, and found he hadn't so much in the house; and although at the dairy they cashed a half-note cheerfully, brightening at the sight of money in any shape, the fishmonger was rudely humorous, and said 'he would rather see a whole than a half-fiver from No. 3.' So the L.17, 10s. had grown up like a gourd, and was L.37, 10s. before night; and Letty had a couple of days or so until the posts were supposed to come in to cast about and raise the L.20 to redeem the pledged half-notes. And now, so far, all was accomplished. The man in possession took his departure; the dressing-case containing 'the pasteboards' was most carefully locked; and little Mrs George, worn out by fatigue, worry, and mental strain, took her panacea of tea, and creeping to bed, cried herself to sleep like a child.

VI.

The sun may have shone where it listed that day, cresting up-tide river ripples with gold—paving with gold the streets of great London town—touching steeple and chimney-shaft, and pediment and pillar, and turning all to gold, even like a bread hand of mystic benediction laid upon men's heads—but I doubt if it shone brighter to any one than to little Mrs Clements as she read a certain letter which arrived by the morning's post. It was not much of a letter to look at—rather blue, and limited as to paper—rather scrawly as to handwriting—not by any means trim as to the sealing and sending forth; but listen to what it said. 'SIR—Having the amount your advertisement refers to, and being ready to invest same, we shall be happy to treat with you, and shall be within from twelve till one to-morrow. We remain, sir, your obedient servants, BAGLEY & Co., 210 Lincoln's Inn Fields.'

To be sure, this was the only answer that had been received; but then it was quite sufficient in itself, and had come within a few hours of the advertisement's appearance, in a prompt business-like way that was in itself encouraging. You may be sure Letty was in time for her appointment, although not famous for punctuality; you may be sure she did her best to look well; and although she could not compass any effects by glimpses of trinketry, made up for it by the elaboration of her bonnet-strings, and nattiness of her gloves. You may be sure she kept coming to herself all the way along what she would say, and wondering what Bagley & Co. would be like. I have no doubt but that as those best little boots of hers, with such a light quick step, crossed the Inn, and flitted along the Fields, long-headed lawyers in wig and gown relaxed their brows in a passing glance; old solicitors—catacombs of family affairs—forgot for that little minute the destinies they carried red-taped within their hands; smart young office-clerks made headway to turn round and stare; even woeful clients, slowly pacing out the time till some hour or man should arrive, felt something like a pang of envy at the sight of those best little boots stepping it so jauntily through life.

People may talk of presentiments! I contend that things never turn out as one expects; if they did, existence would be deprived of half its interest. Here, now, was Mrs George building quite a legal castle as she went along, expecting to go into an office with many clerks—to wait, perchance, in a fine board-room, turkey-carpeted and leather-chaired—to go from thence into a luxurious tin-box sanctuary, and hold converse with Bagley himself—Bagley the lawyer, the capitalist, the man of means, of cheques, of bonds, of power to raise them from the slough of their miseries, and place them, by one wave of his magic pen, in the seventh heaven of freedom and repose. How was the reality? The air-built castle sunk down, down through every floor, until it could go no further, and steadied itself in the basement. Bagley & Co. were not lawyers, but civil-engineers, as the legend on the door set forth. There was no waiting or negotiation with clerks, but on the moment Co. opened unto her—Bagley himself being absent. I daresay, too, Co., on his part had looked for anything rather than the appearance of those elaborate bonnet-strings, that smart little muff, and those best little boots, framing themselves in the doorway, and representing 'A1, the commercial gentleman who wanted for specific purposes eight hundred pounds.'

Perhaps that was the reason he blinked so—why he stammered—why, presently coming at who she was, he should become so painfully polite, introducing her into the sanctuary of the firm with an excess of courtesy that broke out at every muscle in bend or grimace. If Letty's heart had sunk as she went out of the sunshine down those area-steps, and crossed the fireless, dingy passage, where one stool and a dusty desk did duty for clerk's office, it somewhat revived at the aspect of things in the principal's room. Not that it had not its own amount of dust and gloom, but that it had something of a tangible, professional air as well: there were tin boxes, there were maps of estates and railway plans upon the walls, and rolls of papers in the corners, and above all, there was a library-table, at which Co. seated himself opposite her, and proceeded to business. He was not pleasant to look at: not his sallow face, though it was wreathed in smiles, nor his twinkling grey eyes, nor his lank straight hair, nor his bent back, nor his dirty hands with the great diamond ring—not pleasant even his clothes, though unobtrusive black—nor his limp-white neckcloth, with the bow swung round under his ear, horribly suggestive of another style of cravat.

Then Mrs George made a great mental effort to get rid of the sense of the dust that seemed to have been stirred up by her entrance, and to have settled down in dense clouds upon her brain. She withdrew her gaze from the fascination which riveted it to the dusty samples of mines on the chimney-piece—to the dusty last year's almanac over them—above all, to the dreadful tumbler and bottle of water from which she kept wondering, speculatively, did any one ever drink—when it was filled last, and by whom—whether, if any one fainted in the office, they would awake to find that water at their lips—and the like. She roused herself to a sense of what was wanting of her however, and presently began to explain her circumstances.

And now, if Letty had feared any difficulty in this matter, it was entirely removed by the freedom, the candour, the gallantry of Co. Bless you! he understood the position of affairs in a twinkling—knew the Leadenhall dynasty—was perfectly aware of its standing—could quite comprehend a young gentleman not liking an old gentleman to know all about his little private matters—perfectly recognised the necessity for secrecy; and 'the confidence was sacred with him,' he added, all his muscles enforcing the assurance.

For Letty, you perceive, had become quite confidential; not that she had, of course, told anything like the truth about their circumstances, but with the old Principle whispering at her elbow, inferred largely of

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their means of resource, and with a quite charming playfulness alluded to the want of this money as the little embarrassment of an heir-apparent not yet come into possession of his empire. Confidence was met by confidence, and Co. told how he was the real head of the house, Bagley having retired on his fortune; how, making money rapidly in his profession, he liked to lay out little sums here and there; how he had a *rus in urbe*, and drove in and out every day; how he had not the happiness to be a married man, but had a sister to manage his establishment; in fact, he had a good deal of her money now lying idle, and wanted to invest it comfortably for her.

'You will excuse me, therefore,' said Co., 'if I treat the matter in a purely business light—in three words, interest, repayment, security.'

Letty had her lesson at her fingers-ends: 'Interest, 8 per cent.'

'No, no, Mrs Clements,' said the capitalist; 'we are not money-lenders. It is the uniform rule of our house never to take more than one rate of interest—6½; that's fair on both sides. You will excuse me, therefore, in saying we should prefer fixing it at that, as it would only disturb our accounts not to abide by the rule.'

Repayment? Well, by instalments, yearly, half-yearly, quarterly; any way. That was always the easiest part of the arrangement.

Security? Co. shrugged his shoulders in the most expressive, but perfectly polite way when Letty replied: 'My husband's personal security.'

'My dear young lady,' said he, 'gentlemen in our profession deal with tangibilities. Now, I have every confidence in your good gentleman's position; but still, just for form's sake, we must—I don't want to be hard, but, you know, we really must have some collateral security; say, his furniture, plate, eh?'

Now, on this point Letty was well up, as it had been mooted before, and she hastened to inform Co. that such effects could only be conveyed by bill of sale; that that must be registered, become public, and bring immediate ruin upon them. But he was still better up on the point, and assured her that by a new clause publicity was perfectly unnecessary; that no one should ever come at its knowledge; that the assignment should remain locked up at his banker's till the loan was repaid; and that, in fact, for his own sake, he would not parade such a transaction.

Letty pondered for a moment. Her gaze went back to the water-bottle, and she tried to think. It was no use writing to consult George; beside, the risk of delay was imminent, and the risk of exposure nothing. Better to clinch the affair at once, lest the investment might be drawn off to irrigate other thirsty channels.

So, painfully travelling back from the chimney-piece to the library-table, the affair was clinched by Co. arranging to bring on the evening following a young man, an auctioneer whom he knew, 'just for form's sake,' to look over the house before proceeding to draw out the bonds. 'To be sure, there would be his fee—one guinea, and the cab fare, which perhaps had better be arranged at once, as that was the usual course.' To be sure it was! and Mrs George, congratulating herself on the happy chance by which she had so much money, drew from her purse a sovereign and a half, and with exactly sixpence in her exchequer, presently emerged from the cavern into the sunshine of the upper world. Then, with a certain graver expression of sustaining care, more like the expression of most treaders of those pavements, the best little boots turned their toes homeward.

VII.

Whether our old friend, the Principle, pleasantly indolent after tea and shrimps, was taking it quietly with a soothing pipe, lying on a sofa in the snug fire-lit room, and listening to the evening waves running up over the shingle—whether it had looked in for once in a way at the terrace at Clapham, to suggest kindly its own aphorism, that young men would be young men, and that things would be sure to come right with George and his wife somehow—whether other young couples, setting up housekeeping in other villas, wanted a little looking after just to start them with—or whether it had become tired of running about with Mrs George on her erratic excursions lately, and so had dropped off for a little rest on its own account—I don't know, but certainly it did not company her as she stood at seven o'clock, on that evening following, waiting for her visitors. And yet everything wore quite a festive aspect of arrangement, such as had often witnessed its arrival the very first of the guests at the little parties of by-gone times. No; if her heart beat quickly now, and her hands grew cold, it was with no pleasant excitement of consciousness that her dress was becoming or her rooms well arranged. The fires might be well stacked up, red and glowing, in keeping and bed rooms—the gas might shine brilliantly upstairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber—the curtains might fall in good comfortable folds—all the best bound books and little ornaments be disposed with the best effect—the amber sherry might sparkle in the best decanter, and the seed-cake be cut up on the best china-plate, ready at a moment's ring to be brought in—there might be everything smiling and like a party about the house (lacking the smell of coffee), but it all somehow failed to convey hope to little Mrs George. However, hope or despair is, after all, often only a question of organ or muscle, so perhaps she had only overtired herself in her exertion of the day; for you must remember that the furniture and appointments had also served their apprenticeship to married life, and were by no means so new as they had been. Hence the necessity for judicious antimacassars, and for effective footstools and sofa-cushions planted in particular places; hence the need for generalship with the dining-room chairs—a bonnet and shawl reposing on one, a newspaper on the other, artlessly; hence the leaving about here and there in the bedroom bright articles of the toilet, at once to indicate abundance and to conceal wear and tear.

Well, it was all ready now—the last finishing-touch given, and nothing to do but sit in state listening to the cabs, and watching the clock, as she had done before on gala-nights; nothing for the maid to do but look about, and see her rosy face and white apron reflected in the bright tins and pewters all around the kitchen, for she too was on the *qui vive*, Letty having said to her, ingenuously, that morning: 'Mary, is not this the 24th? Then this is the day, you know, the agents come.' I said, nothing happens as one expects; so Co. and the auctioneer did not come in a cab. Co. we have seen before; all but another ring or so, and the auctioneer you may see any day—less the painfully bright evidence of having just cleaned himself—in and about Duke's Place, E. C. No, you could never have imagined that they had come on business. To have heard Letty talking in her lighthearted way while dispensing the courtesies of the cake and wine—to have seen Co. making himself so agreeable, with a smile that was always coming and never going—to have observed the auctioneer ignoring furniture, and endeavouring to establish good understandings with the parrot, who, with his head on one side, seemed to be lost in some remote region of philosophical contemplation—to have seen and heard all this, I say, you would never have imagined that they each had a very different subject of thought in common. Even that remarkable bird, although his real opinions were hard to come at, was, I am persuaded, no more thinking of what he pretended than the rest of the society. It was not easy to bring forward the ungenial subject of bills of sale and so much per cent., but at last Mrs George, tired of waiting, plunged *in medias res* into it, by asking if they

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would like to look over the house. Then arose a passage of courtesy between her insistance that they should do so, and Co.'s declining the offer, with the assurance that he had inquired into the position of everything just for form's sake, and found all so right, that there was no further necessity for investigation. Poor little woman! she need not have troubled herself so much about the dining-room chairs; they scarcely glanced at them delicately from the doorway; nor did the young auctioneer more than allude to his vocation in one twirl he gave a chair, and one dig he made into a feather-bed, and having so vindicated his official presence, relapsed into taciturnity, and returning to the drawing-room, retreated to the background of the evening's proceedings.

'Now,' quoth Co., purring and blinking twenty times more amiably in the radiance of the fire than he had done in the sunshine, 'in a few words, we will dispose of this little business. I consent to lend the money, L.800, on the proposed securities, at 6½ per cent.; to be repayable, with interest, by half-yearly instalments—January and July. I have given instructions to our solicitors to draw up the deeds; in a few days, they will be ready for signature.'

'Then Mr Clements must come to town?' said Letty, flushing up at standing face to face with the money.

'I think we can get over that,' says he. 'Pity he should leave the country till he is set up on his legs again; and with such an admirable chief-clerk to conduct his affairs, he can afford to give himself a holiday.'

Letty smiled her acknowledgments, and murmured something about being 'always fond of business.'

'We will send down some of our people just to witness his signature, and deliver up the needful, eh! Now we come to another little matter which may cause a few days' delay, but our lawyers insist on it for our safety. You see, my dear young lady, as this is mainly personal security, and as life is uncertain—not a doubt of it—we must really cover that risk with a policy of insurance.'

'What! on Mr Clements's life?' cried Letty, aghast as the vision of a hollow-eyed, knock-kneed, yellow spectre rose before her. But Co. had considered that, after an illness, there might be some difficulty in his passing the medical examination, so would meet it by accepting a policy on Mrs George's own life.

'And after all,' said he, confidentially, 'although it is not sharp practice, we shall be quite safe; for, put it that Mr C. left you a handsome young widow, you would be in a position to repay us from your share of his city interest, and *vice versâ*, eh?'

'Then I am to join in the bond?' said Letty shrewdly, feeling a necessity to say something, in her half-pleased, half-affronted excitement.

'Just so;' and here was the form of application to the office, which he produced. To-morrow was the board-day, and by catching the opportunity, a week would be saved. All that she would have to do would be to fill in the proposal, and to take it with her early in the morning; so, having written a heading, 'From Bagley & Co., Lincoln's Inn Fields,' the arrangement so far was complete. There was still one, however, before the capitalist took his departure, it was the reading and signing of a paper, consenting to receive the money: 'For,' said Co., 'you know you might change your mind, and then where should we be?' Letty read it glibly enough, till she came to the words, 'and do pay eight guineas on account of solicitor's fees.'

A mist came over her eyes, and her heart fluttered like a frightened bird within its cage. Eight guineas! She had not so many shillings, pshaw! pence, and to be so near getting the grand sum, given so liberally, and on the confidence of their good position. Through the mist, she saw one thing clearly enough—she must not hesitate, or all might be lost. She drew the inkstand to her, and with a dashing hand wrote quickly, 'Letitia Clements, for George Ross Clements.' The Rubicon was passed. No drawing back now—they must take the money. 'As for the eight guineas,' said Letty, trying to turn the quiver of her lips into a smile, 'I do not happen to have so much in the house, but I will send it to your office to-morrow. I will be quite sure not to forget it.'

'Not later than one, then, for Co. was going by the twenty past two train to his little farm in Herts, to rusticate for a day or two.' And so, with many courteous good-nights—only interrupted by an uncalled for malevolent dart from that hypocritical bird, and an undignified skip by the capitalist from before its perch—the visitors departed, and in their company the Principle, who had, after all, looked in upon the meeting for a spare half hour.

The great fires were by this time all hollow and black—the gas was hard and staring—the smell of the sherry was sickening. In the kitchen, Mary, tired out by waiting for the advent of the agents into her dominions, had fallen asleep with her apron over her head. Everything was dull and horrid. There was nothing for it but a good cup of tea, and to sit down to indite a letter to a friend—the friend of all others to whom she had always kept up a good face—a friend who was a real carriage-lady, and for whose parties Letty had always managed to struggle into a night's magnificence. To this planet, late as it was, she sent off a messenger with a note, playfully asking the loan of ten pounds until she could write to Mr Clements.

Playfully! It was gall and wormwood.

VIII.

All the reprimands of Mr Clements, senior, backed up by unanswerable arguments from Cocker—all the remonstrance of Mrs Clements, senior, enforced with a woman's anxiety to leave nothing unsaid upon the subject—all the covert reproaches of the Misses Clements, who had gathered from their parents' depression a general idea that their interests might come to be imperiled—all these upbraidings, added to something conscience had ever and anon to say upon the topic, would have weighed less than the fine dust upon the balance of George's consideration, compared with one glance, could he have caught it, at his wife's proceedings in pursuance of this loan negotiation.

I think the Principle would have been dumb for a long time after, and that the young man would have not only preferred to accept for his own future an honest crust, a threadbare coat, and a clouted shoe, but that he would have seen it to be equally a sacred duty to guard the wife of his bosom from temptation, as from any other cruel danger from which he must shield her. Were she weak, it became him to be strong. For the sake of his own honour, and in virtue of his tender love for her, he must for ever hereafter not only practise self-denial, but, ten thousand times greater struggle, demand it—to stern insistance, if need be.

Could he but have seen her during that unquiet time going in and out at unseemly hours, and going to and fro upon unseemly errands—could he but have known the humiliations that jostled her throughout the day, and the anxieties that fretted at her eyelids throughout the night—could he but have heard the coarse pleasantries and insolent advances in which she had smilingly to acquiesce—above all, could he have marked how the fine sense of right and wrong, on which his heart had reposed with such a proud faith, was becoming dulled and warped, subtly encroached upon by the atmosphere around her, and losing imperceptibly the self-respect of its womanly, modest, simple nature—could he but have seen all this, he would have realised some harder truths than had yet been set before him on the generalities of inconsideration, weakness, extravagance, debt, crime.

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As for Letty herself, she was far too much immersed in the business to think of any moral considerations whatever; all she wanted was to get the money. Perhaps she had a dim, vague hope that that once accomplished, there would come halcyon days, when they would live on so much a week, burn the tradesmen's red-covered books, pay for every joint and loaf before it crossed the threshold, and tot up every night the expenditure of the day; but at present this was a flowery land with which they had nothing to do. In the meantime, there was no good in making changes; there was but one question in their world—the laying hands on the money speedily; and, to do her justice, she neglected no one thing to accomplish the end—not alone as regards Bagley & Co., by going and writing on every excuse to hasten them, but in her house working away at the inventory for the bill of sale, and at the office effecting the policy of assurance, which now seemed all that stood between her and the completion of her hopes.

Why Co. should have selected the Briareus for the favour of this insurance, I don't know—I suppose he did—I only know that its portico and plate-glass were imposing—that its indefatigable secretary was repeatedly being presented by grateful shareholders with well-advertised testimonials—that its tables benevolently provided for every emergence of life on a Principle of its own—and that George's consent having been obtained in writing, all *en règle*, Letty underwent the usual chest-tapping and cross-questioning at the instance of the members of the faculty attached to the interests of the Briareus.

Nor do I know why—as she was but twenty-six years of age, brisk and buxom, without gout, or asthma, or consumptions, or intemperances—she should have received at the week's end an answer from the office, accepting her proposal, it is true, but at a highly increased rate of premium, the life not being considered as first-class. I wonder if they knew what the insurance was effected for? I wonder if this was the first business Bagley & Co. had put into the outstretched hundred hands? At anyrate, objection was useless; and Letty, although considerably disheartened in a personal point of view, went over it with the Principle, and found that a few pounds more or less would not make much difference of deduction from the sum-total; so, with one exhaustive climax of desperate, final efforts, raised the premium, and became at once an object of deep interest in the Briareus's hundred eyes.

Weariest day must have its ending, and longest night its dawn; and little Mrs George, as she received at last the draft of the deed from Bagley & Co., felt that all her troubles were now indeed coming to their close, and that presently her tempest-tossed bark would round the point where the confluence of waters raged, and float quietly in the smooth inner basin of the friendly harbour. That this is, however, precisely the moment at which keenest eye and steadiest hand are needed, Letty had yet to learn, with all her vast knowledge; had yet to learn that one may be compelled to beat about outside, in cold and darkness, and see the happy lights of the town shining up the cliff—to bout ship, and face the wild night and angry sea, with friendly voices still within hail to welcome our return. She had to learn it, and so she did, in a very efficient way too, as she perused the document. I think if Mr Clements, senior, had been reading it through those awful spectacles over her shoulder, that her tempest-tossed bark would really have plunged across the bar, and presently floated serenely on the still dark waters of the Probate Court, Doctors' Commons. I think, when he read set forth at every line, 'Clements & Co., said borrowers,' 'Clements & Co., said sureties,' that he would have taken one retrospective glance at the dynasty, and seeing it come hopelessly to an end, would have gone off to join the dead and gone respectabilities—that, in a word, although not of apoplectic habit, he would then and there have fallen down prone, to sleep with his fathers, and George, his son, would have reigned in his stead. Small wonder that the old gentleman would have experienced such a shock, when Letty herself, who had set all the business going, and might be supposed to know every twist of it, was lost in a mist of conjectural astonishment. Why, she had never said a word about the firm, except as regarded their great wealth, and the necessity of concealing George's little embarrassment from them. Had not the burden of her song from the beginning been 'caution, caution!' lest it should come to the ears of those rigid precisians? Had she not confided to Co. that her husband's prospects might be imperiled, did his father imagine it possible he could commit an extravagance? Of course, she had said all this, and a vast deal more to the same purpose; had said it so plainly and positively, that her heart misgave her this could scarcely be a mistake. Her heart misgave her so much, that, instead of going off to the Fields to reproach Co. with the blunder, she obeyed its instincts, and putting on her boots, started without loss of time to consult a friendly lawyer who had occasionally done a bill for George.

'And it does not seem to me that Mr Clements could sign this,' said Letty, winding up her story with the production of the deed, secretly hoping to be contradicted, and awaiting the reply with much the same quickened pulsation and nerve-tension with which she had before awaited the summing-up of other cunning men in that other crisis of George's worldly affairs. Just as she had then watched their firm fingers at the feeble wrist, and their keen eyes measuring, by the solemn lengthening of the shadows, how close to the horizon the departing light trembled—just as she had stood so many times, pale and cold, in the pause before they delivered their verdict, and read in their faces whether it was to be life or death—so now, only in lesser degree, she waited for the lawyer's opinion.

'Well, he certainly could sign it if he liked,' said the lawyer, scanning the pages; 'it would only render him liable to transportation. Bagley & Co., Bagley & Co.—stay! did you say architectural drawings?'

'Yes,' said Letty.

'Not a little man dressed in black, with a limp-white neckcloth, and the bow under his ear.'

'O yes,' said Letty.

'Confound the scoundrel!' said the lawyer. 'Why, my dear good lady, how could you have been such an idiot—a sensible woman of your age! I should have expected my little girl at home to know better.'

Shall I go on, and tell you of what he said and she said—of what was done, and what was left undone, in the final passages of the exigencies of the Clements? No; it would be but wearisome trying back over beaten ground, for here they virtually end, incorporated with this crowning disappointment of foolish expectancy—end, in so far as anything once set agoing ever ends in its relations and influences through all time. But Bagley & Co. had certainly this much to do with the chain of causes and results, that, as the sneeze precipitates the avalanche, so by their means the climax culminated into crisis. Whose sternutation dislodged the trembling mass, and sent it thundering from the verge, I don't think Old Clements ever knew. He presently saw quite enough in those accounts rendered, bills delivered, acceptances dishonoured, renewed, and the like, to make any amount of crisis intelligible—saw quite enough to make up his mind that George was utterly, hopelessly, a ruined man, and George's wife utterly, hopelessly, a ruinous woman. (Mind, this is what he thought.) He saw so much that he had a vision through those prophetic glasses of a time when George would be master in the

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Leadenhall counting-house, and could make ducks and drakes of the interests of those prudent, thrifty ladies at Clapham. Never through his long life had he recognised so clearly the force of his Principle's precept, that he who lives below his income, is rich—he who lives up to it, is poor—he who lives beyond it, is a rogue. It was a painful decision, but Leadenhall Brutus took it—George must be cut off from the power of doing any future mischief.

That was how the firm of Clements & Co., after a standing of one hundred and thirteen years, came to be dissolved—that was how the firm of Clements and M'Gregor came to be constructed—that was how Old Clements's hair turned from iron-gray to snow-white, and his back took such a stoop in a few weeks, as he recommenced his old hard work of those by-gone days, when George was but a little rosy child at home, standing on a chair at the parlour-window watching his return.

Above all, that was how George Clements received his portion in his father's lifetime—how, when his debts came to be paid out of it, he found they took more than L.800—and how the strip of carpet, hanging out of window at the Bayswater villa, announced that the shrine of the household gods had been rudely shattered, and that presently would be placarded a notice that 'this House, suitable to a newly-married Couple,' was to let.

THE NOSS IN SHETLAND.

Some years ago, I had occasion to visit the Shetland Islands. My knowledge of that region extended only to its position on the map, and I could only associate its name with those dishevelled little barbarians, its ponies, which come southward in troops to experience for the first time the civilising influence of bit and bridle.

Starting one bright summer morning from Granton, we soon cleared the Firth, and steamed due north. A moonlight glimpse of the Granite City, a stormy night, and a head-wind in the turbulent Moray Firth, a calm evening in the fatal Bay of Wick, then smooth as an inland lake, bound with low, black, barren shores, are the only distinct impressions of the voyage remaining, until, on the second morning after our departure, we steamed into the Bay of Kirkwall, the chief town of the Orkneys. On arriving at the Orkney shores, I was struck with the utter absence of tree or shrub—the dull brown colour of the land, clothed with heath to the water's edge, and a 'gloom which saddens heaven and earth,' as Tennyson, probably exasperated by the climate, wrote of the fairest Scottish cities. After an hour's ramble through Kirkwall, whose narrow streets and strange old-fashioned houses carried my fancy back hundreds of years, to the time when the shattered fleet of the Norwegian king, Haco, found refuge in the bay, returning from the defeat of Largs; and having explored St Magnus's Cathedral, we returned to the vessel, and threading our way through a narrow channel, steered north on the open sea.

We were now cleaving the 'long wave that at the pole began,' and it was with some awe that I looked out on that vast ocean that circles the icy mystery of the pole. Here the whale is no unfrequent traveller. Troops of small whales enter the bays of Orkney in the autumn, and form a rich prize to the inhabitants. When they are discerned, all the boats in the neighbourhood sally out, and forming a line to seaward of the flock, drive it with shouts towards the shore. The frightened animals hurry blindly forward, and are stranded on the beach. If, however, one should turn, and break through the line of boats, the rest follow, and not one whale is then obtained. Occasionally, a large Greenland whale, which has broken from the harpoons, is thrown up dead on the coast; and I saw while there, at a later date, a beautiful specimen of the grampus finner, which had driven its long sharp snout with terrible force between two rocks, and wedged itself so firmly that it could not again get free. Frequently, too, the swift mass rushes dangerously near the boats of the fishermen, so abundant on those seas. I was told for a truth, that while one boat's crew were about to hoist sail, and for this purpose were raising the solitary mast, a powerful whale ran his snout right through the timbers of the boat, and carried it away, leaving the men clinging to the mast, from which they were, however, soon picked up.

In the evening, we passed Sumburgh Head, and as I looked up to that tremendous cliff, looming through the gathering darkness, I half expected to see the wild form of Norna apostrophising the spirit of the storm. It was late and dark before we glided into the deep smooth waters of Bressay Sound, on which the pretty little town of Lerwick is situated. Fifty little canoe-shaped boats surrounded the steamer the moment she stopped, the occupants of which, with short broad oars, swayed and poised their little vessels like birds on the wing. There was wrangling, cursing, and confusion enough before we got on shore, for the boatmen fought for their fares with as much vigour and pertinacity as Dublin porters.

Next morning, the sun broke gloriously over the islands, and I started for the Noss, an island which every traveller to Shetland visits. I was rowed over Bressay Sound by a fisherman who had performed the same office for Sir Walter Scott when he visited these islands, and, to parody Washington Irving, I felt it was something to be ferried over by the man who conveyed the Great Wizard. Another ferry, over which I was rowed by a hardy Shetland lassie, brought me to the Noss. I say hardy, for after having launched the shallop, my gallantry made me assume the oars; she, however, would only give me one, which I soon found more than enough; for though neither deficient in strength nor skill, I had soon to resign it ignominiously, having allowed the boat's head to be turned through ninety degrees from the original direction.

The Noss is an island which rises gently on one side to a perpendicular precipice upon the other. Conceive a mountain rising from the sea to the height of a thousand feet, the diameter of whose base is two miles, then remembering the wizard arm that in one night cleft the Eildon Hills in three, imagine it, with one stroke of its enchanted blade, to have divided this mountain-island in two, and carried off one half. There rises a perpendicular wall, facing the polar ocean; at its base, there is continual commotion; but when a strong wind rolls the heavy ocean waves against it, the whole island vibrates with the thunder of the shock. Far up the cliff, above the reach of the spray hurled from the broken seas, innumerable sea-birds sit or hover about in flocks. When the sea is calm, the noise they make is deafening. To a listener above them, their cries are blended into a sort of chorus; though a chorus of myriads of gulls, auks, and cormorants, is a Babel of birds. Every minute, a troop detaches itself from the countless flock, and takes its flight southward; and one immediately concludes that this is the court, camp, or head-quarters of all those white squadrons that cover the newly-ploughed fields.

While climbing up the grassy slope to the summit, I was amused and molested by the behaviour of a bird called the skew-gull. Twice I had heard something whiz past my head, and was half inclined to attribute it to some 'delicate Ariel' 'doing his spiriting' in the island; on looking up, however, I saw a bird poising itself in the air a little in front of me. The next instant, it descended like a javelin, and I ducked as quickly as a raw cornet to his first cannon-ball. In this manner the bird succeeds in engaging the attention, while the nest where its young lie is passed unobserved. From the summit of the cliff, the panorama was splendid. Stretching far to the north, the

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purple islands lay like a herd of great sea-monsters lifting their huge backs from the deep. In front of me spread a semicircle of ocean, which, from our lofty position, wore a vivid silvery lustre. I remembered the line of Tennyson, and found it true:

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

But a feeling of sadness entered my mind as I thought of the many bold islanders that lie deep beneath those shining waters. To win the 'bairnies' bread,' Shetland fishermen, in boats one would hesitate to navigate the Thames in, will venture fifty or sixty miles from shore, 'sinking' the highest peaks of the land; then, should a storm arise, many a family is made fatherless in one night—many a mother's hope, many a wife's love darkened for ever. All who visit the Noss, go also to see a remarkable rock which rises to the same height as the cliff, near its highest part, with a space of twenty or thirty feet between them at the widest. Its surface contains about a hundred square yards, and is covered with luxuriant grass. It is placed in connection with the Noss by ropes, on which a cradle slides, and which are fastened to stakes at each end. It is impossible to conceive how the stakes were first fastened on the rock—at least, it was impossible to me, with my limited ideas of locomotion. I could not have climbed six yards up that broad pillar for all the wealth in Britain; but a climber from Foula accomplished the perilous ascent, and drove in the stakes and fastened the ropes. When he attempted to descend, he found the task more difficult, for he was precipitated to the bottom, and killed. The object for which the communication was made, was to allow the passage of a few sheep across, to feed on the pasture which clothes the summit of the rock.

I left this scene with an impression that has never been effaced. It had a beauty of its own in its desolation, its ruggedness, and its loneliness. I saw that fitness of part with part which nature everywhere displays. On the luxuriant shores of Italy rolls a tideless sea, but these tremendous precipices have to face the fury of storms unopposed, and waves unbroken, from many thousand miles.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

It is no wonder that genuine biography should be the most favourite form of literature, for whether its subject be high or humble, it must always present many features similar to those in the life of him who reads it, since successes and struggles, happiness and sorrow, and love and loss are common to us all. Good biographies generally possess an interest beyond their immediate subjects, in curious details concerning the friends or relatives of the person of whom they treat, which would otherwise be lost to the world, for a single incident or so often happens to a man worth the telling, the record of whose whole life would be unprofitable and wearisome in the extreme.

What, for instance, can be more striking than the following circumstance related in the life of the late Sir Martin Archer Shee by his son and biographer—not of the knight himself, but of his father? Although this gentleman was under medical treatment, in consequence of what appeared to be an ordinary inflammation of the eyes, his sight had not been visibly impaired. On a certain day, 'he had read the newspaper, had attended to his usual avocations, and was well enough to receive some intimate friends at dinner. While he sat at the head of his table, engaged in cheerful conversation with his guests, all around him became suddenly dark; the external world had vanished from his eyes instantaneously, and for ever! His friends, surprised to see him abruptly start up from his chair, and leave the room with uncertain steps, remained for some minutes in perplexity as to the cause of his departure. At length, alarmed by the delay, one of the company ventured upstairs to inquire after him, and on entering the drawing-room, discovered his unfortunate host on his knees, audibly engaged in fervent prayer, and expressing his Christian resignation to the Divine Will, under the infliction of so severe a chastisement for the sins of his past life.'

How many terrible tragedies such as this must be taking place every day in families wherein no member is sufficiently distinguished to have a biography, and of which, therefore, the world never hears! Even before the above awful calamity befell Mr Shee, at that time a merchant in Dublin, he had what his grandson euphemistically describes as 'an inaptitude for living within his income,' which of course this misfortune aggravated. Nevertheless, this poor blind gentleman did woo and win a fair young wife, by whom he had four children, whereof the youngest was Martin, the future President of the Royal Academy, and the subject of the memoir before us.* At fourteen years of age, young Martin found himself an orphan, and almost penniless, with that oyster, the world, before him to be opened as he best could by help of a drawing-pencil. He had been already placed at an academy in connection with the Royal Dublin Society, where such was his proficiency as a draughtsman, that not only did he obtain the ordinary silver medals offered for the competition of the students, but a miniature silver palette from the mother Society itself. The house in which he now resided was the house of his mother's sister, kind Mrs Dillon, whose extreme fondness for him was, singularly enough, the eventual cause of his leaving it.

'The room which he occupied at night adjoined the bedchamber of Mr and Mrs Dillon, the two apartments being divided by a thin partition-wall, through which a voice raised somewhat above the ordinary pitch of conversation was inconveniently audible in the next room. One night, long after Martin had retired to rest, he was aroused from his slumbers by the sound of unusually loud talking in the adjoining apartment; and as the voice of Mr Dillon, in rather excited tones, reached his ear, he was startled by the frequent recurrence of his own name, in such a manner as to leave no room for doubt that he was in some way connected with the subject of what appeared to be a very animated and not perfectly amicable discussion. Surprised and bewildered, he raised himself in bed, and listened in breathless anxiety for the confirmation of his half-dreamy impressions. He had not long to wait. As the conversation continued, it became clearly apparent that his aunt was encountering some rather petulant remonstrances on the score of her excessive partiality for himself. Faint and sick at heart at a discovery that made him keenly sensible of his forlorn position, he felt not a moment's hesitation as to the course he should adopt. Without waiting for the approach of daylight, he rose and dressed himself as noiselessly as he could; and before any of the household were stirring, he quietly stole down stairs and left the house, with a firm resolution never to re-enter it as an inmate.'

Young as he was, he maintained this gallant resolution. He applied at once for employment to a friendly tradesman, who, although little accustomed to patronise the professors of the fine arts, had luckily a job in hand which was, if not absolutely portrait-painting, at least connected with the young gentleman's chosen pursuit. This was the restoration of the figures on the dial-plate of an old-fashioned time-piece; and the first money earned by the exercise of a pencil destined to raise the artist to the highest station within his ambition, was the sum of ten shillings and sixpence for that piece of clock-work.

Although the Dillons could not persuade the lad to return to their roof, they prevailed on him to accept

* *The Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee.* By his Son, Martin Archer Shee, Barrister-at-law. Longman.

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pecuniary assistance, by which he was provided with suitable apartments in Dublin, and a studio wherein he could receive sitters.

Mental and social qualities far beyond his years soon rendered him popular in his new position, and before he had completed his seventeenth year, he was in full occupation and growing fame among the highest classes of the Irish metropolis, although his exceeding precocity was of course the cause of no little wonder.

Another extraneous advantage of biography, besides that already alluded to, is that of portraying to present generations the habits of those which have preceded them, incidentally and naturally, without that disconnected dulness which characterises works professedly upon costumes and customs. We are brought back to the days of 'voluminous neckcloths, lace ruffles, gaily lined skirts, and *aile-de-pigeon* curls' with a vengeance, when we learn that an hour and a half every morning with the hair-dresser among curling-irons, hair-pins, pomatum, and maréchal powder, was demanded of this unhappy youth, before inexorable Fashion (1787) would permit him to be visible to the world. He had seen it stated, however, in some of the writings of Lord Chesterfield, that that 'May Fair clothes-horse' had employed his hours of hair-dressing in the perusal of the English poets, and it occurred to the youthful student that he might profitably follow the example. He therefore read Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and even Byron, under the hands of the *coiffeur*, marrying to their immortal verse the dulcet music of the brush and comb, and the cymbal-clash of the barber's scissors. It was at this early age that Mr Shee, in accordance with the then universal custom of his country, was called upon to inaugurate his adolescence by fighting a duel. The conflict itself was averted by an apology from his opponent, but not before the usual preliminaries had been gone through which preceded an affair of honour. The practice of simultaneous firing was by no means so common in those days as it afterwards became, and "an exchange of shots" often implied the necessity of each of the belligerent parties standing quietly to be shot at in his turn. It was in reference to this common contingency, that the position and attitude of the duellist, while enacting target, became a matter of serious and legitimate consideration. On the occasion in question, Mr Shee's friendly and skilful professor "put him up," as the phrase went, by way of rehearsal, and instructed him to stand, edgeways, with his right side towards his antagonist, guarding his head with his pistol held perpendicularly close to his face, and protecting his right side with the left hand, brought round and placed on the right hip, close to the elbow of the pistol-arm. This edifying private drill was accompanied by the consolatory assurance, that if these instructions were strictly adhered to, there would not be more than six inches square of the surface exposed to the hostile bullet in which a mortal wound could be inflicted.'

At nineteen, Mr Shee removed to London, consuming in a June voyage across the Channel two nights and a day, and on his road from Liverpool to the metropolis, two nights and three days. Here, though success was fated to be at last more brilliant than in Dublin, it was far slower of approach. After five years of strict application to his art, and of a self-denial in all personal indulgences most unusual in a youth, we read, that 'he rarely if ever *dined*, except when enjoying the hospitality of his friends. His daily practice was to walk, after his labours in the painting-room were over, from Craven Street to St Paul's Churchyard, and back again; this expedition occupying about the time which a man might be reasonably supposed to devote to the business of a solitary dinner, at a tavern or eating-house, within some moderate distance of his lodgings. On his return, he of course lost no time in calling for *tea;* and it is highly probable that the inordinate consumption of bread-and-butter with which he accompanied his liberal potations of that cheering and soothing beverage, betrayed the secret of his abstemiousness, which his daily pilgrimage to St Paul's was expressly devised to conceal, as a humiliating fact, from the notice of his landlady and her household.'

How little do those who are acquainted with the followers of Literature and the Fine Arts only in the after-time of success, guess what a struggle it has cost them to achieve it; and how lightly do they estimate the pains it has taken to execute those works that appear to have been dashed off in a moment of inspiration, with a heart as free as the brush with which the colours were laid on! How many, alas! sit waiting at the gates of Fame from morn to eve, and see them open only for the admission of others, and hear the trumpets blow only for the triumphs of their rivals. Poor Shee's four pictures are 'accepted,' indeed, at Somerset House (which is not the case with many another young toiler), but when, full of confident hope, he goes to see how they are hung, he finds them nowhere—not even in the catalogue; they are 'excluded for want of room;' and Lawrence, meanwhile, his contemporary, if not his junior, is in his fifth year of exhibition, and is raising his price of 'heads'—which is already ten guineas. Nevertheless, there is little despondency about our young Irishman, and absolutely no envy. He always writes of his more successful brother in art with cordial admiration, and, indeed, in all matters, exhibits a generous frankness which gains him many friends. Everybody likes the well-mannered modest youth, although they have but seen him or sat in his company. During his first season of study at the Life Academy, he observed with surprise that, although punctual enough in his attendance, his drawing-board and materials were always set ready for him in his place before his arrival. Having inquired of his neighbour as to which of his fellow-pupils he was indebted for this obliging attention, he is told, 'It is young Porter'—a very intelligent lad of about twelve or thirteen, whose childlike appearance, among a number of artists who had mostly arrived at man's estate, had already attracted his curiosity. This clever, affectionate lad insists upon introducing his new crony to his mother and two sisters, then in the first bloom of youth, and possessed of great personal beauty. '"Never," used Sir Martin to say in after-years, speaking of the younger, "did I see any living face, the outline and expression of which bore so strong a resemblance to the Venus de Medici." From that quiet and sociable evening dated a friendship with that amiable and afterwards highly distinguished family, which terminated only with the life of its last survivor. The youngest of these fair and gifted sisters was the future authoress of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, Jane Porter; the elder, her equally eminent sister, Anna Maria Porter. The youthful artist, their brother, was destined to attain great and varied distinction in the course of an honourable and adventurous career, as a painter, an author, a soldier, and a diplomatist, under the well-known name of Sir Robert Ker Porter.'

Mr Shee now rapidly makes the acquaintance of most persons celebrated in art and literature at the close of the last century or the beginning of the present, whereby this part of the biography is rendered especially interesting. Among less famous persons incidentally mentioned in the manner to which we adverted at the commencement of this notice, he becomes intimate with a certain Mr A——, ostensibly a wine-merchant, but in reality a money-lender to the Prince Regent, and keeper of a gambling-house, whose magnificent hospitality is only a blind for the more effective pursuit of his victims. As a curious illustration of what the king's highway was like, even in the suburbs of the metropolis, in 1795, we may mention, too, his acquaintance with Mr (afterwards Sir William) Addington, chief magistrate of police in London. 'One morning, while Mr Addington was "enthroned"

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in the "great chair," and Mr Shee was busy with his pencil, the servant entered and informed the sitter that a person, whose name he mentioned, was in the outer room, and wished to see Mr Addington immediately, on important business. The magistrate, evidently somewhat excited by the announcement, asked leave of Mr Shee to have the visitor ushered into the painting-room; observing, that it was one of his officers who came to him by appointment, and who had a communication to make to him, which need not interrupt the sitting. The request being of course granted, the functionary in question was at once admitted, and, anticipating the magistrate's eager inquiry, exclaimed in a tone of great exultation, and rubbing his hands: "I have done it, sir!—shot him—shot him dead!—at four o'clock this morning".—an announcement which was received by his chief with an exclamation of delight, and every appearance of the most lively satisfaction. After this little outburst of official hilarity, Mr Addington, turning to Mr Shee, who had witnessed the scene with some amazement, informed him that the individual who had been so summarily disposed of by the triumphant police constable, was a certain notorious highwayman, whose depredations the magistrate had set his heart on effectually stopping, and whom he had recently taken measures to secure, dead or alive. It appeared that the unfortunate knight of the road had been, for several months past, infesting the localities of Wimbledon Common and Hounslow Heath, and levying abundant contributions upon sundry of his majesty's lieges, who were adventurous enough to indulge in the dangerous practice of travelling post after nightfall. For a long time, the police authorities had been on his track; but he had succeeded in eluding their vigilance. At length it was resolved to resort to stratagem for the purpose of securing him; and with the sanction of his chief, the intelligent official had, on the previous night—accompanied by another Bow-street officer of approved skill and nerve like himself, armed to the teeth—driven out in a post-chaise and four to the scene of the highwayman's most frequent exploits. After traversing in all directions the district which seemed most likely to attract his watchful attention, they were at length so fortunate as to fall in with him, while proceeding at a rapid pace across Wimbledon Common. Deceived by the style of the equipage, which he, no doubt, supposed to be conveying some traveller of importance, supplied with a well-filled purse, he boldly rode up to the carriage, as it approached, and called to the postilions to stop. As previously instructed, they promptly obeyed the peremptory order; and the robber presenting himself, pistol in hand, at the carriage window, encountered the muzzle of another pistol, pointed at his breast, and the next instant fell dead from his horse.'

The celebrated Dean Kirwan, also, although, to use the characteristic language of the Irish newspaper which chronicled the event, he had 'renounced the errors of the Church of Rome to embrace those of the Church of England,' was a friend of Mr Shee's, himself a Catholic. This reverend gentleman, while in the zenith of his fame as a Protestant preacher, was one day walking in Dublin, 'when an old apple-woman, with a basket on her head, who was advancing towards him in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped right in front of him, and staring at him full in the face, while she stood with arms akimbo before him, so as to obstruct his direct progress, exclaimed, with a strong brogue, and in a tone of much compassion: "Och, thin, it 's a great pity!" "What is a pity, my good woman?" asked the dean, rather amused at the exclamation. "Sure it 's a mighty great pity, jew'l!" reiterated the mysterious *fruitière*. "What do you mean?" again inquired Dr Kirwan. "What is a pity, I say?" The woman looked at him steadfastly for a few seconds, and then slowly replied: "That you 'll be d——d, and *you know you 'll be d——d!*" and so saying, she stepped aside, and passed on.'

The struggles of our painter's life are at this point well-nigh over, and he becomes, as must needs happen in the best of biographies, prosperous, but proportionably uninteresting. A series of pictorial successes, not marked by any very well-known performance, places him at last upon the summit of his profession, and in the presidential chair of the Royal Academy, where he is fêted, flattered, D.C.L.'d, knighted, and all the rest of it.

That he was by no means so great a painter as Sir Thomas Lawrence, whom he succeeded in that dignity, or as Wilkie, whom he defeated in the struggle for that honour, is beyond dispute. Sir Martin Shee, however, possessed great talents, and seems to have used them well. That his success was attributable to his geniality as well as to his genius, to his social popularity as well as to his pre-eminence as a painter, is by no means to his discredit. We wish in vain that such men were less uncommon. A few weeks previous to his own decease, in his eightieth year, and reduced to extreme bodily weakness, he replies to a question concerning his own health, 'What does it matter how *I* am?'—referring to the frightful accident that had just befallen his kind friend and patron Sir Robert Peel, who was then lying at the point of death.

The blemishes of these volumes are but two: long-windedness—which ought, perhaps, to be set down to the fact of their editor being a chancery barrister—and an admiration for the days of the Regency, for which we can see no excuse whatever. But despite these little drawbacks, the biography of Sir Martin Archer Shee is very pleasant reading.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE weather has kept the Meteorological Society on the alert by maintaining its exceptional character: snow in April has been followed by snow and hurricanes in May, and by chills, glooms, and gales in June; while along the north-eastern coast, and in the North Sea, has been heard the wail over many a disastrous shipwreck. Admiral Fitz Roy has repeated his warning, and his advice concerning observation of the barometer, shewing that the gale of May 28 was foretold by a large fall of the mercury. In few words, his advice would be—Keep your eye on the barometer; whenever a fall of an inch takes place, within twelve hours look out for a gale; telegraph the warning from the south-western to the eastern counties, where, owing to local circumstances, the fall of the mercury is not so great or sudden as in the west, and fishermen and mariners between the Thames and the Tyne will then be able to prepare for their blustrous foe. It is much to be desired that this precept could be systematically carried into effect by telegraph; and seeing that most of our gales are cyclones which do foretell their approach, there needs but the supplementary aid of art to avert much disastrous effect of their visitations.

As July approaches, astronomers become more excited about the coming eclipse, and are completing their preparations for the voyage to Spain. So large is the number who intend to go as observers, and so bulky their collected parcels of apparatus, that to facilitate operations, the Admiralty has been asked to equip two steamers to convey the scientific party to Bilbao or Santander. From the far north of Europe—from Pulkowa, from Berlin, from Munich, from Paris—the star-watchers will travel, earnest in the cause of science, to the Peninsula. Professor Airy, our astronomer-royal, will go accompanied by Otto Struve, the Russian astronomer, and take up a station at Reynosa, where the two will devote themselves to exclusive observation of the red protuberances

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which appear during an eclipse. Opinion is not yet unanimous as to the nature and situation of these protuberances; some observers think they belong to the sun, some to the moon, others, among whom is Lamont of Munich, that they are nothing more than clouds in our own atmosphere. Mr Carrington and his staff will have their quarters at Santander, and devote themselves to photography of the phenomena from first to last, in which they will use the large telescope employed at Kew to photograph the sun-spots. Another class of phenomena will be noted by the French, another by the Germans, another by the Spanish staff in the observatory at Madrid; and as a somewhat similar division of labour is to be made by the astronomers of the United States, we may hope that the results, when combined, will enlarge and rectify our knowledge of an eclipse of the sun.

The British Association are holding their thirtieth session at Oxford, under the presidency of Lord Wrottesley, and erelong we shall know what progress has been made by chemistry, geology, physics, and the whole circle of the sciences within the past twelvemonth. We hear that many important questions will be brought forward for discussion. The Royal Institution have finished off their session with sundry good lectures: On Science in the Battle-field, by Mr Abel of Woolwich; On the Decay and Preservation of Building-stone, by Professor Ansted, who, after examining the causes of decay, reviews the processes recently invented for preservation, and pronounces Ransome's to be the best. In this the stone is washed with a solution of silicate of soda, and afterwards with a solution of chloride of calcium; a chemical action follows, that takes away the common salt, and leaves only silicate of lime, which being hard, non-absorbent, and firmly adherent, hardens the stone to which it is applied, and renders it also non-absorbent. Another lecture was by Dr Tyndall, On the Glaciers of the Alps; and any one desirous to know what can be said on that interesting subject, will do well to read the book since published by the lecturer. Mr Faraday delivered the concluding lecture of the course on Weaving by Electricity, and exhibited Bonelli's machine by way of illustration. Signor Bonelli is now at Manchester, demonstrating to the keen manufacturers of that enterprising town that the electricity is available in a power-loom. Figured cottons woven in colours are exported in prodigious quantities to China, and it is these which the ingenious Sardinian proposes to weave by his machine instead of by the present Jacquard process. The fact that his seemingly complicated apparatus is available when associated with the rapid vibrations of a shuttle thrown by steam, is good evidence in its favour.

Mr Darwin's book is still a subject of criticism among men of learning and science. Naturalists, geologists, and grave university professors of various departments of knowledge, have had something to say concerning the *Origin of Species;* and the majority of opinions is, that while the author states his case with the ability and calmness of a philosopher, he draws conclusions therefrom not justified by the argument. Some foreign savans appear to have come to the same conclusion. Pictet of Geneva, in closing an elaborate review, says of the book: 'Perusal will be of real utility to all naturalists, especially if, while following the author in his seductive argumentation, they know how to stop in time, and not to allow themselves to be led away to deduce with him, from the certitude of slight variations, the dangerous doctrine, that unlimited modifications can be the work of accumulation of centuries.'

Besides this, Pictet examines that deeply interesting question which, within the past few months, has so much engaged the attention of geologists—the glimpses afforded by the discovery of flint implements of the remote epoch when man first appeared upon the earth. The more the question is studied by the lights newly accrued to science, the further does the epoch recede into the past. A paper read at a recent meeting of the Geological Society, assigns a period of fifty thousand years—we merely mention the matter, leaving the responsibility to the author—while Pictet suggests that the existence of man upon the earth, at a period earlier than is commonly supposed, may be assumed from the extinction of some species of animals. If the elk, the bear, hyena, and mammoth were destroyed by flood or change of climate, why were not certain smaller species which still survive destroyed at the same time? The hypothetical reply is, that the extinction of the large animals was accelerated and brought about by their being continually attacked and slaughtered by primeval tribes, who used the stone axes which we now find imbedded deep down in drifts of gravel. The subject is one that admits of abundant discussion. —Professor Ansted has given a lecture On the Antiquity of the Human Race; Professor Phillips has gone down to Cambridge to lecture on the Origin of Life; and erelong a further report is to be published on the ancient bones and implements recently discovered in the cave at Brixham.

At the anniversary meeting of the Geographical Society, a demonstration was made in favour of Arctic research and adventure, by the presentation of a gold medal to Lady Franklin, for the services of her deceased husband; and one to Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in recognition of his travels and discoveries in the polar regions during eleven seasons. The Admiralty have since appointed the gallant explorer to command the *Bulldog*, and take soundings and make surveys along the proposed route of the 'North-about' telegraph—that is, by way of Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, to Canada and the United States.

It appears that the search for relics of Franklin is not yet to be abandoned. Captain Parker Snow, true to his promise made last year at a public meeting, is using diligent endeavours to go out to the North American coast, upon which the survivors of the expedition were last seen, and there make careful search and inquiry, not when the ground is covered with snow, but in the summer season, when the snow is off the ground, and the chance of meeting with relics may be hopeful. Captain Snow is working out his measures under efficient sanction and co-operation, and will probably succeed in the undertaking, though it seems at best but a forlorn-hope.

The noteworthy fact at the visitation of the Greenwich Observatory, was the astronomer-royal's announcement that the new equatorial is now finished and ready for work. This telescope, the largest of the kind in the world, excepting the one in the Russian Observatory at Pulkowa, is hung with the perfection of mechanical skill, and we doubt not that it will largely add to the usefulness and high reputation of the Royal Observatory: there are many nice questions in planetary science which it may help to solve.

The Society of Arts have held their ninth annual conference with their union of institutions, and have eaten their one hundred and sixth anniversary dinner. In their conversazione held in the picture-galleries of the Brompton Museum, they distributed a plan of the estate purchased with the surplus fund from the Great Exhibition, in which was shewn the site of the exhibition proposed for 1862. A paper read at one of their recent meetings shews that the perfumery prepared and manufactured in England and France is worth L.2,000,000 a year. Another paper on the woods used in building, and the causes of their decay, will pair with the lecture on the preservation of stone above referred to. Circumstances invest the subject with unusual interest at the present time; in connection with rotten gun-boats, for example, and the appearances of disease in some of the national nurseries of oaks.

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The visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada and the United States will be a noteworthy incident in the annals of national intercourse; and it is not impossible that one result of present proceedings in China may be a Chinese embassage to London, corresponding to that of the Japanese to Washington. Judging from appearances, we shall be able to learn something worth the learning, when we become better acquainted with the people of Japan, for their works of ingenuity are astonishingly numerous. Dr Macgowan has been lecturing on Japan and China to the Royal Asiatic Society, and Colonel Sykes on the buried city of Brahmanabad, in Sinde; the latter illustrated his discourse by remarkably curious specimens of ancient art, dug up on the spot.—The various schemes for a second railway across the isthmus of Central America are at length resolved into a project for a line across the Honduras territory from Port Cortez, on the Atlantic, to Fonseca, on the Pacific, a distance of 220 miles. The engineering difficulties of the route are surmountable, and the two ports are described as well suited for commercial purposes. Should New South Wales persist in its intention of establishing a line of mail-steamers from Sydney to the Isthmus, there will be plenty of traffic for an additional railway. —Late news from Peru has attracted the attention of geologists, because of the terrible earthquake which has there taken place, with the unusual phenomenon of large chasms left permanently open at the foot of the mountains. It is hoped that the next mail will bring detailed reports of the changes of surface produced by the shock.

Sundry small items concerning what is called 'progress,' are worth a passing notice: the attractions of the Royal Gardens at Kew are being increased by the building of a new conservatory; the Horticultural Society are getting on with their new garden and the ornamental buildings at Kensington.—A select parliamentary committee is now sitting to consider the oft-mooted question of an embankment of the Thames; and, considering the practical consequences involved, we do hope that the report will be favourable. How easy, comparatively speaking, it would be to carry the great main drainage-sewer within the embankment, instead of along the Strand and Fleet Street, as at present proposed; an additional and much-needed thoroughfare from west to east would be gained, the river would be improved, the city beautified, and its health promoted. John Martin drew up good plans for the embankment of each shore of the stream twenty or more years ago; and if somebody had only decided that it should be done, the stones of the old bridge at Westminster, now pulling down, might have been conveyed at once to the line of the river-wall, and there built up with economy of money and labour.—The scheme for blowing dispatches and parcels through tubes is once more revived, and by a company who contemplate the sending of heavy parcels, and even the mail-bags from the Post-office, to railway termini by this means. This method is already adopted by the telegraph company for their city stations, as in some instances they prefer sending a document, to communication by needle-signals. A question arises at the outset—Where is room to be found for laying the tubes? The underground of the streets is already overcrowded with pipes and sewers. More and more is it to be regretted that a large tunnel was not made under all the main thoroughfares some years ago, in which to place all the pipes and drains that could be wanted. An evil now complained of would then have been avoided: it is that 6,000,000 feet of gas are lost every year in London by leakage from the pipes. The gas permeates and blackens the soil, and this washed into the sewers by rain, is one cause of the offensiveness of the river in hot weather.

There is an instance of practical common sense to record on the part of one of the old city companies—the painter-stainers, or painters, as they are commonly called. They have opened their ancient hall for exhibition of works of decorative art produced by members of their own body, at the same time awarding prizes for arabesque designs, for inlaid marbling, for excellence in graining, and for writing on plate-glass. Many of these pieces are of signal beauty and finish, and the interest of the whole collection is not a little enhanced by the fact, that the names of the actual workers, not of their employers, are made prominent, so that the honour may be given where honour is really due.

BIRDS' NESTS.

The lark it loves the yellow corn;
The jay, the beech's top;
The rooks, the elms, whose leafy crowns
Unceasing sway and lop.

The robin in the nettle builds,
And the sparrow in the hedge;
The eagle loves the sloping rock,
And the granite slab and ledge.

All other birds have chosen earth
For home, both morn and even;
But the lark he chose the better part,
And claimed his share of heaven.

This bird who sings at the angels' gate,
Is yet not vain nor proud—
All night upon the lowly earth,
All day up in the cloud! W. T.

On Saturday, July 7, will be commenced in this Journal,

A ROMANCE

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

ENTITLED

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

To be continued every week until completed.

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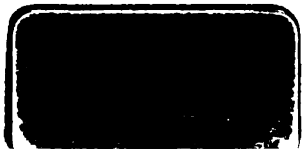

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